

Complete Works of Lucan

Lucan

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



Lucan
Complete Works

DELPHI  CLASSICS

Ancient Classics Series

The Complete Works of

LUCAN

(39 AD – 65 AD)



Contents

The Translations

THE CIVIL WAR

PROSE TRANSLATION by J. D. Duff

VERSE TRANSLATION by Edward Ridley

The Latin Text

DE BELLO CIVILI

The Dual Text

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT

The Biography

INTRODUCTION TO LUCAN by J. D. Duff

THE LIFE OF LUCAN by Suetonius

The Delphi Classics Catalogue



© *Delphi Classics* 2014
Version 1

Own the wisdom of the ancients on your eReader...

Historians



Epic Poets



Dramatists



Philosophers

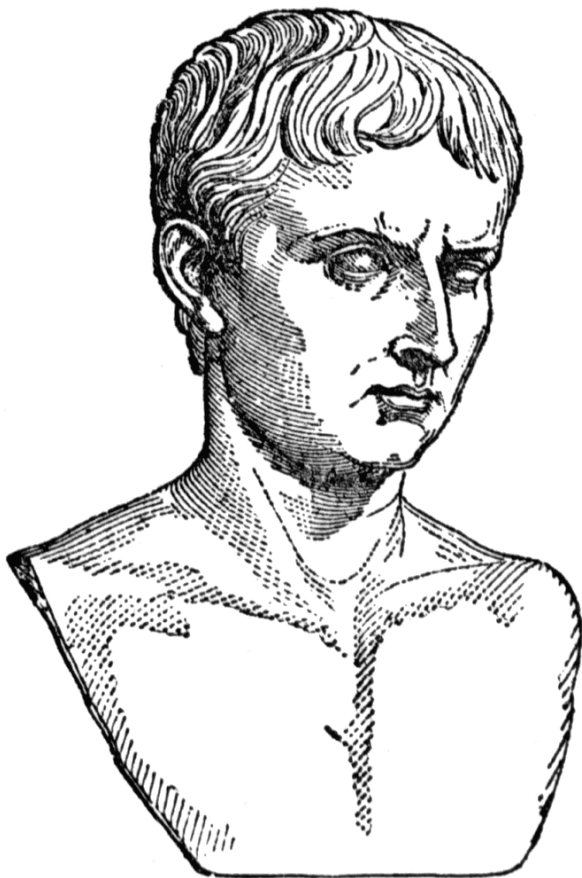


www.delphiclassics.com

Free downloads and buy an entire series at a special discounted price

The Complete Works of

LUCAN



By Delphi Classics, 2014

COPYRIGHT

Complete Works of Lucan

First published in the United Kingdom in 2014 by Delphi Classics.

© Delphi Classics, 2014.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form other than that in which it is published.

Delphi Classics

is an imprint of

Delphi Publishing Ltd

Hastings, East Sussex

United Kingdom

Contact: sales@delphiclassics.com

www.delphiclassics.com

The Translations



Córdoba (Corduba), Andalusia, Spain — Lucan's birthplace



Roman ruins in Cordoba — archaeological site of Cercadilla including the remains of one of Maximian's palaces

THE CIVIL WAR



Lucan's sole surviving work, the epic poem *De Bello Civili*, recounts the civil war between Julius Caesar and the forces of the Roman Senate, led by Pompey the Great. One of the poem's other titles, *The Pharsalia*, refers to the Battle of Pharsalus (48 BC), the climatic event of the seventh book, which occurred near Pharsalus, Thessaly, in northern Greece, when Caesar decisively defeated Pompey. The poem is widely considered to be among the most accomplished works of epic poetry from the Silver Age of Latin literature.

It is believed that the epic was begun circa 61 AD and several books were in circulation before the Emperor Nero and Lucan had a bitter disagreement. In spite of Nero's prohibition against any publication of his poetry, Lucan continued to work on *De Bello Civili* and it was left unfinished when he was compelled to commit suicide as part of the Pisonian conspiracy in 65 AD. A total of ten books were written and all survive, with the final book breaking off abruptly following a description of Caesar's arrival in Egypt.

The first book opens with a brief introduction that laments the fate of Romans fighting Romans in a civil war, with an ostensibly flattering dedication to Nero. The main narrative then begins, with Julius Caesar being introduced in northern Italy. Despite an urgent plea from the Roman Senate to lay down his arms, Caesar crosses the Rubicon, rallying his troops and marching south to Rome, joined by Curio on his way. The book culminates with panic in the city, foreboding portents and visions of the tragedies to come.

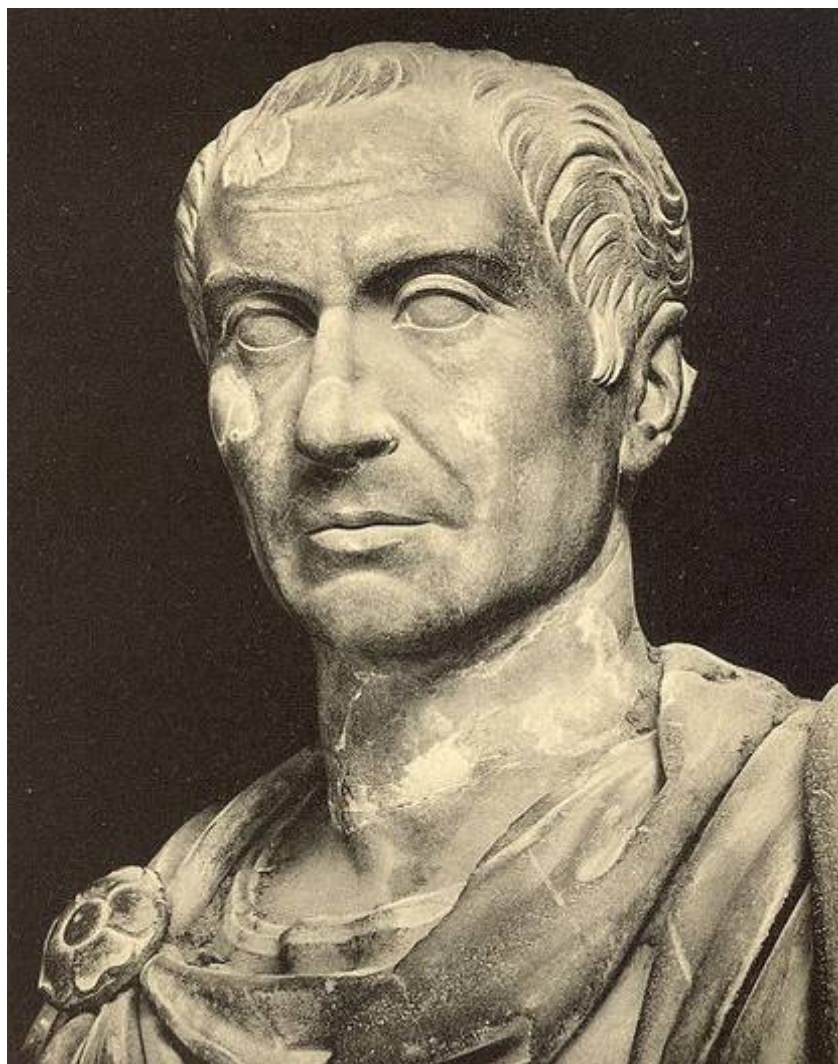
Many of the real-life characters are portrayed throughout the poem in unflattering and often very flawed and unattractive guises. Caesar is depicted as a cruel despot with a vindictive streak, while Pompey appears weak and uninspiring. Far from glorious, the battle scenes are presented as realistic portrayals of bloody horror, where nature is ravaged to build terrible siege engines and wild animals tear

mercilessly at the flesh of the dead. The only exception to the generally bleak portrayals is Cato, who stands alone, representing his Stoic ideal and the fallen Republic, in the face of a dangerous world seemingly turned insane.

Nevertheless, after the Battle of Pharsalus, Pompey's character transforms, becoming instead a stoic martyr-like figure, who is calm in the face of certain death, as he arrives in Egypt and in the ninth book he receives from the poet a virtual canonisation. Lucan's favouring of Stoic and Republican principles is in sharp contrast to the ambitious and imperial Caesar, who becomes an even greater tyrant after the decisive battle, clearly serving as a parallel to Nero.

Like most poets of the time, Lucan received the rhetorical training common to upper-class young Roman men. The *suasoria* – a school exercise where students wrote speeches advising an historical figure on a course of action – no doubt inspired Lucan to compose some of the speeches found in the text. Lucan's poetic style is notably influenced by Ovid's *Metamorphoses* — as he presents his narrative as a series of discrete episodes often without any transitional or scene-changing lines — and, of course, Virgil's grand epic *Aeneid*. Lucan frequently appropriates ideas from Virgil's poem, inverting them to undermine their original purpose. For example, the scene narrating Sextus' visit to the Thracian witch Erichtho is influenced by Aeneas' descent into the underworld, but where Virgil's description highlights optimism toward the future glories of Rome under Augustan rule, Lucan utilises the scene to present bitter pessimism concerning the loss of liberty under the coming Empire (Nero's rule).

De Bello Civili was popular soon after its first publication and it remained a school text in late antiquity and during the Middle Ages. Today, over 400 manuscripts survive and its interest to the court of Charlemagne is demonstrated by the existence of five complete manuscripts from the ninth century. Interestingly, Dante includes Lucan among other classical poets in the first circle of the *Inferno* and the Renaissance poet draws on material from *De Bello Civili* in his *Divine Comedy*.



Gaius Julius Caesar (100 BC–44 BC)



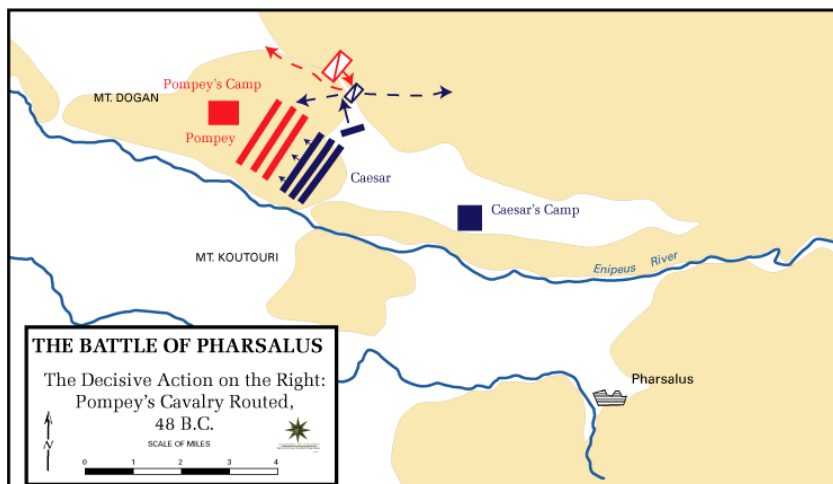
Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus (106 BC–48 BC), Pompey the Great, was a military and political leader of the late Roman Republic. Pompey's immense success as a general while still young enabled him to advance directly to his first consulship without meeting the normal requirements for office.



Marcus Porcius Cato Uticensis (95 BC-46 BC), commonly known as Cato the Younger to distinguish him from his great-grandfather Cato the Elder, was a politician and statesman in the late Roman Republic and a follower of the Stoic philosophy. A noted orator, he is remembered for his stubbornness and tenacity when opposed to Julius Caesar, as well as his immunity to bribes, his moral integrity and his aversion for the corruption of the time.



'Caesar Crossing the Rubicon' by Tancredi Scarpelli — a key early event of the epic poem



The plan of the Battle of Pharsalus



The plain of Pharsalus today

PROSE TRANSLATION by J. D. Duff



CONTENTS

[BOOK I](#)

[BOOK II](#)

[BOOK III](#)

[BOOK IV](#)

[BOOK V](#)

[BOOK VI](#)

[BOOK VII](#)

[BOOK VIII](#)

[BOOK IX](#)

[BOOK X](#)

BOOK I

OF war I sing, war worse than civil, waged over the plains of Emathia, and of legality conferred on crime; I tell how an imperial people turned their victorious right hands against their own vitals; how kindred fought against kindred; how, when the compact of tyranny was shattered, all the forces of the shaken world contended to make mankind guilty; how standards confronted hostile standards, eagles were matched against each other, and pilum threatened pilum.

What madness was this, my countrymen, what fierce orgy of slaughter? While the ghost of Crassus still wandered unavenged, and it was your duty to rob proud Babylon of her trophies over Italy, did you choose to give to hated nations the spectacle of Roman bloodshed, and to wage wars that could win no triumphs? Ah! with that blood shed by Roman hands how much of earth and sea might have been bought — where the sun rises and where night hides the stars, where the South is parched with burning airs, and where the rigour of winter that no spring can thaw binds the Scythian sea with icy cold! Ere this the Chinese might have passed under our yoke, and the savage Araxes, and any nation that knows the secret of Nile's cradle. If Rome has such a lust for unlawful warfare, let her first subdue the whole earth to her sway and then commit self-slaughter; so far she has never lacked a foreign foe. But, if now in Italian cities the houses are half-demolished and the walls tottering, and the mighty stones of mouldering dwellings cumber the ground; if the houses are secured by the presence of no guard, and a mere handful of inhabitants wander over the site of ancient cities; if Italy bristles with thorn-brakes, and her soil lies unploughed year after year, and the fields call in vain for hands to till them, — these great disasters are not due to proud Pyrrhus or the Carthaginian; no other sword has been able to pierce so deep; the strokes of a kindred hand are driven home.

Still, if Fate could find no other way for the advent of Nero; if an everlasting kingdom costs the gods dear and heaven could not be ruled by its sovran, the Thunderer, before the battle with the fierce Giants, — then we complain no more against the gods: even such

crimes and such guilt are not too high a price to pay. Let Pharsalia heap her awful plains with dead; let the shade of the Carthaginian be glutted with carnage; let the last battle be joined at fatal Munda; and though to these be added the famine of Perusia and the horrors of Mutina, the ships overwhelmed near stormy Leucas and the war against slaves hard by the flames of Etna, yet Rome owes much to civil war, because what was done was done for you, Caesar. When your watch on earth is over and you seek the stars at last, the celestial palace you prefer will welcome you, and the sky will be glad. Whether you choose to wield Jove's sceptre, or to mount the fiery chariot of Phoebus and circle earth with your moving flame — earth unterrified by the transference of the sun; every god will give place to you, and Nature will leave it to you to determine what deity you wish to be, and where to establish your universal throne. But choose not your seat either in the Northern region or where the sultry sky of the opposing South sinks down: from these quarters your light would look aslant at your city of Rome. If you lean on any one part of boundless space, the axle of the sphere will be weighed down; maintain therefore the equipoise of heaven by remaining at the centre of the system. May that region of the sky be bright and clear, and may no clouds obstruct our view of Caesar! In that day let mankind lay down their arms and seek their own welfare, and let all nations love one another; let Peace fly over the earth and shut fast the iron gates of warlike Janus. But to me you are divine already; and if my breast receives you to inspire my verse, I would not care to trouble the god who rules mysterious Delphi, or to summon Bacchus from Nysa: you alone are sufficient to give strength to a Roman bard.

My mind moves me to set forth the causes of these great events. Huge is the task that opens before me — to show what cause drove peace from earth and forced a frenzied nation to take up arms. It was the chain of jealous fate, and the speedy fall which no eminence can escape; it was the grievous collapse of excessive weight, and Rome unable to support her own greatness. Even so, when the framework of the world is dissolved and the final hour, closing so many ages, reverts to primeval chaos, then [all the constellations will clash in confusion,] the fiery stars will drop into the sea, and earth, refusing to spread her shores out flat, will shake off the ocean; the moon will

move in opposition to her brother, and claim to rule the day, disdaining to drive her chariot along her slanting orbit; and the whole distracted fabric of the shattered firmament will overthrow its laws. Great things come crashing down upon themselves — such is the limit of growth ordained by heaven for success. Nor did Fortune lend her grudge to any foreign nations, to use against the people that ruled earth and sea: the doom of Rome was due to Rome herself, when she became the joint property of three masters, and when despotism, which never before was shared among so many, struck its bloody bargain. Blinded by excess of ambition, the Three joined hands for mischief. What boots it to unite their strength and rule the world in common? As long as earth supports the sea and air the earth; as long as his unending task shall make the sun go round, and night shall follow day in the heavens, each passing through the same number of signs — so long will loyalty be impossible between sharers in tyranny, and great place will resent a partner. Search not the history of foreign nations for proof, nor look far for an instance of Fate's decree: the rising walls of Rome were wetted with a brother's blood. Nor was such madness rewarded then by lordship over land and sea: the narrow bounds of the Asylum pitted its owners one against the other.

For a brief space the jarring harmony was maintained, and there was peace despite the will of the chiefs; for Crassus, who stood between, was the only check on imminent war. So the Isthmus of Corinth divides the main and parts two seas with its slender line, forbidding them to mingle their waters; but if its soil were withdrawn, it would dash the Ionian sea against the Aegean. Thus Crassus kept apart the eager combatants; but when he met his pitiable end and stained Syrian Carrhae with Roman blood, the loss inflicted by Parthia let loose the madness of Rome. By that battle the Parthians did more than they realise: they visited the vanquished with civil war. The tyrants' power was divided by the sword; and the wealth of the imperial people, that possessed sea and land the whole world over, was not enough for two. For, when Julia was cut off by the cruel hand of Fate, she bore with her to the world below the bond of affinity and the marriage which the dread omen turned to mourning. She alone, had Fate granted her longer life, might have

restrained the rage of her husband on one side and her father on the other; she might have struck down their swords and joined their armed hands, as the Sabine women stood between and reconciled their fathers to their husbands. But loyalty was shattered by the death of Julia, and leave was given to the chiefs to begin the conflict. Rivalry in worth spurred them on; for Magnus feared that fresher exploits might dim his past triumphs, and that his victory over the pirates might give place to the conquest of Gaul, while Caesar was urged on by continuous effort and familiarity with warfare, and by fortune that brooked no second place. Caesar could no longer endure a superior, nor Pompey an equal. Which had the fairer pretext for warfare, we may not know: each has high authority to support him; for, if the victor had the gods on his side, the vanquished had Cato. The two rivals were ill-matched. The one was somewhat tamed by declining years; for long he had worn the toga and forgotten in peace the leader's part; courting reputation and lavish to the common people, he was swayed entirely by the breath of popularity and delighted in the applause that hailed him in the theatre he built; and trusting fondly to his former greatness, he did nothing to support it by fresh power. The mere shadow of a mighty name he stood. Thus an oak-tree, laden with the ancient trophies of a nation and the consecrated gifts of conquerors, towers in a fruitful field; but the roots it clings by have lost their toughness, and it stands by its weight alone, throwing out bare boughs into the sky and making a shade not with leaves but with its trunk; though it totters doomed to fall at the first gale, while many trees with sound timber rise beside it, yet it alone is worshipped. But Caesar had more than a mere name and military reputation: his energy could never rest, and his one disgrace was to conquer without war. He was alert and headstrong; his arms answered every summons of ambition or resentment; he never shrank from using the sword lightly; he followed up each success and snatched at the favour of Fortune, overthrowing every obstacle on his path to supreme power, and rejoicing to clear the way before him by destruction.

Even so the lightning is driven forth by wind through the clouds: with noise of the smitten heaven and crashing of the firmament it flashes out and cracks the daylight sky, striking fear and terror into

mankind and dazzling the eye with slanting flame. It rushes to its appointed quarter of the sky; nor can any solid matter forbid its free course, but both falling and returning it spreads destruction far and wide and gathers again its scattered fires.

Such were the motives of the leaders. But among the people there were hidden causes of war — the causes which have ever brought down ruin upon imperial race. For when Rome had conquered the world and Fortune showered excess of wealth upon her, virtue was dethroned by prosperity, and the spoil taken from the enemy lured men to extravagance: they set no limit to their wealth or their dwellings; greed rejected the food that once sufficed; men seized for their use garments scarce decent for women to wear; poverty, the mother of manhood, became a bugbear; and from all the earth was brought the special bane of each nation. Next they stretched wide the boundaries of their lands, till those acres, which once were furrowed by the iron plough of Camillus and felt the spade of a Curius long ago, grew into vast estates tilled by foreign cultivators. Such a nation could find no pleasure in peace and quiet, nor leave the sword alone and grow fat on their own freedom. Hence they were quick to anger, and crime prompted by poverty was lightly regarded; to overawe the State was high distinction which justified recourse to the sword; and might became the standard of right. Hence came laws and decrees of the people passed by violence; and consuls and tribunes alike threw justice into confusion; hence office was snatched by bribery and the people put up its own support for auction, while corruption, repeating year by year the venal competition of the Campus, destroyed the State; hence came devouring usury and interest that looks greedily to the day of payment; credit was shattered, and many found their profit in war.

And now Caesar had hastened across the frozen Alps and had conceived in his heart the great rebellion and the coming war. When he reached the little river Rubicon, the general saw a vision of his distressed country. Her mighty image was clearly seen in the darkness of night; her face expressed deep sorrow, and from her head, crowned with towers, the white hair streamed abroad; she stood beside him with tresses torn and arms bare, and her speech was broken by sobs: “Whither do ye inarch further? and whither do ye

bear my standards, ye warriors? If ye come as law abiding citizens here must ye stop.” Then trembling smote the leader’s limbs, his hair stood on end, a faintness stopped his motion and fettered his feet on the edge of the river-bank. But soon he spoke: “O God of thunder, who from the Tarpeian rock lookest out over the walls of the great city; O ye Trojan gods of the house of Iulus, and mysteries of Quirinus snatched from earth; O Jupiter of Latium, who dwellest on Alba’s height, and ye fires of Vesta; and thou, O Rome, as sacred a name as any, smile on my enterprise; I do not attack thee in frantic warfare; behold me here, me Caesar, a conqueror by land and sea and everywhere thy champion, as I would be now also, were it possible. His, his shall be the guilt, who has made me thine enemy.” Then he loosed war from its bonds and carried his standards in haste over the swollen stream. So on the untilled fields of sultry Libya, when the lion sees his foe at hand, he crouches down at first uncertain till he gathers all his rage; but soon, when he has maddened himself with the cruel lash of his tail, and made his mane stand up, and sent forth a roar from his cavernous jaws, then, if the brandished lance of the nimble Moor stick in his flesh or a spear pierce his great chest, he passes on along the length of the weapon, careless of so sore a wound.

The ruddy river Rubicon glides through the bottom of the valleys and serves as a fixed landmark to divide the land of Gaul from the farms of Italy. Issuing from a modest spring, it runs with scanty stream in the heat of burning summer; but now it was swollen by winter; and its waters were increased by the third rising of a rainy moon with moisture laden horn, and by Alpine snows which damp blasts of wind had melted. First the cavalry took station slantwise across the stream, to meet its flow; thus the current was broken, and the rest of the army forded the water with ease. When Caesar had crossed the stream and reached the Italian bank on the further side, he halted on the forbidden territory: “Here,” he cried, “here I leave peace behind me and legality which has been scorned already; henceforth I follow Fortune. Hereafter let me hear no more of agreements. In them I have put my trust long enough; now I must seek the arbitrament of war.” Thus spoke the leader and quickly urged his army on through the darkness of night. Faster he goes than

the bullet whirled from the Balearic sling, or the arrow which the Parthian shoots over his shoulder. Ariminum was the nearest town, and he brought terror there, when the stars were fleeing from the sunlight and the morning star alone was left. So the day dawned that was to witness the first turmoil of the war; but clouds veiled the mournful light, either because the gods so willed or because the stormy South wind had driven them up. When the soldiers halted in the captured forum and were bidden to lay down their standards, the blare of trumpets and shrill note of clarions together with the boom of horns sounded the alarm of civil war. The inhabitants were roused from sleep. Starting from their beds, the men snatched down the arms that hung beside the household gods — such arms as the long peace supplied: they lay hold on shields that are falling to pieces with framework exposed, javelins with their points bent, and swords roughened by the bite of black rust. But when they recognised the glitter of the Roman eagles and standards and saw Caesar mounted in the midst of his army, they stood motionless with fear, terror seized their chilly limbs, and these unuttered complaints they turn over in their silent breasts: “Alas for our town, built with Gaul beside it and doomed by its unlucky site to misfortune! Over all the earth there is profound peace and unbroken quiet; but we are the booty and first bivouac of these madmen. Fate would have been kinder if she had placed us under the Eastern sky or the frozen North, and made us guard the tents of nomads rather than the gates of Italy. We were the first to witness the movement of the Senones, the onrush of the Cimbrian, the sword of Hannibal, and the wild career of the Teutones : whenever Fortune attacks Rome, the warriors take their way through us.” This was each man’s muffled groan; none dared to utter his fear aloud, nor was any voice lent to their grief; such is the silence of the country when winter strikes the birds dumb, and such the silence of mid-ocean in still weather. When light had banished the cold shades of night, lo! destiny kindled the flame of war, applying to Caesar’s hesitating heart the spur that pricked him to battle, and bursting all the barriers that reverence opposed. Fate was determined to justify Caesar’s rebellion, and she found excuse for drawing the sword. For the Senate, trampling on the laws, had menaced and driven out the wrangling tribunes from the distracted

city, and boasted of the doom of the Gracchi; and now the fugitives made for Caesar's camp, already far advanced and close to Rome. With them came Curio of the reckless heart and venal tongue; yet once he had been the spokesman of the people and a bold champion of freedom, who dared to bring down the armed chiefs to the level of the crowd. When Curio saw Caesar turning over shifting counsels in his heart, he spoke thus: "Caesar, while my voice could serve your side and when I was permitted to hold the Rostrum and bring over doubting citizens to your interest, I prolonged your command in defiance of the Senate. But now law has been silenced by the constraint of war, and we have been driven from our country. We suffer exile willingly, because, your victory will make us citizens again. While your foes are in confusion and before they have gathered strength, make haste; delay is ever fatal to those who are prepared. The toil and danger are no greater than before, but the prize you seek is higher. Twice five years Gaul kept you fighting; but how small a part of the earth is Gaul! Win but two or three battles, and it will be for you that Rome has subdued the world. As it is, no long triumphal procession awaits your return, nor does the Capitol demand your consecrated laurels; gnawing envy denies you all things, and you will scarce go unpunished for your conquest of foreign nations. Your daughter's husband has resolved to thrust you down from sovereignty. Half the world you may not have, but you can have the whole world for yourself." Eager for war as Caesar was already, these words of Curio increased his rage and fired his ardour none the less; so the race-horse at Olympia is encouraged by the shouting, although he is already pressing against the gates of the closed barrier and seeking to loosen the bolts with his forehead. At once Caesar summoned his armed companies to the standards; his mien quieted the bustle and confusion of the assembling troops, his right hand commanded silence, and thus he spoke: "Men who have fought and faced with me the peril of battle a thousand times, for ten years past you have been victorious. Is this your reward for blood shed on the fields of the North, for wounds and death, and for winters passed beside the Alps? The huge hubbub of war with which Rome is shaken could be no greater, if Carthaginian Hannibal had crossed the Alps. Cohorts are raised to their full strength with recruits; every

forest is felled to make ships; the word has gone forth that Caesar be chased by land and sea. What would my foes do if my standards lay prostrate in defeat and the tribes of Gaul were rushing in triumph to attack my rear? As it is, when Fate deals kindly with me and the gods summon me to the highest place, my foes challenge me. Let their leader, enervated by long peace, come forth to war with his hasty levies and unwarlike partisans — Marcellus, that man of words, and Cato, that empty name. Shall Pompey forsooth be glutted by his vile and venal minions with despotic power renewed so often without a break? Shall Pompey hold the chariot reins before reaching the lawful age? Shall Pompey cling for ever to the posts he has once usurped? Why should I next complain that he took into his own hands the harvests of the whole world and forced famine to do his bidding? Who knows not how the barrack invaded the frightened law-court, when soldiers with the grim glitter of their swords stood round the uneasy and astonished jurors? how the warrior dared to break into the sanctuary of justice, and Pompey's standards besieged Milo in the dock? Now once again, to escape the burden of an obscure old age, Pompey is scheming unlawful warfare. Civil war is familiar to him: he was taught wickedness by Sulla and is like to outdo his teacher. As the fierce tiger, who has drunk deep of the blood of slain cattle when following his dam from lair to lair in the Hyrcanian jungle, never after loses his ferocity, so Magnus, once wont to lick the sword of Sulla, is thirsty still. When blood has once been swallowed, it never permits the throat it has tainted to lose its cruelty. Will power so long continued ever find an end, or crime a limit? He is never content; but let him learn one lesson at least from his master, Sulla — to step down at this stage from his unlawful power. First came the roving Cilicians, and then the lingering warfare with the King of Pontus — warfare hardly completed by the infamy of poison; shall I, Caesar, be assigned to Pompey as his crowning task, because, when bidden lay down my victorious eagles, I was disobedient? But, if I am robbed of the reward for my labours, let my soldiers at least, without their leader, receive the recompense of their long service; and let them triumph, be their leader who he may. What harbour of peace will they find for their feeble old age, what dwelling-place for their retirement? What lands will my

veterans receive to till, what walls to shelter their war-worn frames? Shall Magnus give the pirates preference as colonists? Lift up, lift up the standards that have long been victorious! We must employ the strength we have created. He who denies his due to the strong man armed grants him everything. Nor will the favour of Heaven fail us; for neither booty nor empire is the object of my warfare: we are but dislodging a tyrant from a State prepared to bow the knee.”

Thus he spoke; but the men wavered and muttered doubtfully under their breath with no certain sound. Fierce as they were with bloodshed and proud of heart, they were unnerved by love of their country and their country's gods, till brought to heel by horrid love of slaughter and fear of their leader. Then Laelius, who held the rank of chief centurion and bore the decoration of a well-earned badge — the oak-leaves which are the reward for saving a Roman's life — cried out thus: “ Mightiest captain of the Roman nation, if I have leave to speak and if it be right to confess the truth, our complaint is, that you have borne too much and restrained your strength too long. Was it confidence in us that you lacked? While the warm blood gives motion to these breathing frames, and while our muscles have strength to hurl the pilum, will you submit to the disgrace of wearing the toga and to the tyranny of the Senate? Is it so wretched a fate to be victorious in a civil war? Lead us straightway through the tribes of Scythia, or the inhospitable shore of the Syrtes, or the burning sands of thirsty Libya — that we might leave a conquered world at our backs, these hands tamed with the oar the swelling waves of Ocean and the foaming eddies of the northern Rhine — I must have as much power as will to follow where you lead. If I hear your trumpet sound the charge against any man, he is no countryman of mine. By your standards, victorious in ten campaigns, and by your triumphs I swear, whoever be the foe whom you triumph over — if you bid me bury my sword in my brother's breast or my father's throat or the body of my teeming wife, I — will perform it all, even if my hand be reluctant. If you bid me plunder the gods and fire their temples, the furnace of the military mint shall melt down the statues of the deities; if you bid me pitch the camp by the waters of Etruscan Tiber, I shall make bold to invade the fields of Italy and there mark out the lines; whatever walls you wish to level, these arms shall ply the ram and

scatter the stones asunder, even if the city you doom to utter destruction be Rome.” To this speech all the cohorts together signified their assent, raising their hands on high and promising their aid in any war to which Caesar summoned them. Their shout rose to heaven: as loud as, when the Thracian North wind bears down upon the cliffs of pine-clad Ossa, the forest roars as the trees are bent towards earth, or again as they rebound into the sky.

When Caesar saw that war was so eagerly welcomed by the soldiers, and that Fate was favourable, he would not by any slackness delay the course of destiny, but summoned his detachments scattered through the land of Gaul and moved his standards from every quarter for the march on Rome. The soldiers left their tents pitched by Lake Lemane among the mountains, and the camp which crowned the winding bank of the Vosegus, and controlled the warlike Lingones with their painted weapons. Others left the fords of the Isara — the river which travels so far with its own waters and then falls into a more famous stream, losing its name before it reaches the sea. The fair-haired Ruthenians were freed from the garrison that long had held them; the gentle Atax, and the Varus, the boundary of Italy enlarged, rejoiced to carry no Roman keels; free was the harbour sacred under the name of Hercules, whose hollow cliff encroaches on the sea — over it neither Corus nor Zephyrus has power: Circius alone stirs up the shore and keeps it to himself and bars the safe roadstead of Monoecus; and free the strip of disputed coast, claimed in turn by land and sea, when the enormous Ocean either flows in or withdraws with ebbing waves. Does some wind from the horizon drive the sea thus on and fail it as it carries it? Or are the waves of restless Tethys attracted by the second of the heavenly bodies and stirred by the phases of the moon? Or does fire-bearing Titan, in order to quaff the waves that feed him, lift up the Ocean and draw its billows skyward? I leave the enquiry to those who study the workings of the universe: for me, let the cause, whatever it be, that produces such constant movements, remain, as the gods have wished it to remain, for ever hidden. Gone are the soldiers who held the region of the Nemes and banks of the Atyrus, where the Tarbellians hem in the sea that beats lightly against the winding shore. The departure of their foe brings joy to the Santoni and Bituriges; to the

Suessones, nimble in spite of their long spears; to the Leuci and Remi who excel in hurling the javelin, and to the Sequani who excel in wheeling their bitted steeds; to the Belgae, skilled in driving the war-chariot invented by others, and to the Arvernian clan who falsely claim descent from Troy and brotherhood with Rome; to the Nervii, too prone to rebel against us and stained by breach of their treaty with slaughtered Cotta; to the Vangiones, who wear loose trousers like the Sarmatians, and to the fierce Batavians, whose courage is roused by the blare of curved bronze trumpets. There is joy where the waters of Cinga stray, where the Rhone snatches the Arar in swift current and bears it to the sea, and where a tribe perches on the mountain heights and inhabits the snow-covered rocks of the Cevennes. The Treviri too rejoiced that the troops were moved; so did the Ligurians with hair now cropped, though once they excelled all the longhaired land in the locks that fell in beauty over their necks; and those who propitiate with horrid victims ruthless Teutates, and Esus whose savage shrine makes men shudder, and Taranis, whose altar is no more benign than that of Scythian Diana. The Bards also, who by the praises of their verse transmit to distant ages the fame of heroes slain in battle, poured forth at ease their lays in abundance. And the Druids, laying down their arms, went back to the barbarous rites and weird ceremonies of their worship. (To them alone is granted knowledge — or ignorance, it may be — of gods and celestial powers; they dwell in deep forests with sequestered groves; they teach that the soul does not descend to the silent land of Erebus and the sunless realm of Dis below, but that the same breath still governs the limbs in a different scene. If their tale be true, death is but a point in the midst of continuous life. Truly the nations on whom the Pole star looks down are happily deceived; for they are free from that king of terrors, the fear of death. This gives the warrior his eagerness to rush upon the steel, his courage to face death, and his conviction that it is cowardly to be careful of a life that will come back to him again.) The soldiers also set to keep the long-haired Cayci away from the Belgae, left the savage banks of the Rhine and made for Rome; and the empire was left bare to foreign nations.

When Caesar's might was gathered together and his huge forces encouraged him to larger enterprise, he spread all over Italy and

occupied the nearest towns. False report, swift harbinger of imminent war, was added to reasonable fears, invading men's minds with presentiments of disaster, and loosing countless tongues to spread lying tales. The messengers report that horsemen are charging in fierce combat on the wide plains that breed Mevania's bulls; that the foreign cavalry of fierce Caesar are riding to and fro where the Nar joins the Tiber; and that their leader, advancing all his collected eagles and standards, is marching on with many a column and crowded camps. Men's present view of him differs from their recollection: they think of him as a monster, more savage than the foe he has conquered. Men say that the tribes which dwell between the Rhine and the Elbe, uprooted from their northern homes, are following in his rear; and that the word has gone forth that Rome, under the eyes of the Romans, shall be sacked by savage nations. Thus each by his fears adds strength to rumour, and all dread the unconfirmed dangers invented by themselves. Nor was the populace alone stricken with groundless fear. The Senate House was moved; the Fathers themselves sprang up from their seats; and the Senate fled, deputing to the consuls the dreaded declaration of war. Then, knowing not where to seek refuge or where to flee danger, each treads on the heels of the hastening population, wherever impetuous flight carries him. Forth they rush in long unbroken columns; one might think that impious firebrands had seized hold of the houses, or that the buildings were swaying and tottering in an earthquake shock. For the frenzied crowd rushed headlong through the city with no fixed purpose, and as if the one chance of relief from ruin were to get outside their native walls. So, when the stormy South wind has driven the vast sea from the Syrtes of Libya and the heavy mast with its sails has come crashing down, the skipper abandons the helm and leaps down with his crew into the sea, and each man makes shipwreck for himself before the planks of the hull are broken asunder. Thus Rome is abandoned, and flight is the preparation for war. No aged father had the power to keep back his son, nor weeping wife her husband; none was detained by the ancestral gods of his household, till he could frame a prayer for preservation from danger; none lingered on his threshold ere he departed, to satiate his eyes with the sight of the city he loved and might never see again.

Nothing could keep back the wild rush of the people. How ready are the gods to grant supremacy to men, and how unready to maintain it! Rome that was crowded with citizens and conquered peoples, Rome that could contain the human race assembled, was left by coward hands an easy prey to invading Caesar. When the Roman soldier is closely besieged by the foeman in a distant land, he defies the perils of the night behind a slender palisade; hastily he throws up the sods, and the protection of his mound lets him sleep untroubled in his tent. But Rome is abandoned as soon as the word “war” is heard; her walls are no safeguard for a single night. Yet such panic fear must be forgiven; Pompey in flight gives cause for terror. Then, that no hope even for the future might relieve anxiety, clear proof was given of worse to come, and the menacing gods filled earth, sky, and sea with portents. The darkness of night saw stars before unknown, the sky blazing with fire, lights shooting athwart the void of heaven, and the hair of the baleful star — the comet which portends change to monarchs. The lightning flashed incessantly in a sky of delusive clearness, and the fire, flickering in the heavens, took various shapes in the thick atmosphere, now flaring far like a javelin, and now like a torch with fan-like tail. A thunderbolt, without noise or any clouds, gathered fire from the North and smote the capital of Latium. The lesser stars, which are wont to move along the sunless sky by night, now became visible at noon. The moon, when her horns were united in one and she was reflecting her brother luminary with her disk at the full, suddenly was smitten by the earth’s shadow and grew dim. The sun himself, while rearing his head in the zenith, hid his burning chariot in black darkness and veiled his sphere in gloom, forcing mankind to despair of daylight; even such a darkness crept over Mycenae, the city of Thyestes, when the sun fled back to where he rose. In Sicily fierce Mulciber opened wide the mouths of Etna; nor did he lift its flames skyward, but the fire bowed its crest and fell on the Italian shore. Black Charybdis churned up waves of blood from the bottom of the sea, and the angry bark of Scylla’s dogs sank into a whine. From Vesta’s altar the fire vanished suddenly; and the bonfire which marks the end of the Latin Festival split into two and rose, like the pyre of the Thebans, with double crest. The earth also stopped short upon its axis, and the Alps dislodged the snow of ages from

their tottering summits; and the sea filled western Calpe and remotest Atlas with a flood of waters. If tales are true, the national deities shed tears, the sweating of the household gods bore witness to the city's woe, offerings fell from their place in the temples, birds of ill omen cast a gloom upon the daylight, and wild beasts, leaving the woods by night, made bold to place their lairs in the heart of Rome. Also, the tongues of brutes became capable of human speech; and women gave birth to creatures monstrous in the size and number of their limbs, and mothers were appalled by the babes they bore; and boding prophecies spoken by the Sibyl of Cumae passed from mouth to mouth. Again, the worshippers who gash their arms, inspired by fierce Bellona chanted of heaven's wrath, and the Galli whirled round their gory locks and shrieked disaster to the nations. Groans came forth from urns filled with the ashes of dead men. The crash of arms was heard also, and loud cries in pathless forests, and the noise of spectral armies closing in battle. From the fields nearest the outside walls the inhabitants fled in all directions; for the giant figure of a Fury stalked round the city, shaking her hissing hair and a pine-tree whose flaming crest she held downwards, Such was the Fury that maddened Agave at Thebes or launched the bolts of fierce Lycurgus; and such was Megaera, when, as the minister of Juno's cruelty, she terrified Hercules, though he had seen Hell already. Trumpets sounded; and dark nights, when winds were still, gave forth a shouting loud as when armies meet. The ghost of Sulla was seen to rise in the centre of the Campus and prophesied disaster, while Marius burst his sepulchre and scattered the country-people in flight by rearing his head beside the cool waters of the Anio.

Therefore it was resolved to follow ancient custom and summon seers from Etruria. The oldest of these was Arruns who dwelt in the deserted city of Luca; the course of the thunderbolt, the marks on entrails yet warm, and the warning of each wing that strays through the sky, had no secrets for him. First, he bids the destruction of monsters, which nature, at variance with herself, had brought forth from no seed, and orders that the abominable fruit of a barren womb shall be burned with wood of evil omen. Next, at his bidding the scared citizens march right round the city; and the pontiffs, who have licence to perform the ceremony, purify the walls with solemn

lustration and move round the outer limit of the long *pomerium*. Behind them come the train of inferior priests, close-girt in Sabine fashion. The band of Vestals is led by a priestess with a fillet on her brows, to whom alone it is permitted to set eyes on Trojan Minerva; next are those who preserve the prophecies of the gods and mystic hymns, and who recall Cybele from her bath in the little river Almo; then the Augurs, skilled to observe birds flying on the left, the Seven who hold festival at banquets, the Titian guild, the Salii who bear the Shields in triumph on their shoulders, and the Flamen, raising aloft on his highborn head the pointed cap. While the long procession winds its way round the wide city, Arruns collects the scattered fires of the thunderbolt and hides them in the earth with doleful muttering. He gives sanctity to the spot, and next brings near to the holy altar a bull with neck chosen for the sacrifice. When he began to pour wine and to sprinkle meal with slanting knife, the victim struggled long against the unacceptable sacrifice; but when the high-girt attendants thrust down its formidable horns, it sank to the ground and offered its helpless neck to the blow. No red blood spouted forth from the gaping wound, but a slimy liquid, strange and dreadful, came out instead. Appalled by the funereal rite, Arruns turned pale and snatched up the entrails, to seek there the anger of the gods. Their very colour alarmed him: the sickly organs were marked with malignant spots, coloured with congealed gore, and chequered all over with dark patches and blood-spots. He saw the liver flabby with corruption and with boding streaks in its hostile half. the extremity of the panting lung is invisible, and a puny membrane divides the vital organs. The heart is flattened, the entrails exude corrupted blood through gaping cracks, and the caul reveals its hiding-place. And lo! he sees a horror which never yet was seen in a victim's entrails without mischief following: a great second lobe is growing upon the lobe of the liver; one half droops sickly and flabby, while the other throbs fast and drives the veins with rapid beat. When thus he had grasped the prediction of great disaster, "Scarce may I," he cried aloud, "reveal to men's ears all the ills that the gods are preparing. Not with mightiest Jupiter has this my sacrifice found favour; but the infernal gods have entered into the body of the slaughtered bull. What we fear is unspeakable; but the sequel will be worse than our

fears. May the gods give a favourable turn to what we have witnessed! May the entrails prove false, and may the lore of our founder Tages turn out a mere imposture!" Thus the Tuscan told the future, veiling it in obscurity and hiding it with much ambiguity.

Figulus also spoke, Figulus, whose study it was to know the gods and the secrets of the sky, Figulus, whom not even Egyptian Memphis could match in observation of the heavens and calculations that keep pace with the stars. "Either," said he, "this universe strays for ever governed by no law, and the stars move to and fro with course unfixed; or else, if they are guided by destiny, speedy destruction is preparing for Rome and for mankind. Will the earth gape and cities be swallowed up? Or will burning heat destroy our temperate clime? Will the soil break faith and deny its produce? Or will water everywhere be tainted with streams of poison? What kind of disaster are the gods preparing? What form of ruin will their anger assume? The lives of multitudes are doomed to end together. If Saturn, that cold baleful planet, were now kindling his black fires in the zenith, then Aquarius would have poured down such rains as Deucalion saw, and the whole earth would have been hidden under the waste of waters. Or if the sun's rays were now passing over the fierce Lion of Nemea, then fire would stream over all the world, and the upper air would be kindled and consumed by the sun's chariot. These heavenly bodies are not active now. But Mars — what dreadful purpose has he, when he kindles the Scorpion menacing with fiery tail and scorches its claws? For the benign star of Jupiter is hidden deep in the West, the healthful planet Venus is dim, and Mercury's swift motion is stayed; Mars alone lords it in heaven. Why have the constellations fled from their courses, to move darkling through the sky, while the side of sword-girt Orion shines all too bright? The madness of war is upon us, when the power of the sword shall violently upset all legality, and atrocious crime shall be called heroism. This frenzy will last for many years; and it is useless to pray Heaven that it may end: when peace comes, a tyrant will come with it. Let Rome prolong the unbroken series of suffering and draw out her agony for ages: only while civil war lasts, shall she henceforth be free."

These forebodings were enough to alarm and terrify the populace;

but worse was close at hand. For, as a Bacchanal, filled with Theban Lyaeus, speeds down from the summit of Pindus, in such guise a matron rushed through the appalled city, revealing by these cries the pressure of Phoebus upon her bosom: "Whither am I borne, O Paeon, in haste across the sky? In what land do you set my feet? I see Pangaeus white with snow-clad ridges, I see Philippi spread out beneath the crag of Haemus: say, Phoebus, what madness is this that drives Romans to fight Romans; what war is this without a foe? Whither next am I borne to a different quarter? You take me to the far East, where the waters of Egyptian Nile stain the sea: him I recognise, that headless corpse lying on the river sands. The grim goddess of war has shifted the ranks of Pharsalia across the sea to treacherous Syrtis and parched Libya: thither also am I carried. Next I am spirited away over the cloud-capped Alps and soaring Pyrenees. Back I return to my native city, where the civil war finds its end in the very Senate House. Again the factions raise their heads; again I make the circuit of the earth. Grant me, Phoebus, to behold a different shore and a different land: Philippi I have seen already." So she spoke and fell down, abandoned by the frenzy that now was spent.

BOOK II

AND now heaven's wrath was revealed; the universe gave clear signs of battle; and Nature, conscious of the future, reversed the laws and ordinances of life, and, while the hurly-burly bred monsters, proclaimed civil war. Why didst thou, Ruler of Olympus, see fit to lay on suffering mortals this additional burden, that they should learn the approach of calamity by awful portents? Whether the author of the universe, when the fire gave place and he first took in hand the shapeless realm of raw matter, established the chain of causes for all eternity, and bound himself as well by universal law, and portioned out the universe, which endures the ages prescribed for it, by a fixed line of destiny; or whether nothing is ordained and Fortune, moving at random, brings round the cycle of events, and chance is master of mankind — in either case, let thy purpose, whatever it be, be sudden; let the mind of man be blind to coming doom; he fears, but leave him hope.

Therefore, when men perceived the mighty disasters which the truthfulness of the gods would cost the world, business ceased and gloom prevailed throughout Rome; the magistrates disguised themselves in the dress of the people; no purple accompanied the lictors' rods. Moreover, men restrained their lamentations, and a deep dumb grief pervaded the people. (So, at the moment of death a household is stunned and speechless, before the body is lamented and laid out, and before the mother with dishevelled hair summons her maidens to beat their breasts with cruel arms: she still embraces the limbs stiff with the departure of life, and the inanimate features, with eyes fierce in death. Fear she feels no longer, but grief not yet: incapable of thought she hangs over her son and marvels at her loss.) The matrons put off their former garb and occupied the temples in mournful companies. Some sprinkled the images with their tears; others dashed their breasts against the hard floor; in their frenzy they shed their torn locks over the consecrated threshold and struck with repeated shrieks the ears accustomed to be addressed with prayer. Nor did they all prostrate themselves in the temple of the supreme Thunderer: they parted the gods among them, and no altar lacked a

mother to call down shame upon it. One of them, whose cheeks were wet and torn, and her shoulders black and discoloured by blows, spoke thus: "Now, wretched mothers, now is the time to beat your breasts and tear your hair. Do not delay your grief, nor keep it for the crowning sorrows. Now we have power to weep, while the destiny of the rival leaders is undecided; but, when either is victorious, we must perforce rejoice" Thus grief works itself up and fans its own flame. — The men also, setting out for the war and for the camps of the rivals, poured out just complaints against the cruel gods: "Wretched is our lot, that we were not born into the age of the Punic wars, that we were not the men who fought at Cannae and the Trebia. We do not pray the gods for peace: let them put rage into foreign nations and rouse up at once barbarian countries. Let the whole world band itself together for war; let armies of Medes swoop down from Persian Susa; let the northern Danube fail to bar the Massagetae; let the Elbe and the unconquered mouth of the Rhine send out swarms of fair-haired Suebians from the uttermost North; make us foes to every nation — but let civil war pass from us! Let the Dacians attack us on one side, the Getae on the other; let one of the rivals confront the Spaniards, and the other turn his standards against the quivers of the; let every Roman hand grasp a sword. Or, if it be heaven's purpose to destroy the Roman race, let the mighty firmament gather itself in flame and fall down on earth in the shape of thunderbolts. O ruthless Author of the universe, strike both parties and both rivals at once with the same bolt, while they are still innocent! Must they produce such a monstrous crop of crime, in order to settle which of the two shall be master of Rome? Civil war were a price almost too high to pay for the failure of both." Such were the complaints poured forth by patriotism that was soon to pass away. Unhappy parents too were tortured by a sorrow of their own: they curse the prolongation of grievous old age, and lament that they have lived to see a second civil war. And thus spoke one of them who sought precedents for his great fear: "As great were the disturbances prepared by Fate, when victorious Marius, who had triumphed over the Teutones and the African, was driven out to hide his head in the miry sedge. Engulfing quicksands and spongy marshes hid the secret that Fortune had placed there; and later the old man's flesh was corroded by iron

fetters and the squalor of long captivity. He was yet to die as Fortune's favourite, as consul in Rome which he had ruined; but first he suffered for his guilt. Death itself often fled from him. When power to take his hated life was granted to a foeman, naught came of it; for, in beginning the deed of slaughter, the man was palsied and let the sword slip from his strengthless hand. A great light shone in the prison darkness; he saw the awful deities that wait on crime, and he saw Marius as he was yet to be; and he heard a dreadful voice—'You are not permitted to touch that neck. Before he dies himself, Marius must, by the laws that govern the ages, bring death to many. Lay aside your useless rage.' If the Cimbri wish to avenge the extinction of their slaughtered race, they should let the old man live. No divine favour, but the exceeding wrath of heaven, has guarded the life of that man of blood, in whom Fortune finds a perfect instrument for the destruction of Rome. — Next he was conveyed over an angry sea to a hostile soil, where he was chased through deserted villages; he couched down in the devastated realm of Jugurtha who had graced his triumph, and the ashes of Carthage were his bed. Carthage and Marius both drew consolation for their destiny ; both alike prostrate, they pardoned Heaven. In Africa he nursed a hate like Hannibal's. As soon as Fortune smiled again, he set free bands of slaves; the prisoners melted down their fetters and stretched forth their hands for slaughter. He suffered none to bear his standards, except men already inured to crime, men who brought guilt with them to the camp. Shame upon Fate! How dread that day, the day when victorious, Marius seized the city! With what mighty strides cruel death stalked abroad! High and low were slain alike; the sword strayed far and wide; and no breast was spared the steel. Pools of blood stood in the temples; constant carnage wetted the red and slippery pavement. None was protected by his age: the slayer did not scruple to anticipate the last day of declining age, or to cut short the early prime of a hapless infant in the dawn of life. How was it possible that children should deserve death for any crime? But it was enough to have already a life to lose. The violence of frenzy was itself an incentive; and it was deemed the part of a laggard to look for guilt in a victim. Many were slain merely to make up a number; and the bloodstained conqueror seized a head cut off from a stranger's

shoulders, because he was ashamed to walk with empty hands. Those alone were spared who pressed their trembling lips on that polluted hand. How degenerate a people! Though a thousand swords obey this new signal of death, it scarce would befit brave men to buy centuries of life so dear, far less the short and shameful respite — till Sulla returns. None could find time to lament the deaths of the multitude, and hardly to tell how Baebius was torn asunder and scattered piecemeal by the countless hands of the mob that divided limb from limb; or how the head of Antonins, prophet of evil, was swung by the torn white hair and placed dripping by a soldier upon the festal board. The Crassi were mutilated and mangled by Fimbria; and the blood of tribunes wetted the cruel wood. Scaevola too found no protection from outraged Vesta: they sacrificed the old man before the very shrine and ever-burning hearth of the goddess, but the scanty stream of blood that issued from his aged throat suffered the fire to burn on. These things were followed by the seventh year in which Marius resumed the rods of office. And that was the end of his life: he had suffered every blow that evil fortune can inflict, and enjoyed every gift that good fortune can bestow; he had measured the full extent of human destiny. — Again, how many corpses fell at Sacriportus! What heaps of slain encumbered the Colline Gate on that day when the capital of the world and the government of mankind was nearly transferred to a different seat, and the Samnites hoped to inflict on Rome a heavier blow than the Caudine Forks! And then, to crown the infinite slaughter, came Sulla's vengeance. What little blood was left at Rome he shed; and while he lopped off too fiercely the limbs that were corrupt, his surgery went beyond all bounds, and his knife followed too far on the path whither disease invited it. The men slain were guilty, but it was a time when there were none but guilty to survive. Licence was granted then to private hatred; and anger, freed from the curb of law, rushed headlong on. The deeds done were not all done for the sake of one man; but each committed outrage to please himself. The conqueror had once for all issued his orders which included every crime. The servant drove the accursed sword to the hilt through his master's body; sons were sprinkled with their father's blood and strove with each other for the privilege of beheading a parent; and brother slew brother to earn

rewards. The tombs were filled with fugitives, and the bodies of the living consorted with buried corpses; and the lairs of wild beasts were crowded with men. One man tied a noose round his throat and broke his neck; another hurled himself down headlong and was dashed to pieces against the hard ground; and thus they robbed the bloodstained conqueror of their deaths. Another piled up wood for his own pyre, and then, before all his blood had run out, sprang down into the flame and made haste to burn himself before he was prevented. The heads of the chief men were borne on pikes through the terrified city and piled in the centre of the forum; the victims slaughtered in all places were displayed there. Thrace never saw so many murdered corpses in the stables of the Bistonian king, nor Africa at the doors of Antaeus; nor did mourning Greece lament so many mutilated bodies in the courtyard of Pisa. When the heads, dissolving in corruption and effaced by lapse of time, had lost all distinctive features, their wretched parents gathered the relics they recognised and stealthily removed them. I remember how I myself, seeking to place on the funeral fire denied them the shapeless features of my murdered brother, scrutinised all the corpses slain by Sulla's peace: round all the headless bodies I went, seeking for a neck to fit the severed head. Why tell of the bloody atonement made to the ghost of Catulus? A Marius was the victim who paid that terrible offering, perhaps distasteful to the dead himself, that unspeakable sacrifice to the insatiate tomb. We saw his mangled frame with a wound for every limb; we saw every part of the body mutilated and yet no death-stroke dealt to the life; we saw the terrible form taken by savage cruelty, of not suffering the dying to die. The arms, wrenched from the shoulders, fell to the ground; the tongue, cut out, quivered and beat the empty air with dumb motion; one man cut off the ears, another the nostrils of the curved nose; a third pushed the eye-balls from their hollow sockets and scooped the eyes out last of all when they had witnessed the fate of the limbs. Few will believe such an atrocity, or that a single frame could be large enough for so many tortures. Such are men's limbs when broken and pounded under the huge weight of a fallen building; and the dead, who have perished in mid-ocean and drifted to the shore, are not more disfigured. What made them waste their advantage and

obliterate the features of Marius, as if they were of no account? They ought to have been recognisable; then the crime would find favour with Sulla and the murder would be proved. The Fortune of Praeneste saw all her citizens put to the sword together, and her population slain in the time it takes one man to die. The flower of Italy also, the only Roman soldiers left, were slaughtered and stained with their blood the Sheepfold of Rome. The violent death of so many strong men at once has often been caused by famine, or stormy sea, or sudden crash of buildings, or plague of earth and sky, or havoc of war, but never before by execution. So thick was the crowd of men, of faces that grew pale when death was let loose upon them, that the conquerors could scarce ply their weapons: even when the slaughter was done, the dead could scarce fall down but swayed with drooping necks; and the survivors were weighed down by the heaps of corpses; for the dead took their share in dealing death, and the living were crushed by the weight of the slain. Without a qualm Sulla sat at ease to witness the awful deed from his lofty seat; he feared not to pass sentence of death on so many thousands of undistinguished wretches. The bodies of Sulla's victims were all piled up and thrown into the Etruscan river; the first of them fell upon the water, the last upon other carcasses. Ships going down the stream stuck fast; the front part of the river was cut off by the heaps of dead and so flowed down to the sea, while the part behind was blocked at the barrier. But soon the river of blood made a way for itself: it flooded all the plain; it rushed in rapid channel to the Tiber and swelled the impeded current, till its bed and banks could not contain the stream; and the river brought the corpses back to land, and at last forced its way with difficulty to the Tyrrhene sea, where it parted the blue expanse with a torrent of blood. Were these the deeds that entitled Sulla to be called the saviour of his country and the favourite of Fortune, and to rear himself a tomb in the centre of the Campus? Those same woes we must endure again; through that sequence of warfare we must pass; such is the issue appointed to every civil war. And yet our fears forebode still worse, and much greater damage to mankind will come of this conflict in arms. To Marius and his exiles the recovery of Rome was the great prize they fought for, and to Sulla victory brought no more than the extermination of the party he hated; but the

rivals of to-day have long been supreme, and they are summoned by destiny to a different goal. If either were content with what satisfied Sulla, he would not stir up civil war.” Such were the laments of sorrowing elders, as they recalled the past and dreaded the future.

But the heart of noble Brutus was shaken by no fear, and amid that mighty dread of awful change he was not one of the mourning populace. In the slumbrous night, when Arcadian Helice was turning her wain aslant, he knocked at the humble dwelling of his kinsman, Cato. He found the great man pondering in sleepless anxiety over the destiny of the nation and the plight of Rome, careless of his own safety but fearful for mankind; and thus he addressed him: “Virtue, long ago driven out and banished from every land, finds in you her one remaining support, and will never be dislodged from your breast by any turn of fortune; do you therefore guide my hesitation and fortify my weakness with your unerring strength. Let others follow Magnus or Caesar’s arms — Brutus will own no leader but Cato. Are you the champion of peace, keeping your path unshaken amid a tottering world? Or have you resolved to stand with the arch-criminals and take your share in the disasters of a mad world, and so clear the civil war of guilt? Each man is carried away to wicked warfare by motives of his own — some by crimes of private life and fear of the laws if peace be kept; others by the need to drive away hunger by the sword and to bury bankruptcy under the destruction of the world. None has been driven to arms by mere impulse: they have been bought by a great bribe to follow the camp; do you alone choose war for its own’ sake? What good was it to stand firm so many years, untouched by the vices of a profligate age? This will be your sole reward for the virtue of a lifetime -that war, which finds others already guilty, will make you guilty at last. Heaven forbid that this fatal strife should have power to stir your hands also to action. Javelins launched by your arm will not hurtle through the indistinguishable cloud of missiles; and, in order that all that virtue may not spend itself in vain, all the hazard of war will hurl itself upon you; for who, though staggering beneath another’s stroke, will not wish to fall by your sword and make you guilty? Fitter than war for you is peaceful life and tranquil solitude; so the stars of heaven roll on for ever unshaken in their courses. The part of air nearest

earth is fired by thunderbolts, and the low-lying places of the world are visited by gales and long flashes of flame; but Olympus rises above the clouds. It is heaven's law, that small things are troubled and distracted, while great things enjoy peace. What joyful news to Caesar's ear, that so great a citizen has joined the fray! He will never resent your preference of his rival, of Pompey's camp to his own; for, if Cato countenances civil war, he countenances Caesar also more than enough. When half the Senate, when the consuls and other nobles, mean to wage war under a leader who holds no office, the temptation is strong; but, if Cato too submit like these to Pompey, Caesar will be the only free man left on earth. If, however, we resolve to bear arms in defence of our country's laws and to maintain freedom, you behold in me one who is not now the foe of either Caesar or Pompey, though I shall be the foe of the conqueror when war is over." So Brutus spoke, and Cato from the sacred shrine of his heart made this reply: "Brutus, I allow that civil war is the worst wickedness; but Virtue will follow fearless wherever destiny summons her. It will be a reproach to the gods, that they have made even me guilty. Who would choose to watch the starry vault falling down and to feel no fear himself? or to sit with folded hands, when high heaven was crashing down and earth shaking with the confused weight of a collapsing firmament? If nations unknown, if kings who reign in another clime beyond the seas, join the madness of Italy and the standards of Rome, shall I alone dwell in peace? Heaven keep far from me this madness, that the fall of Rome, which will stir by her disaster the Dahae and the Getae, should leave me indifferent! When a father is robbed of his sons by death, grief itself bids him lead the long funeral train to the grave; he is fain to thrust his hands into the doleful fires, and himself to hold the smoky torch where the lofty pyre rises. So never shall I — be torn away before I embrace the lifeless body of my country; and I will follow to the grave the mere name and empty ghost of Freedom. So be it! Let Rome pay atonement in full to the pitiless gods, and let no man's life be denied to the claim of war! But would it were possible for me, condemned by the powers of heaven and hell, to be the scapegoat for the nation! As hordes of foemen bore down Decius when he had offered his life, so may both armies pierce this body, may the savages from the Rhine

aim their weapons at me; may I be transfixed by every spear, and may I stand between and intercept every blow dealt in this war! Let my blood redeem the nations, and my death pay the whole penalty incurred by the corruption of Rome. If the nations are willing to bear the yoke and resent not harsh tyranny, why should they die? Aim your swords at me alone, at me who fight a losing battle for despised law and justice. My blood, mine only, will bring peace to the people of Italy and end their sufferings; the would-be tyrant need wage no war, once I am gone. Why should I not follow the standard of the nation and Pompey as my leader? And yet I know full well that, if fortune favour him, he too looks forward to mastery over the world. Let me then serve in his victorious army, and prevent him from thinking that he has conquered for himself alone.” Thus Cato spoke, filling the younger man with strong incentives to battle and prompting his high spirit to excessive desire for civil war.

Meanwhile the sun was dispelling chilly night, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and in rushed the matron, Marcia, mourning for Hortensius whose pyre she had just left. As a maiden she had first been wedded to a nobler husband; then, when she had received the reward and fee of wedlock in the birth of a third child, she was given to another household, to populate it with her fruitfulness and to ally the two houses by the maternal blood. But now, when she had laid the ashes of Hortensius in their final urn, she hastened hither in piteous guise: torn and disordered was her hair, and her breast bruised with repeated blows; she was covered with the funeral ashes. Not otherwise could she have found favour with Cato. And thus she spoke sorrowing: “While there was warm blood in these veins and I had power, to be a mother, I did your bidding, Cato: I took two husbands and bore them children. Now I return wearied and worn-out with child-bearing, and I must not again be surrendered to any other husband. Grant me to renew the faithful compact of my first marriage; grant me only the name of wife; suffer men to write on my tomb, ‘Marcia, wife of Cato’; let not the question be disputed in after time, whether I was driven out or handed over by you to a second husband. You do not receive me to share in happiness or for prosperous times: I come to take my part in anxiety and trouble. Suffer me to follow the camp. Why should I be left behind in peace

and safety, and be kept further away than Cornelia from civil war?"

Her words moved her husband. Though the time when Fate called men to arms was ill-suited for a marriage, they resolved to tie the knot simply and perform the rite with no useless display; the gods alone should be present to witness the ceremony. No festal garlands, no wreath, hung from the lintel; no white fillet ran this way and that to each post of the door. The customary torches; the high couch supported on ivory steps and displaying a coverlet of gold embroidery; the matron, wearing on her head a towered crown, and careful not to touch the threshold when her foot crosses it — all these are absent. No saffron veil, intended lightly to screen the bride's shy blushes, hid the downcast face; no belt bound the flowing raiment with jewels, no fair circlet confined the neck, nor did a scarf, clinging to the tip of the shoulder, surround the bare arms with narrow band. Marcia made no change but kept the solemnity of her widow's weeds, and embraced her husband just as she did her sons. The purple band was covered and concealed by wool of funereal colour. The customary light jesting was silent, nor was the sullen husband greeted by the ceremonial abuse in Sabine fashion. No members of the family and no kinsmen assembled: their hands were joined in silence, and they were satisfied with the presence of Brutus as augur. The husband refused to remove the shaggy growth from his reverend face; nor did his stern features grant access to joy. (Ever since he saw the weapons of ill-omened war raised up, he had suffered the grey hair to grow long over his stern brow and the beard of the mourner to spread over his face; for he alone, free from love and free from hate, had leisure to wear mourning for mankind.) Nor did he seek to renew the former relations with his wife: that iron nature was proof even against wedded love. Such was the character, such the inflexible rule of austere Cato — to observe moderation and hold fast to the limit, to follow nature, to give his life for his country, to believe that he was born to serve the whole world and not himself. To him it was a feast to banish hunger; it was a lordly palace to fend off hard weather with a roof over his head; it was fine raiment to draw over his limbs the rough toga which is a Roman's dress in time of peace. In his view the sole purpose of love was offspring; for the State he became a husband and father; he worshipped justice and practised

uncompromising virtue; he reserved his kindness for the whole people; and there was no act of Cato's life where selfish pleasure crept in and claimed a share.

Meanwhile Magnus marched away in haste and occupied the Campanian walls founded by the Trojan. Capua was chosen as the seat of war; he resolved to make Capua the base of his chief campaign, and from there to disperse and extend his forces in order to meet the enemy where Apennine raises up the centre of Italy in wooded hills; nor is there any peak at which earth rises higher and approaches closer to the sky. Midway between the two seas, the Lower and the Upper, the mountains stretch; and the range is bounded on the west by Pisa, where her beach breaks the Tyrrhene sea, and on the east by Ancona, which faces the Dalmatian billows. From vast springs the mountain engenders mighty rivers and scatters their streams along the water-sheds that lead to two seas. (Eastward flow the swift Metaurus and rushing Crustumium, the Sapis together with the Isaurus, the Sena, the Aufidus which buffets the waves of the Adriatic; and there the Po, as mighty a river as any which earth discharges, snaps off forests and sweeps them down to sea and drains the soil of Italy. As legend tells, this was the first river whose banks were shaded by a ring of poplars; and when Phaethon drove the sun downwards athwart its appointed course and kindled the sky with his burning reins, till the waters vanished and earth was burnt to its core, this river had streams sufficient to match the sun's fire. The Nile would not be greater, did it not flood the Libyan desert over the flats of low-lying Egypt; the Danube would be no greater, did it not, in its course over the globe, receive waters that might otherwise fall into any sea, and carry them with it into the Scythian main. But the waters that run down the western slopes of Apennine give birth to the Tiber and the Rutuba in its deep channel; and also from there swift Vulturnus flows down, and the Sarnus that sends forth exhalations by night; the Liris, driven by Vestinian waters through the haunts of the wood-nymph, Marica; the Siler that grazes the rugged country of Salernum; and the Macra, whose shallow stream delays no ships and speeds forward into the sea of Luna near at hand.) Where the Apennines taper out and rise skywards with lofty ridge, they look on the land of Gaul and come close to the foot-hills of the Alps. Further

south, the range bears harvests for the Umbrians and Marsians, and is tamed by the Samnite ploughshare; its pine-clad cliffs embrace all the native races of Italy, never leaving the land till barred by the waters of Scylla, and stretching as far as Lacina's temple. The ridge was once longer than Italy is now, before the pressure of the sea sundered the isthmus and the water drove back the land; but when the earth was crushed out by the two seas, that end of the Apennines was surrendered to Pelorus in Sicily.

Caesar, frantic for war, rejoices to find no passage except by shedding blood; it pleases him that the land of Italy on which he tramples supplies him with a foe, that the fields which he assaults are not undefended, and that even his marches are not wasted, but battle follows battle with no interval between. He would rather burst a city gate than find it open to admit him; he would rather ravage the land with fire and sword than overrun it without protest from the husbandman. He scorns to advance by an unguarded road, or to act like a peaceful citizen. In this hour the towns of Italy, hesitating and wavering in their sympathy for this side or that, though ready to yield at the first alarm of war's onset, nevertheless strengthen their walls with many a rampart and surround them on all sides with steep palisades; and round stones and missiles to strike the enemy from above are fitted to the high towers of the walls. The inhabitants favour Magnus more, and loyalty contends with the menace of danger. So, when the roaring blast of the South wind is master of the sea, all the main is swayed by it; and even if the earth, opened again by Aeolus with his trident, lets loose the East wind on the swollen waves, the ocean, though smitten by the second wind, remains true to the first; and, though the sky surrenders to the rainy East wind, the sea asserts the power of the South. But danger was quick to change men's minds, and the turn of events swept away wavering allegiance.

The men of Etruria are left defenceless by the hasty flight of Libo, and the rout of Thermus has already taken from Umbria the power of free action. Sulla, too, has not the fortune of his father in civil war, but turns to flight on hearing the mere name of Caesar. Varus, when the advancing cavalry knocked at the gates of Auximum, rushed through the opposite gate where the foe had left the rear unguarded, and fled through forests and hills. Lentulus was dislodged from the

fortress of Asculum, and the conqueror, pressing hard on their retreat, cut off the army: alone of all the force the general escaped, and the standards that brought no troops behind them. Scipio too abandons the stronghold of Nuceria and leaves his charge defenceless, though here were encamped stalwart soldiers, withdrawn long ago from Caesar's army because of the Parthian peril; with these Magnus once made good the losses in Gaul, and granted a loan of Roman lives to his kinsman, until he himself should summon them to war.

But Domitius, eager for battle, lay behind strong walls in the city of Corfinium; and under his command were the men who, as recruits, had been arrayed against bloodstained Milo. When Domitius saw far away a vast cloud of dust rising from the plain, and the glitter of a host whose weapons were struck by the sunlight, "Comrades," he cried "speed down to the river banks and sink the bridge beneath the water. I call on the stream at once to issue forth in might from its springs in the mountains and bring hither all its waters, to carry down with foaming current the planks of the shattered structure. At this point must the war be stayed; on these banks let the foe waste time in idleness! Check ye his headlong haste; it will be a victory to us if Caesar is first brought to a halt here." Without another word he hurried the soldiers down from the walls, but in vain. Caesar got the start of him: from the plain he saw that they were letting loose the river to interrupt his march; and in hot anger he cried out: "Cowards! not content with seeking a hiding-place behind walls for your fear, do you barricade the plains and seek to keep me off" by means of rivers? After crossing the Rubicon, never again will Caesar be stopped by any stream, not even if the Ganges blocked his way with its swollen, flood. Let the squadrons of horse gallop forward and the infantry also advance; and mount the bridge ere it falls." When thus he spoke, the light horse charged in full gallop across the plain, and strong arms hurled javelins like heavy rain over the bank. Driving back the guard, Caesar occupies the undefended stream, and the enemy are forced back to the safety of the citadel. Next Caesar erects towers to launch huge masses of stone, and the penthouse creeps up to the walls that divide the armies. But see! — abomination of war! — the gates are opened and the soldiers drag their general a prisoner.

Domitius halted in the presence of his arrogant equal; yet with threatening mien and neck unbent, his lofty soul demanded death by the sword. But knowing that he sought punishment and feared pardon, Caesar addressed him: "Live on, against your will, and see the sun by my generosity. Be an earnest of hope to your friends when they are conquered, and enable them to judge of me; even, if you choose, draw the sword again; and, if you prove victorious, I make no bargain for myself on the strength of mercy shown to you." With these words he bids the bonds be loosened from the fettered hands. How much better, if he had been slain outright, would Fortune have respected the honour of a Roman! This surpasses all other penalties, that for joining the army of his country — an army led by Magnus and including the whole Senate — a patriot should be pardoned! Unterrified, Domitius hid his grievous wrath, and thus addressed himself: "Will you, thus disgraced, seek peaceful retirement at Rome? Haste rather to the centre of war's horrors and die as soon as may be. Speed straight to your mark, snap every tie that binds you to life, and escape Caesar's generosity!"

Magnus meanwhile, unaware that Domitius had been made prisoner, was taking the field, in order to encourage his adherents by an addition of strength. On the following day he intended to bid his trumpets sound, and now thought fit to test the ardour of his men before they marched. There was silence in the ranks as that august voice addressed them: "Avengers of crime and followers of the rightful standards, Romans indeed, whom the Senate has armed to defend your country, declare now your eagerness for battle. The fields of Italy are on fire with savage devastation, the fury of Gaul is pouring over the wintry Alps, blood has already touched and defiled the swords of Caesar. I thank Heaven that we first have borne the losses of war; be it so! let the wickedness begin with the other side; but now must Rome, under my leadership, demand the penalty and inflict the punishment. For the battles you must fight should not be called battles but the wrath and vengeance of our country. This is not war, any more than it was when brands to burn our houses were prepared by Catiline, and by Lentulus, his partner in wickedness, and by the frantic hand of Cethegus — the man of the naked arm. What pitiable madness is Caesar's! Though Fortune is ready to raise him to

the height of a Camillus or great Metellus, he joins the ranks of such as Marius and Cinna. His defeat is certain, just as Lepidus was overthrown by Catulus, and as Carbo, who now lies in a Sicilian grave, was beheaded by my orders; and so Sertorius fell, who in exile stirred the fierce Spaniards to war. And yet, upon my honour, I am loth to couple Caesar even with these, and I grieve that Rome has set my arm to stop his madness. Would that Crassus had returned after battle with the Parthians alive and victorious from the borders of Scythia, that Caesar, not less guilty than Spartacus, might be overthrown by the same antagonist. But if Heaven has ordained that he too should add to my fame, see! this right hand has strength to hurl the pilum, the blood about this heart has kindled to a glow once again; he shall learn that men who were able to put up with peace are no cowards in war. Though he call me feeble and worn out, you must not be disquieted by my age: that I am older than Caesar matters not, provided his soldiers are older than mine. I have risen as high as a free people could exalt a citizen, and above me nothing remains save tyranny. Whoever schemes to rise above Pompey in the Roman State covets too much for a mere subject. On my side both consuls will take their stand, and on my side an army made up of generals. Shall Caesar defeat the Senate? No! Fortune does not bring on the course of events so blindly; she is not so utterly shameless. What emboldens Caesar? Is it Gaul, which twice five years have not tamed? Is it a lifetime devoted to the task? Is it because he fled from the cold waters of Rhine, and gave the name of Ocean to the pools of a sea that was neither sea nor land, and turned his back in panic to the Britons whom he went out of his way to attack? Or have his idle threats risen high, because the report of his madness has driven the people forth in arms from their native city? Poor madman! It is not you before whom all things flee, but I whom all things follow. When I bore the standards that shone over all the sea, before the moon had twice filled out her disk and hidden it again, the pirates, scared from the sea and abandoning every creek, begged for a narrow plot of dry land to live on. Again, when the indomitable king obstructed Rome's destiny, I drove him in flight along the isthmus of the Scythian sea; and I, more fortunate than Sulla, forced him to die. No part of the world have I left untouched: the whole earth, beneath whatever clime

it lies, is occupied by my trophies. On one side, the North knows my victories by the icy waters of the Phasis; the torrid zone is known to me in sultry Egypt and Syene where the shadows fall perpendicular; my power is dreaded in the West, and where Spanish Baetis, remotest of all rivers, beats back the ebbing tide. The Arab owns me his conqueror; so do the warlike Heniochi, and the Colchians famous for the fleece they were robbed of. My standards overawe Cappadocia, and Judaea given over to the worship of an unknown god, and effeminate Sophene; I subdued the Armenians, the fierce Cilicians, and the range of Taurus. I have left my kinsman no war to wage, except civil war.” The general’s speech was followed by no applause from his supporters, nor did his men demand at once the signal for the promised battle. Magnus himself was conscious of their fear; and it was decided to recall the standards, rather than expose to the hazard of a decisive engagement an army already beaten by the rumour of Caesar before they saw him. When a bull is driven from the herd by his first defeat, he seeks the recesses of the forest, or spends his solitary banishment in the fields; there he tests his horns upon the tree-trunks for opponents; nor does he return to the pasture till he has recovered strength and approves of his starting muscles; but when he has conquered his rival and got back his herd, he leads them, accompanied by the bulls, to what glades he will, and defies the herdsman. Thus Pompey surrendered Italy to his stronger rival, and fled through the open country of Apulia till he found a safe retreat in the fortress of Brundisium.

Of yore this city was occupied by men of Dicte — Cretan exiles, who were borne across the sea on Athenian ships with the sails that falsely told that Theseus had been conquered. At this point Italy grows narrow, and her straitened border puts forth a slender tongue of land into the sea — a tongue which encloses waters of the Adriatic within curving horns. Yet the water that makes its way through the narrow entrance would be no harbour, but for an island, which confronts the fierce northern gales with a barrier of rock and repels the wearied waves. On both sides Nature has set masses of craggy cliff to meet the open sea, and has kept off the blasts, that ships might ride there at anchor, content with a swaying cable. From here all the sea is visible far and wide, whether the ship is bound for the ports of

Corcyra or turns to the left, where Illyrian Epidamnos slopes down towards the Ionian sea. Here the mariner takes refuge, when the Adriatic puts forth all its might, when the Ceraunian mountains are lost in cloud, and when Sason in Calabria is drenched with spray.

Pompey felt no confidence in the success of the cause he had left behind him; nor could he transfer the war to the land of the hardy Spaniards, because the vast extent of the Alps lay between; and therefore he thus addressed the elder of his noble sons: "I bid you explore the ends of the earth. Stir up the Euphrates and the Nile — every region where the glory of my fame penetrates, every city where the name of Rome became famous after my exploits. Bring back to the sea the Cilician colonists now dispersed over the land; next rouse up the sovereigns of Egypt and Tigranes whom I made king.

I bid you pay heed also to the army of Pharnaces, the nomad races of the two Armenias, the savage nations along the shores of the Black Sea, the Carpathian hordes, and the men whom the sluggish Maeotian mere, trodden by Scythian waggons, maintains on its frozen expanse. But why detain you longer? Carry through all the East the standard of your sire, and rouse to arms the cities I have conquered all the world over: let all over whom I have triumphed repair to my camp. Next, you two who date by your names the Roman calendar, the first North wind must waft you to Epirus. Thence seek fresh strength in the lands of Greece and Macedon, while winter grants time for peace." Thus Pompey spoke, and they all obeyed his bidding and loosed their hollow ships from the shore.

But Caesar, ever impatient of peace or long cessation from warfare, and fearing that Fortune might have power to work some change, follows close and dogs the steps of his son-in-law. Others might be content after seizing so many cities at the first assault, after surprising so many strongholds and dislodging their garrisons, and after seeing Rome itself, the capital of the world and the chief prize of war, an easy prey; but Caesar, headlong in all his designs, thought nothing done while anything remained to do. He pressed fiercely forwards; and, though he was master of all Italy, he resented that the land was still shared between them; for Magnus retained a foothold on the margin of the sea. But unwilling, on the other hand, that the

enemy should range freely over the deep, he blocks the sea with masonry and casts down rocks into the wide waters. In vain the endless labour was carried on; for the greedy main swallowed down every boulder and mingled the huge heaps with her sands. So, if Mount Eryx were thrown down into the midst of the Aeolian sea, or if Gaurus, with summit wrenched from its place, were sunk deep down into the Avernian pool, nevertheless no cliffs would emerge from the surface of the waters. Therefore, when no pile of stone stood steady on the bottom, Caesar next resolved to fell trees and bind them together, and to make fast a wide expanse of timber with long chains. Such, by the report of fame, was the road built over the sea by the proud Persian, when, greatly daring, he brought Europe near to Asia and Sestos to Abydos by his bridges, and passed on foot over the straits of fast-flowing Hellespont; East wind and West wind had no terrors for him, since he conveyed his ships under sail to the centre of Mount Athos. Thus the egress to the deep was straitened by the felling of the forest; soon the work rose high with many a mound of earth, and high towers swayed above the sea.

When Pompey saw his exit to the sea narrowed by new-made land, his mind was racked with distress and doubt how he might unbar the deep and spread his forces over the main. Again and again his vessels, driven along before the wind with straining cordage, passed right through the obstacle that barred the sea and threw down the ends of the boom into the water, thus giving sea-room to the fleet; often in the darkness of night, his machines, wound up by stalwart arms, launched a shower of cleft firebrands. When at last he had fixed a day for secret flight, he gave orders to his men that no shouting of the crews should alarm the shore, that no signal should mark the watches, nor any trumpet forewarn the sailors and recall them to the fleet. Silently they loosed their vessels when the last part of the Virgin had begun to rise in front of the Scales, which at their rising would bring the sun with them. No shout was raised when the anchor-flukes were wrenched from the thick sand; the captains of the fleet were anxious and silent, while the yards of the mast were bent and the tall mast itself was hoisted; the sailors, dangling in the air, pulled down the furled sails without shaking the stout cordage, that the wind might not whistle through it. The leader even prays to

Fortune, that she will suffer him at least to abandon the Italy which she forbids him to retain. Fortune scarcely grants his request; for the sea, smitten by the prows, gave forth a confused roaring, the waves rose, and the billows, churned up by the mingled wakes of so many hulls, boiled and raged as they struck the shore.

Therefore the enemy, admitted within the walls and through the gates — for the loyalty of the citizens had changed sides together with fortune and thrown all the gates open — rushed in eager haste along the branching piers of the winding harbour towards its mouth, angry that the sea should be accessible to the ships. Shame on them that the flight of Magnus is not victory enough! Narrow was the channel that let the ships out to sea, narrower than the water of Euboea that beats on Chalcis. Here two ships ran aground and were taken by bands of soldiers lying in wait for the fleet. Then the fighting was transferred to the shore, and here the sea was first incarnadined with the blood of civil war. Robbed of its rearmost ships, the rest of the fleet put forth.

So, when the Argo sailed from Thessaly to the river Phasis, earth launched forth the Cyanean Rocks upon the deep; but the ship was rescued from the shock, though her stern was carried away: and the Clashing Rocks struck the empty sea in vain, recoiled, and remained at rest for ever. And now the changing hue of the Eastern sky gave warning that the sun was near his rising; and the ruddy light, not white as yet, stole their fire from the nearer stars; now the Pleiads were growing dim, the wain of circling Bootes grew faint and merged into the indistinguishable aspect of the sky, the greater stars went out, and Lucifer himself fled before the heat of day. By this time Magnus had gained the open sea; but the fortune which attended him when he hunted the pirates all over the deep was no longer his; good luck, wearied out by his triumphs, now proved untrue. Driven forth with his wife and sons, taking his whole household with him to war, still mighty in banishment, he goes forth with nations in his train. Destiny is seeking a distant scene for the destruction of her innocent victim. The sands of Egypt are doomed to be his grave, not because the gods preferred to rob him of a tomb in his native land, but in mercy to Italy: let destiny hide that tragedy far away in a distant region, and let Roman soil be kept unstained by the blood of

Rome's darling Magnus.

BOOK III

WHEN the wind bore down on the yielding sails and drove the fleet forward till the ships ploughed the open sea, all the sailors looked ahead over the Ionian waves. Magnus alone never took his eyes off the land of Italy until the harbours of his country, with the shore he was never to see again and the cloud-veiled hill-tops and mountains, grew dim before his eyes and disappeared. His wearied frame then yielded to drowsy sleep, and straight he saw a dream: Julia, a spectre full of dread and menace, raised her sorrowful head above the yawning earth and stood in the guise of a Fury amid the flames of her funeral pyre. And thus she spoke: "Now that civil war has begun, driven forth from the Elysian Fields and abode of the blest, I am dragged to Stygian darkness and the place of guilty spirits. There I saw with these eyes the Furies, and in their hands were torches, to brandish for kindling the strife between you; the ferryman of scorched Acheron is getting ready countless boats; Tartarus is making wide its borders for the punishment of many sinners; all three Parcae, though their hands are busy, are scarce equal to their task, and the Sisters are weary of breaking the threads. While I was your wife, Magnus, you celebrated joyful triumphs. But your fortune changed with your bride: my rival, Cornelia, condemned by Fate ever to drag down her husbands from power to destruction, supplanted me ere my pyre was cold. She is welcome to cling to your standards on land and sea, if only I have power to trouble and disturb your slumbers, and if no time is left free for love between you, while Caesar takes up your days and Julia your nights. Not even the forgetful shore of Lethe has banished my husband from my memory, and I am permitted by the Rulers of the dead to haunt you. When you fight battles, I shall appear in the centre of the fray: never shall my shade, my ghost, suffer you to forget that you were husband to Caesar's daughter. In vain you sever with the sword the tie of kinship that binds you. The civil war shall make you mine." Thus speaking, the ghost fled away, dissolving in the arms of her eager husband.

Though threatened with disaster by the gods and by the dead, Pompey rushed more eagerly to arms with a mind made up for

calamity. "Why," said he, "am I terrified by the sight of a meaningless spectre? Either no feeling remains to the soul after death, or death itself matters not at all." The sun was now sinking towards the sea, and had dipped as much of his flaming disk as the moon is wont to lose just before she is at the full or just after; and now a friendly land offered the ships an easy approach; the men hauled in the stays, laid the masts along, and rowed ashore.

When the wind snatched the vessels away from Caesar's grasp and the sea concealed the fleet, he stood on the Italian shore, a leader without a rival; yet he felt no joy in the glory of driving Magnus out, but only vexation that the enemy had fled safely over the deep. No success could any longer satisfy his impetuous haste; even victory in the war was not worth the price of delay. At once he banished thoughts of battle from his mind, and passed his time over problems of peace and the means of winning the fickle favour of the populace; for he knew that the causes of hatred and mainsprings of popularity are determined by the price of food. Hunger alone makes cities free; and when men in power feed the idle mob, they buy subservience; a starving people is incapable of fear. He bade Curio cross over to the cities of Sicily, by the way where the sea either covered the land with sudden inundation or severed it and turned to shore what had once been inland; mighty there is the working of the sea, and its waters ever strive to prevent the severed mountains from renewing their contact. Other troops were detached for the borders of Sardinia. Both islands are famous for their harvest-fields: no foreign lands supplied Italy and the granaries of Rome earlier than these or more abundantly. In fertility of soil Africa hardly excels them, even when the South winds lag and the North wind drives the clouds to the torrid zone, and the rains pour down to produce a mighty harvest.

When he had taken these precautions, the victorious general led his troops, unarmed and wearing the aspect of peace, to the city of his birth. Ah! if he had conquered only the North and the tribes of Gaul before returning to Rome, what a line of exploits, what scenes of war, he might have sent before him in long procession through the city! — the fetters he had laid upon the Rhine and the Ocean, his lofty chariot followed by noble Gauls together with fair-haired Britons! How grand a triumph he lost by adding to his conquests! No

joyful throngs from the cities met him on his march; but men looked on with silent fear; no crowd anywhere gathered to meet him. But he was glad to be so dreaded by his countrymen and would not have preferred their love.

Now he had passed the heights of Anxur on its crag, and the spot where a miry way cleaves the Pomptine marshes; he had passed the hilly grove and temple where Scythian Diana reigns, and the place where the Roman consuls ascend Alba's, height. At last from a high cliff he caught a distant view of Rome. Never had he seen it through all the time of his wars in the North, and now he gazed in wonder and thus addressed the walls of Rome, his mother city: "Were you, the abode of gods, abandoned by men whom no stress of war compelled? What city then will find arms to strike a blow for her? Heaven be thanked that the furious East — swift Sarmatians allied with Pannonians, and Getae combined with Dacians — did not choose this time to fall on the borders of Italy! It was a mercy of Fortune that Rome, with so faint-hearted a leader, had to fight against Romans only." — With these words he entered a city paralysed with fear. For men believed that, as if he had taken Rome, he would destroy the walls with smoky fires and hurl her gods hither and thither. The measure of their fears was this: they deemed that his will was equal to his power. Their minds are not free to feign words of good omen or to make pretence of rejoicing with mirthful shouts; and scarcely free to utter curses. Authority to summon the Senate was wanting; but a mob of senators, brought out from their hiding-places, filled the temple of Apollo on the Palatine; the splendour of the consuls was absent from their sacred seats; the praetors, by law next in office, were not in attendance, and the empty chairs of office were removed from their places. Caesar was all in all, and the Senate met to register the utterance of a private man. Should he demand kingly power and divine honours for himself, or execution and exile for the Senate, the assembled Fathers were ready to give their sanction. Fortunately, there were more things that he was ashamed to decree than Romans were ashamed to allow. Nevertheless, Freedom did break out in wrath and tried, in the person of one man, whether right could resist might. Stubborn Metellus, when he saw main force used to burst open the temple of Saturn, hurried thither, broke

through the ranks of Caesar's soldiers, and took his stand at the gates before the locks were broken. (So true it is that love of money alone is incapable of dreading death by the sword. When the constitution was lost and destroyed, it made no difference; but money, the meanest thing of all, stirred up strife.) Loudly the tribune protested, striving to restrain the conqueror from robbery: "Never, except over my body, shall the temple be opened to your assault; no wealth, unless sprinkled with sacred blood, shall you win by robbery. It is certain that violence done to this office finds gods to avenge it; for the curses of the tribune, which imprecated defeat upon Crassus, followed Crassus to the battlefield. Draw your sword at once; you need not fear a crowd to witness the crime — the city in which we stand has been abandoned by its people. Your soldiers shall not be paid for their wickedness out of our wealth; there are other nations for you to overthrow, other cities for you to hand over to them. No poverty forces you to the spoliation of the peace you have cast aside: you have war to enrich you." His words fired the conqueror with high indignation. "In vain, Metellus," he cried, "you hope for a glorious death: never shall my hand be stained by your blood. No office shall make you worthy of my wrath. Are you the champion in whose charge freedom has been left for safety? The course of time has not wrought such confusion that the laws would not rather be trampled on by Caesar than saved by Metellus." Thus Caesar spoke; and when the tribune still refused to leave the doors, his anger grew fiercer, and he looked round for his ruthless swords, forgetting to act the part of peace. But Metellus was forced by Cotta to renounce his too bold design. "When a people is held down by tyranny," said Cotta, "freedom is destroyed by freedom of speech; but you keep the semblance of freedom if you acquiesce in each behest of the tyrant. Because we were conquered, we submitted to repeated acts of oppression; for our disgrace and ignoble fear there is but one excuse — that refusal was in no case possible. Let Caesar with all speed carry off the baneful germs of cursed warfare. Loss of money touches nations that are protected by their own laws; but the poverty of slaves is felt by their master, not by themselves." Metellus was drawn aside and the temple at once thrown open. Then the Tarpeian rock re-echoed, and loud grating bore witness to the opening of the doors;

then was brought forth the wealth of the Roman people, stored in the temple vaults and untouched for many a year — treasure from the Punic wars and Perses, and the spoil of conquered Philip; the gold that the Gaul in his hasty flight forfeited to Rome, and the gold that could not bribe Fabricius to sell Rome to the king ; all that the thrift of our ancestors saved up; all the tribute paid by the wealthy nations of Asia, and all that was handed over to conquering Metellus by Minoan Crete; and the store that Cato brought across the sea from distant Cyprus. Lastly, the riches of the East were brought to light, the far-fetched treasure of captive kings that was borne along in Pompey's triumph. Dismal was the deed of plunder that robbed the temple; and then for the first time Rome was poorer than a Caesar.

Meanwhile over all the earth the reputation of Magnus had brought forth to battle nations doomed to share his fall. Greece, the nearest country, sent soldiers for her neighbour's war. From Phocis, Amphissa sent her men, and rocky Cirrha; and both peaks of Parnassus were abandoned. The leaders of Boeotia assembled, men whom swift Cephissus surrounds with its oracular stream and Cadmean Dirce; there were men from Pisa and the Alpheus which transmits its waters under the sea to the people of Sicily. Maenalus also was left behind by the Arcadians, and Oeta of Hercules by the soldiers of Trachis. Thesprotians and Dryopes rush to war, and the ancient Selloi left their silent oaks on the hill of Chaonia. Though Athens was drained of all her men by the levy, few were her vessels that reached the harbour of Apollo, and but three keels claim credence for the tale of Salamis. Next to join the fray was Crete, the ancient island of a hundred peoples, a land dear to Zeus, with Gnosos skilled to ply the bow, and Gortyna rivalling the Parthian archers. These were followed by the men who dwell in Trojan Oricos, the Athamanes who rove scattered in mountain forests, and the Enchelidae, whose ancient name testifies to the death and transformation of Cadmus. Colchian Absyrtos that foams in the Adriatic sea came also, and the men who till the fields about Peneus, and those by whose toil Thessalian ploughs turn up the soil of Haemonian Iolcos. (From Iolcos the sea was first challenged, when the untried Argo scorned the shore and brought together nations that before were strangers; she first matched mankind against the raging

winds and waves of ocean, and by her means a new form of death was added to the old.) Next, Mount Haemus in Thrace was abandoned, and Pholoe with its false legend of a twy-formed people. Strymon was left deserted — Strymon that each year entrusts to the warm Nile the birds of Bistonia; and rude Cone, where one mouth of the branching Danube loses its Sarmatian waters and washes Peuce sprinkled by the sea. Mysia was deserted, and the land of Ida! us, saturated with the cold waters of Caicus, and Arisbe, whose soil is all too shallow. The people of Pitane assembled, and of Celaenae that mourns the invention of Pallas — Celaenae condemned when Apollo won the match; in that land the Marsya, running swiftly down in straight channel, joins the winding Maeander and turns back after their union; and there earth has suffered Pactolus to issue forth from mines rich in gold, and Hermus, rich as Paetolus, cleaves the cornlands. The soldiers of Ilium also, ever ill-fated, joined the standards of the doomed army, undeterred by the tale of Troy or the pretended descent of Caesar from Trojan Iulus. The nations of Syria came also, leaving behind the Orontes, and Ninos of whose prosperity legend tells; they left wind-swept Damascus, Gaza, Idume rich in palm-plantations, tottering Tyre, and Sidon precious for its purple. Their ships were steered to war by the pole-star and kept an unerring course over the sea: to no ships is the pole-star a more trusty guide than to them. (These Phoenicians first made bold, if report speak true, to record speech in rude characters for future ages, before Egypt had learned to fasten together the reeds of her river, and when only the figures of birds, beasts, and other animals, carved in stone, preserved the utterances of her wise men.) Men left the woods of Taurus, and Tarsos where Perseus alighted, and the Corycian cave that yawns with hollowed rocks. Mallos and distant Aegae are filled with the noise of their dockyards; and the Cilicians, no longer pirates, put forth in regular ships of war.

The news of war roused also the distant parts of the East, where Ganges and its peoples are — Ganges, the one river on earth that dares to unlock its mouths opposite the rising sun and drives its flood forward in the teeth of the East wind; here it was that the Macedonian captain halted, with the outer Ocean in front of him, and confessed that he was beaten by the vastness of the world. Roused

was the land where the Indus, bearing along its swift stream with two-fold flood, is unchanged by the addition of the Hydaspes to its waste of waters.

Up rose the men who drink sweet juices from soft reeds; and those who colour their hair with saffron dye and loop up their robes of cotton with bright-hued gems; and those who build pyres for themselves and climb, while yet alive, upon the burning heap. How glorious for a people to lay violent hands on death, and, when satiated with life, to refuse the remnant of it from the gods! The savage Cappadocians came; and the men who find the soil of Mount Amanus too hard to till; and the Armenians, who dwell where the Niphates rolls along boulders in its course. The Choatrae abandoned their forests that reach the sky; the Arabs entered a world unknown to them, and marvelled that the shadows of the trees did not fall to the left. The remote Orestae too were disturbed by the madness of Rome, and the chiefs of Carmania — where the sky, beginning to incline southwards, sees part at least of the Bear sink below the horizon, and where Bootes, swift to set, is visible only for a short portion of the night — and the land of Aethiopia, which would not be covered by any part of the Zodiac, did not the leg of hunched-up Taurus give way and the tip of his hoof project; and the land where the mighty Euphrates and rushing Tigris uplift their heads. They rise in Persia from springs not far apart; and, if earth suffered them to meet, who can say which of the names the waters would bear? But the Euphrates, diffused over the land, fertilises it as the Nile fertilises Egypt; whereas the Tigris is suddenly swallowed up by a chasm in the earth, which hides its course from the eye, but then gives birth to it again from a new source and suffers the river to reach the sea. The warlike Parthians remained neutral between the army of Caesar and the host opposed to him: it was enough for them that they had reduced the rivals to two. The nomad peoples of Scythia, bounded by the cold stream of Bactros and the endless forests of Hyrcania, dipped their arrows in poison. From one quarter came the Heniochi of Spartan blood, a dangerous people when they shake their bridles, and the Sarmatians, akin to the savage Moschi. Men came from the regions where the Phasis cleaves the rich land of the Colchians, where flows the Halys that brought doom to Croesus, and where the

Tanais, falling down from the Rhiphaean heights, gives the names of two worlds to its two banks, bounding Asia and Europe as well — it keeps the central part of earth from union, and, according to its windings, enlarges now one continent and now the other — and where the Euxine drains the rushing waters of the Maeotian Mere through the strait; and thus men deny that Gades alone lets in the Ocean, and the Pillars of Hercules are robbed of their boast. From another quarter came the Essedonian tribes, the Arimaspians who loop up their hair bound with gold, the brave Arians, the Massagetae who break the long fast of battle with Sarmatians by bleeding the horse that bore them from the fight, and the fleet Geloni. Neither Cyrus, when he led his host from the land of morning and the Persians came down with an army that was numbered by the casting of darts, nor he that avenged his brother's wrong — neither of these smote the sea with such mighty fleets; never did so many kings obey a single leader, never did nations meet so different in dress, never was there such a confusion of tongues. Fortune roused all those peoples, to send them as escort for measureless disaster, and provided them as a funeral train befitting the burial of Magnus. Nor was horned Ammon slow to send to battle African squadrons from the whole extent of parched Libya — from the Moors in the West to Egyptian Syrtes on the eastern coast. That Caesar, favoured by Fortune, might win all at a single cast, Pharsalia presented him the whole world to conquer at once.

When Caesar left the walls of terrified Rome, he rushed with swift march over the cloud-capped Alps. Though other peoples cowered at the terror of his name, the Phocaeen warriors, with steadfastness rare in Greeks, dared to be faithful in the hour of danger to their solemn compacts, and to follow the right rather than fortune. But first they tried by peaceable argument to turn aside the reckless rage and stern heart of Caesar; and when the enemy drew near, they appealed to him thus, holding out before them the leaves of Athenian Minerva:

“Every age included in Italian history bears witness that Massilia has shared the fortunes of the Roman people in their foreign wars. And now too, if you seek triumphs in some unknown region, here at your service are our swords to fight against the foreigner. But if Romans are divided, and if you purpose ill-omened battles and

accursed strife, then we offer tears for civil war, and we stand aside. No other hand should meddle with the wounds of gods. If frenzy had armed the immortals, or if the earth-born Giants assailed the sky, the piety of man, nevertheless, would shrink from aiding Jupiter either with arms or with prayers; and the human race, ignorant of what was happening in heaven, would know only from his thunderbolts that the Thunderer still reigned in the sky without a rival. Moreover, countless nations are speeding to the fray from every quarter; nor is mankind so slow to fight, so averse to the contagion of crime, that civil war need compel recruits. We wish indeed that all men had this purpose — to refuse a share in Roman destiny, and that no foreign soldier should fight in your quarrel. What Roman arm will not be enfeebled by the sight of his father? who will not be hindered from hurling his weapon when he sees his brothers in the ranks of the foe? The civil war will soon end, if you refrain from enlisting those whom alone it is lawful to enlist. For ourselves, this is the sum total of our petition: leave your dreaded eagles, your formidable standards, at a distance from our city, and be willing to trust yourself within our walls; permit us to let Caesar in and keep war out. Let there be one spot exempt from crime, safe for Magnus and safe for you. So, if Fortune is merciful to unconquered Rome and peace is resolved upon, you two will have a place where you can meet unarmed. Again, when you are summoned to Spain by so great a crisis of the war, why do you turn hither your hasty march? We have no weight in affairs, no power to turn the scale. Our people has never been victorious in war. Driven from the ancient seat of our nation, when Phocis was burnt down and her towers were removed, we dwell on a foreign shore and owe our safety to narrow walls; and our only glory is our fidelity. If you intend to blockade our walls and break down our gates by storm, then we are ready: we shall receive firebrands and missiles upon our houses; if you divert our springs, we shall dig for a hasty draught of water and lick with parched tongues the earth we have dug; and, if bread run short, then we shall pollute our lips by gnawing things hideous to see and foul to touch. In defence of freedom we do not shrink from sufferings that were bravely borne by Saguntum when beset by the army of Carthage. Our infants, torn from their mothers' arms and tugging in vain at breasts dry with

famine, shall be hurled into the midst of the flames; wives shall seek death at the hands of loved husbands; brother shall exchange wounds with brother, and shall choose, if driven to it, that form of civil war.” Thus the Greeks ended speaking, and Caesar’s wrath, betrayed already by his clouded countenance, at last proved his resentment by spoken word:

“These Greeks trust to my haste, but their trust is vain; though I am hastening to the western region of the world, I have time to destroy Massilia. Rejoice, my soldiers! By favour of destiny war is offered you in the course of your march. As a gale, unless it meets with thick-timbered forests, loses strength and is scattered through empty space, and as a great fire sinks when there is nothing in its way — so the absence of a foe is destructive to me, and I think my arms wasted if those who might have been conquered fail to fight against me. They say that their city is open to me if I disband my army and enter alone and degraded. Their real purpose is not merely to keep me out, but to shut me in. They say that they seek to drive away the horrid taint of war. They shall suffer for seeking peace; they shall learn that in my days none are safe but those who fight under my banner.” With these words he turned his march against the citizens who feared him not; and then he saw the walls closed and fenced with a crowded ring of warriors.

Not far from the walls a hill rose above the level land and expanded into a small plain at its flattened top. This height seemed to Caesar capable of being surrounded by a line of fortifications, and a safe site to pitch his camp. The nearest part of the town rises in a lofty citadel as high as the hill outside, and the land between sinks in hollows. Then Caesar decided on a plan that would cost endless toil — to join the opposing heights by an immense rampart of earth. But first, in order to blockade the town entirely on its landward side, he carried a long line of works from his lofty camp to the sea, cutting off by a trench the water-springs and pasture-land; and with turf and freshly dug soil he built up his lines, crowned by frequent battlements.

For the Greek city this alone was fame enough and immortal glory — that she was not overborne or laid low by mere terror, but arrested the headlong rush of war blazing over the world; that, when Caesar

made short work with all else, she alone took time to conquer. It was a great thing to hinder destiny, and to cause Fortune, in her haste to set Caesar above all the world, to lose those days. Now all the woods were felled and the forests stripped of their timber far and wide; for, since light earth and brushwood made the mid-structure loose, the timber was intended to compress and bind the soil by the carpentry of the sides, and to keep the mound from sinking under the weight of the towers.

A grove there was, untouched by men's hands from ancient times, whose interlacing boughs enclosed a space of darkness and cold shade, and banished the sunlight far above. No rural Pan dwelt there, no Silvanus, ruler of the woods, no Nymphs; but gods were worshipped there with savage rites, the altars were heaped with hideous offerings, and every tree was sprinkled with human gore. On those boughs — if antiquity, reverential of the gods, deserves any credit — birds feared to perch; in those coverts wild beasts would not lie down; no wind ever bore down upon that wood, nor thunderbolt hurled from black clouds; the trees, even when they spread their leaves to no breeze, rustled of themselves. Water, also, fell there in abundance from dark springs. The images of the gods, grim and rude, were uncouth blocks formed of felled tree-trunks. Their mere antiquity and the ghastly hue of their rotten timber struck terror; men feel less awe of deities worshipped under familiar forms; so much does it increase their sense of fear, not to know the gods whom they dread. Legend also told that often the subterranean hollows quaked and bellowed, that yew-trees fell down and rose again, that the glare of conflagration came from trees that were not on fire, and that serpents twined and glided round the stems. The people never resorted thither to worship at close quarters, but left the place to the gods. For, when the sun is in mid-heaven or dark night fills the sky, the priest himself dreads their approach and fears to surprise the lord of the grove.

This grove was sentenced by Caesar to fall before the stroke of the axe; for it grew near his works. Spared in earlier warfare, it stood there covered with trees among hills already cleared. But strong arms faltered; and the men, awed by the solemnity and terror of the place, believed that, if they aimed a blow at the sacred trunks, their axes

would rebound against their own limbs. When Caesar saw that his soldiers were sore hindered and paralysed, he was the first to snatch an axe and swing it, and dared to cleave a towering oak with the steel: driving the blade into the desecrated wood, he cried: "Believe that I am guilty of sacrilege, and thenceforth none of you need fear to cut down the trees." Then all the men obeyed his bidding; they were not easy in their minds, nor had their fears been removed; but they had weighed Caesar's wrath against the wrath of heaven. Ash trees were felled, gnarled holm-oaks overthrown; Dodona's oak, the alder that suits the sea, the cypress that bears witness to a monarch's grief, all lost their leaves for the first time; robbed of their foliage, they let in the daylight; and the toppling wood, when smitten, supported itself by the close growth of its timber. The peoples of Gaul groaned at the sight; but the besieged men rejoiced; for who could have supposed that the injury to the gods would go unpunished? But Fortune often guards the guilty, and the gods must reserve their wrath for the unlucky. When wood enough was felled, waggons were sought through the countryside to convey it; and the husbandmen, robbed of their oxen, mourned for the harvest of the soil left untouched by the crooked plough.

But Caesar could not brook this protracted warfare before the walls: he turned to the army in Spain and the limits of the world, leaving orders that the operations should go on. The mound was built up with planks arranged lattice-wise, and two towers, as high as the town walls, were placed upon it; the timber of the towers was not driven into the ground, but they crawled from far, moved by hidden means. When the tall structure nodded, the besieged believed that wind, seeking to burst forth, had shaken the hollow caverns of the earth, and marvelled that their walls remained standing. From the towers missiles were thrown against the lofty citadel of the town. But the shot of the Greeks fell with greater force on the bodies of the Romans; for their javelins, not sped merely by men's arms, but hurled by the tension of the powerful catapult, pierced more than one body before they were willing to stop: through armour and through bones they cleft a broad way and passed on, leaving death behind them; after dealing its wound the weapon flew on. And every boulder launched by the mighty impulse of a released cord, like a crag which

length of time, aided by the blast of the winds, tears from a mountain-top, broke all things in its course, not merely crushing out the lives of its victims, but annihilating limbs and blood together. But when brave men approached the enemy's wall in close formation — the foremost carrying shields which overlapped the shields of those behind, and their helmets protected by the roof of bucklers — then the missiles which had dealt death at long range, flew over their heads; nor was it easy for the Greeks to shift the range or change the aim of engines made to hurl their bolts to a distance; and so they heaved over boulders with unaided arms, relying on the weight alone. The locking of the shields, while it continued, flung off every missile, just as a roof rattles under the harmless blows of hail; but when the weariness and wavering valour of the soldiers made gaps in the armament, the shields gave way, one by one, to the unceasing battery. Next, mantlets, lightly covered with turf, were brought up; and the besiegers, screened by the boards and covered fronts of the mantlets, strove to sap the foundations and upset the walls with tools of iron; and now the ram, more effective with its swinging blow, tries by its impact to break the solid fabric of the wall and remove one stone from those laid above it; but smitten from above by fire and huge jagged stones, by a rain of stakes and by blows from oaken poles hardened by fire, the hurdles gave ground, and the besiegers, foiled after so great an effort, went back weary to their tents.

The safety of their walls had been the utmost that the Greeks hoped for; but now they prepared to take the offensive. By night they hid flaming torches behind their shields, and their warriors boldly sallied forth. The weapon they bore was neither spear nor death-dealing bow, but fire alone; and the wind, whirling the conflagration along, bore it swiftly over the Roman works. Though contending with green wood, the fire was not slow to put forth its strength: flying from every torch, it followed close on huge volumes of black smoke, and consumed not merely timber but mighty stones; and hard rocks were dissolved into crumbling dust. Down fell the mound, and looked even larger on the ground.

The defeated Romans despaired of success on land and resolved to try their fortune on the sea. Their ships were not adorned with painted timbers or graced with a glittering figure-head: unshaped

trees, even as they were felled on the hills, were joined together to form a steady platform for fighting at sea. By now too the fleet, escorting the turret-ship of Brutus, had come down with the waters of the Rhone to the sea, and was anchored off the land of the Stoechades. The Greeks were no less ready to trust all their forces to the mercy of fortune: they put aged sires together with striplings in the ranks. They manned their fleet which rode at anchor, and even searched their dockyards for ships past service. The sun scattered his morning beams over the sea and splintered them on the water; the sky was free from clouds; the North wind was at rest and the South winds held their peace; the sea lay smooth, reserved for battle. Then each man started his vessel from its anchorage, and the two fleets leaped forward with rival strength of arm — Caesar's ships on one side and the fleet rowed by Greeks on the other; the hulls tremble to the beat of the oars, and the rapid stroke tears the tall vessels through the water. The wings of the Roman fleet were closed in by ships of many kinds — stout triremes, and vessels driven by four tiers of rowers rising one above another, and others that dipped in the sea a still greater number of blades. These heavy ships were set as a barrier against the open sea; the galleys, content to rise aloft with but two banks of oars, were further back in crescent formation. Towering above them all, the flag-ship of Brutus, driven by six rows of oars and advancing its bulk over the deep, reaches for the water far below with its topmost tier.

When only so much of sea separated the fleets as each of them could cover with one lusty stroke of oars, then countless cries rose together in the wide heaven, till the splash of the blades was drowned by shouting and no trumpet could be heard. Then the men sweep the sea, bending back to the thwarts behind and bringing the oars against their chests. As soon as beak met beak and clashed, the ships backed astern, and a volley of missiles covered the sky and, as they fell, the sea between the ships. And now the Romans deploy their wings, leaving space between the prows, and their open order gives entrance to the enemy's ships. As, when the tide runs against winds from West or East, the waves are driven in one direction and the body of the sea in another; so, when the vessels ploughed furrows in the sea this way and that, the water which the oars of one ship threw behind

it was thrown by another in the opposite direction. But the Greek ships were easily handled for attack or retreat, quick to change course with a sharp turn and to answer the guiding helm, while the Roman ships were safer in this — that they offered a steady platform to the fighter and a foothold like dry ground. Then Brutus hailed his steersman who sat on the poop beside the ensign: “Why suffer the battle to straggle over the sea? why seek to rival the foe’s manœuvres? Mass the ships for fighting at once, and offer our broadsides to the beaks of the Phocaeans.” The man obeyed and exposed the ship’s broadside to the enemy. Thereafter, each ship that tested the timber of Brutus was defeated by its own blow and clung, a captive, to the vessel it had rammed, while others were noosed by grappling-irons and smooth chains, or were entangled by their own oars. The sea was no longer visible, and the battle became stationary.

No longer were weapons hurled from vigorous arms, no longer were the wounds of the hurtling steel inflicted at a distance; but men fought hand to hand. The sword played the chief part in that fight at sea. Each man leaned forward from the bulwark of his own ship to strike his foe, and none fell dead upon their own decks. Their blood foamed deep upon the wave, and a crust of gore covered the sea. The ships that were caught and dragged by the iron chains were prevented from coming close by the crowded corpses. Some sailors sank half alive into the bottomless deep and drank the brine mixed with their own blood. Others, while still drawing breath that struggled against tardy death, perished by the sudden downfall of their wrecked craft. Weapons that missed their aim killed men in the water on their own account; and every missile that fell with its heavy blow baffled was met and found a mark in mid-ocean.

A Roman ship, hemmed in by Phocæan craft, was defending her port and starboard with divided crew but equal hardihood. Catus, while fighting on the raised poop and boldly grasping the stern-ornament of a foe, was pierced in back and breast at the same moment by weapons launched together; the weapons met in his body, and the blood stayed, uncertain through which wound to flow; at last the torrent from his veins drove out both javelins at once, parting his life in two and distributing his death between the wounds. Hither also ill-fated Telo steered his bark; to no hand were ships on

stormy seas more obedient than to his; and none, from observation of the sun or the moon's horns, could better forecast the morrow, so as ever to set his sails to the coming winds. He would have rammed the side of the Roman vessel, had not flying javelins pierced to the centre of his breast; and the hand of the dying helmsman steered his ship aside. While Gyareus sought to clamber over into his friend's craft, a grapnel was launched and caught him through the middle as he dangled in air; and there he hung, held fast by the engine to the gunwale.

Twin brothers fought there, the pride of a fertile mother; but the same womb gave them birth for different deaths. The cruel hand of death made distinction between them; and the wretched parents, no longer puzzled by the likeness, recognised the one survivor but found in him a source of unending sorrow; for he keeps their grief ever present and recalls his lost brother to their mourning hearts. One of these twins dared to catch hold of a Roman ship from his own deck, when the oars were entangled and overlapped each other. The hand was lopped off by a heavy downward blow; but still it clung with the effort of its first grip and, holding on with strained muscles, stiffened there in death. His valour rose with disaster; mutilated, he displays yet more heroic ardour. Fiercely he renews the fight with his left hand and leans forward over the water to rescue his right hand; the left hand also and the whole arm were cut off. Then bereft both of shield and sword, not hiding away in the bottom of the ship but full in view, he protects his brother's shield with his own bare breast, standing firm, though pierced with many a point, and, although he had amply earned his death already, stopping missiles that would in their fall have made an end of many. Then the life that was departing through many wounds he gathered together into his spent frame, and bracing his limbs with all his remaining strength, he sprang on board the Roman ship; his sinews had lost their power, and his only weapon was his weight. She was piled high with the carnage of her crew and ran with blood; she suffered blow after blow on her broadside; and, when her sides were shattered and let in the sea, she filled up to the top of her decks and sank down into the waves, sucking in the water round her with curling eddy. As the ship sank, the sea parted asunder and then fell back into the room she had

occupied. And many other strange forms of death were seen that day upon the deep.

Thus Lycidas was pierced by a grappling-iron that hurled its swift hooks on board. He would have sunk in the sea, but for his comrades who seized his legs as they swung in air. He was torn asunder, and his blood gushed out, not trickling as from a wound, but raining on all sides from his severed arteries; and the free play of the life coursing through the different limbs was cut off by the water. No other victim's life escaped through so wide a channel. The lower half of his body resigned to death the limbs that contain no vital organs; but where the lungs were full of air and the heart of heat, there death was long baffled and struggled hard with this part of the man, till with difficulty it mastered the whole body.

On one of the ships the crew, too eager for battle, leaned on the tilted gunwale and left empty the side where there was no enemy. Their combined weight upset the craft, so that she covered over both sea and sailors with her hull; it was impossible to strike out on the open sea, and they died in their ocean prison. On that day was seen an unexampled form of dreadful death: it chanced that a man in the water was pierced by the beaks of two ships meeting one another. His breast was cloven in two by the dreadful impact; the bones were ground to powder, and the body could not hinder the brazen prows from clashing. The belly was crushed; blood, mixed with flesh, spouted gore through the mouth. When the ships backed water and withdrew their beaks, the corpse with mutilated breast sank and suffered the water to pass through its wounds. Of another crew most were shipwrecked and swam for their lives till they crowded to get help from a friendly craft; then, when they caught hold of the gunwale high up, though they were warned off, because the ship was unsteady and would have sunk if she had rescued them all, the others without pity chopped their arms in two with the sword from their deck. Their arms still hanging on the Greek ship, they fell and left their hands behind them; nor did the surface of the sea support any longer the weight of the mutilated bodies.

By now the fighters had all discharged their missiles, and their hands were empty, but rage found weapons. One hurled an oar at the foe; the strong arms of others launch a whole stern-ornament, or turn

out the rowers and tear up the thwarts for a missile; they broke up their ships to fight with. They caught hold of dead bodies as they sank to the bottom, and robbed the corpses of the weapons which had killed them. Many a man, for want of a missile, plucked forth the fatal javelin from his own wounds and clutched his vitals with the left hand, that the blood might have time to deal a sturdy stroke and hurl back the enemy's spear before it flowed forth.

In that sea fight, however, no plague wrought more destruction than the element most hostile to the sea. For fire spread everywhere — fire cleaving to resinous torches and kept alive by hidden sulphur; and thereupon the ships, quick to provide fuel, caught fire at once with their pitch or melting wax. Nor did the waves master the fire, but the flame caught fierce hold of the wrecks now scattered over the deep. Some let in the sea, to put out the fire, while others cling to blazing planks, for fear they drown; among a thousand forms of death, men fear one only — that in which death first approaches them. Even in shipwreck brave men are brave still: they pick up weapons thrown down into the sea and hand them to the crews, or deal feeble blows with erring aim from the water. Some, when other weapons fail, make the sea their weapon: foe grapples fiercely with foe, glad to sink with limbs locked together and to drown while drowning another. One of the combatants was Phoceus; better than all other men could he hold his breath under water, and search the deep for aught which its sands had swallowed; or, when the anchor would not answer the tug of the cable, he could wrench away the flukes that had bitten too deep. He had grappled with a foe and carried him deep down, and now was returning to the surface alive and victorious. He believed he was rising where the sea was open; but he struck a ship's bottom and never rose again. Some flung their arms over enemy's oars and checked the flight of their vessels. Their chief anxiety was not to waste their deaths: many a dying man prevented an enemy's beak from ramming by fastening his own wounded body on the stern of his ship.

Tyrrhenus was standing on the lofty bow of his ship, when Lygdamus, a wielder of the Balearic thong, aimed a bullet and slung it; and the solid lead crushed his hollow temples. The blood burst all the ligaments, and the eyes, forced from their sockets, rushed forth.

Tyrrhenus stood amazed by his sudden blindness, believing that this was the darkness of death. But when he felt that his limbs retained their strength, he called to his companions: "As you are wont to place your engines, so place me too in the right position for hurling darts. Tyrrhenus must spend what remains of life in every hazard of war. This body, half dead already, can play a soldier's part nobly: I shall be slain in place of a living man." With these words he launched at the foe a dart which, though no eye guided it, was not launched in vain. It struck Argus, a youth of noble race, just where the lower part of the belly meets the groin, and falling forward he drove the steel deeper with his own weight. At the other end of the ship, which was now past fighting, stood the unhappy father of Argus. In his prime he would have matched any man of the Phocaeen army, but conquering age had brought low his strength, and the feeble old man could not fight but could show the way to others. When he saw the deadly wound, he made his way with many a stumble along the ship and past the benches, and found the body at the stern still breathing. No tears fell from his cheeks, no blows on his breast, but his hands flew wide apart and all his body became rigid. Night came over him, and thick darkness veiled his eyes; he ceased to recognise the hapless figure of Argus before him. At sight of his father the son raised his sinking head and failing neck; no words followed the unlocking of his throat: he could only ask a kiss with silent look and beg that his father's hand might close his eyes. When the old man recovered from his swoon, and cruel grief began to assert its power, "I will not waste," he cried, "the respite granted by the ruthless gods, but will use it to pierce this aged throat. Argus, forgive your wretched father for refusing your last embrace and your parting kiss. The warm blood has not yet ebbed from your wounds and you lie there still breathing; it is still possible for you to survive me." Thus he spoke, and not content with driving his sword through his body till the hilt was stained, he sprang headlong into the deep, so eager to die before his son that he would not trust to a single form of death.

The fortunes of the leaders were no longer evenly balanced, and the issue of the fight was no longer doubtful. Of the Greek ships most were sunk, others with changed crews now carried their conquerors,

and only a few gained the dockyards by nasty flight. What tears were shed by parents in the city! how loud was the lamentation of mothers along the shore! Many a wife clasped a Roman corpse, mistaking the face, with features disfigured by the sea, for her husband's; beside lighted pyres hapless father strove with father for possession of a headless body. On the other side, Brutus by his victory at sea first conferred naval glory on Caesar's arms.

BOOK IV

BUT far away, in the outermost region of earth, Caesar fiercely carried on war — war not guilty of much bloodshed, but destined to turn decisively the scales of fate for the rival leaders. Afranius and Petreius ruled the army in Spain with equal authority: united in heart, they shared their command equally and in turn, and the watchful guard that kept the rampart safe obeyed the watchword of each in turn. Besides Roman soldiers they had active Asturians and nimble Vettones, and Celts, emigrants from an ancient tribe of Gaul, who added their own name to that of the Hiberians.

The fertile land rises in a hill of moderate height and ascends with easy slope; and on this stands Ilerda, founded by hands of old. The Sicoris, not least among western rivers, flows by with quiet waters; and a stone bridge, fit to withstand the winter floods, spans the river with mighty arch. A steep hill close by was occupied by the army of Magnus; and Caesar pitched his camp aloft on another hill as high; the river flowed between and divided the camps. Beyond, the level land spreads out in plains whose limit the eye can scarce embrace; but the rushing Cinga bounds the plains — Cinga, whose own swift waters may never smite the shore and the sea; for the Hiberus, which gives its name to the country, mixes its flood with the Cinga and steals its name from it.

The first day of the campaign was innocent of bloodshed: it only displayed to view the forces of the leaders and the multitude of their troops. Men loathed their own wickedness; shame held back the weapons of their frenzy, and they granted one day's respite to their country and the laws they had broken. But when the sky was westering towards night, Caesar surrounded his army with a trench dug in haste, while his front rank kept their ground; thus he deceived the enemy, screening his camp with a line of troops drawn up near at hand. At dawn he ordered his men to move with speed and climb the hill, which lay between Ilerda and the camp and protected the town. Fear and shame alike drove the enemy to this point: with flying march they reached the hill first and occupied it. Their courage and their swords promised possession of the ground to Caesar's men; but

the foe relied on actual possession. The heavy-laden soldier struggles up the heights; the line, looking upward, clings to the mountain before it and is supported from falling backwards by the shields of those behind. None was at leisure to hurl his weapon: each drives in his javelin to assure his slippery foothold; they clutch at rocks and trees; they pay no heed to the enemy but hack a path with their swords. Caesar saw that his ranks would come down with a crash; therefore he ordered the cavalry to take up the fighting and interpose their shield-side by a left wheel. Thus the infantry were easily rescued, and none pursued them; the conquerors, when their antagonists were withdrawn, remained on the hill, but had gained nothing.

So far only the strife of arms proceeded: the rest of the campaign was decided by the shifting phases of capricious weather. Winter, congealed with numbing frost and dry North winds, had bound the upper air and penned the rain in the clouds. The mountains were nipped by snow, and the low-lying plains by hoar frost that would vanish at first sight of the sun; and all the earth, near that part of the sky which dips the stars, was hard and dry owing to the cloudless winter weather. But in spring the Carrier who let Helle fall received the burning sun and looked back at the other Signs; and, when day and night had for the second time been made equal according to the balance of unerring Libra, day gained the victory. Then the moon, receding from the sun, with that crescent with which she shone, scarce visible, at first, barred the North wind and grew bright while the East wind blew. The East wind drove to the West on blasts from Arabia all the clouds he found in his own clime, all the mists that the Arabs feel or the land of the Ganges breathes forth, all the moisture that the Eastern sun suffers to collect, all that the blast which darkens the Eastern heavens had driven on, and all that had screened the Indians from the sun. Day in the East was made hotter by the removal of the clouds — clouds which could not deposit their heavy burden on the centre of earth, but swept the storms with them in their flight. North and South were rainless, and all the moist air streamed to Calpe. There, where the zephyrs start and the furthest point of heaven limits the sea, the clouds, forbidden to go further, rolled into dense round masses; and the space that divides earth from heaven

could scarce contain the accumulation of dark mist. Next, squeezed against the sky, they condense into abundant rain and flow along thickened; thunderbolts flashed constantly but could not keep their flame, because the rain put out the lightning. Next, the rainbow spanned the sky with its broken arch, while hardly any light diversified its colours; it drank the ocean, carried up the waves speedily to the clouds, and restored the water that had poured down from the sky. Then the Pyrenean snows, which no sun had ever power to thaw, were melted, the ice was broken up, and the cliffs were wetted. Next, no stream that issues forth from its normal springs finds a fixed path: such a flood of waters poured into every channel from over its banks. By this time Caesar's army was shipwrecked and afloat on land, his camp fell to pieces under the shock of constant floods, and the rivers formed pools within his high rampart. To carry off cattle is impossible; the submerged furrows produce no food; the spoilers, straggling over the vanished fields, are deceived by missing the inundated roads. And now cruel famine came — famine that is ever first in the train of great disasters, and the soldier starves while no foe besets him: though no spendthrift, he parted with all his wealth for a handful of grain. Shame on the pale plague of avarice! When gold is produced, sellers are forthcoming, though hungry themselves. By now mounds and hills are hidden; all the rivers are buried and swallowed up in the huge maw of a single pool, which has devoured the rocks in its depths, and carried down the habitations of wild beasts, and engulfed the beasts themselves; with sudden eddies it churns up its roaring waters and drives back with superior strength the tides of ocean. Night, curtaining the sky, is not conscious of sunrise; all natural distinctions are upset by the hideous aspect of the heaven and by darkness following on night. Such is the region that lies lowest in the world under the snowy zone and perpetual winter: no stars are visible there; its barren cold can produce nothing, but its ice lessens the heat of the equatorial Signs. O supreme Father of the universe, and O Neptune, to whom the second lot gave power over the trident of ocean, be such your will! May the one god devote the sky to perpetual rain, and the other prevent every tide he has sent forth from ebbing again! May rivers find no downward passage to the shore but be driven back by the

waters of the sea! May the earth shake and enlarge the path of the rivers! May the Rhine and the Rhone flood the fields of Spain! May the rivers turn aslant their immense springs! Pour hither the melted snows of the Rhiphaean mountains and the water from every mere and lake and stagnant marsh in all the world, and snatch away this hapless land from civil war.

But now Fortune, contented with having frightened her favourite a little, came back in full force; and the gods earned pardon by an exceptional exercise of their support. By this time the sky had cleared; the sun, a match for the waters, had broken up the thick clouds into fleeces; and the nights grew red as dawn came on. The elements took up their proper station: the moisture left the firmament, and all the waters that were overhead took the lowest room. Trees began to lift their foliage, hills to rise above the floods, and valleys to grow solid at the sight of sunlight. And as soon as the Sicoris left the plains and had banks again, osiers of hoary willow were steeped and plaited to form small boats, which, when covered with the skin of a slain ox, carried passengers and rode high over the swollen river. In such craft the Venetian navigates the flooded Po, and the Briton his wide Ocean; and so, when Nile covers the land, the boats of Memphis are framed of thirsty papyrus. In these boats Caesar's soldiers were ferried over; in haste they began to cut down trees and form them into an arch on both banks; but, fearing a spate of the headstrong river, instead of placing their wooden bridge close by the margin, they carried it far into the fields. Also, that the Sicoris might never again wax bold with a renewal of its flood, it was divided into channels and punished for its overflow by having its waters split up into canals. When Petreius saw that Caesar's destiny was carrying all before it, he left Ilerda on the hill: distrusting the resources of the known world, he sought untamed peoples, whom contempt of death makes ever eager for battle; and he moved on towards the world's end.

When Caesar saw the hills bare and the camp deserted, he bade his men arm and cross the river by hard swimming, without looking for either bridge or ford; and they obeyed. The soldier, when rushing into battle, was eager for the passage which he would have feared if retreating. Soon they put on their arms again and dry their limbs;

they march in haste to warm their frames chilled from the river, until the shadows grow shorter as day rises to its height. And now the cavalry were harassing the rear of the enemy, who were held there, doubting whether to fight or flee.

Two cliffs raised their rocky ridges on the plain, leaving a hollow valley between. From that point the earth rises into a continuous range of lofty hills, among which a shadowed winding route was concealed and offered safety. Caesar saw that if the enemy reached that gorge, the war would slip from his hands and be transferred to outlandish regions and savage nations. "On with you, without keeping ranks," he cried, "and turn back the war which their flight has stolen from you; bring against them battle array and menacing countenances; frightened as they are, let them die no coward's death but meet the sword in front, even while they flee." Thus he spoke and outstripped the enemy as they sought to gain the mountains. There the two camps with low ramparts were pitched not far apart. When their eyes met, undimmed by distance, and they saw each other's faces clearly, then the horror of civil war was unmasked. For a short time fear kept them silent, and they greeted their friends only by nodding their heads and waving their swords; but soon, when warm affection burst the bonds of discipline with stronger motives, the men ventured to climb over the palisade and stretch out eager hands for embraces. One hails a friend by name, another accosts a kinsman; the time spent in the same boyish pursuits recalls a face to memory; and he who had found no acquaintance among the foe was no true Roman. They besprinkle their weapons with tears; sobs interrupt their embraces; though stained by no bloodshed, they dread the deeds they might have done already.

Fool! why beat your breast and groan and shed unavailing tears? Why not confess that you obey the command of crime by your own will? Do you dread so greatly the leader whom you alone make dreadful? If he sound the bugle for war, be deaf to its cruel note; if he advance his standards, stay still. Then in a moment the frenzy of civil war will collapse, and Caesar, in private station, will be friends with his daughter's husband.

Be present now, thou that embracest all things in an eternal bond, Harmony, the preserver of the world and the blended universe! Be

present, thou hallowed Love that unitest the world! For at this moment our age can exercise a mighty influence upon the future. The disguise of all that wickedness has been torn off, and a guilty nation has been robbed of all excuse: the men have recognised their kinsmen. A curse on Fortune, whose malignant power uses a brief respite to make great calamities still greater! There was peace, and the men made friends and strolled about in either camp; they began friendly meals together and outpourings of blended wine, sitting on the hard ground; the fire burned on turf-built hearths; where they lay side by side, tales of the war went on through all the sleepless night — on what field they first fought, by what force of hand their javelin was launched. But while they boast of their brave actions and deny the truth of many tales, their friendship, alas! was renewed, which was all that Fortune desired, and all their future wickedness was made worse by their reconciliation. — For when Petreius heard of the peaceful compact and saw that he and his forces had been sold, he armed his slaves for infamous warfare.

Surrounded by this band, he hurled the unarmed enemy out of the camp, separated the embrace of friends by the sword, and shattered the peace with much shedding of blood. His fierce anger prompted speech that was sure to provoke a fray: “Soldiers, regardless of your country and forgetful of your standards, if you cannot, in the cause of the Senate, conquer Caesar and return as liberators, you can at least be conquered for their sake. While your swords are left and the future is uncertain, and while you have blood enough to flow from many a wound, will you go over to a master and carry the standards which you once condemned? Must Caesar be implored to treat you no worse than his other slaves? Have you begged quarter for your generals also? Never shall our lives be the price and wages of foul treason. Our life is not the object of civil war. Under a pretence of peace we are dragged into captivity. Men would not dig out iron in the deep-burrowing mine, cities would not be fortified with walls, the spirited charger would not rush to battle, nor the fleet be launched to send turreted ships all over the sea, if it were ever right to barter freedom for peace. My foes, it seems, are true to the oath they swore — an oath which binds them to crime unspeakable; but you hold your allegiance cheaper, because you are fighting for a righteous

cause and may therefore hope even for — pardon! Alas! that Honour should die so foul a death. At this moment Magnus, ignorant of his fate, is raising armies all over the world and rousing up kings who inhabit the ends of the earth, though perhaps our treaty has already bargained for his mere life.” — His words worked strongly upon every heart and brought back the love of crime. So, when wild beasts have lost the habit of the woods and grown tame in a narrow prison, they lose their grim aspect and learn to submit to man; but, if a drop of blood finds its way to their thirsty mouths, their rage and fury return, and their throats, reminded of their old life by the taste of blood, swell again; their anger boils up and scarcely spares their frightened keeper. The soldiers proceed to every crime; and horrors, which, to the discredit of the gods, Fortune might have brought about in the blind obscurity of battle, are wrought by loyal obedience. Among the tables and couches they pierce the very breasts which they lately embraced. And though they groaned at first when baring the steel, yet when the sword, that counsellor of evil, clings to their grasp, they hate the friends whom they strike, and their blows confirm their wavering purpose. The camp now seethes with uproar; and, as if a secret crime would be wasted, they set every horror before the eyes of their commanders; they glory in their guilt.

Caesar, though robbed of many soldiers, recognised the hand of heaven. Never indeed was he more fortunate, either on the Emathian plain or on the sea of Phocian Massilia; nor did the coast of Egypt witness so great a triumph, inasmuch as he, thanks to this one crime of civil war, will be henceforward the leader of the better cause. The leaders dared not entrust their troops, stained with hideous bloodshed, to a camp near Caesar's, but directed their flight back to the walls of lofty Ilerda. Caesar's cavalry met them and drove them off the plains and cooped them up among waterless hills.

Next Caesar eagerly attempts to surround them, in their lack of water, with a steep trench; he will not suffer their camp to reach the river banks or their outworks to enclose abundant springs.

When the soldiers saw the path to death before them, their fear was changed to headlong ardour. Having slaughtered their horses, as powerless to help men besieged, they were forced at last to abandon hope and reject flight, and rushed upon the foe with intent to perish.

When Caesar saw the devoted warriors coming on at full speed to meet inevitable death, he called to his men, "Hold your weapons for a time and withdraw the sword from him who rushes to meet it; no lives of my own men must be lost in the battle; he who challenges the foe with his life costs his victor dear. See! they come, hating life and holding themselves cheap, and I must pay for their deaths: insensible to wounds, they will fling themselves on the sword and rejoice to shed their blood. This excitement must calm down; this wild enthusiasm must flag; they must lose their wish to die." So by refusing battle he suffered their threats to burn down to nothing and dwindle away, while the sun set and night replaced his light with her own. Then, when no chance was given them to kill and be killed, their ardour left them by degrees and their minds lost heat. So a wounded man has higher courage, while his wound and his pain are fresh, and while the warm blood lends active force to the muscles, and before the skin has shrunk over the bones; but, if the conqueror, aware that his sword has gone home, stands still and refrains from striking, then cold numbness binds both mind and body and steals strength away, after the congealing blood has closed the drying wounds. And now, in their shortage of water, they begin by digging in search of hidden springs and underground streams; as well as iron rakes and picks they use their swords to pierce the soil; and wells in the excavated hillside are sunk to the level of the watered plain. The pale searcher after Asturian gold would not bury himself so deep, or leave daylight so far behind. But there was no sound of rivers with hidden courses, no new springs gushed from the smitten rock, no dripping caves oozed forth a scanty moisture, no gravel was stirred and lifted even by a slender vein of water. Then the men are hauled up to the surface, worn out with heavy labour and wearied by mining in the flint; and their quest for water has made them less able to endure the drought and heat. Nor was their bodily weakness and weariness supported by food: they abhorred all meat and called in hunger to help them against thirst. Wherever soft soil betrayed moisture, they squeezed the oozy clods over their mouths with both hands. Where pools of stagnant filth were caked with black mire, each man fell down eager for the foul draught, and dying swallowed water which, with a prospect of life, he would have refused; like wild

beasts they drained the swollen udders of cattle, and, if milk was denied, sucked the pallid blood from the empty teats. Next, they pounded grass and leaves, and stripped the dew off branches, and brushed off any moisture they could squeeze from the green shoots or soft pith of trees.

Happy are those whom a barbarian foe, as he fled, has laid low upon the fields by mingling poison in the springs. Into the Spanish rivers Caesar may pour without concealment gore and the carrion of wild beasts, and the deadly aconite which grows on the rocks of Crete; and Roman soldiers will drink with their eyes open. Their inward parts are burnt with fire; their mouths are dry and hard, and rough with scaly tongues; by now their pulses flag, and their lungs, wetted by no moisture, choke the passage of air to and fro; and their difficult breathing is painful to their cracked palates; yet still they open their mouths, eager for the air that will prove their bane. They hope for rain — rain, whose downpour lately flooded all the land; and they fix their gaze on the rainless clouds. And, that the water-famine may break them down still more in their misery, their camp is not pitched beyond burning Meroe and beneath the sign of Cancer, where the naked Garamantes dwell; but the army, entrapped between the brimming Sicoris and the rapid Hiberus, can see the rivers close at hand while dying of thirst.

At last the leaders were overcome and yielded: Afranius advised that terms should be sought; despairing of resistance, he took with him squadrons of half-dead men to the enemy's camp, and stood in supplication before the conqueror's feet. The suppliant maintained his dignity unbroken by disaster; between his former high position and his recent misfortune, he had all the bearing of a general, though a defeated general, and he asked pardon with a mind at ease: "Had Fortune laid me low beneath an unworthy foeman, my own strong arm would not have failed to snatch death by violence; as it is, my sole reason for begging life is that I consider you, Caesar, worthy to grant it. We are not moved by party spirit; nor did we take up arms in opposition to your designs. In fact, the civil war found us at the head of an army; and, while we could, we were loyal to our former cause. We make no attempt to hinder destiny: to you we surrender the nations of the West and open the way to the East; we enable you to

feel no anxiety for the region you leave in your rear. Your victory has not been gained by blood poured forth upon the plains, nor by the sword plied till the arm was weary; pardon your foes their one crime — that you are victorious over us. We do not ask much: only give rest to the weary, and suffer those to whom you grant life to spend it unarmed. Deem that our ranks lie prostrate on the field; for captives must not share in your triumph, nor warriors condemned by fate be mingled with conquerors: my army has completed its own destiny. This we beg — that you will not compel us whom you have conquered to conquer along with you.”

Thus he spoke; and Caesar readily gave way with unclouded brow; he excused them from service in his army and from all punishment. As soon as the treaty of peace was settled in due form, the men rushed down to the unguarded rivers, lay down upon the banks, and made muddy the streams thrown open to them. While they gulped down the water, the uninterrupted draught prevented the air from passing through the empty arteries: it contracted and blocked the windpipes of many; nor does the burning plague yet abate, but the craving malady demands yet more when the stomach is full of water already. Soon the muscles recovered power, and the soldiers grew strong again. O Luxury, extravagant of resources and never satisfied with what costs little; and ostentatious hunger for dainties sought over land and sea; and ye who take pride in delicate eating — hence ye may learn how little it costs to prolong life, and how little nature demands. No famous vintage, bottled in the year of a long forgotten consul, restores these to health; they drink not out of gold or agate, but gain new life from pure water; running water and bread are enough for mankind.

Alas for those who still fight on! These men abandon their arms to the conqueror; safe, though they are stripped of their breast-plates, harmless and free from care, they are scattered among their native cities. Now that they possess the gift of peace, how much they regret that they ever hurled the steel with vigorous arms, and endured thirst, and prayed mistakenly to the gods for victory! For the victors, it is sure, so many doubtful battles and hardships over all the world still lie ahead; even though Fortune never fail — Fortune fickle in her favours — still they must conquer again and again, and shed their

blood on every land, and follow Caesar through all his chances and changes. When the whole world is nodding to its fall, happy the man who has been able to learn already the lowly place appointed for him. No battles call them from where they rest; no trumpet-call breaks their sound slumbers. They are welcomed now by their wives and innocent babes, by their simple dwellings and their native soil, nor are they settled there as colonists. Of another burden too Fortune relieves them: their minds are rid of the trouble of partisanship; for, if Caesar granted them their lives, Pompey was once their leader. Thus they alone are happy, looking on at civil war with no prayer for the success of either.

The fortune of war did not remain unchanged all the world over, but dared to strike one blow against Caesar's side. Where the Adriatic wave beats on the straggling town of Salonae, and where mild Iader runs out towards the soft West winds, there Antonius, trusting in the warlike race of the Curictae, who dwell in an island surrounded by the Adriatic waters, was pent up within his camp on the edge of the shore. He was safe against armed attack, if only he could keep famine at bay — famine which takes the impregnable fortress. The earth sends up no fodder to feed his horses; golden Ceres puts forth no corn there; the soldiers had robbed the field of its grass; and, when they had nibbled the blades close with starving teeth, they had torn the withered tufts from the sods that formed the camp. As soon as they saw a friendly force commanded by Basilus on the mainland opposite, they devised a novel plan to steal in flight across the deep. They built no long hulls, no high sterns, as the custom is, but joined stout planks together on unwonted lines to carry heavy structures. This raft rested entirely upon empty barrels, a succession of which, lashed together in double rows by long chains, supported the planks laid transversely across them. Nor were the rowers she carried exposed to missiles along an open front; but they struck the water enclosed by the timbers; and the raft presented the puzzle of mysterious motion, because it carried no sail and did not thrash the waves visibly.

Next they watched the sea till the time when the tide should move with downward-flowing waters and the sand be left bare by the ebb. So, when the sea began to flow back and the shore to grow, the raft

was launched and sped gliding down the current, and her two consorts with her. High above each rose a tower and stages that threatened with nodding battlements. Octavius, who guarded the Illyrian waters, would not at once attack the raft, but held his swift ships back, until his prey should be increased by a prosperous passage. When they had begun their rash venture, he encouraged them, by leaving the sea open, to try a second voyage. So the hunter proceeds: until he pens in the stags, alarmed by the “scare” and dreading the scent of the tainted feathers, or until he sets up his nets on the line of props, he shuts the noisy mouth of the swift Molossian hound, and keeps in leash the hounds of Sparta and Crete; the only dog allowed to range the forest is he who puzzles out the scent with nose to the ground and never thinks of barking when his prey is discovered, content to indicate the creature’s lair by tugging at the leash. Soon the hulks are manned; eagerly they embark on the rafts and abandon the island; it was the time when the last lingering light, hinders the first darkness from bringing on the night. But the Cilicians in Pompey’s pay, resorting to their ancient skill, prepared to lay a trap in the sea. Leaving the surface empty, they hung ropes at half the depth of the water and suffered them to drift about at large, and bound the cables to the cliffs of the Illyrian shore. Neither the first raft nor the second was hampered, but the third hulk stuck fast and was drawn to the rocks when the rope was tightened. Hollow cliffs overhang the sea, and their mass, ever in act to fall, stands marvellously firm, and shadows the water with trees. Hither the tide often bore ships wrecked by the North wind and the bodies of drowned men, and buried them in hidden caverns; but the sea beneath the rocks restored its prey, and whenever the caves vomited forth the tide, the waves of the whirling eddy surpassed the fury of Sicilian Charybdis. Here the hulk halted, weighed down with men of Opitergium; and all the ships, casting loose from their anchorage, surround it, while other foes cover the rocks and the shore. Vulteius, the captain of the raft, perceived the trap concealed beneath the water, and tried in vain to sever the ropes with his sword; then he called for battle with no hope of victory, not knowing on which side he was offering his back or his front to attack. Yet even in this plight valour did all that valour could do, when taken at a disadvantage: a

battle was fought between the many thousands who swarmed round the captured raft and the men on board, who were barely six hundred; but the battle soon ended; for the shades of night hid the twilight, and the darkness brought a truce.

Then thus Vulteius with noble speech kept his men steady, appalled as they were with dread of coming death: "Soldiers, free for no longer than the brief space of a night, use the short interval to decide upon your course in this extremity. No life is short that gives a man time to slay himself; nor does it lessen the glory of suicide to meet doom at close quarters. For all men the future of life is uncertain; and, though it is noble in the mind to forfeit years that you look forward to, it is no less noble to cut short even a moment of remaining life, provided that you summon death by your own act. No man is forced to die voluntarily. No escape is open to us; our countrymen surround us, eager for our lives; resolve upon death, and then all fear is dispelled: let a man desire whatever he cannot avoid. Yet we are not compelled to fall on the blind haze of battle, or when their own missiles cover the confused armies with darkness. When the dead lie thick upon the field, each death is merged in a common account, and valour, thus overlaid, is wasted. But us the gods have placed on a ship that is seen by friend and foe: sea and land and the topmost cliffs of the island will provide witnesses; the two parties from the two opposite shores will look on. By our death Fortune designs some mighty and memorable example for posterity. Our company would have surpassed all records that time has preserved of loyalty and military devotion, maintained by the sword. For we know that it is not enough for Caesar's men to fall upon their swords in his defence; but, hemmed in as we are, we have no greater pledge to give of our deep devotion. Grudging Fortune has subtracted much from our glory, inasmuch as we are not held prisoners together with our old men and our little ones. But let the foe learn that our men are unconquerable; let him dread the mad courage that welcomes death; and let him thank his stars that only one of the rafts stuck fast. They will try to tempt us with terms of peace, and will seek to bribe us by the offer of dishonourable life. I wish that they would promise pardon and encourage us to hope for life; for so our matchless death would gain greater renown, and they would not think, when they see

us pierce our vitals with the warm steel, that we have abandoned hope. It requires a mighty deed of valour to make Caesar, when he loses a few men out of so many thousands, call it a disaster and a defeat. Should Fate now suffer me to withdraw and release me from her grasp, I should refuse to shun what lies before me. I have cast life behind me, comrades, and am wholly driven on by the excitement of coming death; it is a veritable possession. None but those whom the approach of death already overshadows are suffered to know that death is a blessing; from those who have life before them the gods conceal this, in order that they may go on living.” By his words the hearts of all the warriors were changed, and swelled with martial ardour. Before their leader spoke they all watched the stars in heaven with weeping eyes, and trembled when the pole of the Wain went round; but now, when his exhortation had sunk into their stout hearts, they prayed for daylight. Nor at that season did the sky take long to sink the stars in the sea; for the sun was in the constellation of Gemini, when his disk reaches its zenith and Cancer is close at hand; short was the night that then brooded over the Thessalian Archer.

Dawn came and revealed the Histrians posted on the cliffs and the fierce Liburnians on the sea with the Greek fleet. They suspended the fight and tried first to conquer by agreement, hoping that the mere postponement of death might make life sweeter to the prisoners in the trap. But the devoted men stood firm: contempt of life made them bold, and they were indifferent to the issue of the fight, because they had engaged to kill themselves; no uproar of assault could dislodge the resolution that was prepared for the worst; and their small company withstood the countless hands that attacked them by land and sea at once; so great is the confidence inspired by death. Then, when they deemed that blood enough had been shed in battle, they turned their fury away from the foe. First Vulteijs himself, the captain of the craft, bared his throat and called for death. “Is any soldier here,” he cried, “whose right arm is worthy of my blood, who will prove his wish to die beyond all doubt by slaying me?” Before he could speak another word, his body was pierced instantly by more swords than one. He thanked them all, but dying slew with grateful stroke him to whom he owed his first wound. Others met in combat; and there the horrors of civil war were enacted in full by one faction

alone. Thus from the seed sown by Cadmus the Theban warriors started up and were slain by the swords of their kinsmen — a dismal omen for the Theban brothers; and thus in the land of the Phasis the sons of Earth, who sprang from the teeth of the sleepless dragon, filled the vast furrows with kindred blood, when magic spells had filled them with fury; and Medea herself was appalled by the first crime which her herbs, untried before, had wrought. So the soldiers fell, sworn to slay each other; and in the death of those heroes death itself called for least courage; at the same instant they dealt a fatal wound and received it; and no man's right hand failed him, though he struck with dying arm. Nor were their wounds due to the pressure of the sword; but their breasts dashed against the steel, and their throats struck the hand of the striker. At a time when murderous destiny made brother rush on brother and son on his father, yet their right hands never hesitated but drove the sword home with all its weight. The only proof of affection the slayer could give was to strike no second blow. By now half dead, they dragged their protruding entrails over the wide gangways and poured streams of blood into the sea. They rejoice to see the light they have rejected, to watch their conquerors with disdainful eyes, and to feel the approach of death. And now when the raft was seen piled high with carnage, the victors yield up the dead to the funeral pyre, while their leaders marvel that any man should prize his leader so highly. Fame, that flies abroad over the whole earth, never spoke with louder voice of any vessel. Yet even after the example set by these heroes, cowardly nations will not understand how simple a feat it is to escape slavery by suicide; and the tyrant is dreaded for his sword, and freedom is weighed down by cruel weapons, and men are ignorant that the purpose of the sword is to save every man from slavery. O that death were the reward of the brave only, and would refuse to release the coward from life!

No less fiercely the fire of war blazed up then in the land of Libya. For bold Curio weighed anchor on the shore of Sicily, and a gentle North wind filled the sails, till he gained the shore of famous anchorage between Clipea and the half-ruined citadels of great Carthage. His first camp he pitched at some distance from the hoary sea, where the Bagrada slowly pushes on and furrows the thirsty

sand. From there he marched to the rocky eminence, hollowed out on all sides, which tradition with good reason calls the realm of Antaeus. When he sought to learn the origin of that ancient name, he was told by an unlettered countryman a tale handed down through many generations:

“Even after the birth of the Giants Earth was not past bearing, and she conceived a fearsome offspring in the caves of Libya. She had more cause to boast of him than of Typhon or Tityos and fierce Briareus; and she dealt mercifully with the gods when she did not raise up Antaeus on the field of Phlegra. Further she crowned the vast strength of her child with this gift, that his limbs, whenever they touched their mother, recovered from weariness and renewed their strength. Yonder cave was his dwelling; men say that he hid beneath the towering cliff and feasted on the lions he had carried off; when he slept, no skins of wild beasts made him a bed, nor did the trees supply him with bedding; but his custom was to lie on the bare earth and so recover strength. He slew the tillers of the Libyan fields; he slew the strangers whom the sea brought to the shore; and for long, in his might, he spurned his mother’s aid and never availed himself of the help that falling gave; so strong was he that even when he stood upright none could overcome him. The hero Alcides was then ridding land and sea of monsters, when the widespread report of this bloodstained ogre summoned him to the borders of Libya. Down on the ground he threw the skin of the Nemean lion ; the skin that Antaeus threw down came from a lion of Libya. The stranger, faithful to the fashion of wrestlers at Olympia, drenched his limbs with oil; the other, not trusting to contact with his mother Earth by means of his feet alone, poured hot sand over his limbs to help him. They locked, hands and arms in manifold embrace; for long they tried the strength of each other’s necks with the pressure of arms, without result; each head remained unmoved with steadfast forehead; each marvelled to find that his match existed on earth. Unwilling to put forth all his strength at the beginning of the contest, Alcides wore down his opponent; and this was made clear to him by the quick panting and the cold sweat that poured from the weary frame. Soon his neck flagged and gave way, soon breast was borne down by breast, soon the legs tottered, struck by a sidelong blow of the fist.

Then the victor pins his foe's yielding back, hugs his loins and squeezes his middle, thrusts his own feet to part the thighs, and lays his man at full length upon the ground, from top to toe. But, when the dry earth eagerly drank his sweat, his veins were replenished with warm blood, his muscles swelled out, his whole frame grew tough, and he loosened the grip of Hercules with fresh strength. Alcides stood astonished by such great might: even by the waters of Inachus, though he was inexperienced then, he felt less fear of the chopped Hydra when her snakes grew again. The combatants were well matched, one fighting with the strength of Earth, the other with his own. Never was the cruel stepmother of Hercules more sanguine of success: she sees his body and his neck worn out with toil — that neck that never sweated when it supported Olympus. He grappled a second time with his weary foe; but Antaeus, without waiting for the pressure of his antagonist, fell down voluntarily and rose up more mighty with an accession of strength. All the vital power that resides in the earth poured into his wearied limbs; and Earth suffers in the wrestling-match of her son. When at last Alcides perceived that his foe got help by contact with his mother, 'You must stand upright' said he; 'no more will I trust you to the ground or suffer you to lie down upon the earth; here you shall remain, with your body clasped in my embrace; if you fall, Antaeus, you shall fall on me.' Thus Alcides spoke and lifted on high the giant who struggled to gain the ground. Earth was unable to convey strength into the frame of her dying son; for Alcides, standing between, gripped the breast that was already stiff with cold obstruction, and refused for long to trust his foe to the earth. Hence the land has got its name from long tradition which treasures the past and thinks highly of itself. But a greater name was given to these heights by Scipio, when he brought the Carthaginian invader back from the citadels of Latium. Here he encamped when he reached the soil of Libya; yonder you see the remains of his ancient rampart; these are the fields which the Roman conqueror first occupied."

Curio heard this with joy, believing that the lucky spot would fight for him, and repeat for him the success of former leaders. Pitching his ill-starred tents on that lucky ground, he trusted too much to his encampment and robbed the heights of their good

fortune. He challenged a fierce enemy who was too strong for him.

All of Africa that had yielded to the Roman arms was then commanded by Varus; and he, though he relied on Roman soldiers, nevertheless summoned from every quarter the forces of King Juba — the nations of Libya and the troops from the world's end that followed their king to battle. No ruler possessed a broader realm than he: at its greatest length his kingdom is bounded on its western point by Atlas, neighbour of Gades, and on the East by Ammon, bordering on the Syrtes; and on the line of its breadth, the hot region of his huge domain separates the Ocean from the burnt-up torrid zone. The population matches the area: the king's camp is followed by so many tribes — Autololes, unsettled Numidians, and Gaetulians good at need with their bare-backed horses; then there are Moors black as Indians, needy Nasamonians, swift Marmaridae joined with sun-blackened Garamantes, Mazaces who can rival the archery of the Parthians when they hurl their quivering javelins, and the Massylian people, who ride barebacked and use a light switch to guide their horses whose mouths have never felt the bit; there follows too the African hunter, whose habit it is to stray through deserted villages and to smother angry lions in the folds of his garment, when he has lost confidence in his spear. Not party zeal alone stirred up Juba to arms: war was a concession to personal anger as well. For Curio, in that year during which he outraged heaven and earth, had also tried to dislodge Juba from his ancestral throne by means of a tribune's law — he sought, at the same time, to take Africa from its rightful king and to set up a king at Rome! Juba, nursing his grievance, considered this war the chief advantage he had gained by retaining his crown. Hence this rumour of the king now alarmed Curio. He was alarmed also because his soldiers had never been overmuch devoted to Caesar's cause: never tested on the waters of the Rhine, they had been taken prisoners in the citadel of Corfinium; faithless to their leader before and distrusted by Curio now, they think it lawful to take either side. But when Curio saw the slackness of sluggish fear on every hand, and the nightly service on the ramparts left undone by desertion, he spoke thus in the trouble of his soul:

“Boldness is a mask for fear, however great; I will take the field before the foe. Let my soldiers, while they are still mine, march

down to the level ground. Idleness is ever the root of indecision; snatch from them by battle the power to form a plan; once the dreadful passion rises, once the sword is grasped and the helmet hides the blush of shame, who thinks then of comparing leaders or balancing causes? Each man backs the side on which he stands. So those who are brought forth at the shows of the deathly arena are not driven to fight by long-cherished anger: they hate whoever is pitted against them." Thus he spoke and drew up his line upon the open plain; and the fortune of war, meaning to betray him by future disasters, welcomed him now with smiles; for he drove Varus from the field and cut up his defenceless rear in shameful flight until the camp put a stop to the pursuit.

But when Juba heard of the lost battle of conquered Varus, he rejoiced that the glory of the campaign was reserved for his arms. He marched in haste and secrecy, masking the report of his movement by enforcing silence; his one fear was that his rash foe might feel fear of *him*. Sabbura, second to the king in command of the Numidians, was sent out with a small force to challenge the foe and tempt them to begin battle; he was to sham an attack and pretend that he was in charge of it, while the king kept back his main body in a hollow valley. So snakes in Egypt are fooled by the craftier foe with his tail: he stirs up their wrath with its flickering shadow, while the snake spends its force upon the air in vain, and then, holding his head aslant, he grips the throat and bites in safety, too close for the deadly fluid to touch him; at last the baffled bane is squeezed forth, and the poison streams idly from the throat. Fortune gave success to the trick; and daring Curio, without reconnoitring the strength of his hidden foe, made his cavalry sally forth from the camp by night and range far and wide over the unknown plains. He himself at the first stirring of dawn bids his infantry leave their camp; in vain was he warned repeatedly to beware of Libyan deceit and Punic warfare ever tainted by guile. The doom of speedy death had handed the youth over to destruction, and civil war was claiming the man who made it. Along a perilous path he led his men, over high rocks and cliffs, and then the enemy was sighted far away from the top of the hills. They, with their native craft, drew back a little, till he should leave the height and trust his army in loose array to the open fields. Curio,

ignorant of their treacherous device, believed that they were fleeing, and, as if victorious, marched his army down to the fields below. As soon as the trick was revealed, and the light Numidian cavalry covered the heights and surrounded the Romans on every side, the leader himself and his doomed army were stupefied alike: the coward did not flee, nor the brave man fight. For there the war-horse was not roused by the trumpet's blare, nor did he scatter the stones with stamping hoof, or champ the hard bit that chafes his mouth, with flying mane and ears erect, or refuse to stand still, and shift his clattering feet. The weary neck sinks down, the limbs reek with sweat, the tongue protrudes and the mouth is rough and dry; the lungs, driven by quick pants, give a hoarse murmur; the labouring breath works the spent flanks hard; and the froth dries and cakes on the blood-stained bit. Now the horses refuse to go faster, though urged by blows and goads and called on by constant spurring: they are stabbed to make them move; yet no man profited by overcoming the resistance of his horse; for no charge and onset was possible there: the rider was merely carried close to the foe and, by offering a mark, saved the javelin a long flight. But as soon as the African skirmishers launched their steeds at the host, the plains shook with their trampling, the earth was loosened, and a pillar of dust, vast as is whirled by Thracian stormwinds, veiled the sky with its cloud and brought on darkness. And when the piteous doom of battle bore down upon the Roman infantry, the issue never hung uncertain through any chance of war's lottery, but all the time of fighting was filled by death: it was impossible to rush forward in attack and close with the enemy. So the soldiers, surrounded on all sides, were crushed by slanting thrusts from close quarters and spears hurled straight forward from a distance — doomed to destruction not merely by wounds and blood but by the hail of weapons and the sheer weight of steel. Thus a great army was crowded into a small compass; and, if any man in fear crawled into the midst of the press, he could scarce move about unhurt among the swords of his comrades; and the pack grew thicker, whenever the foremost rank stepped back and narrowed the circle. The crowded soldiers have no longer space to ply their weapons; their bodies are squeezed and ground together; and the armoured breast is broken by pressure

against another breast. The victorious Moors did not enjoy to the full the spectacle that Fortune granted them: they could not see the rivers of blood, the collapsing limbs, and the bodies striking the ground; for each dead man was held bolt upright by the dense array.

Let Fortune call to life the hated ghost of dread Carthage to enjoy this new sacrifice; let bloodstained Hannibal and his Carthaginian dead accept this awful expiation! But it is an outrage, ye gods, that the fall of Romans on Libyan soil should forward the success of Pompey and the desires of the Senate. Rather let Africa defeat us for her own objects. When Curio saw his ranks prostrate on the field, and when the dust was laid by blood, so that he could survey that awful carnage, he would not stoop to survive defeat or hope for escape, but fell amid the corpses of his men, prompt to face death and brave with the courage of despair.

What does it avail him now that he stirred up turmoil on the Rostrum in the Forum — that stronghold of the tribunes, where he bore the standard of the populace and from which he armed all nations? What avails it that he betrayed the rights of the Senate and bade Pompey and his wife's father meet in the clash of arms? Low he lies, before the fatal field of Pharsalia confronts the leaders; and the spectacle of civil war is withheld from him. This is the penalty which the great ones of the earth suffer their unhappy country to exact; thus they pay for the wars they make with their own blood and their own deaths. Fortunate indeed would Rome be, and happy her citizens hereafter, if the gods were as careful to preserve her freedom as they are to avenge it. Behold! the unburied body of Curio, a noble carrion, feeds the birds of Libya. But to suppress those deeds which are insured by their own glory against all decay of time will not avail; and therefore we award a due meed of praise to the praiseworthy part of his life. Rome never bore a citizen of such high promise, nor one to whom the constitution owed more while he trod the right path. But then the corruption of the age proved fatal to the State, when ambition and luxury and the formidable power of wealth swept away with their cross-current the unstable principles of Curio; and, when he yielded to the booty of Gaul and Caesar's gold, his change turned the scale of history. Though powerful Sulla and bold Marius, like bloodstained Cinna and all the line of Caesar's house, secured the

power to use the sword against our throats, yet to none of them was granted so high a privilege; for they all bought their country, but Curio sold it.

BOOK V

THUS the leaders in turn suffered the wounds of war, and Fortune, blending failure with success, kept them for the land of the Macedonians equal in strength. Winter had already sprinkled Mount Haemus with snow, and the daughter of Atlas was setting in a chilly sky. The day was coming that gives new names to the Calendar and begins the worship of Janus, leader of the months. But, before the last days of their expiring office ran out, the two consuls summoned to Epirus those senators who were scattered here and there on military duties. Mean and foreign was the chamber that held the magnates of Rome; and the Senate sat, as guests beneath an alien roof, to hear the business of the State. For who could apply the name of “camp” to all those rods and all those axes bared by right of law? The worshipful body taught the world that they were not the party of Magnus but that Magnus was only one of their partisans.

As soon as silence prevailed in the sorrowing assembly, Lentulus rose up from his high seat of dignity and thus addressed them. “Senators, if you have the stout hearts that befit your Latian stock and ancient blood, consider not the land in which we meet, or the distance which divides us from the dwellings of captured Rome; recognise rather the aspect of this body, and, having power to pass any measure, decree this first of all — and the fact is clear to all kings and nations — that we are the Senate. For whether beneath the icy Wain of the Northern Bear, or in the torrid zone and the clime fenced in by heat, where neither night nor day may grow beyond equality, wherever Fortune carry us, the State will go with us and empire attend us. When the Tarpeian sanctuary was consumed by the firebrands of the Gauls, Camillus dwelt at Veii, and Veii was Rome. Never has this order forfeited its rights by changing its place. Caesar has in his power the sorrowing buildings, the empty houses, the silenced laws, and the law-courts closed by a dismal holiday; but that Senate House sees no senators save those whom it expelled ere Rome was deserted: every member of this great body who is not an exile is present here. When we knew naught of civil war and had rested long in peace, the first fury of warfare drove us apart; but now all the

scattered limbs return to the body. See how the gods make good the loss of Italy by the armed strength of the whole world! Our enemies lie deep in Illyrian waters; and Curio, a mighty man in Caesar's Senate, has fallen on the barren fields of Libya. Lift up your standards, ye leaders of armies; hasten the course of destiny; convince the gods that you have hope; and draw from success the confidence which your good cause gave you when you fled before Caesar. For us the time of office expires when the year closes; but your authority, senators, can never be subject to any limits; and therefore take counsel for the common good, and vote for Magnus as your leader." That name was hailed with applause by the senators; and they laid on the shoulders of Magnus the burden of their country's fate and of their own. Next, rewards for good service were freely bestowed on kings and peoples: gifts of honour were conferred on the rugged soldiery of cold Taygetus, and on Rhodes, queen of the seas and island of Apollo; Athens of ancient fame was commended; and Phocis was declared free, in compliment to Massilia, her daughter city. Praise was given also to Sadalas and brave Cotys, to the faithful ally, Deiotarus, and to Rhascypolis, lord of a frozen land; and Libya was bidden to obey King Juba by the authority of the Senate. And next — O cruelty of Fate — to Ptolemy, right worthy to rule a treacherous people, to Ptolemy, that disgrace of Fortune and reproach of the gods, it was permitted to place on his head the weight of the Macedonian crown. The boy received the sword to use it ruthlessly against his people. Would that they alone had suffered! But, while the Senate gave the throne of Lagus, the life of Magnus was thrown in as well; and so Cleopatra lost her kingdom, and Caesar the power to murder his son-in-law. Then the meeting dispersed, and all took up arms. But, while the nations and their leaders prepared for war, uncertain of the future and blind to their destiny, Appius alone feared to commit himself to the lottery of battle; therefore he appealed to the gods to reveal the issue of events; and Delphi, the oracular shrine of Apollo, closed for many years, was by him unbarred.

At equal distance from the limits of East and West, the twin peaks of Parnassus soar to heaven. The mountain is sacred to Phoebus and to Bromios, in whose honour the Bacchants of Thebes, treating the

two gods as one, hold their triennial festival at Delphi. When the Flood covered the earth, this height alone rose above the level and was all that separated sea from sky; and even Parnassus, parted in two by the flood, only just displayed a rocky summit, and one of its peaks was submerged. There Apollo, with yet unpractised shafts, laid low the Python and so avenged his mother who had been driven forth when great with child. Themis was then queen and mistress of the oracle; but, when Apollo saw that the huge chasm in the earth breathed forth divine truth, and that the ground gave out a wind that spoke, then he enshrined himself in the sacred caves, brooded over the holy place, and there became a prophet.

Which of the immortals is hidden here? What deity, descending from heaven, deigns to dwell pent up in these dark grottoes? What god of heaven endures the weight of earth, knowing every secret of the eternal process of events, sharing with the sky the knowledge of the future, ready to reveal himself to the nations, and patient of contact with mankind? A great and mighty god is he, whether he merely predicts the future or the future is itself determined by the fiat of his utterance. It may be that a large part of the whole divine element is embedded in the world to rule it, and supports the globe poised upon empty space; and this part issues forth through the caves of Cirrha, and is inhaled there, though closely linked to the Thunderer in heaven. When this inspiration has found a harbour in a maiden's bosom, it strikes the human soul of the priestess audibly, and unlocks her lips, even as the crown of Etna in Sicily boils over from the pressure of the flames; and as Typhoeus, where he lies beneath the everlasting mass of Inarime, makes hot the rocks of Campania by his unrest.

This sacred shrine, which welcomes all men and is denied to none, nevertheless alone is free from the taint of human wickedness. There no sinful prayers are framed in stealthy whisper; for the god forbids mankind to pray for anything, and only proclaims the doom that none may change. To the righteous he shows favour: when whole cities, as in the case of Tyre, were abandoned by their inhabitants, he has often given them a place to dwell in; he has enabled others to dispel the dangers of war, as the sea of Salamis has not forgotten; he has removed the anger of the barren earth by

revealing a remedy; he has cleared the air from the taint of plague. But the Delphian oracle became dumb, when kings feared the future and stopped the mouth of the gods; and no divine gift is more sorely missed by our age. Yet the priestesses of Delphi feel no grief that utterance is denied them: nay, they rejoice in the cessation of the oracle. For, if the god enters the bosom of any, untimely death is her penalty, or her reward, for having received him; because the human frame is broken up by the sting and surge of that frenzy, and the stroke from heaven shatters the brittle life. — So when Appius, probing the last secrets of Roman destiny, urged his quest, the tripods had long been motionless and the mighty rock silent. When the priest was bidden to unbar the awful shrine and usher the terrified priestess into the divine presence, Phemonoe was wandering free from care about the spring of Castalia and the sequestered grove; he laid hands upon her and compelled her to rush within the temple doors. Fearing to take her stand on that dread threshold, Apollo's priestess sought by vain deceit to discourage Appius from his eagerness to learn the future. "Why," she asked, "does presumptuous hope of learning the truth draw you hither, O Roman? The chasm of Parnassus, fallen dumb and silent, has buried its god. Either the breath of inspiration has failed yonder outlet and has shifted its path to a distant region of the world; or, when Pytho was burned by the brands of barbarians, the ashes sank into the vast caverns and blocked the passage of Phoebus; or Delphi is dumb by the will of Heaven, and it is thought enough that the verses of the ancient Sibyl, entrusted to your nation, should tell forth the hidden future; or else Apollo, accustomed to exclude the guilty from his shrine, finds none in our age for whose sake to unseal his lips."

The maiden's craft was plain, and even her fears proved the reality of the deity she denied. Then the circling band confined the tresses above her brow; and the hair that streamed down her back was bound by the white fillet and the laurel of Phocis. When still she paused and hesitated, the priest thrust her by force into the temple. Dreading the oracular recess of the inner shrine, she halted by the entrance, counterfeiting inspiration and uttering feigned words from a bosom unstirred; and no inarticulate cry of indistinct utterance proved that her mind was inspired with the divine frenzy. To Appius,

who heard her false prophecy, she could do less harm than to the oracle and Apollo's repute for truth. Her words, that rushed not forth with tremulous cry; her voice, which had not power to fill the space of the vast cavern; her laurel wreath, which was not raised off her head by the bristling hair; the unmoved floor of the temple and the motionless trees — all these betrayed her dread of trusting herself to Apollo. Appius perceived that the oracle was dumb, and cried out in fury: "Profane wretch, I myself and the gods whom you counterfeit will punish you even as you deserve, unless you go down into the cave and cease, when consulted concerning the mighty turmoil of a terrified world, to speak your own words." Scared at last the maiden took refuge by the tripods; she drew near to the vast chasm and there stayed; and her bosom for the first time drew in the divine power, which the inspiration of the rock, still active after so many centuries, forced upon her. At last Apollo mastered the breast of the Delphian priestess; as fully as ever in the past, he forced his way into her body, driving out her former thoughts, and bidding her human nature to come forth and leave her heart at his disposal. Frantic she careers about the cave, with her neck under possession; the fillets and garlands of Apollo, dislodged by her bristling hair, she whirls with tossing head through the void spaces of the temple; she scatters the tripods that impede her random course; she boils over with fierce fire, while enduring the wrath of Phoebus. Nor does he ply the whip and goad alone, and dart flame into her vitals: she has to bear the curb as well, and is not permitted to reveal as much as she is suffered to know. All time is gathered up together: all the centuries crowd her breast and torture it; the endless chain of events is revealed; all the future struggles to the light; destiny contends with destiny, seeking to be uttered. The creation of the world and its destruction, the compass of the Ocean and the sum of the sands — all these are before her. Even as the Sibyl of Cumae in her Euboean cave, resenting that her inspiration should be at the service of many nations, chose among them with haughty hand and picked out from the great heap of destiny the fate of Rome, so Phemonoe, possessed by Phoebus, was troubled and sought long ere she found the name of Appius concealed among the names of mightier men — Appius, who came to question the god hidden in the land of Castalia. When she found it,

first the wild frenzy overflowed through her foaming lips; she groaned and uttered loud inarticulate cries with panting breath; next, a dismal wailing filled the vast cave; and at last, when she was mastered, came the sound of articulate speech: "Roman, thou shalt have no part in the mighty ordeal and shalt escape the awful threats of war; and thou alone shalt stay at peace in a broad hollow of the Euboean coast." Then Apollo closed up her throat and cut short her tale.

Ye oracles that watch over destiny, ye mysteries of the universe, and thou, O Paean, master of truth from whom no day of future time is hidden by the gods, why is it that thou darest to reveal the last phase in the collapse of empire, the fall of captains and deaths of kings, and the destruction of so many nations in the carnage of Italy? Have the gods not yet resolved on so great a crime, and, because the stars still hesitate to doom Pompey to death, is the fate of many held in suspense? Or is this the object of thy silence — that Fortune may carry through the heroic deed of the avenging sword, that mad ambition may be punished, and that tyranny may meet once more the vengeance of a Brutus? — Now the doors gave way when the priestess dashed her breast against them, and forth she rushed, driven from the temple. The frenzy abides; and the god, whom she has not shaken off, still controls her, since she has not told all her tale. She still rolls wild eyes, and eyeballs that roam over all the sky; her features are never quiet, now showing fear, and now grim with menacing aspect; a fiery flush dyes her face and the leaden hue of her cheeks; her paleness is unlike that of fear but inspires fear; her heart finds no rest after its labour; and, as the swollen sea moans hoarsely when the North wind has ceased to blow, so voiceless sighs still heave her breast. While she was returning to the common light of day from the divine radiance in which she had seen the future, a darkness intervened. For Apollo poured Stygian Lethe into her inward parts, to snatch the secrets of heaven from her. Then the truth vanished from her bosom, and knowledge of the future went back to the tripods of the god; and down she fell, recovering with difficulty. But Appius, deceived by a riddling oracle, was not alarmed by the nearness of death: urged by vain hope, he was eager to take possession of a domain at Chalcis in Euboea, while the lordship over the world was

still unsettled. Madman! what deity save Death alone can assure to a man that he will feel no crash of warfare and escape such worldwide suffering? Laid in a memorable tomb, you shall occupy a sequestered spot on the shore of Euboea, where a gorge of the sea is narrowed by the quarries of Carystos and by Rhamnus that worships a goddess who hates the proud; there the sea boils in the narrows with rushing waters, and there the Euripus with irregular current carries the ships of Chalcis to Aulis unkind to fleets.

Meanwhile Caesar was returning triumphant over conquered Spain to carry into a new world his victorious eagles, when the flowing tide of his successes was almost turned aside by Heaven. For, unsubdued in the field, the general feared, within the tents of his camp, to lose the fruits of crime, when those troops that had been faithful through so many wars, sated at last with blood, came near to forsaking him. Was it perhaps the brief lull in the trumpet's dismal note, and the cooling of the sword in its sheath, that had cast out the evil spirit of war? Or was it greed for greater rewards that made the soldiers repudiate their cause and their leader, and again put up for sale the swords already stained with guilt? In no peril was Caesar more clearly taught how insecure and even tottering was the eminence from which he looked down on the world, and how the ground he stood on quaked beneath him. Maimed by the loss of so many hands, and almost left to the protection of his own weapon, he, who was dragging to war so many nations, learned that the sword, once drawn, belongs to the soldier and not to the general. There was an end of timid muttering, an end of anger hidden in the secret heart; for what often binds a wavering allegiance — that each fears those to whom he himself is a terror, and each thinks that he alone resents the injustice of oppression — that motive had lost its hold. For their mere numbers had dispelled their fears and made them bold: the sin of thousands always goes unpunished. Thus they poured forth their threats: "Give us leave, Caesar, to depart from the madness of civil war. You search over land and sea for swords to pierce our hearts, and you are ready to spill our worthless lives by the hand of any foe. Some of us were snatched from you by Gaul, others by the hard campaigns in Spain; others lie in Italy; over all the world you are victorious and your soldiers die. What boots it to have shed our

blood in Northern lands, where we conquered the Rhone and the Rhine? As a reward for so many campaigns you have given me civil war. When we drove forth the Senate and captured our native city, what men or what gods did you suffer us to rob? As we go on to every crime, though our hands and swords are guilty, our poverty absolves us. What limit of warfare do you seek? What will satisfy you if Rome is not enough? Consider at last our grey hairs; behold our enfeebled hands and wasted arms. We have lost the enjoyment of life, we have spent all our days in fighting. Now that we are old, disband us to die. See how extravagant are our demands! Save us from laying our dying limbs on the hard rampart of the camp, from breathing out our last breath against the bars of the helmet, and from looking in vain for a hand to close our dying eyes; and suffer us to sink into the arms of a weeping wife, and to know that the pyre stands ready for one corpse alone. Suffer us to end our old age by sickness; let not death by the sword be the only end for Caesar's soldiers. Why do you lure us on with promises, as if we did not know the horrors of which we are to be the instruments? Are we the only combatants in civil war who are ignorant what crime earns the richest reward? All our fighting has been in vain if Caesar has yet to learn that our hands stick at nothing. Neither our oath nor the bonds of law forbid us to be thus bold. Though Caesar was my general on the banks of the Rhine, he is my comrade here; crime levels those whom it pollutes. Besides, our valour is wasted, since the judge of merit is ungrateful; all our achievements are called good luck. Let Caesar learn that we are his destiny; though he hope for entire compliance from the gods, yet the anger of his soldiers will bring peace." Thus they spoke and began to run to and fro about the camp, and to demand their general with fury in their faces. So be it, ye gods! Since duty and loyalty are no more and our only remaining hope is in wickedness, let mutiny make an end of civil war.

Such an uproar might have terrified any general; but Caesar was accustomed to stake his fortune upon desperate measures, and glad to put it to the proof in utmost risks; he came, without waiting till their rage should die down, and hastened to defy their fury at its height. Unforbidden by him, they might have sacked cities and temples, even the Tarpeian sanctuary of Jupiter; they might have inflicted

unspeakable outrage on the mothers and daughters of senators; he wished undoubtedly that they should demand of him leave for all atrocities, he wished that the rewards of war should be coveted; he dreaded one prospect only — that his fierce soldiers might return to their senses. Do you not blush, Caesar, that you alone find pleasure in war which your instruments have already condemned? Shall they, sooner than you, sicken of bloodshed and resent the tyranny of the sword, while you rush on through right and wrong without limit? Grow weary; learn to find life endurable without fighting; suffer yourself to set a limit to wickedness. Why this ruthless pressure, this compulsion of men who have lost the will to fight? Civil war is slipping out of your grasp. — He took his stand on a mound of turf piled high; his countenance was undismayed, and his own fearlessness justly inspired fear in others. Anger prompted the words he spoke: “Soldiers, who lately raged against an absent man, with fury in your faces and gestures, here is my breast bare and ready for your stabs. Plant here your swords and fly, if you wish to end the war. That you have no stomach for fighting is revealed; for your mutiny ends in words; you are warriors whose only purpose is flight; your leader’s victories have known no check, and yet you have had enough. Begone! leave me to my own fortune to carry on war. These swords will find hands to hold them; and when I have discarded you, Fortune will give me in exchange a brave man for every unused weapon. If Pompey, in flight, is followed by a mighty fleet and the peoples of Italy, shall not victory give me a host, merely to carry off the prizes of a war already decided, to snatch the reward of your hardships, and to walk unwounded by my laurelled car, while you, a despised mob, old men drained of blood, sunk to be the rabble of Rome, will watch us triumph? Think you that Caesar’s career can feel the loss of your desertion. ’Tis as if all the rivers threatened to withdraw the waters they mingle with the sea: if those waters were removed, the sea-level would not fall any more than now their presence raises it. Think you that you have ever turned the scale in my favour? Providence will never stoop so low that fate can attend to the life and death of such as you. All these events depend upon the actions of the leaders; it is for the sake of a few that mankind in general lives. While you bore the name of Caesar, you were the

terror of the Spanish world, and of the North; but, had Pompey led you, you would certainly have fled. Labienus was eminent in war while he bore my arms; now, a despised deserter, he hurries over land and sea with the leader whom he preferred to me.

I shall think no better of your loyalty if you fight neither for me nor against me. If any man leaves my standards without offering his sword to Pompey's faction, he desires never to be mine. This camp is beyond doubt favoured by heaven; for the gods designed that I should change my soldiers before embarking on such great wars. Ah! how great a burden Fortune is lifting now from shoulders that are already overweighted! I have the chance to disband men whose greed is unbounded, and for whom the world is not enough. Henceforward at least I shall fight battles to please myself. Begone from the camp and surrender my standards to men, ye cowards and civilians! Those few, at whose instigation this madness broke out, are detained here not by their general but by their punishment. Down with you upon the ground, and stretch out for the axe your traitorous heads and necks! And you raw recruits, who alone will form the backbone of the army in future, watch their execution, and learn how to slay and to be slain." — The spiritless mob cowered before his fierce and menacing words; and the great army feared a single man whom they could have stripped of his command, as if he could control their very swords and make the steel obey him when the men refused obedience. Caesar himself dreaded that weapons and hands would be refused him for the performance of this crime; but they put up with more than their cruel commander thought possible, and provided not only executioners but the victims also. Between hearts inured to crime there is no stronger bond than inflicting and enduring death. Order was restored by the conclusion of this dreadful pact, and the men returned to their duty: the execution had settled their grievances.

They receive orders to reach Brundisium in nine days' march, and to summon thither all vessels that find harbour in remote Hydrus or ancient Tarentum or the sequestered shore of Leuca or in the Salapinian pool and Sipus beneath the hills, where Garganus curves the Italian coast with its oak-woods, and meets the North wind from Dalmatia and the South wind from Calabria, as it juts out from Apulia into the waters of the Adriatic. Caesar himself, safe without

his army, hastened to terrified Rome; she had learned by now to obey him even when he wore the garb of peace. Yielding forsooth to the people's prayer, a dictator was added to the list of consuls, and Caesar, by his consulship, made glad the Calendar. For that age invented all the lying titles that we have used so long to our masters — that age in which Caesar, that he might grasp every right to use the sword, desired to combine the Roman axes with his blades and add the fasces to his eagles. Snatching at the empty name of legal office, he set a fitting mark upon that time of sorrow; for what consul has more right to give his name to the year of Pharsalia? The Campus sees a travesty of the annual ceremonies: the people are excluded, but their votes are sorted, the names of the tribes are rehearsed, and a pretence is made of shaking them in the urn. It is not permitted to watch the sky: it thunders, but the augur is deaf; and they swear that the omens are favourable, though an owl flies on the left hand. Then first the office once so venerable lost its power and began to decay: only, that the period might not lack a name, consuls appointed from month to month mark off the years upon the record-roll. Further, the god who presides over Trojan Alba, though, when Latium was conquered, he had ceased to deserve his customary rites, witnessed the bonfire at night that ends the Latin festival.

Hurrying away from Rome, Caesar, swifter than the lightning or the mother tigress, sped over the land which the Apulians, reduced to idleness, had ceased to till with rakes and surrendered to the weeds. When he reached the Cretan city of Brundisium on its bay, he found the sea closed by winter storms and the fleets scared by the weather of that season. He thought it shame that the time for hastening the war to a close had ended in sloth and idleness, and that he should be detained in harbour, till others, who were no favourites of Fortune, found the sea safe and open. Thus he filled with confidence men who knew naught of the sea: "When the gales of winter have mastered sky and sea, they keep their hold more strongly than those which the treacherous fickleness of rainy spring prevents from blowing steadily. We have no need to track the curves of sea and shore; we have merely to cut the waves in a straight line, with the help of the North wind only. May it blow in all its fury, till it bends the tops of our masts, and drive us all the way to the cities of Greece; else

Pompey's sailors, issuing from all the coast of Phaeacia, may overtake our flagging sails by the stroke of their oars. Cut the cables which detain our victorious prows; we have long been wasting the chance given us by cloudy skies and angry waves."

The sun sank beneath the sea, the first stars had come out in the sky, and the moon had begun to throw shadows of her own, when they cast loose their ships all together. The ropes shook out the sails at full stretch; the sailors bent the yards and slanted the canvas, keeping the sheet to the left, and spread the high topsails to catch the breeze that would otherwise be lost. Hardly had the light air begun to drive the sails till they puffed out a little, when they fell back on the mast and drooped towards the centre of the ship; and, when land was left behind, the very breeze that had carried them could not keep pace with the vessels. The sea lay motionless; chained in dead calm, the waves had less movement than a stagnant pool. — Thus the Bosphorus lies idle and binds the Northern Sea, when the Danube, arrested by frost, no longer urges on the deep, and the vast sea is covered with ice; the water holds in a vice every ship it has grasped; the rider strikes the solid floor that no sail may traverse; and the wheel-track of the Bessian nomad furrows the Maeotian mere, while the surge groans beneath. A grim stillness broods over the dismal deep; and the sluggish pools of the flat expanse stand idle; as though abandoned by the natural force that governs it, the sea forgets to keep its ancient alternations, and is not moved to and fro by the tides; no ripple ruffles it, nor does it twinkle with any reflection of the sun. — Caesar's becalmed ships were exposed to countless dangers. On one side were the hostile vessels that might stir the sluggish waters with their oars; on the other was the dread approach of famine, while they were yet beleaguered by the calm. New prayers were found to meet the new danger — prayers for stormy seas and violent winds, if only the sea would rouse from its dead stagnation and be sea indeed. But no clouds nor angry waves were visible anywhere: the stillness of sky and ocean robbed them of all hope of shipwreck. When, however, darkness was dispelled, day lifted up the sunlight obscured by cloud, and stirred the ocean depths by degrees, and brought the Ceraunian mountains nearer to the fleet. Soon the ships gathered speed, and the breakers followed in their wake, till they sped along

with favouring wind and tide and grappled with their anchor-flukes the sands of Palaeste.

The first place that saw the rivals halt and pitch their camps side by side was the land which the swift Genusus and gentler Hapsus encompass with their banks. The Hapsus is made navigable by a lake, which it drains imperceptibly with quiet flow; but the Genusus is driven fast by the snows thawed now by sun and now by rain; neither river is wearied by the length of its course: the sea is close, and they know little of the land. This was the place where Fortune matched two names of such high renown; but the suffering world was disappointed in the hope that the rivals, when parted by but a little space of ground, might repudiate wickedness thus forced upon their notice. For each could see the other's face and hear his voice; and the father-in-law whom Magnus had loved for many years never but once had a nearer view of him after the close tie was broken and when the grandchildren, offspring of an ill-starred union, were dead — and that once was on the sands of the Nile.

Though Caesar was frantic to join battle, he was forced to endure a postponement of wicked war by the partisans he had left in Italy. Bold Antony, who commanded all those forces, thus early, during the civil war, was plotting an Actium. Again and again Caesar urged him to haste with threats and entreaties: "On you lies the blame for the sore troubles that afflict mankind; why do you arrest the course of destiny and the will of Heaven? All else has been done with my accustomed speed, and Fortune now demands of you the finishing touch for a war that has rushed on from victory to victory. We are not parted by the shifting tides of Libya — Libya whose coast is broken by the shoals of the Syrtes. Am I risking your army on a sea I have not tried, or drawing you into dangers unknown? Coward! Caesar bids you come, not go. I myself went before through the midst of the enemy, and my prow struck a shore that others controlled; do you fear *my* camp? I complain that you waste the hours granted by destiny; I spend my prayers upon the winds and waves. Check not the hearts that are eager to cross the treacherous main; the soldiers, if I know them, will be willing to join my forces at the cost of shipwreck. I must even use the language of resentment: the division of the world between us is unfair: Caesar and all the Senate share

Epirus between them, while you keep Italy all to yourself.” Again and again he summoned Antony forth by these appeals; and, when he saw him still delay, believing that Heaven was more true to him than he to Heaven, he ventured in the dangerous darkness to defy the sea, thus doing of his own accord what others had feared to do when bidden. He knew by experience that rashness succeeds when Heaven favours, and hoped to surmount in a little boat the waves that even fleets must fear.

Drowsy night had relaxed the weary toil of war — night, a brief respite to the wretches over whose breasts their humbler estate suffers sleep to prevail; there was silence in the camp, and the third hour of night had roused the second watch. Stepping anxiously through the desolate silence, Caesar prepares to do what even slaves hardly could dare: he left all behind him and chose Fortune for his sole companion. He passed outside the tents; he sprang over the bodies of the sleeping sentries, vexed within himself that he was able to elude them; he traced the winding shore and found by the edge of the sea a boat moored by a rope to the hollowed rocks. The skipper and owner of the boat had a dwelling not far away that gave him shelter and safety; no timber supported it, but it was wattled with barren rush and reed from the marshes, and the side exposed to the sea was protected by a skiff turned upside down. Here Caesar smote again and again upon the door till the roof shook. Amyclas rose up from the soft bed that seaweed gave him. “What shipwrecked sailor seeks my roof?” he asked, “or whom has chance compelled to hope for aid from my cabin?” Thus speaking, he withdrew a rope from a high pile of ashes which time had cooled, and fanned the slender spark till he fed it into flame. No thought of the war had he: he knew that poor men’s huts are not plundered in time of civil war. How safe and easy the poor man’s life and his humble dwelling! How blind men still are to Heaven’s gifts! What temple, what fortified town, could say as much — that it thrills with no alarm when Caesar knocks? Then, when the door was unfastened, Caesar spoke: “Enlarge your hopes, young man, and look forward to bounty beyond your humble prayers. If you obey my orders and carry me to Italy, you shall not henceforward owe all to your boat and your own arms, nor shall you be said to have spent a needy old age in lamenting cruel

poverty. Be swift to place your destiny in the hands of Heaven, which wishes to fill your pinched home with sudden wealth.” Thus he spoke; for though the garb he wore was humble, he knew not how to speak the language of a private man. Then the poor man, Amyclas, answered: “Many signs, indeed, prevent me from trusting the sea to-night. Thus the sun carried down into the Ocean no ruddy clouds, and showed no symmetrical ring of rays; for with divided beams one half of his disk summoned the South wind, the other the North. Also, his centre was hollowed and dim at sunset, and the feeble light suffered the eye to gaze on it. The moon too, when she appeared, did not shine with slender horn; nor was she carved out in a clear-cut hollow of her central orb; nor did she prolong her tapering extremities with upright horn. She was red, with an indication of storms; then she was pale and showed a sallow face, and saddened as her countenance began to pass behind a cloud. For the rest, I like not the tossing of the trees or the beat of the waves on the shore; or when the dolphin with changing course challenges the sea to rise, and the cormorant prefers the land, and the heron dares to fly aloft and trusts his water-cleaving pinion, and the crow, sprinkling his head with brine, seems to forestall the rain and paces the shore with lurching gait — I like not these signs. Nevertheless, if a great crisis requires it, I cannot hesitate to lend my aid: either I will land you where you bid me, or the wind and waves, not I, shall say you nay.” — With these words he unmoored his boat and spread his canvas to the winds. At the motion of the winds, not only the meteors which glide through the high heaven drawing after them trains of diffused light as they fall, but also the stars which remain fixed in the summit of the sky, seemed to be shaken. A shudder of darkness blackened the ridges of the sea; the angry deep boiled with a long swell, wave following wave; and the swollen billows, uncertain of the coming storm, gave token that they were in travail with tempest. Then said the skipper of the restless boat: “See what mighty mischief the cruel sea is brewing. I know not whether it threatens us with winds from West or South; for the shifting current strikes the boat from every side. The South wind prevails in the clouds and in the sky; but if we mark the moaning of the sea, a gale from the North-west will master the main. In such a flood neither ship nor shipwrecked sailor will ever reach

the shore of Italy. Our one chance is to resign all hope of a passage and retrace our forbidden course. Suffer me to make the shore with my battered craft, or else the nearest land may prove too distant.”

But Caesar was confident that all dangers would make way for him. “Despise the angry sea,” he cried, “and spread your sail to the raging wind. If you refuse to make for Italy when Heaven forbids, then make for it when I command. One cause alone justifies your fear — that you know not whom you carry. He is a man whom the gods never desert, whom Fortune treats scurvily when she comes merely in answer to his prayer. Burst through the heart of the storm, relying on my protection. Yonder trouble concerns the sky and sea, but not our bark; for Caesar treads the deck, and her freight shall insure her against the waves. No long duration shall be permitted to the fierce fury of the winds: this bark shall be the salvation of the sea. Turn not your helm; use your sail to flee from the neighbouring shore; then you must believe that you have gained an Italian harbour, when it is no longer possible for any other land to shelter our boat and secure our safety. You know not the meaning of this wild confusion: by this hurly-burly of sea and sky Fortune is seeking a boon to confer on me.” Ere he spoke another word, the raging whirlwind smote the vessel and tore away the tattered cordage, and bore off the sails that fluttered over the frail mast, the hull groaned as the seams gave way.

And now dangers, summoned from all the world, came rushing on. First the North-west wind raised his head above the Atlantic Ocean and stirred the tides; and soon the sea, roused by him, was raging and would have lifted up all its waves to cover the cliffs; but the cold North wind struck athwart and beat back the flood, till the sea hung doubtful before which wind it would fall. But the fury of the Scythian North wind prevailed: it lashed the waves in circles and changed to shallows the sands hidden far below. But it could not carry the sea right to the shore, but broke its tide against the waves raised by the North-west wind; and, even if the winds were hushed, the angry waters might carry on their strife. I cannot but believe that the fierce East wind was active then, and that the South wind, black with storm, was not idle in the prison of Aeolus’ cave, and that all the winds, rushing from their accustomed quarters, protected their own regions with furious hurricane; and that therefore the sea

remained in its place. Separate seas were caught up by the storm and carried away by the winds: the Tyrrhene Sea migrated to the Aegean, and the Adriatic moved and roared in the Ionian basin. That day buried mountains which the waves had often before battered in vain; and the defeated earth sent lofty peaks to the bottom. No shore gave birth to these mighty waves: they came rolling from another region and from the outer sea, and the waters which encircle the world drove on these teeming billows. Thus, when his own thunderbolt was weary, the Ruler of Olympus called in his brother's trident to help in punishing mankind; and earth became an appanage of the second kingdom, when the Ocean swallowed up the human race and refused to endure any limits, content with no bound except the sky. Now once more the mighty mass of waters would have risen to the stars, had not the Ruler of the gods kept down the sea with clouds. The darkness was not the common darkness of night: the heavens were hidden and veiled with the dimness of the infernal regions, and weighed down by clouds; and in the midst of the clouds the rain poured into the sea. Light, even dreadful light, died; no bright lightnings darted, but the stormy sky gave dim flashes. Next, the dome of the gods quaked, the lofty sky thundered, and the heavens, with all their structure jarred, were troubled. Nature dreaded chaos: it seemed that the elements had burst their harmonious bonds, and that Night was returning, to blend the shades below with the gods above; the one hope of safety for the gods is this — that in the universal catastrophe they have not yet been destroyed. Far as the eye looks down from the Leucadian peak upon calm sea, so high a precipice of water was seen by trembling mariners on the top of the billows; and when once again the swollen waves open their jaws, the mast barely projects above the surface. The sails reach the clouds, the keel rests on the bottom. For the water, where it sinks down, does not cover the bottom: it all goes to form mounds and is used up in the waves. The danger was too great for the aid derived from skill: the steersman knows not when to face the current and when to evade it. The strife of the waters is helpful to the wretched sailors; for one wave is powerless against another to upset the vessel; when her side is struck, another sea beats her back and rights her, and she rises erect because all the winds blow at once. It is not the shoals of low-lying Sason

that frighten the crews, nor yet the rocky shore of winding Thessaly, nor the scanty harbours of the Ambracian coast, but rather the tops of the Ceraunian mountains. — Caesar considers at last that the danger is on a scale to match his destiny. “What trouble the gods take,” he cried, “to work my ruin, assailing me on my little boat with such a mighty storm! If the glory of my death, denied to the battle-field, has been granted to the deep, I shall not shrink from meeting whatever end Heaven appoints for me. Although the date, hastened on by destiny, cuts short a great career, my achievements are sufficient: I have conquered the Northern peoples; by fear alone I have quelled the Roman forces opposed to me; Rome has seen me take precedence of Magnus; by appeal to the people I won the consulship denied to me by force of arms; no Roman office will be found missing from my record; and none other than Fortune, who shares with me the secret of my ambition, shall ever know that, though I go down to the Stygian shades loaded with honours, dictator as well as consul, nevertheless I am dying a private citizen. I ask no burial of the gods: let them leave my mutilated corpse amid the waves; I can dispense with grave and funeral pyre, provided I am feared for ever and my appearance is dreaded by every land.” As he spoke thus, a tenth wave — marvellous to tell — upbore him and his battered craft; nor did the billow hurl him back again from the high watery crest but bore him onwards till it laid him on the land, where a narrow strip of shore was clear of jagged rocks. He touched the land and recovered in one moment realms and cities innumerable and his own lucky star.

But when Caesar returned next day to his army and his officers, they were not taken unawares by his return as they had been by his secret departure. Crowding round their leader, they shed tears and assailed him with lament and expostulations not displeasing to his ear. “Hardhearted Caesar, to what lengths your rash courage has carried you! And at the mercy of what fate did you leave our worthless lives, when you gave your limbs to be torn in pieces by the reluctant winds? When the existence and safety of so many nations depend upon your single life, and so large a part of the world has chosen you for its head, it is cruel of you to court death. Did none of your comrades deserve the honour of being prevented from surviving your end? While the sea drove you along, our limbs were held by

slothful sleep; you put us to the blush. You made for Italy yourself, because you deemed it heartless to bid any other cross such a stormy sea. In general it is utter despair that hurls men into jeopardy and danger that runs straight to death; but that you, who are now master of the world, should grant such licence to the sea! Why do you overtask the goodwill of Heaven? Fortune has hurled you here upon the shore; for the issue of the war, are you content with that instance of her favour and assistance? Is this the use you prefer to make of Heaven, that you should be, not the ruler of the world or the master of mankind, but a shipwrecked wretch who escapes from drowning?" As thus they argued, darkness was dispelled and clear daylight came upon them together with the sun; and the weary sea, permitted by the winds, calmed its swollen billows.

The commanders in Italy also, when they saw that the sea was weary of waves, and that a clear North wind, rising in the sky, would soon break the force of the waters, cast loose their ships; and these were long kept close together by the wind and by skilled hands all steering the same course: like soldiers marching on land, the fleet sailed together over the broad sea, vessel keeping close to vessel. But night, proving unkind, robbed the sailors of steady wind, stopped the even progress of the sails, and threw the ships out of station. Thus, when cranes are driven by winter from the frozen Strymon to drink the water of the Nile, at the beginning of their flight they describe various chance-taught figures; but later, when a loftier wind beats on their outspread wings, they combine at random and form disordered packs, until the letter is broken and disappears as the birds are scattered. As soon as day returned, and the brisker air roused by the dawn bore down on the ships, after trying in vain to land at Lissus, they sailed past to reach Nymphaeum, where the sea, unprotected on the North, had been turned into a harbour by the shift of wind from North to South.

When Caesar's forces were collected from every quarter to full strength, Magnus saw that his army must soon face the supreme crisis of stern war, and therefore decided to place in safety his wife, a precious charge, and to hide Cornelia in the retirement of Lesbos, far from the tumult of cruel warfare. Ah! how mighty is the power of wedded love over gentle hearts! Even Magnus was made anxious and

afraid of battle by his love; one thing alone he wished to save from the stroke that overhung the world and the destiny of Rome; and that one thing was his wife. Though his mind was made up already, words failed him: he preferred to postpone what must come, to yield to the allurements of delay, and to steal a reprieve from destiny. Night was ending and the drowsiness of sleep was banished, when Cornelia clasped in her arms the care-laden breast of her husband and sought the dear lips of him who turned from her; wondering at his wet cheeks and smitten by a trouble she could not understand, she was abashed to discover Magnus in tears. Sighing, he said: "O my wife, dearer to me than life when life was sweet, not now when I am weary of it, the sad day which we have put off at once too long and not long enough has come at last: Caesar with all his forces is upon us now; war cannot be resisted, but Lesbos will hide you safe from war. Cease to urge me with entreaty; I have already said no' to myself. You will not long suffer separation from me: the decisive event will come speedily; the mightiest fall with rapid overthrow. It is enough for you to know by report the dangers that Magnus incurs; and you love me less than I imagined, if you can bear to look on at civil war. As for me, now that battle is at hand, I am ashamed to enjoy peaceful sleep at my wife's side, and to rise from her embrace when the war-note rouses the suffering world. I fear to trust myself to civil war, unless I am saddened by a loss of my own. You meanwhile must lie hidden, safer than any nation or any king; and if you are far away, the destiny of your husband need not crush you with its full weight. If Heaven hurls my armies to destruction, let the best part of me survive, and let me have a welcome hiding-place from the pursuit of Fortune and the conqueror's cruelty." Scarce could she in her weakness sustain so great a sorrow; her senses fled from her stricken breast. At last she was able to utter her sad remonstrances: "No power is left me, Magnus, to complain of our destiny in marriage or of the gods. For it is not death that divorces us, nor the final brand of the awful funeral pyre; no, by a lot all too common and familiar, I lose my husband, because he sends me from him. Because the enemy draws near, let us dissolve our marriage-bond and so appease the father of your former wife! Is this the opinion you have formed of my troth, Magnus? Do you believe that my safety can be different

from your safety? Have we not for long been dependent upon the same hazard? Are you so cruel as to bid me, apart from you, expose my head to the thunder and the downfall of the world? Do you think it is an easy lot for me to have already perished, while you are still praying for success? Suppose I refuse to be mastered by misfortune, and follow you to the nether world by a prompt death; yet, until the sad news falls on regions far away, I shall surely live on after you are dead. Besides, you are cruel in habituating me to my fate, and teaching me to bear so great a sorrow. Forgive the confession — but I fear that I may find life endurable. But if prayers avail and the gods hear mine, then your wife will be the last to learn the issue of events. After your victory, I shall haunt the cliffs of Lesbos in my anxiety; and I shall dread the ship that brings such news of battle won. The report of victory will not allay my fears, because in the deserted places whither I am cast out I may be taken prisoner by Caesar, even when he is a fugitive. The exile of one who bears a famous name will throw a light upon the shore of Lesbos; and who can remain ignorant of the asylum of Mitylene, when it harbours the wife of Magnus? This is my last prayer: if defeat makes flight your safest course and you entrust yourself to the sea, steer your ill-starred bark to any land but Lesbos; where I am, the foe will seek you.” Having thus spoken, she sprang forth from the bed in frenzy, refusing to put off her agony for a moment. She cannot bear to clasp in her dear arms the breast or head of her sorrowing husband, and the last chance of enjoying their long and faithful love was thrown away. They hurry their grief to an end, and neither had the heart to say a parting farewell. Of their whole lives this was the saddest day. For all the losses that were to follow were borne with hearts already strengthened and steeled by misfortune.

The hapless lady swooned and fell, but was caught in the arms of her attendants and carried towards the sea-sands. There she fell down and clutched the very strand, till at last she was borne on shipboard. She had suffered less when she left her native land and the harbours of Italy, hard pressed by the armies of cruel Caesar. Once the faithful companion of Magnus, now she departs without him, leaving him behind in her flight. The next night she spent brought her no sleep: her bed was widowed for the first time; its coldness and silence were

strange to her in her solitude; and her side was unprotected, with no husband near her. How often, weighed down by drowsiness, she clasped the empty couch with cheated arms! How often, forgetful of her flight, she sought her husband in the darkness! For, though her secret heart burned with love's fire, she would not toss her limbs over all the bed, but abstained from touching his side of it. She feared that she had lost Pompey for ever; but Heaven intended a worse fate than that. The hour was soon coming that was to restore Magnus to his unhappy wife.

BOOK VI

THUS the leaders, with minds now made up for battle, had pitched their camps on neighbouring heights, the armies were brought face to face, and the gods saw their pair of combatants before them; and Caesar, too proud to take city after city of the Greeks, refused to accept from fate any further victory except over his kinsman. All his prayers were for that hour, fatal to the world, that should stake all on a cast of the die; he chose the hazard of destiny that must destroy one head or the other. Thrice he deployed upon the hills all his squadrons and warlike standards, and proved that he was never backward in the overthrow of Rome. But when he saw that Pompey, trusting to his ring of entrenchments, could not be drawn forth to battle by any demonstrations, he struck his camp and marched in haste to seize the fortress of Dyrrachium through a wooded country that concealed his movements. Pompey forestalled this march by following the coast-line; encamping on the hill which the Taulantians call Petra, he protected the Corinthian city — a city which its cliffs alone keep safe. No work of ancient times protects it, nor masonry piled by men's hands, which, though it raise its structures high, falls an easy prey to the besieger or all-destroying time; its natural position is a protection that no engine can shatter. On all sides it is surrounded by sea deep up to the shore, and by cliffs that spout forth the sea-water; and only a hill of moderate size prevents it from being an island. Precipices dreaded by ships support its walls; and the raging Ionian sea, when lifted up by Southern gales, shakes its temples and houses, and hurls the spray to its highest roofs.

Here Caesar's mind, eager for war, was caught by an extravagant design: though the enemy's forces were scattered over a wide extent of hills, he planned to draw a distant line of entrenchments and surround them without their knowing it. He used his eyes to survey the ground; and, not content merely to rear hasty walls of crumbling turf, he carries for his use huge boulders and blocks torn from the quarries, whole houses of the natives and dismantled city-walls. A structure rose, that no fierce battering-ram nor any engine of forceful war could overthrow. The mountains were broken through, and

Caesar carried his works of even height across the hills; he opens up trenches and builds turreted forts at intervals on the tops of ridges; with a wide concave line he takes in territories and upland lawns, wooded wastes and forests, and encloses the wild animals with far-flung snare. Magnus had plains and fodder in abundance, and shifted his camp within the circle of Caesar's lines; within that space many rivers take their rise and run their restless course down to the sea; and, when Caesar wishes to inspect his most distant works, he rests a while from his weariness when half-way round.

After this, let ancient legend praise the walls of Troy and ascribe the building to the gods; let Parthians, who fight retreating, marvel at the brick walls round Babylon. Behold! a space as great as is surrounded by the Tigris or swift Orontes — a space large enough to form a kingdom for the Assyrian nations of the East — is here enclosed by works hastily thrown up in the stress of war. But all that labour was wasted. Such an army of busy hands might have joined Sestos to Abydos, piling up soil till the sea of Phrixus was forced from its place; they might have torn Corinth loose from the wide realm of Pelops, so as to save ships from the long circuit of Cape Malea; or they might, in defiance of Nature, have changed for the better some other region of earth. The field of war was now contracted; here is preserved the blood that will flow hereafter over every land; here the victims of Thessaly and the victims of Africa are penned up; the madness of civil war seethes within narrow lists.

The construction of these works passed unnoticed by Pompey when first they rose: so he who dwells safe in the centre of Sicily knows not that the mad dogs of Pelorus are barking; or when the tides of Ocean and the Rutupian shore are raging, the stormy waves are not heard by the Britons of the North. But as soon as he saw that his position was shut in by a wide entrenchment, he too led down his forces from the protection of Petra and scattered them upon different heights, hoping to relax the pressure of Caesar's army, and to put a strain upon him, as he carried on the blockade with scattered troops. For himself he claims a space surrounded by a palisade — a space equal to the distance that divides lofty Rome from little Aricia with its grove, sacred to Diana of Mycenae; and in the same distance Tiber that flows by the walls of Rome would reach the sea, if the

stream made no bend at any point. No war-note sounds; missiles fly to and fro unbidden, and many a murder is done when the arm is merely testing the javelin. A more pressing anxiety restrains the leaders from joining battle. Pompey was prevented by the failure of the district to provide fodder: the horsemen in their speed had trodden it down, when the horny hoofs galloped over the grassy plain and tore it up. The war-horse flagged on the close-cropped fields; and though the well-filled mangers offered him imported hay, he neighed for fresh grass as he fell down to die, and stopped short with quivering haunches in the act of wheeling. While their bodies rotted away and parted limb from limb, the stagnant air drew up the infection of that putrefying plague into a murky cloud. With such an exhalation Nesis sends forth a deathly atmosphere from her misty rocks, while the caverns of Typhon breathe forth death and madness. The men were stricken next; and the water, ever readier than air to absorb poison, made hard their inward parts with its foulness. Now the skin grew tight and hard, causing the straining eyes to start out, and the fiery plague, inflamed with erysipelas, moved to the face; and the heavy head refused to carry its own weight. Swift death, ever more and more, swept all away; no interval of sickness divided death from life, but death kept pace with the ailment; and the pestilence was made worse by the crowd of victims, because unburied bodies lay in contact with the living. For to cast out the corpses of their hapless countrymen beyond the circle of tents was all the burial that men gave. Nevertheless, these calamities were lessened by the sea at their backs and the air set in motion by the North wind, by the shore and the ships laden with foreign corn. Caesars army, on the other hand, encamped on spacious heights and free to range the earth, was not troubled by stifling air or stagnant waters; but they suffered from the pinch of hunger like men closely besieged. The corn-blades were not yet swelling to the height of harvest; and therefore Caesar saw his wretched men lying on the ground to eat the food of beasts, plucking the bushes, rifling the trees of their leaves, and culling from strange roots suspicious plants that threatened death. The men fought for food — whatever they could soften with fire, or break with their teeth, or swallow down with rasped gullets, and many things never tried before for human consumption; and yet they went on besieging

a well-fed foe.

When Pompey first saw fit to burst his barriers and sally forth, and to allow himself the range of all the earth, he did not seek the darkness and cover of night, but scorned to steal a march while Caesar's army rested. He desired to pass out through a wide breach, overthrowing the ramparts and breaking down the towers; to face every armed foe and take a path that bloodshed must open up. Yet a section of the rampart that lay near seemed to suit his purpose; here the fortress of Minicius afforded an open space, and the broken wooded ground screened him with a covering of trees. Hither he marched his men; no cloud of dust betrayed him and he reached the wall unexpected. Then all at once the Roman eagles glittered from the plain, and his trumpets all sounded. That his victory might owe nothing to the sword, the alarm and surprise had already disposed of the enemy. All that valour could do they did: they lay dead at the post where duty bade them stand. There were no longer any men to be wounded, and the tempest that bore those many darts was wasted. Then torches were hurled, rolling smoky fires; then the battered towers reeled and threatened to fall; and the mound echoed under the repeated blows of the timber hurled against it. Now Pompey's eagles had passed out over the top of the high rampart; now the freedom of the whole world was before them. But though Fortune with a thousand squadrons combined and all Caesar's might could not make good the post, one man snatched it from the conquerors and forbade its capture: "While I still wield my weapons and have not yet been laid low, Magnus has not yet been victorious he cried. Scaeva was his name; he served in the ranks before the fierce tribes of the Rhone were heard of; there he got promotion by shedding much of his blood and carried the Roman vine-staff in the long line of centurions. Ready for any wickedness, he knew not that valour in civil war is a heinous crime. When he saw his comrades drop their arms and seek safety in flight, "Whither," he cried, "has fear driven you — disloyal fear that no soldier of Caesar's has ever felt? Do you turn your backs on death? Are you not ashamed that you are not added to the heap of gallant dead, and that you are missing among the corpses? If duty be disregarded, will not rage at least make you stand your ground, ye soldiers? The enemy has chosen us out of all the army to sally forth

through our ranks. This day shall cost Magnus not a little blood. I should die happier with Caesar watching; as chance has denied me his presence, Pompey shall praise me as I fall. Dash your breasts against their weapons till you break them; blunt the edge of their steel with your life-blood. Already the dust and noise of destruction are rolling far away, and the ear of Caesar, fearing no danger, has been smitten by the crashing sound. We are conquerors, my comrades: while we are dying, he will come to assert his right to the stronghold." His words roused greater fury than the war-note kindles with its first blast: marvelling at Scaeva and eager to watch him, the soldiers follow, to find out whether valour, outnumbered and entrapped, could give them aught more than death. Taking his stand on the tottering mound, Scaeva first rolled out the corpses that filled the towers, and buried the assailants under dead bodies. All the falling fabric supplies him with weapons: he threatens the foe with wooden beams, blocks of stone, and his own body. Now with stakes, now with tough poles, he dislodges from the wall the breasts of the adversaries; his sword cuts off the hands that clutch the battlements; with a stone he crushes one man's head and skull, scattering the brains ill protected by their brittle covering: he sets fire to the hair and beard of another, and the flames crackle as the eyes burn.

The heap of dead rose till it made the ground level with the wall; at once he sprang off and hurled himself over their weapons into the centre of the foe, swift as a leopard springs over the points of the spears. Then wedged tight among the ranks and encompassed by a whole army, he slays a man whom he looks behind to see. No longer can his sword-point do the duty of a sword: dulled and blunted by coagulated blood, it bruises but cannot wound. All the host and all the weapons make him their sole object; no hand missed its aim, no lance failed of its mark; and Fortune sees a new pair meet in combat — a man against an army. The stout boss of his shield rings with repeated blows; his hollow helmet, battered to pieces, galls the forehead which it covers; and nothing any longer protects his exposed vitals except the spears which stick fast when they reach his bones.

Fools! why waste your shots of light javelins and arrows? They can never reach the seat of life. To crush him, you must use either a

missile sped by twisted cords, or the wall-battering weight of a huge boulder; to drive him from the threshold of the gate, an iron battering-ram and a catapult are needed. He stands fast, a stone wall in defence of Caesar, and keeps Pompey at bay. He ceases to guard his breast with his armour; and fearing to have it thought that his left hand and shield are idle, or that he is to blame for surviving, he meets single-handed all the wounds of war and carries in his breast a thick forest of spears, and chooses, with gait grown weary, an enemy to crush in his fall. So the African elephant, when attacked by a throng of assailants, breaks all their missiles rebounding from his horny hide, and twitches his skin to dislodge the spears sticking in his body; his vital parts are safe and hidden far below, and the weapons that pierce him and stick fast draw no blood from the animal; the wounds of countless arrows and countless javelins are too few to end one life. But see! a Gortynian shaft, aimed from a distance at Scaeva by a Cretan archer, lights on his head and pierces the ball of his left eye — a surer shot than any archer could pray for. Together with the steel that hampers him, Scaeva breaks off the ligaments of the muscles; boldly he pulls out the clinging arrow with the eye hanging to it, and treads upon arrow and eye together. Even so, when the Libyan has sped his javelin straight by means of a little thong, the Pannonian bear, infuriated by the wound, whirls round towards the injured part; in her rage she attacks the weapon that has struck her, and pursues in a circle the spear that flies along with her. Mad rage had destroyed his features; his mutilated face was one mass of streaming gore. A shout from his conquerors made the welkin ring; a wound seen upon Caesar's self would not have delighted them more, by reason of a little blood. Then Scaeva suppressed his rage and hid it deep in his heart; banishing martial ardour far from his features, he said with an air of mildness: "Spare me, fellow-citizens; take far away your steel. Wounds can no longer do aught to kill me; what is needed is not to hurl fresh weapons but to pluck forth from my breast what stick there already, lake me up and place me in the camp of Magnus before I die; do this service for your leader; let me set an example of desertion from Caesar, and not of glorious death." Ill-fated Aulus was taken in by this guileful speech; he saw not that Scaeva was holding his sword with point ready to thrust; he

was in act to lift the captive's body and his weapons together, when the sword, swift as lightning, struck him full in the throat. Scaeva's ardour rose: the slaughter of a foe was the sole remedy for his plight: "If any believed that Scaeva was conquered, let him pay the penalty," he cried; "if Magnus wants peace from my sword, first let him bow his head and sink his standards before Caesar. Think you that I am like yourselves and unwilling to die? Death is dearer to me than Pompey and the Senate's cause are to you." Even as he spoke these words, a pillar of dust showed that cohorts of Caesar's were near; and it saved Magnus from shameful defeat and from the reproach of having his whole force routed by Scaeva singlehanded. When the enemy withdrew, Scaeva collapsed; for his blood was all spent, and only fighting gave him strength. Friends, crowding round, caught him as he fell and joyfully raised his fainting body on their shoulders; they worshipped the deity that seemed to dwell in that mutilated breast, and the living semblance of the great goddess, Valour. They vie with one another in plucking the weapons forth from his pierced limbs, and they use his armour to deck the statues of the gods and of Mars with naked breast. Happy had he been in this title to fame, had he routed hardy Iberians or Cantabrians with their targets or Teutons with their long shields. But Scaeva can never deck the Thunderer's temple with his trophies nor shout for joy in the triumph. Unhappy wretch, how bravely you fought that a tyrant might rule over you!

But though he was beaten back at this point of the lines, Magnus did not postpone war or stay idle within his enclosure, any more than the sea grows weary, when it is driven by rising winds against a cliff that breaks the tide, or when its waves gnaw the side of a high mountain and so prepare an avalanche for themselves in time to come. He turned his arms against the forts that lay near the calm sea, attacking them on both elements at once; he scattered his forces far and wide, enlarging his bivouac on the broad plain, and taking advantage of the opportunity to shift his ground. Thus the river Po, swollen with brimming estuary, overflows its banks though defended by dykes, and oversets whole districts; if the earth anywhere gives way and collapses, unable to withstand the stream raging with its crest of waters, the whole river passes over and drowns plains which

it never knew before; some owners their land deserts, while others gain new acres by the river's gift. Caesar had hardly been aware of the fighting; the news of it was conveyed to him by a fire-signal from a lofty tower. He found the walls overthrown and the dust already laid; the signs of destruction that met him were cold, as if it had happened long ago. His rage was kindled and stirred by the very peacefulness of the scene, by the fact that the Pompeians were idle and took their rest after defeating Caesar! He rushed on even into disaster, provided he could disturb their rejoicing. He flew on to threaten Torquatus; but Torquatus bestirred himself at sight of Caesar's troops, as briskly as the sailor furls every sail on his quivering mast before the gale that blows off Circeii; so Torquatus led back his men behind an inner wall, that he might marshal them in closer ranks and a narrower ring. Caesar had already passed the defences of his outmost palisade, when Magnus launched his army against him from all the heights and poured out his forces upon a foe entrapped. When the South wind blows and Etna discharges all her caverns and runs as a river of fire over the plains, the dwellers in the vale of Henna dread Enceladus; but direr dread was felt then by Caesar's soldiers, conquered before the battle by the rolling dust, and quaking under a cloud of blind terror; flight brings them face to face with the foe, and they rush straight on death by retreating. Civil war might then have shed its last drop of blood, and peace might even have followed; but Pompey himself kept back his furious soldiers. Rome might have been saved, free from tyrants and mistress of her own actions, if a Sulla had won that victory for her. Grievous alas! is it, and ever will be, that Caesar profited by his worst crime — his fighting against a kinsman who had scruples. Out upon cruel destiny! Libya and Spain would not have lamented the disasters at Utica and Munda; the Nile, defiled by horrid bloodshed, would not have borne a corpse nobler than the King of Egypt; the naked body of Juba would never have fallen on African sands; Scipio would not have bled to appease the Carthaginian dead, nor would the land of the living have lost the stainless Cato — that day might have ended Rome's agony, and Pharsalia might have been blotted out from the central scroll of destiny.

Caesar abandoned a position he had occupied against the will of

Heaven, and made for the land of Thessaly with his battered forces. Magnus intended to pursue Caesar's army along the line of their flight, whatever it might be; and when his officers tried to turn him from his purpose and urged him to return to his native land of Italy, now that no foe was there, "Never," he replied, "shall I go back to my country in Caesar's fashion; never shall Rome see me return before I have disbanded my soldiers. When the troubles began, I might have held Italy, had I been willing to join battle in the Roman temples and fight in the centre of the Forum. To keep war far away, I would go beyond the uttermost region of Scythian cold, beyond the torrid zone. Shall I, who fled from Rome to save her from war's horrors, rob her of peace now that I am victorious? Nay, to spare her from suffering in this contest, rather let Caesar reckon her as his own." Thus Pompey spoke, and gave orders for marching eastwards; and following a devious route, where Candavia opens out its huge defiles, he reached Thessaly — the land which destiny was preparing for the war.

Thessaly is bounded by the peak of Ossa in the quarter where the sun rises in winter; and when advancing summer makes the sun move through the zenith, Pelion confronts the rising beams with its shade. But wooded Othrys repels the southern fires of the sky and the head of the parching Lion at midsummer; and Pindus faces and meets the West and North-west winds, and shortens day by hastening on evening; the dweller at the foot of Olympus never dreads the North wind, and knows nothing of the Bear, though it shine all night. The land which lies low in the depression between these mountains was once covered over with continuous swamps; for the plains detained the rivers, nor did the outlet of Tempe suffer them to reach the sea; they filled a single basin, and their only way of running was to rise. But when the weight of Ossa was severed from Olympus by the hand of Hercules, and the sea first felt a sudden avalanche of waters, then Thessalian Pharsalos, the realm of sea-born Achilles, rose above the surface — better had it remained drowned for ever! And other cities rose: Phylace, whose bark was first to land on the shores of Troy; Pteleos, and Dorion that laments the wrath of the Muses; Trachis, and Meliboea, strong with the quiver of Hercules that paid for the funeral torch; Larisa, powerful in ancient times; and

the place where the plough now passes over what once was famous Argos, where legend points out the older Thebes of Echion, and where Agave, then an exile, once bore the head and neck of Pentheus and gave them up to the funeral fire, lamenting that she had carried off no more from her son's body. — In this way the swamp was parted and broken up into many rivers. From there the Aeas, clear but of little volume, flows westward to the Ionian sea; with no stronger stream glides the father of ravished Isis; and he who came near to marrying the daughter of Oeneus and silts up with his muddy waves the Echinad islands; and there the Euehenos, stained with the blood of Nessus, runs through Meleager's Calydon. There the swift stream of the Spercheos strikes the waves of the Maliac gulf, and the pure waters of the Amphrysos irrigate the pastures where Apollo herded cattle. Here the Asopos starts its course, the Phoenix, and the Black river; and the Anauros, which breathes out neither moist vapours nor dew-drenched air nor light breezes. Then there are the rivers which the sea knows not in their own shape, and which give their waters to the Peneus: the Apidanus, robbed of its stream; the Enipeus, which never hastens until it mingles with the Peneus; and the Titaresos, which alone, after taking the name of the other river, guards its waters: gliding on the surface, it treats the flood of the Peneus as if it were dry land. For legend tells that this river flows from the Stygian pool, and, mindful of its source, spurns admixture with a common stream, and retains the awe that the gods feel for it.

As soon as the rivers flowed off and the land was revealed, the fertile furrows were cleft by the plough shares of the Bebryces; and next the hands of the Leleges drove the plough deep. The soil was broken by Aeolidae and Dolopians, by Magnesians famous for horses and Minyae famous for ships. There the cloud, pregnant by Ixion, brought forth in the caves of Pelethronium the Centaurs, half men and half beasts — Monychus who broke with his hoofs the hard rocks of Pholoe; bold Rhoecus who uprooted ash-trees for missiles beneath Oeta's crest, ash-trees that the North wind could hardly overset; Pholus, who entertained great Alcides; presumptuous Nessus who ferried passengers across the river and was doomed to feel the arrows of Hercules; and old Chiron, whose star shines in the winter sky and aims his Thessalian bow at the Scorpion, larger than himself.

In this land the seeds of cruel war first sprang to life. From her rocks, smitten by the trident of the sea, leaped forth first the Thessalian charger, to portend dreadful warfare; here he first champed the steel bit, and the bridle of his Lapith tamer, unfelt before, brought the foam to his mouth. The shore of Pagasae launched the ship that first cleft the sea and flung forth man, a creature of the land, upon the untried waves. Ionos, a king of Thessaly, was the first to hammer into shape ingots of molten metal; he melted silver in the fire, and broke up gold and stamped it, and smelted copper in vast furnaces; there it became possible to count wealth, and this drove mankind into the wickedness of war. From Thessaly the Python, hugest of serpents, came down and glided on to the land of Cirrha; for which reason also the laurels for the Pythian games are brought from Thessaly. From here the rebel Aloeus launched his sons against Heaven, when Pelion raised its head almost to the height of the stars, and Ossa, encroaching upon the planets, stopped their courses.

When the rivals had pitched their camps in this accursed country, every heart was disturbed by presentiments of war; it was plain that the stern hour of final decision was at hand, and that doom was drawing nearer and nearer. Base minds quaked and dwelt upon the worst; a few, fortifying themselves beforehand for the uncertain issue, felt hope as well as fear. Among the helpless throng was Sextus, the unworthy son of Magnus, he who later as an exile infested the waters of Scylla, and stained by piracy in Sicily the glory his father had gained from the sea. Fear urged him on to learn beforehand the course of destiny; he was impatient of delay and distracted by all that was to come. But he sought not the tripods of Delos nor the caverns of Delphi: he cared not to inquire what sound Dodona makes with the cauldron of Jupiter — Dodona that grew the food of primitive man; he asked not who could read the future by means of entrails, or interpret birds, or watch the lightnings of heaven and investigate the stars with Assyrian lore — he sought no knowledge which, though secret, is permissible. To him were known the mysteries of cruel witchcraft which the gods above abominate, and grim altars with funeral rites; he knew the veracity of Pluto and the shades below; and the wretch was convinced that the gods of

heaven are ignorant.

The place itself fed his false and cruel delusion: the camp was near the habitation of those Thessalian witches, whom no boldness of imaginary horror can outdo, and who practise all that is deemed impossible. Moreover, the land produces baneful herbs on her heights, and her rocks yield to the deadly spell chanted by her wizards. Full many a plant grows there that can put constraint upon the gods; and the Colchian stranger gathered on Thessalian soil herbs she had not brought with her across the sea. The profane spells of that ill-omened race compel the attention of the gods, who turn a deaf ear to so many peoples and nations. Their voice alone speeds through the remote parts of heaven, and conveys the words that bind the reluctant deity, whom no care for the sky and revolving firmament ever distracts from listening. When her hideous hum has reached the stars, then, even though Persian Babylon and weird Memphis unlock every shrine of their ancient magicians, the Thessalian witch will call the gods away from all altars but her own. By their spells love steals into insensible hearts against the decree of destiny, and austere old age burns with forbidden passion. And not only their baleful philtres have power, or their act when they steal from the mare the sign that she will love her foal — the sign that grows, swollen with juice, upon its forehead; but even when defiled by no horrid draught of poison, men's minds are destroyed by incantations. Those whom no bond of wedlock and no attraction of alluring beauty can bind together are compelled by the mystic twirling of the twisted thread. The natural changes cease to operate: daylight lingers and is delayed by the length of night; the ether is disobedient to its law; listening to their spells, the swift firmament is arrested, and Jupiter, while driving on the heavens that speed on their swift axles, marvels that they stand still. At one time they drench the world with rain and veil the hot sun with clouds, and the heavens thunder while Jupiter knows nothing of it; and also by spells they disperse the canopy of watery vapour and the dishevelled tresses of the storm-clouds. Though the winds are still, the sea rises high; or again it is forbidden to be affected by storms, and is silent while the South wind blusters, and the sails that speed a vessel belly out against the breeze. The waterfall is arrested on the steep face of the cliff; and the running

river forsakes its downward channel. The Nile fails to rise in summer; the Maeander straightens its course; the Arar hurries on the sluggish Rhone; the mountains lower their tops and level their ridges; Mount Olympus sees the clouds above it; and the Scythian snows thaw without any sun in winter's cold. When the tide is driven on by the moon, the spells of Thessalian witches drive it back and defend the shore. The earth too throws the poles of her stable mass out of gear, and the pressure that tends to the centre of the sphere becomes unsteady. Smitten by a spell, that mighty weight parts asunder and reveals to sight the stars revolving around it. Every creature that has power to kill and was born to do mischief dreads the Thessalian witches and provides their skill with the means of death. The fierce tiger and the angry lion, king of beasts, lick their hands and fawn upon them; for them the snake unfolds his chilly coils and stretches at full length on the frosty ground; knotted vipers split apart and unite again; and the serpent dies, blasted by human poison. — Why do the gods trouble to heed these spells and herbs, and fear to despise them? What mutual bond puts constraint upon them? Must they obey, or do they take pleasure in obedience? Is this subservience the reward of some piety unknown to us, or is it extorted by unuttered threats? Has witchcraft power over all the gods, or are these tyrannical spells addressed to one special deity who can inflict upon the world all the compulsion that he suffers himself? — By these witches the stars were first brought down from the swiftly-moving sky; and the clear moon, beset by dread incantations, grew dim and burned with a dark and earthy light, just as if the earth cut her off from her brother's reflection and thrust its shadow athwart the fires of heaven. Lowered by magic, she suffers all that pain, until from close quarters she drops foam upon the plants below.

These criminal rites and malpractices of an accursed race fierce Erictho had scouted as not wicked enough, and had turned her loathsome skill to rites before unknown. To her it was a crime to shelter her ill-omened head in a city or under a roof: dear to the deities of Erebus, she inhabited deserted tombs, and haunted graves from which the ghosts had been driven. Neither the gods of Heaven, nor the fact that she was still living, prevented her from hearing the speechless converse of the dead, or from knowing the abodes of Hell

and the mysteries of subterranean Pluto. Haggard and loathly with age is the face of the witch; her awful countenance, overcast with a hellish pallor and weighed down by uncombed locks, is never seen by the clear sky; but if storm and black clouds take away the stars, then she issues forth from rifled tombs and tries to catch the nocturnal lightnings. Her tread blights the seeds of the fertile cornfield, and her breath poisons air that before was harmless. She addresses no prayer to Heaven, invokes no divine aid with suppliant hymn, and knows nothing of the organs of victims offered in sacrifice; she rejoices to lay on the altar funeral fires and incense snatched from the kindled pyre. At the first sound of her petition the gods grant every horror, dreading to hear a second spell. She buries in the grave the living whose souls still direct their bodies: while years are still due to them from destiny, death comes upon them unwillingly; or she brings back the funeral from the tomb with procession reversed, and the dead escape from death. The smoking ashes and burning bones of the young she snatches from the centre of the pyre, and the very torch from the hands of the parents; she gathers up the pieces of the bier, fluttering in the black smoke, and the grave-clothes as they crumble into ashes, and the cinders that reek of the corpse. But, when the dead are coffined in stone, which drains off the internal moisture, absorbs the corruption of the marrow, and makes the corpse rigid, then the witch eagerly vents her rage on all the limbs, thrusting her fingers into the eyes, scooping out gleefully the stiffened eyeballs, and gnawing the yellow nails on the withered hand. She breaks with her teeth the fatal noose, and mangles the carcass that dangles on the gallows, and scrapes the cross of the criminal; she tears away the rain-beaten flesh and the bones calcined by exposure to the sun. She purloins the nails that pierced the hands, the clotted filth, and the black humour of corruption that oozes over all the limbs; and when a muscle resists her teeth, she hangs her weight upon it. Whenever any corpse lies exposed on the ground, she sits by it before beast or bird can come; but she will not mangle the limbs with the knife or her bare hands; she waits for the wolves to tear it, and means to snatch the prey from their unwetted throats. Nor is she slow to take life, if such warm blood is needed as gushes forth at once when the throat is slit, and if

her ghoulish feast demands still palpitating flesh. In the same way she pierces the pregnant womb and delivers the child by an unnatural birth, in order to place it on the fiery altar; and whenever she requires the service of a bold, bad spirit, she takes life with her own hand. Every death of man serves her turn. She tears off the bloom of the face on the young man's body, and her left hand severs the lock of hair on the head of the dying lad. Often too, when a kinsman is buried, the dreadful witch hangs over the loved body: while kissing it, she mutilates the head and opens the closed mouth with her teeth; then, biting the tip of the tongue that lies motionless in the dry throat, she pours inarticulate sound into the cold lips, and sends a message of mysterious horror down to the shades of Hell.

The rumour of the country told Pompeius of Erictho, and he took his way through deserted fields when night was high in heaven — at the hour when the sun ushers in the noonday beneath our earth. Men who were wont to act as the trusted instruments of her wickedness went to and fro about the rifled graves and the tombs, till they sighted her far away sitting on a steep rock, where the Balkan slopes down and extends its range to Pharsalia. She was framing a spell unknown to wizards and the gods of wizardry, and inventing an incantation for a special purpose. She feared that the war might stray away to some other region, and that the land of Thessaly might miss so great a carnage; and therefore the witch forbade Philippi, defiled by her spells and sprinkled with her noxious drugs, to allow the warfare to change its place. Then all those dead would be hers, and the blood of the whole world would be at her disposal. She hopes to mutilate the corpses of slaughtered kings, to plunder the ashes of the Roman nation and the bones of nobles, and to master the ghosts of the mighty. One passion only and one anxiety she feels — what part may she snatch from the exposed body of Magnus, and on what limbs of Caesar may she pounce?

The unworthy son of Pompey spoke first and addressed her. "Famous among Thessalian women, you who have power to reveal the future to mankind and to turn aside the course of events, I pray you that I may be allowed certain knowledge of the issue which the hazard of war is preparing. Not the meanest among Romans am I, but the renowned offspring of Magnus, and I shall be either lord of the

world or inheritor of an awful doom. My heart quakes and is overcome by uncertainty, but is ready on the other hand to endure definite dangers. Take away from calamity the power of swooping down suddenly and unforeseen. Either put the gods to the question, or leave them alone and extort the truth from the dead. Unbar the gates of Elysium, summon Death himself, and force him to reveal to me which among us must be his prey. It is no mean service that I ask of you; even in your own interest, it is worth your pains to enquire, which way the hazard of so great an issue inclines.” Proud of her wide-spread fame, the wicked witch thus replied: “If you sought to alter a lesser decree of fate, it would have been easy, young man, to force the gods to any course of action at your desire. When the planets by their shining bear down a single soul to death, witchcraft has power to interpose a respite; and, though all the stars promise a man old age, we cut short his life half-way by our magic herbs. But in some cases the chain of causes comes down from the creation of the world, and all destinies suffer if it is sought to make a single change, and the same blow affects the whole of mankind; and there Fortune has more power than all the witches of Thessaly, and we admit it. If, however, it is enough for you to learn calamity before it comes, the ways of approaching the truth are many and will prove easy of access: earth and sky and the abyss, the seas and the plains and the cliffs of Rhodope, will find a tongue for us. But, since there is such abundance of recent slaughter, the simplest plan is to lift one dead man from the Thessalian fields; then the mouth of a corpse still warm and freshly slain will speak with substantial utterance, and no dismal ghost, whose limbs are dried up by the sun, will gibber sounds unintelligible to our ears.”

Thus she spoke and made dark night twice as dark by her magic. Then, with her gruesome head veiled in a hideous mist, she moved here and there among the bodies of the slain that were thrown out and denied burial. At once the wolves took flight, the vultures sheathed their talons and flew away ungorged; meanwhile the witch picks out her prophet, prying into the inmost parts cold in death, till she finds the substance of the stiffened lungs unwounded and still firm, and seeking the power of utterance in a corpse. The destiny of many victims of battle is hanging now in the balance — which of

them will she decide to restore to the upper world? Had she tried to raise up the whole army on the plain and make them fight again, the laws of Erebus would have yielded to her, and a multitude, brought up from Stygian Avernus by the power of the fiend, would have taken the field. At last she chose a corpse and drew it along with the neck noosed, and in the dead man's noose she inserted a hook. The hapless body was dragged over rocks and stones, to live a second time, and was laid beneath a high rock of the hollow mountain which cruel Erictho had condemned to witness her rites.

There the ground fell in a sheer descent, sinking almost to the depth of the invisible caverns of Pluto. A dim wood with forward-bending trees borders it, and yew-trees shade it — yew-trees that the sun cannot penetrate, and that turn no tops towards the sky. In the caves within dank darkness reigns, and the colourless mould caused by unbroken night; the only light there is due to magic. Even in the gorge of Taenarus the air is less dead and stagnant; it is the gloomy boundary between the unseen world and ours; and the Rulers of Tartarus would not fear to let the dead travel thus far. For, though the Thessalian witch tyrannises over destiny, it is doubtful whether she sees the lost souls because she has haled them to her cave, or because she has gone down to Hell herself. She put on motley raiment, whose parti-coloured woof was fit for a fiend to wear; she threw back her hair and revealed her face; and she looped up her bristling locks with festoons of vipers. When she saw that the companions of Pompeius were afraid, and that he himself trembled, with staring eyes and lifeless features, “Lay aside,” she said, “the fears which your fluttering hearts have framed. A new life shall soon be restored to him — life in its familiar aspect, so that even those who fear can hear him speaking. Even if I were to display the pools of Styx and the bank that crackles with fire — if my consent should bring before your eyes the Furies, and Cerberus shaking his mane of snakes, and the chained bodies of the Giants, why dread, ye cowards, to behold the dead who fear me?”

Then she began by piercing the breast of the corpse with fresh wounds, which she filled with hot blood; she washed the inward parts clean of clotted gore; she poured in lavishly the poison that the moon supplies. With this was blended all that Nature inauspiciously

conceives and brings forth. The froth of dogs that dread water was not wanting, nor the inwards of a lynx, nor the hump of a foul hyena, nor the marrow of a stag that had fed on snakes; the *echenais* was there, which keeps a ship motionless in mid-ocean, though the wind is stretching her corda«re; eyes of dragons were there, and stones that rattle when warmed under a breeding eagle; the flying serpent of Arabia, and the viper that is born by the Red Sea and guards the precious pearl-shell; the skin which the horned snake of Libya casts off in its lifetime, and ashes of the Phoenix which lays its body on the Eastern altar. These ordinary banes that bear names she added to her brew; and next she put in leaves steeped with magic unutterable, and herbs which her own dread mouth had spat upon at their birth, and all the poison that she herself gave to the world; and lastly her voice, more powerful than any drug to bewitch the powers of Lethe, first uttered indistinct sounds, sounds untunable and far different from human speech. The dog's bark and the wolf's howl were in that voice; it resembled the complaint of the restless owl and the night-flying screech-owl, the shrieking and roaring of wild beasts, the serpent's hiss, the beat of waves dashing against rocks, the sound of forests, and the thunder that issues from a rift in the cloud: in that one voice all these things were heard. Then she went on to speak plainly in a Thessalian spell, with accents that went down to Tartarus: "I invoke the Furies, the horror of Hell, the punishments of the guilty, and Chaos, eager to blend countless worlds in ruins; I cry to the Ruler of the world below, who suffers age-long pain because gods are so slow to die; to Styx, and Elysium where no Thessalian witch may enter; to Persephone who shuns her mother in heaven, and to her, the third incarnation of our patron, Hecate, who permits the dead and me to converse together without speech; I call on the custodian of the spacious dwelling, who casts the flesh of men to the ravening hound; on the Sisters, who must spin a second thread of life; and on the ancient ferryman of the fiery river, whose arms are weary of rowing the dead back to me — hear ye my prayer. If these lips that address you have enough of horror and pollution; if I never chant these spells when fasting from human flesh; if I have often chopped up bosoms inhabited by the divinity, and washed them with warm brains; if any infant would have lived when his head and inner

organs were laid upon your platters — then comply with my petition. I ask not for one who lurks in the depths of Tartarus and has long been accustomed to the darkness, but for some soul that is just going down and leaving the light behind him; he still lingers at the entrance of the chasm that leads to gloomy Orcus, and, though he obey my spells now, he will go down but once to the shades. Let the ghost of a Pompeian, who but lately was alive, foretell all the future to Pompey's son, if ye owe gratitude to the civil war."

When she had spoken thus, she raised her head and foaming mouth, and saw beside her the ghost of the unburied corpse. It feared the lifeless frame and the hateful confinement of its former prison; it shrank from entering the gaping bosom, the vital parts, and the flesh divided by a mortal wound. Hapless wretch! unjustly robbed of death's last gift — the inability to die a second time. Erictho marvelled that fate had power to linger thus. Enraged with death, she lashed the passive corpse with a live serpent; and through the chinks into which the earth was split by her spells she barked like a dog at the shades and burst the silence of their kingdom: "Tisiphone, and Megaera heedless of my voice, will you not drive with your cruel scourges that wretched soul through the waste of Erebus? Soon will I summon you forth by your real names, and leave you, hounds of Hell, helpless in the light of the upper world; through graves and burials I shall follow you and mark you; I shall drive you from tombs, and banish you from all urns of the dead. And you, Hecate, wasted and pale of aspect, who are wont to make up your face before you visit the gods above, I shall show you to them as you are and prevent you from putting off the hue of Hell. I shall tell the world the nature of that food which confines Proserpina beneath the huge weight of earth, the bond of love that unites her to the gloomy king of night, and the defilement she suffered, such that her mother would not call her back. And on you, worst of the world's Rulers, I shall launch the sun's light, bursting open your den; and the sudden light shall blast you. Do ye obey me? Or must I appeal to Him, at the sound of whose name the earth ever quakes and trembles. He looks on the Gorgon's head unveiled; He lashes the cowering Fury with her own scourge; He dwells in a Tartarus beneath your view; to Him ye are the gods above; He swears by the Styx, and breaks his oath." —

Instantly the clotted blood grew warm; it warmed the livid wounds, coursing into the veins and the extremities of the limbs. Struck by it, the vital organs thrilled within the cold breast; and a new life, stealing into the inward parts that had lost it, wrestled with death. Next, the dead man quivered in every limb; the sinews were strained, and he rose, not slowly or limb by limb, but rebounding from the earth and standing erect at once. His mouth gaped wide and his eyes were open; he looked as if he were not yet alive but already like a man dying. The pallor and stiffness remained; and he was dazed by his restoration to this world. The mouth was fettered and gave forth no sound: voice and utterance were given him but only for the purpose of reply. "Speak at my command," said the witch, "and great shall be your reward; for if you speak truth, I shall make you safe from witchcraft throughout all time. On such a pyre and with such fuel shall I burn your body, chanting a Stygian spell the while, that your ghost shall remain deaf to the incantation of all sorcerers. Consider a second life a price worth paying for this: neither herbs nor spells will dare to break your long sleep of oblivion, once you receive death from me. A riddling answer befits the oracles and prophets of the gods; but if any man seeks to know the truth from the dead and has courage to approach the oracles of stern death, let him depart assured. Be not grudging, I pray: give events their names, their places; and provide a voice by which Fate may communicate with me." Then she added a spell, which enabled the ghost to know all that she asked. The dead man spoke in sorrow, and his tears flowed fast: "Brought back from the high bank of the silent river, I saw not the cruel Fates at their spinning; but this I was able to learn from all the shades — that furious strife prevails among the Roman dead, and that civil war has shattered the peace of the infernal world. From opposite quarters the mightiest Romans have left Elysium and gloomy Tartarus; and they have made clear what fate has in store. For the blessed dead wore a sorrowful aspect: I saw the Decii, the father and son who devoted their lives to the gods in battle, and Camillus, and Curius; they all wept, and Sulla railed against Fortune. Scipio was grieved that the unhappy scion of his race should fall on Libyan soil; and Cato, a still fiercer foe of Carthage, lamented the death which his descendant prefers to slavery. Only one of the blest I

saw rejoicing — it was Brutus, the first consul after the kings were thrown down. But formidable Catiline had snapped and broken his fetters, and was exulting, together with fierce Marius and Cethegus of the naked arm; I saw the delight of Drusus, the demagogue and rash legislator, and of the Gracchi, whose boldness knew no limit. Their hands, fettered by everlasting links of steel and by Pluto's prison-house, clapped for joy; and the wicked claimed the plains of the blessed. The lord of that stagnant realm throws wide his dim abode; he sharpens his steep rocks and the hard steel for fetters, preparing punishment for the victorious rival. Take back this consolation with you, Pompeius, — that the dead look to welcome your father and his family in a peaceful retreat, and are keeping a place for him and his in the bright portion of their kingdom. Let not short-lived glory trouble you: the hour will soon come that makes all the leaders equal. Make haste to die; proud of your high hearts, go down from graves however humble, and trample on the ghosts of the gods of Rome. By whose grave shall flow the Nile, and by whose the Tiber — that is the question; and the battle of the rivals settles nothing but their place of burial. For yourself, enquire not concerning your destiny; the Fates will enlighten you, with no words from me; for your father himself, a surer prophet, will tell you all in the land of Sicily; and even he knows not whither to summon you and whence to warn you away, what region or clime he must bid you avoid. Ill-fated house! you must fear Europe and Africa and Asia; Fortune divides your graves among the lands you have triumphed over; you shall find no place in all the world less dangerous than Pharsalia.” — When he had ended thus his prophecy, he stood still in silence and sorrow, demanding to die once more. Spells and drugs were needed before the corpse could die; and death, having exerted all its power already, could not claim the life again. Then the witch built up a great pyre of wood; the dead man walked to the fire; and Erictho left him stretched upon the lighted pile, and suffered him at last to die. Together with Sextus she went to his father's camp. The sky was now taking on the hue of dawn; but, at her bidding, night held back day and gave them thick darkness until they should set foot in safety within the encampment.

BOOK VII

UNPUNCTUAL to the summons of eternal law, the sorrowing Sun rose from Ocean, driving his steeds harder than ever against the revolution of the sky, and urging his course backwards, though the heavens whirled him on fain would he have suffered eclipse and the pain of losing his light; and he drew clouds towards him, not to feed his flames, but to prevent him from shining unsullied in the region of Thessaly.

That night, the end of happiness in the life of Magnus, beguiled his troubled sleep with a hollow semblance. He dreamed that he was sitting in his own theatre and saw in a vision the countless multitudes of Rome; and that his name was lifted to the sky in their shouts of joy, while all the tiers vied in proclaiming his praise. Such was the aspect of the people, such was their loud applause, in his distant youth, at the time of his first triumph: he had conquered the clans surrounded by the swift Hiberus, and defeated every force that Sertorius had hurled against him in guerrilla warfare; he had given peace to the West, and now he sat and was cheered by senators, himself no more as yet than a Roman knight, but no less worshipped in his in 61. In 71 he was still an *eques*, but he began his first consulship on January 1st, 70. plain robe of white than in that which adorns the triumphal car. Perhaps his dreams took refuge in happier days because they feared the future and because prosperity was ended; perhaps sleep indirectly, as her custom is, presaged the opposite of his dream and foretold a great lamentation; or else Fortune brought Rome before him thus, because it was ordained that he should never see his home again. Break not his sleep, watchmen of the camp; let no trumpet beat upon his ear. To-morrow his sleep will be haunted: saddened by visions of the day, it will present nothing but the fatal field, nothing but war. Would that the Romans could have had a night of happiness and such a sleep as his! Fortunate had been the Rome he loved, if she had seen him even in a dream. One day at least the gods should have granted to him and to his country, on which each, with full knowledge of the future, might have snatched the last enjoyment of their great love for one another.

He goes forth, believing that he is destined to die at Rome; and Rome, knowing that her prayers for him had always been answered, refused to believe that this horror was written in the book of destiny — that she should thus lose even the grave of her beloved Magnus. Young and old, blending their grief, would have mourned for him, and even children uncompelled; the crowd of women would have let down their hair and torn their breasts, as when Brutus was buried. Even as it is, though men dread the arms of the tyrannous conqueror, though Caesar himself announce the death, weep they will, even while offering incense and laurel wreaths to the Thunderer. Unhappy Romans! whose groans swallowed down their grief, and who could not all together make lamentation for Pompey in the crowded theatre.

Sunshine had conquered the stars when the soldiery raged with confused muttering and demanded the signal for battle; Fortune was haling the world to destruction. Most of that hapless throng were fated not to see the day out; but they crowded close to the leaders tent and murmured; in heat and great disorder they brought nearer the hasting hour of imminent death. A dreadful frenzy comes over them; each is eager to hurry on his own fate and the fate of his country. They call Pompey slow and cowardly and too indulgent to his kinsman; he is seduced, say they, by the sovereignty of the world; he wishes to keep under his own sway so many nations from every quarter; and he dreads a peace. The kings and peoples of the East also complain that the campaign drags on too long, and that they are detained far from their own countries. Ye gods, when it is your set purpose to ruin all things, does it please you to add guilt on our part to mere mistakes? We rush upon disaster, and clamour for battle that will destroy us; and in Pompey's camp men pray for Pharsalia. The protests of the multitude were conveyed by Cicero, the chief model of Roman eloquence, Cicero, beneath whose civilian authority fierce Catiline dreaded the axes of peace. Longing for the rostrum and the Forum, and muzzled so long by military service, he detested war. His eloquence gave force to an unsound argument.

“Magnus, in return for all her favours Fortune makes one request of you — that you will deign to make use of her; and we, the chief men of your army, and the kings you made, together with the whole world upon its knees, now prostrate ourselves at your feet and ask

that you will consent to the conquest of your father-in-law. Shall Caesar remain for ever the cause of war to mankind? Nations whom Pompey subdued while he hurried past them have a right to resent his slowness to conquer now. What has become of your eager haste, or of your confidence in your star? Are you ungrateful enough to doubt Heaven's favour? Do you hesitate to trust the cause of the Senate to the gods? The soldiery, of their own accord, will wrench up your standards and rush forward; you should blush to have victory forced upon you. If we have appointed you to lead us, and if the war is waged for our benefit, then let the men have leave to fight on whatever field they will. Why do you keep away the swords of all mankind from Caesar's throat? Arms are brandished, and scarce can any man bear to wait for the lagging signal; make haste, or else your own trumpets will leave you behind. The senators would fain know this, Magnus, whether they follow you in order to fight or merely to escort you where you go." The leader groaned: he perceived that the gods were playing him false, and that destiny was thwarting his purpose. "If this," said he, "is the desire of all, and if the crisis needs me, not as a commander but as a soldier, I will keep doom at bay no longer. Let Fortune whelm the nations in a single overthrow, and let yonder light be the last for half mankind. At least I call Rome to witness that the day of universal destruction has been forced upon me. The toil of war might have cost Rome no bloodshed; I might have won a bloodless victory over Caesar and handed him over, a captive, to the peace he has outraged. What guilty madness, what blindness is this! Men about to wage civil war are actually afraid of winning a bloodless victory. We have wrenched the land from the enemy, and expelled him utterly from the sea; we have forced his starving ranks to snatch the corn ere it was ripe; we have made him pray to fall rather by the sword and to mingle the corpses of his soldiers with the corpses of mine. By the strategy, thanks to which my recruits have no fear of battle, the campaign is half won already, if indeed the spur of valour and the heat of pugnacity make them demand the signal for action. But many are driven to utmost peril by the mere dread of coming danger. He is truly brave, who is both quick to endure the ordeal, if it be close and pressing, and willing also to let it wait. It is resolved to hand over our present prosperous

condition to chance, and to let the sword decide the doom of the world; men had rather see their leader fight than conquer. Fortune gave me the Roman State to rule; I give it back now greater than I received it, and I call upon her to guard it in the hurly-burly of war. The act of fighting will never bring either reproach or glory to me. In the court of Heaven Caesar's prayers for evil prevail over me; and battle there is to be. How much crime and how much suffering this day will bring to the nations! How many thrones will be upset! How dark the Enipeus will flow with Roman blood! The first missile hurled in this fatal war is welcome to find its billet in my head, if that head could fall without influence on the issue and without the destruction of our cause; for to me victory is no more welcome than defeat. When to-day's carnage is complete, the name of Pompey will be one for the world either to hate or to pity: every woe that utter ruin brings will the vanquished suffer, and every horror will the conqueror commit." With these words he suffers the nations to arm, and gave a loose to their frenzied passion; so the sailor, when mastered by the fury of the gale, makes no use of his skill, but leaves the steering to the winds, and is swept along, an ignominious burden of his vessel. The camp hums with the confusion of haste and disorder, and fierce hearts beat with irregular throbbing against the breasts that contain them. The pale flag of coming death appeared on many faces; and their aspect was the very picture of doom. It was clear to all that a day had come which must settle the destiny of mankind for ages, and that this battle must decide what Rome was to be. Each man ignores his personal danger, appalled by a mightier fear. Who that saw the shore covered by the sea and the waves reaching the mountain-tops, the sky falling down upon the earth and the sun dashed from his place, could regard with selfish fear such wide destruction? Men's minds are not at leisure to fear for themselves: they tremble for Rome and for Magnus. The soldiers put no trust in their swords, unless the whetted points struck fire from the grindstone; every lance too was sharpened against the stone, bows were strung with better cords, and care was taken to fill the quivers with picked arrows. The horseman enlarged his spurs and tightened the straps of his bridle. Even so, if it is permissible to compare the activity of men to that of gods — even so, when Phlegra upreared the furious Giants, the

sword of Mars was heated on the anvils of Etna; the trident of Neptune glowed in the flame a second time; Apollo smelted again the arrows which had unwound the coils of Python; Pallas scattered the Gorgon tresses over all her aegis; and the Cyclopes made for Jupiter new thunderbolts for use at Pallene.

Fortune, however, did not forbear from revealing the future by means of divers signs. When the army made for Thessaly, the whole sky set itself against their march: it hurled down meteors in their faces, and huge columns of fire, and whirlwinds that suck up water, together with fireballs; it dashed lightning at them and so closed their eyes; it knocked the crests off their helmets, it flooded the scabbards with the molten blades, it tore the javelins from their grasp and fused them; and the guilty sword smoked with the sulphur of the sky. The standards could scarce be plucked out of the ground; their increased weight bowed down the head of the standard-bearer; and they shed tears — down to the time of Pharsalia they belonged to Rome and to the State. A bull, when brought forward for sacrifice, upset the altar and fled, rushing headlong into the fields of Thessaly; and no victim was forthcoming for the ill-omened rite. (But Caesar — what powers of darkness, what fiends did he invoke without let or hindrance? what deities of the Stygian realm, what Horror of Hell, and Madness shrouded in gloom? Though he was soon to fight an infamous battle with such cruelty, his prayer was heard.) Whether men were convinced by divine portents or their own excessive terror, who can tell? But many also believed that they saw Pindus collide with Olympus, and the Balkan subside in precipitous hollows, while Pharsalia sent forth the din of battle by night, and a torrent of blood spread over lake Boebeis beside Ossa. Men gaze with wonder at each other's faces veiled with darkness, at the dimness of the light, at the blackness that brooded over the helmets, at the ghosts that moved to and fro before their sight — ghosts of parents dead and of kindred. But their souls had this one solace: the host, conscious of their own horrible desire, and hoping to pierce a father's throat or a brother's bosom, took pleasure in the portents, believing that the ferment of their minds and their sudden madness boded success to their crimes.

If the power to presage misfortune has been granted to mankind, what wonder that those whose last day was at hand quaked with

panic fear? Whether he be a sojourner by Tyrian Gades or drink of the Araxes in Armenia, whatever his clime and whatever the star of heaven beneath which he lives — every Roman grieves and knows not why and chides himself for his sadness; for he knows not what loss he is suffering now in the land of Thessaly. If those who tell the tale may be believed, an augur sat that day on the Euganean hills, where the smoking spring of Aponus issues from the ground and the Timavus, river of Antenor, splits into channels; and he cried: “The decisive day has come; the great battle is being fought; the armies of Pompey and Caesar meet in unnatural conflict.” Either he observed the thunder and the warning bolts of Jupiter; or he saw that all the firmament and the poles were at strife with the warring sky; or else the sorrowing deity in heaven signified the battle by the dimness and obscurity of the sun. At least it is certain that Nature made the day of Pharsalia pass unlike all other days which she reveals; if human intelligence, by means of skilled augurs, had observed all the strange signs in heaven, then the battle might have been watched all the world over. How great were these men, whose fortunes were advertised over the whole world, and to whose destiny all heaven was attentive! Even in later ages and among posterity, these events, whether their own fame alone immortalises them or I too, by my pains and study, can do some service to famous men, will excite hope and fear together and useless prayers, when the story of battle is read; and all men will be spell-bound as they read the tragedy, as if it were still to come and not past; and all will still take sides with Magnus.

When the soldiers came down, lighted up by the sunbeams facing them, the glitter of their arms flooded all the hills. They were not launched at random upon the plain: the doomed army was stationed according to a definite plan. Lentulus had charge of the left wing with two legions — the first, which was then the most fit for war, and the fourth; the right wing of the host was entrusted to Domitius, that brave but ill-starred warrior. The main strength of the centre was in the close ranks of brave men whom Scipio, their general, had brought from Cilicia; here he was but a combatant but was yet to hold the chief command in Africa. Then by the channel of the Enipeus and the pools of its overflow rode the horsemen of the Cappadocian hills and

the riders of Pontus with loose reins. Of the dry ground most was occupied by the tetrarchs and kings and mighty potentates, and all wearers of the purple who bow before the Roman steel. Thither Libya sent Numidians, and Crete her Cydonians; from there the arrows of the Ituraeans took their flight; from there the fierce Gauls went forth against their familiar foe; and there the Spaniards brandished their shields for battle. Let Magnus rob the conqueror of the subject peoples and use up on one day all the means of future triumphs by shedding the blood of all mankind!

It happened on that day that Caesar had left his position, and was about to march his men to plunder the cornfields, when suddenly he saw his enemy come down to the level plains. Before him lay the opportunity he had prayed for a thousand times — the opportunity of staking all his fortunes on a final cast. For sick of delay and burning with desire for a regal throne, he had begun to loathe the short space of the civil war as a crime which took too long in the doing. But when he saw that the ordeal of the rivals and the decisive battle was drawing near, and when he perceived that the crash which fate must bring was nodding to its fall, even that wild desire for instant slaughter waxed faint for a time; his heart, ever ready to vouch for victory, hesitated now: how was fear possible, when he viewed his own career? how was hope, when he thought of Pompey's? Fear sank down, and boldness sprang forth — a better means for inspiriting his men: "Soldiers, who have conquered the world, and on whom my destiny depends, behold the chance of battle you have so often prayed for. Prayer is no longer needed; with your swords you must now summon fate. The greatness of Caesar is yours to determine. That day has come, which, as I remember, you promised me by the waters of the Rubicon, the day which encouraged us to take up arms, the day to which we postponed the triumphant return denied us; and this day must decide, on the evidence of destiny, which of the two combatants had justice on his side: this battle will pronounce the guilt of him who loses it. If in defence of me you have attacked your native land with fire and sword, fight fiercely to-day and use your swords to clear your guilt. Not one of you has guiltless hands, if I be no longer the judge of war. It is not my fortunes that are at stake: my prayer is for you — that you, for your freedom's

sake, may bear rule over all nations. My own desire is to return to private life, to wear the people's dress, and to play the part of an ordinary citizen; but provided you are all-powerful, I am willing to accept any position; yours be the kingly power, mine the discredit! Nor will the world you hope to win cost you much bloodshed: you will meet an army enlisted from the training-schools of Greece, enfeebled by the practice of the wrestling-ground, and scarce able to carry the weight of their arms; or else barbarians with disordered ranks and discordant tongues, who will not endure the sound of the trumpet or even the noise of their own march. Few of you will lift their hands against Romans: most of the fighting will rid the world of inferior races and crush underfoot the enemies of Rome. Make your way through these cowardly nations and kingdoms of evil fame; lay a whole world low with the first stroke of the steel; reveal to all that the peoples who so often followed Pompey's triumphal car to Rome are not material enough for even a single triumph. Do the Armenians care which among rivals has power at Rome? Or would any barbarian give a drop of his blood in order to set Magnus over Italy? They hate all Romans and resent their domination; but they hate most the Romans they know. But me Fortune has entrusted to the hands of my own soldiers; and full many a war in Gaul made me the witness of their prowess. I shall know again the sword of every fighter; and when the lance flies quivering through the sky, I shall make no mistake in naming the arm that hurled it. But if I see those tokens that never play your leader false — fierce countenances and threatening eyes — then victory is yours. Methinks I see rivers of blood, kings trodden under foot together, mangled bodies of senators, and whole nations weltering in unlimited carnage. But I delay the course of my destiny, when these words of mine detain you — you who are frantic for the fray. Pardon me for putting off the battle; my hopes unsettle me; never have I seen the gods so near me and ready to give so much; only a little strip of land divides us from all we pray for. I am the man, who, when the fighting is over, will have power to give away all that now belongs to nations and kings. What shift has taken place in the sky, what star in heaven has suffered change, that the gods grant such a privilege to Thessaly? To-day either the reward or the penalty of war is before us. Picture to yourselves the cross and

the chains in store for Caesar, my head stuck upon the Rostrum and my limbs unburied; think of the crime of the Saepta and the battle fought in the enclosed Campus: the general, against whom we carry on civil war, is Sulla's pupil. My anxiety is for you; I — shall win safety for myself by suicide; if any man looks back before the foe is beaten, he will see me stabbing my own vitals. Ye gods, whose attention has been drawn away from heaven by the agony of Rome on earth, give victory to him who does not feel bound to draw the ruthless sword against beaten men, and does not believe that his fellow citizens committed a crime by fighting against him. When Pompey held fast your ranks in a narrow space where your valour had no power to move, he glutted his sword with rivers of blood. But this is my prayer to you, soldiers: none of you must smite a foe in the back, and every fugitive must pass for a countryman. But while their weapons glitter, no thought of natural affection, no sight of your sires in the front rank of the foe, must weaken your purpose; mangle with the sword the faces that demand reverence. If any man smite the breast of a kinsman with ruthless steel, let him claim credit for his crime; or, if his blow does violence to no tie of kinship, still let him claim credit for the death of an unknown foe, as if it were a crime. Level the rampart without delay and fill up the trench with the wreckage, that the army may pass out with full ranks and in solid formation. Be not careful of your camp; you will find quarters behind the rampart from which the doomed army is coming." Almost before Caesar had ceased to speak, each went to his appointed task; in haste they armed and took food. Accepting the omen of victory, they tread down the fortifications and rush on, with no ordered ranks, no tactics on their leader's part; they leave all to destiny. Had each man drawn up on the fatal field been the kinsman of Magnus, and each been ambitious to reign over his country, they could not have rushed with such headlong speed to the fray.

When Pompey saw the hostile army sally forth directly opposite him, to force on a battle without delay, and realised that this was the day fixed by Heaven, he stood appalled with frozen blood; and to so great a general it was an evil omen that he should thus dread a conflict. But soon he suppressed his fears and rode all along the line on his tall warhorse. "Behold the day," he said, "which your courage

demands; behold the welcome end of the civil war. Put forth your whole strength; there remains but one last effort of arms; a single hour is dragging all nations into conflict. If any man yearns for his country and loved home, for wife and children and dear ones left behind, he must strike to gain them: Heaven has set all the prizes in the open field. Our better cause bids us expect the favour of the gods: they themselves will guide our weapons through Caesar's heart, they themselves will wish to ratify the Roman constitution by his blood. If they intended to give my kinsman rule over the world, it was in their power to hurry this grey head into the grave; and, since they have preserved my life to command the army, surely they are not wrath with the nations ' and with Rome. We have brought together all that could make victory secure. Famous men have volunteered to face the danger; and our army has the august aspect of past times. A Curius and a Camillus, and the Decii who devoted their lives to death, if destiny restored them to our age and brought them back to earth, would stand on our side. The nations of the far East and countless cities have gathered together, and summoned to battle such hordes as were never seen before; the whole world is at our disposal at one time. Our force includes every man, up to the verge of South and North, who lives enclosed within the bound of the Zodiac. Shall we not shut in the whole hostile army, outflanking them with our wings? Victory requires but a handful of combatants: shouting is the only service that most of our squadrons will perform: Caesar's force is too small for ours to deal with. Imagine that the matrons of Rome are hanging over the topmost walls of the city with dishevelled hair, and urging you to battle; imagine that aged senators, whose years prevent them from following the camp, lay at your feet their venerable grey hairs, and that Rome herself, in her fear of a master, comes to meet you. Imagine that both generations, the present and the future, address their joint entreaties to you: the one would fain be born, and the other die, in freedom. If after such solemn appeals there is room for my own name, then, together with my wife and sons, on my knees I would grovel at your feet, if I could do it without sullyng the dignity of my command. Unless you conquer, I, Magnus, am an exile, scorned by my kinsman and a disgrace to you, and I pray to escape that utmost misery — shame in the closing years of life, and

learning in old age to bear the yoke.” Thus mournful was his speech; and his voice kindled their courage till Roman valour rose high; and they resolved to die, if his fears proved true.

Therefore the armies rushed forward, each inspired with the same passionate ardour, the one eager to escape a tyranny, the other to gain it. These hands will bring it to pass that, whatever the ninth century unfolds, it shall be free from warfare. This battle will destroy nations yet unborn; it will deprive of their birthtime and sweep away the men of the generation coming into the world. Then all the Latin race will be a legend; dust-covered ruins will scarce be able to indicate the site of Gabii and Veii and Cora, the houses of Alba and the dwellings of Laurentum — a depopulated country, where no man dwells except the senators who are forced to spend one night there by Numa’s law which they resent. It is not the tooth of time that has wrought this destruction and consigned to decay the memorials of the past: in all these uninhabited cities we see the guilt of civil war. How far reduced are the numbers of the human race! All the people born on earth cannot supply inhabitants for town or country; a single city contains us all. The corn-fields of Italy are tilled by chained labourers; the ancient roof-tree is rotten and ready to fall, but none dwell beneath it; Rome is not peopled by her own citizens but swarms with the refuse of mankind, and we have sunk her so low, that civil war, for all her many inmates, is no longer possible. Pharsalia is the cause of so great a mischief. The fatal names of Cannae and of Allia, cursed long ago by the Roman Calendar, must give place to Pharsalia. Rome has marked the date of lighter calamities, but has decided to ignore this day. O cruel destiny! Air fatal to inhale, and epidemic disease; maddening famine, cities consigned to the flames, and earthquakes that could bring to ruin populous cities — all these might be glutted by the men whom Fortune drew from every quarter to premature death, snatching away the gifts of long ages even while she displayed them, and arraying nations and chiefs upon the battle-field; by them she wished to show to collapsing Rome, what greatness fell with her. What city ever possessed a wider empire, or ran more quickly from success to success? Each war added nations to Rome; each year the sun saw her move forward towards either pole; a small part of the East excepted,

night, and day from beginning to end, and all the sky revolved for Rome, and the stars in their courses saw nothing that was not hers. But the fatal day of Pharsalia reversed her destiny and undid the work of all the past. Thanks to that bloody field, India dreads not the Roman rods, no Roman consul arrests the nomad Dahae and makes them dwell in cities, or leans on the plough in Sarmatia with his robe looped up; it is owing to Pharsalia that Parthia still owes us stern retribution, and that Freedom, banished by civil war, has retreated beyond the Tigris and the Rhine, never to return; often as we have wooed her with our life-blood, she wanders afar, a blessing enjoyed by Germans and Scythians, and never turns an eye on Italy: would that our nation had never known her! Ever since Romulus founded his city by the flight of a vulture on the left, and peopled it with the criminals of the Asylum, down to the catastrophe of Pharsalia, Rome ought to have remained in slavery. I have a grudge against Fortune on the score of the Bruti. Why did we enjoy a period of lawful government, or years named after the consuls? Fortunate are the Arabs and Medes and Eastern nations, whom destiny has kept continuously under tyrants. Of all the nations that endure tyranny our lot is the worst, because we blush for our slavery. In very truth there are no gods who govern mankind: though we say falsely that Jupiter reigns, blind chance sweeps the world along. Shall Jupiter, though he grasps the thunderbolt, look on idly from high heaven at the slaughter of Pharsalia? Shall he forsooth aim his fires at Pholoe and Oeta, at the pines of Mimas and the innocent forest of Rhodope, and shall Cassius, rather than he, strike Caesar down? He brought night upon Thyestes and doomed Argos to premature darkness: will he then grant daylight to Pharsalia that sees the guilt as great, of so many swords wielded by brothers and fathers? Man's destiny has never been watched over by any god. Yet for this disaster we have revenge, so far as gods may give satisfaction to mortals: civil war shall make dead Caesars the peers of gods above; and Rome shall deck out dead men with thunderbolts and haloes and constellations, and in the temples of the gods shall swear by ghosts.

When they had traversed at speed the ground that delayed the fiat of destiny, and were parted only by a little space, each looked to see where his own javelin would light, or whose hand on the other side

destiny threatened to use against him. That they might learn what horrors they were about to commit, they saw their fathers' faces over against them and their brothers' weapons close beside them; but they cared not to shift their ground. Nevertheless, a numbness froze each bosom and the blood gathered cold at each heart, from the shock to natural affection; and whole companies long held their javelins in rest with rigid muscles. Heaven punish Crastinus! and not with death alone, for that is a punishment in store for all mankind alike; but may his body after death keep the power to feel, because a lance that his hand brandished began the battle and first stained Pharsalia with Roman blood. What headlong frenzy! When Caesar grasped weapons, was any hand found to anticipate his? Then a strident blast broke from the trumpets, and the war-note was sounded by the horn; then the clarions dared to give the signal; then the uproar mounted skyward and assailed the dome of furthest Olympus — Olympus, from which the clouds keep far away, and whither no thunders reach. The Balkan took up the noise in its echoing valleys and gave it to the caves of Pelium to repeat; Pindus roared, the Pangaeian rocks echoed, and the cliffs of Oeta bellowed, till the armies were terrified by the sound of their own madness repeated from all the earth. Countless javelins were hurled, but with different desires: some pray to deal wounds, and others to bury their points in the ground and keep their hands unstained; but chance and haste are supreme, and random Fortune makes whom she will guilty. Next, the Ituraeans and Medes and free Arabs, formidable archers, shot their arrows at no mark, aiming only at the sky overhead; and from the sky death came down; but the archers stained their foreign steel with no guilt — all the weight of wickedness was confined to the Roman javelins. The air was veiled with steel, and darkness made by interlacing missiles hung over the plain. But not much of the slaughter was wrought by the flying steel of the javelins: the sword alone can gratify the hate of civil war, and leads the hand to the hearts of Romans. Pompey's soldiers, closely packed in serried ranks, had joined their shields, boss against boss, to form an unbroken line; they scarce had room, as they stood, to ply their hands and weapons, and their close order made their swords a danger to themselves. With headlong speed and fury Caesar's men charged the close-packed columns, forcing a way

through shields and through soldiers. Where the plaited breastplate presents its heavy rings and the breast is concealed under the protection of the cuirass, even there the heart was reached, and what lies beneath all the armour is the mark of every thrust. One army endures, and the other inflicts, civil warfare: on Pompey's side the swords are cold and idle, but every guilty blade on Caesar's side is hot. And Fortune, taking little time to work such a mighty reversal, swept away the vast wreck with the flood of doom.

When Pompey's cavalry drew their wings apart over the whole plain and extended them beyond the flanks of the fighters, at once his light-armed troops in loose order pressed on through the outmost ranks and launched fierce hordes against Caesar's troops. There each people engaged with its native weapon, but all alike sought Roman blood; they discharge volleys of arrows, firebrands and stones, and bullets, melted by passing through the air and fused by their heated weight. But Caesar, fearing that his front line might be shaken by their attack, moved the cohorts which he kept at an angle to his front behind the standards, and suddenly sent them forward, while the wings stood still, to that part of the field where the enemy was fighting in disorder. Forgetful of battle, unashamed of cowardice, the cavalry fled headlong, proving that it is never safe to trust civil warfare to barbaric hordes. When the first charger, stabbed in the chest, threw his rider headlong and trampled on his body, all the horsemen fled from the field: turning their horses round, they rushed furiously in a dense cloud against their own ranks. Unlimited slaughter followed: there was no battle, but only steel on one side and throats to pierce on the other. The one army cannot lay low all of the other that can be slain. Would that the blood shed by foreign breasts could content the plain of Pharsalia, that her springs could be dyed with no gore but theirs, that their numbers could clothe all her fields with skeletons! Or, if she prefers to be glutted with Roman blood, then let her spare the lives of these — Galatians and Syrians, Cappadocians and Gauls and remotest Iberians, Armenians and Cilicians; for after the civil war these will be the Roman people. Panic, when once it began, spread to all; and free course was given to destiny in Caesar's favour.

It was now the turn of Pompey's centre, where his main strength

lay. The fight which had ranged at random all over the field was concentrated here, and Caesar's fortune received a check. The men who fought here and plied their weapons were not brought from many quarters or borrowed by aid of the kings: here stood the brothers and fathers of the slayers. This place comprised the rage and madness and wickedness of Caesar. Let my pen turn away from this phase of the war and leave it to darkness; I refuse to tell such horrors, and no age shall learn from me the full licence of civil war. Rather let our tears be shed in vain, and our complaints be uttered in vain: of the part that Rome played in this battle I shall say nothing. Here Caesar, maddening the men and stirring up their frenzy, moved to and fro round the ranks and added fuel to the fire of their passion, in order that wickedness might not anywhere be wrought in vain: his eye marks whether their blades stream with blood from point to hilt, or glitter still with only the points reddened; whose hand trembles as it grasps the sword; whose arm is slack and whose braced; who merely obeys the order to fight, and who delights in it; and who changes countenance when he has slain a countryman. He visits the corpses that sprawl on the wide plain; with his own hand he staunches the wound that would otherwise pour out all the blood of many a man. Wherever he moves, like Bellona brandishing her bloody scourge, or like Mars urging on the Bistones, when with fierce blows he lashes on his steeds terrified by the aegis of Pallas, a mighty darkness of crime and slaughter arises, and a groaning like one great cry, and a rattle of the breastplate when a man falls heavily, and a snapping of blade against blade. His hand supplies fresh swords and provides missiles; his voice bids them hack with the steel the faces of the foe. In person he advances the fighting line and urges on his rearguard; he rouses the laggards with blows from the butt-end of his spear. Bidding them spare those of low degree, he points out the senators. For he knows where the blood of the empire runs, the pulse of the machine; he knows in what quarter Rome must be struck, and the vulnerable points of Liberty now making her last stand on earth. Senators mixed with knights are borne down by the steel, and noble corpses lie low; they slay Lepidi and Metelli, they slay Corvini together with the stock of Torquatus — often leaders of the State, and raised above all men, Magnus alone excepted. But

what did Brutus there, sword in hand and hiding his face from the foe in the disguise of a common soldier's helmet? O glory of Rome, last hope of the Senate and last scion of a house famous throughout our history, rush not too rashly through the midst of the enemy, nor seek to anticipate the doom of Philippi: death will come to you in a Pharsalia of your own. Your design against Caesar's life is bootless here: not yet has he attained the tyrant's stronghold; not yet has he risen beyond the lawful summit of human greatness that dwarfs all other things; and therefore he has not earned from destiny so glorious a death. Let him live to reign; and then let him fall a victim to the dagger of Brutus.

All the glory of our country fell there: the corpses of the patricians lay in a great heap upon the field, with no plebeians among them. Yet one death was most noticeable in that carnage of famous men — the death of that stubborn warrior, Domitius. Fate led him from defeat to defeat; never was he absent when Pompey's cause was worsted. Though conquered so often by Caesar, he died without losing his freedom. Now he fell gladly under a thousand wounds, and rejoiced not to be pardoned a second time. Caesar saw him weltering in a pool of blood and taunted him thus: "Domitius, inheritor of my province, you are now deserting Pompey's cause; you have no part henceforward in the war." Thus he spoke; and the breath that heaved the other's breast was enough for speech, and he opened his dying lips: "Caesar, you have not grasped the fatal reward of your guilt: your fate remains uncertain and you are inferior to your son-in-law; and seeing your plight, I go free and untroubled to the Stygian shades, and Pompey is still my leader. Though I die, I still can hope that you, borne down in fierce battle, will pay a heavy reckoning to Pompey and to me." Before he could say more, life left him and thick darkness closed his eyes.

Where a whole world died, it were shame to spend tears upon any of a myriad deaths, or to follow the fate of individuals and ask, through whose vitals the death-dealing sword passed, who trod upon his own entrails poured out upon the ground, who faced the foe and dying drove out with his last gasp the blade buried in his throat. Some fell to earth when stricken; others stood upright while their arms were lopped off; the weapon passed right through the breasts of

some, while others were pinned to the ground by the spear; the blood of some, pouring from the veins, spouted through the air and fell on the armour of their foes; one man pierced a brother's breast, and then cut off the head and hurled it to a distance, that he might be able to rob the kindred corpse, while another mangled his father's face and tried by excess of fury to convince the eye-witnesses that his victim was not his father. But no death deserves a lament to itself, and we have no leisure to mourn any individual. Pharsalia played a different part in battle from all other defeats: in them Rome suffered by the death of men, but here she was destroyed by the death of nations; a people died here, for every soldier there; here the blood of Achaea, Pontus, and Assyria was poured out, and all that bloodshed the torrent of Roman gore forbids to linger and stagnate on the field. A blow too heavy for their own age to bear was dealt to all nations by this battle: more was lost there than mere life and existence: we were overthrown for all time to come; all future generations doomed to slavery were conquered by those swords. For what fault of their own were the sons or grandsons of the combatants at Pharsalia born to slavery? Did *we* play the coward in battle or screen our throats from the sword? The penalty of cowardice not our own is fastened upon our necks. To us, born after that battle, Fortune gave a master; she should have given us also the chance to fight for freedom.

By now Magnus, unhappy man, was aware that Heaven and the destiny of Rome had gone over to the enemy, though the full extent of the disaster could scarce compel him to despair of his fortunes. Far off on a rising ground he stayed, to see from there the carnage spread through the land of Thessaly, which the battle had hidden from his sight; he saw all the missiles aimed at his life, and all the prostrate corpses; he saw himself dying with all that bloodshed. But he desired not, as the wretched often do, to draw all things in destruction after him and make mankind share his ruin. Deigning to consider Heaven even yet worthy of his prayers, he consoled himself in calamity by praying that the most of the Romans might survive him.

"Stop here, ye gods," he said, "and refrain from destroying all nations. The world may remain and Rome survive, though Magnus is doomed. If you desire to add to my afflictions, I have a wife, I have sons; all these hostages have I given to fortune. Is civil war still

unsatisfied, if it destroy me and mine? Is our overthrow not enough, unless the world be added? Why does Fortune mangle all things and seek universal destruction? Nothing is left now of my own.” Thus he spoke, and rode round his army and the standards and the troops now shattered on every hand, recalling them from rushing upon instant death, and saying that he was not worth the sacrifice. He lacked not the courage to confront the swords and offer throat or breast to the fatal blow; but he feared that, if he lay low, his soldiers would refuse to flee and the whole world would be laid upon the body of their leader; or else he wished to remove his death from Caesar’s sight. Vain hope, alas! If his kinsman desires to look upon that head, it must be presented to him in any and every land. And there was another cause for his flight — his wife and her loved face, and the decree of fate that he should not die with part of himself absent. Then Magnus rode swiftly from the field, fearing not the missiles behind him but moving with high courage to his final doom. There was no lamentation nor tears — only a noble sorrow with no loss of dignity, such a sorrow as the calamities of Rome deserved to receive from Magnus. With countenance unchanged he beholds Pharsalia; victory never saw him lifted up, and defeat shall never see him cast down; and treacherous Fortune, who found him her superior at the time of his three triumphs, is as far beneath him now in his fall. He goes away free from care, having laid down the burden Fate put upon him; now he has leisure to look back at past happiness; and hope, never to be fulfilled, has departed; now he can realise what once he was. Let him flee from the fatal field, and call Heaven to witness that those who continue the fight are no longer giving their lives for Pompey. Like the woeful losses in Africa, like guilty Munda and the slaughter by the Nile, so most of the fighting at Pharsalia, after Pompey’s departure, ceased to represent the world’s love of Pompey or the passion for war: it was the never-ending contest between Freedom and Empire; and when Pompey had fled from Pharsalia, the senators proved by dying that they had fought in their own quarrel.

Is it not happiness to you, Pompey, to have withdrawn defeated from the battle, without witnessing that horror to its close? Look back on the ranks reeking with carnage, and the rivers darkened by the inrush of blood, and then pity your kinsman. With what feelings

will he enter Home, owing his good fortune to yonder field? Whatever you have yet to endure, as a lonely exile in strange lands or at the mercy of the Egyptian king, take the word of Heaven and Fortune so long favourable: victory was worse than defeat. Forbid the sound of lamentation and stop the mourning of mankind; forgo their tears and grief. The world must bow before Pompey in his misfortune as they bowed before his success. Calmly and with no petitionary aspect look upon the kings, look upon the cities you took and the thrones of Egypt and Africa which you gave, and choose a land to die in.

Larisa was the first witness of his fallen greatness — the first to behold that noble head unconquered by disaster. She poured out all her population through her gates, and met him like a conqueror with all her inhabitants; with tears they promise gifts, they open their temples and houses, they pray to share his defeat. In truth much remains of that boundless fame; with no superior except his former self, he might again rouse all nations to battle and resume his victorious course. But he refused: “What need has a conquered man of nations or cities? Offer your loyalty to the conqueror.” While Caesar is still treading on corpses piled high and marching over the very life of his country, he receives from his kinsman nations as a gift. When Pompey rode away from Larisa, the cries and tears of the people followed him, and many a reproach against the cruelty of Heaven. That day gave proof to Pompey of the favour he had gained, and gave him enjoyment of it: the prosperous are never sure that they are loved for themselves.

When Caesar saw that the fields were flooded deep enough with Italian blood, he thought it time to restrain the sword in the hands of his soldiers, and suffered to survive the worthless lives by whose death he had nothing to gain. But fearing that their camp would rally the fugitives, and that a night’s rest would dispel their fears, he decided to march at once up to the enemy’s rampart, and to strike while the iron was hot and panic irresistible. He felt no fear that this command would be grievous to his weary veterans. The soldiers needed but little encouragement to lead them to plunder. “Our victory is complete, my men,” he said; “all that remains is the reward for our blood; and that reward it is for me to point out — I shall not

speak of bestowing what each of you will give to himself. Before you lies their camp, filled with all precious metals: the gold robbed from the Western nations is piled there, and their tents are crammed with the treasures of the East. The wealth of so many kings and the wealth of Magnus are here gathered together, waiting for owners. Make haste to outstrip the fugitives; all the riches that Pharsalia has made yours are being seized by the vanquished.” What trench, what rampart, could withstand men who sought the reward of victory and crime? They are wild to know what the wages of their wickedness amount to. They found indeed many a mass of metal, collected from a plundered world to defray the cost of war; but these could not glut their boundless avarice. Even if they seized all the gold mined by Spaniards or thrown up by the Tagus or gathered from the surface of the sand by rich Arimaspians, still they would consider their crime poorly paid. They counted on the Tarpeian citadel as their own in case of victory; they had promised their utmost to their leader in hope of sacking Rome; and they are disappointed by the pillage of a mere camp. Base-born and bloodstained, they slept on the turf piled for patricians; the infamous rank and file lay down on couches prepared for kings; and the guilty rested their limbs where their fathers and brothers had slept. But a night of madness disturbed their rest, and frenzied dreams kept the battle of Pharsalia ever before their tortured minds. Their pitiless crime is awake in every heart, their whole mind is busy with battle, and their hands that grasp no hilt are never still. I can well believe that the battle-field sent forth a cry, and that the guilty soil breathed its airs upon them; that all the sky was tainted by the dead, and the night of the upper world darkened with the terrors of Hell. Their victory justly demands grim retribution; sleep brings flames and hissing of serpents against them. The ghost of a slain countryman stands by the bed; each man has a different shape of terror to haunt him: one sees the faces of old men, another the forms of youths; one is disturbed all night by his brother’s corpse, another’s breast is weighed down by his father’s ghost, but all the ghosts alike attack Caesar. Even so Pelopean Orestes beheld the faces of the Furies, before he was purified at the Scythian altar; nor did Pentheus in his madness, or Agave, when she had returned to her senses, feel more horror and disturbance of mind. All the swords

that Pharsalia saw, and all that the day of vengeance was to see drawn by the Senate, were aimed at Caesar's breast that night; and the monsters of Hell scourged him. And yet his guilt excused the wretch great part of his penalty; for when Caesar beheld the Styx and its ghosts and all Hell let loose upon his sleep, Pompey was still alive. All this he suffered; and yet, when daylight revealed the casualties of Pharsalia, no feature of the land recalled his eyes from dwelling on the fatal field. He sees rivers running fast with gore, and heaps of corpses like high hills; he beholds the piles of dead settling down into corruption, and counts the nations that followed Magnus; and a spot, from which he can recognise the faces and features of the dead, is prepared for his feasting. He rejoices that he cannot see the soil of Emathia, and that the plain which his eyes pass over is hidden by carnage. In bloodshed he sees his victorious fortune and the favour of Heaven. And in his madness, loath to lose the welcome sight of his wickedness, he denies the wretches a pyre and thrusts the sight of Pharsalia upon the guilty gods. When the Carthaginian buried a consul, Cannae was lit up by African torches; but that example did not move Caesar to observe the rule of humanity in treatment of the foe: his rage is not yet glutted with the slaughter, and he remembers that the men are his own countrymen. We ask not a pyre for each or a separate burning: provide a single fire for all; let the bodies be burnt with one continuous flame; or, if you wish to punish your kinsman, pile up the timber from Pindus and build aloft all the oak-trees from Oeta's forests, that Pompey may see from his ship the blaze of Pharsalia. But Caesar's rage is bootless: it matters not whether the corpses are burnt on the pyre or decompose with time; nature finds room for them all in her gentle arms, and the dead owe their end to themselves alone. If fire does not consume this host now, it will consume them hereafter, together with the earth and the waters of the sea; there remains a conflagration which will destroy all the world and bring the stars and dead men's bones together. Whithersoever destiny summons your spirit, Caesar, there the spirits of these men are also: you will not soar higher than they, you will not find any better place, if you lie in Stygian darkness. The dead are free from Fortune; Mother Earth has room for all her children, and he who lacks an urn has the sky to cover him. But you, who punish the

nations by refusing them burial, why do you flee this carnage and abandon these pestilential fields? Drink this water, Caesar, and breathe this air, if you can. No: the nations that turn to corruption there rob you of Pharsalia: they have routed the conqueror and possess the field.

The Bistonian wolves came to the grisly feast afforded by the battle in Thessaly, and the lions left Pholoe when they scented out the corruption of the slain. And not they alone; but bears left their dens, obscene dogs came from the dwellings and houses of men, and every creature that perceives by the power of scent air that is unwholesome and tainted with death. The birds that long had followed the armies of civil war now flocked together. The cranes that each year leave the Thracian winter for the Nile were late in migrating to the warm south. Never did the sky clothe itself with such a host of vultures; never did more wings beat the air. Every wood sent its birds, and when the birds were bloodstained, every tree dripped with a crimson dew. Rotting flesh or drops of blood often fell from the sky upon the face and accursed standards of the conqueror, when the birds grew weary and dropt the dead limbs from their talons. But even so not all that host was picked to the bones or torn and devoured by beasts: bird and beast pay no heed to the inmost organs, and are not eager to suck all the marrow of the bones; they merely taste the limbs. Most of the Roman dead they left to lie unheeded; but sun and rain and time dissolved their bodies and blended them with the soil of Thessaly.

Unhappy land of Thessaly! what sin of yours offended the gods so grievously that they visited you beyond other lands with such a holocaust of victims and such a myriad of deaths in civil war? No lapse of time is long enough to make posterity forget and forgive the losses which your battle wrought; each crop will rise discoloured and with tainted blades from your soil; and all your ploughshares will do violence to Roman dead. Meanwhile, fresh armies will meet, and you will offer your plains for a second crime before this blood has dried off them. Though we empty out all the tombs of our ancestors — both those that are still erect, and those which, when their masonry was split by ancient roots, spilt their urns — yet the plough turns up more relics in the furrows of Thessaly, and the harrows that till those

fields strike against more bones. No sailor would fasten his cable to the shore of Thessaly; no ploughman would stir the soil where the Roman people lies buried; the husbandmen would flee from the haunted plains; the thickets would shelter no flocks, and no shepherd would dare to let his sheep crop the grass that grows from Roman bones — Thessaly would be an unknown desert, as if icy cold or the zone of oppressive heat made it unfit for habitation, if it had been the only land, and not merely the first, to be the scene of civil war. Ye gods, give us the power to curse the country that is guilty. Why do ye condemn all the world, and so acquit it all? The slaughter in the West and the mournful sea of Pachynum, Mutina and Leucas, have washed away the guilt of Philippi.

BOOK VIII

AND now beyond wooded Tempe, the Gorge of Hercules, Magnus made by circuitous paths for the lonely forests of Thessaly; as he urged on his horse which was worn out by rapid flight and deaf to the spur, he confused the traces of his retreat and made a labyrinth of his tracks. He dreads the sound of the trees in the wind; and any of his comrades who falls back to join him causes him terror in his agitation and fear for his own person. Though fallen from his lofty eminence, he knows that the price of his blood is still high; and, mindful of his career, he believes that his death can still earn as great a reward as he himself would give for the severed head of Caesar. Though he seeks solitude, his known features suffer him not to hide his disaster in safe concealment. Many who were on their way to the camp at Pharsalia, before rumour had published his defeat abroad, were startled to meet their leader and astounded by the sudden change of fortune; and he was scarcely believed when he reported his own defeat. The presence of any witness of his woes was grievous to him. He would choose to be unknown to all nations, and to pass safely through the cities with a name unknown to fame; but Fortune, who long had favoured him, now demands from her victim the penalty of that favour; she throws all the weight of his renown into the scale of adversity and crushes him beneath his former successes. Now he feels that his honours came too quick upon him; now he curses the exploits of his triumphant youth in Sulla's day; now he hates in his fall to remember the fleets of Cilicia and the armies of Pontus. Thus length of days and life surviving power humble the proudest heart. Unless the end of life comes together with the end of happiness, and anticipates sorrow by speedy death, past greatness is a mockery. Does any dare to trust prosperity, except he has the means of death at hand?

He had reached the shore where the river Peneus, already red with the slaughter of Pharsalia, passed out into the sea. From there a boat, no match for winds and waves and scarcely safe in the shallow river, bore him out trembling over the deep. He whose oars still churn the waters of Corcyra and the bays of Leucas, he, the lord of the

Cilicians and the Liburnian land, slinks as a frightened passenger into a little boat. He bids them bend the sail towards the distant shore of Lesbos — the shore entrusted with his loved Cornelia; in that land she was hidden, but she was sadder than if she had stood in the centre of Pharsalia's field. For her sorrow is intensified by forebodings, and her sleep broken by anxious fears. Every night brings Pharsalia before her; and, when darkness disappears, she hastens to the peak of a steep cliff at the shore's edge and looks out over the waves; she is always the first to see the sails of an approaching vessel dipping in the distance, but she dare ask no question concerning her husband's fate. But see! a ship spreading her sail towards the harbours of Lesbos!

What it brings, she knows not; and up till now her worst fear is evil news of the war and ominous report; but now the messenger is her husband, and his message, defeat. Why waste the time when you might mourn? Though you might weep already, you only fear. Then, as the ship came close, she sprang up and marked the guilt and cruelty of Heaven, the ghastly pallor of the general, the white hair that hid his face, and the black dust that defiled his garments. Darkness closed upon her grief and robbed her of the light of heaven; sorrow stopped her breath; betrayed by the muscles, all her limbs relaxed, her heart ceased to beat, and long she lay deceived by the hope that this was death. Now the cable was made fast to the shore, and Pompey trod the solitary strand. When her faithful handmaids saw him close at hand, they dared not rail at destiny except with stifled groans, and tried in vain to lift their fainting mistress from the ground; but Pompey folded her in his arms and brings back life to the rigid limbs by his embrace. Back came the blood to the surface of the body; she began to be aware of Pompey's touch, and to be able to endure the sorrowful face of her husband. He forbids her to be conquered by destiny and thus reproves the excess of her sorrow: "Adorned as you are by the fame of such mighty ancestors, why do you suffer the first stroke of Fortune to break down the courage of your noble race? Here is your opportunity for undying fame. To your sex neither peaceful government nor war is a field for glory: a husband's sorrow alone can win it. Lift up your heart, let your devotion wrestle with destiny, and let the very fact that I have been

conquered be dear to you. For I bring you greater distinction now, when the magistrates and devoted ranks of the Senate and all my retinue of kings have parted from me: from this time be the sole follower of Magnus. The depth of woe, woe that admits of no increase, is unbecoming while your husband lives; to mourn him dead should be your last proof of fidelity. My defeat has brought no loss to you; for Magnus survives the battle, though his greatness has gone; that which you weep for is what you really loved.”

Thus rebuked by her husband, slowly she raised her ailing limbs from the ground, and her wailing broke out into complaints like these: “Would that I had been wedded to hated Caesar; for disaster was my dower and I have brought happiness to no husband. Twice have I brought a curse on mankind; the Fury and the ghosts of the Crassi gave me in marriage; and I, devoted to those dead, have brought the disaster of Carrhae to the camp of civil war, and hurled nations to their doom, and driven all Heaven away from the better side. O mighty husband, too good for such a wife, had Fortune such power over one so great? Why was I guilty of marrying you, if I was to bring you sorrow? Now accept the penalty — a penalty which I will gladly pay: that the sea may be smoother for you, the kings steadfast in their loyalty, and the whole world more ready to serve you, scatter the limbs of your companion over the deep. I had rather have laid down my life to buy you victory; as it is, at least expiate your defeat by my death. Let relentless Julia, wherever she is buried, come here and exact the penalty; she has punished our marriage by civil strife; let her be appeased by the death of her rival and spare Magnus when he is hers.” With these words she fell back into her husband’s arms, and the eyes of all were melted to tears. The stern heart of Magnus was moved, and Lesbos made wet the eyes that were dry at Pharsalia.

Next the people of Mytilene, who had now flocked to the shore, addressed Magnus thus: “Since it will ever be our chief boast to have guarded the treasure of so great a husband, do you also honour the city bound to you by sacred ties, and deem our friendly dwellings worthy to shelter you for one night at least. Make this a place of pilgrimage for all ages, a place where strangers may come from Rome and worship. No city is more fit for you to enter after defeat:

though all others may hope for the clemency of the conqueror, ours is already guilty. Besides, Lesbos is an island, and Caesar has no fleet. Most of the senators, knowing where to find you, will gather here; you must make good your failure on this famous shore. Take the ornaments of our temples and the treasure of our gods; take our manhood's strength, to use on land or at sea, wherever it is most serviceable; make use of all Lesbos to the utmost of her power. Accept our gifts; though conquered, take them that Caesar may not rob us of them. Only of this charge acquit a land that has served you well: let it not appear that in adversity you doubted our loyalty which you appealed to in your good fortune." Cheered in his hour of defeat to find such devotion, and glad, for the sake of humanity, that loyalty still existed, Pompey replied: "By a most dear pledge I have proved to you that no land on earth is more acceptable to me: Lesbos held my heart, while Cornelia was your hostage; Lesbos was my hearth and home, all that was dear and sacred; Lesbos was Rome to me. To no other shore did I first direct my vessel in my flight; and, though I knew that Lesbos had already earned Caesar's anger by keeping safe my wife, I did not fear to put in your hands so mighty a means of gaining his forgiveness. But here I must call a halt and make you guilty no more. My own future I must follow up over all the world. Ah, too happy Lesbos, and famous for ever, whether she teaches other nations and kings to harbour me or alone proves faithful to me. For I am resolved to search the world and find out where goodness is, and where crime. Hear my last prayer, ye gods, if any god is still upon my side: may I find nations like to Lesbos, who will suffer a defeated man, pursued by Caesar, to enter their ports and also suffer him to sail out again." Thus he spoke and set his sorrowing companion on board. One might have thought that all the people were leaving their native soil for a foreign land; such wailing rose from all the shore; and menacing hands were stretched towards heaven. Pompey's departure they felt less — his ill-fortune only had stirred their grief; but when they saw Cornelia leaving them, Cornelia whom throughout the war they looked on as one of themselves, then the people groaned aloud; if she had sought the camp of a victorious husband, scarce could the matrons have parted from her without tears; with such love had she attached some by her

gentleness, others by her goodness and her pure and modest looks, because, humble of heart and a burdensome guest to none of the people, she lived, while her husband's fortune stood firm, as if he had been conquered already.

By now the sun had sunk half his ball of fire in the sea, and his disc was not wholly seen either by those from whom he withdrew it, or by those, if such there be, to whom he revealed it. The care that kept watch in Pompey's breast turned at one time to the allied cities in league with Rome and to the wavering allegiance of the kings, at another time to the pathless lands of the region that lies beyond the burning suns of the south. So sad and weary were his thoughts, such his loathing of the morrow, that often he threw off the heavy load of his conflicting purposes, and questioned the steersman concerning all the stars; by what star does he mark the land? what rule and measure for cleaving the sea does the sky afford? by what star does he keep a course to Syria? or which of the seven stars in the Wain is a sure guide to Libya? The skilled watcher of the silent sky replied to him thus: "All those lights which move and glide through the starry heavens mislead the hapless seaman, because the sky is ever shifting; to them we pay no heed; but the pole-star, which never sets or sinks beneath the waves, the brightest star in the two Bears, he it is that guides our course. When I see him mount ever towards the zenith, and when the Little Bear rises above the towering yards, then we face towards the Bosphorus and the Black Sea that hollows the Scythian shore. But whenever Bootes sinks from the topmast and the Little Bear moves nearer the horizon, the ship is making for the ports of Syria. Next after that conies Canopus, a star that shuns the North and limits its wanderings to the southern sky; if you keep it on the left and sail on past Pharos, your vessel will strike the Syrtis in mid-ocean. But whither do you bid me shape our course, and with which sheet shall the canvas be stretched?" With unsettled purpose, Magnus answered him thus: "Wherever we sail, be this your only care, to turn your bark ever further from the shore of Thessaly, and to leave the West behind in sailing and steering; all else trust to the winds. I have taken on board my companion, the pledge I left for safety; then I had no doubt what shore to make for, but now chance must provide a harbour." Thus he spoke; and the steersman tugged at the sails that

hung in equal lengths from the level yard-arms, and turned the vessel to the left; and, that she might cleave the waves made rough by Chios and the rocks of Asina, he slackened the ropes at the bow and made taut those at the stern. The sea was conscious of the movement and gave a different sound, when the beak cut the water in a new direction and the ship's course was altered. With less skill the charioteer makes the right wheel spin round the left, and forces his car close to the turning-post without striking it.

The sun revealed the earth and veiled the stars. All who had fled far and wide from the fatal field of Pharsalia rallied round Magnus; first to meet him, after he quitted the shore of Lesbos, was his son, and next came his loyal band of senators; for even when cast down by destiny and routed in battle, he was not deprived by Fortune of kings to serve him: the exile was escorted by the lords of earth and the monarchs of the East. Deiotarus, who had tracked his leader through his wanderings, he bade repair to the ends of the earth. "Since," said he "the world, so far as it was Roman, has been lost by the disaster of Pharsalia, it remains, O most loyal of my kings, to test the allegiance of the East, of the nations who drink the Euphrates and the Tigris, rivers as yet unmolested by Caesar. Seeking success for me, refuse not to explore the distant home of the Medes and remote Scythia; be willing to change your clime completely, and bear to the proud scion of Arsaces this message from me: 'If our ancient treaty holds good — the treaty which I swore to observe in the name of the Roman Thunderer, and which was made fast by your Wise Men — then fill full your quivers, and stretch the bows of Armenia with the strings of the Getae; for, when I marched towards the Caspian Gates and pursued the hardy Alani, ever at war, I suffered the Parthians to ride at will over the Persian plains and never forced them to take hasty refuge in Babylon. I passed the realm of Cyrus and the uttermost parts of the Chaldean kingdom, where the impetuous Ganges and Nysaeen Hydaspes join the sea; and I — was nearer to the flame of the rising sun than Persia is; though I was everywhere victorious, I forbore to add the Parthians, and them alone, to the list of my triumphs; and, alone among the kings of the East, the Parthian approached me on equal terms. And a second time, thanks to me, the sons of Arsaces were saved. For who else curbed the righteous anger

of Rome that followed the blow of the defeat in Assyria? Now let Parthia, bound by so many benefits from me, burst her bounds, to cross the bank forbidden for many centuries and pass the Bridge of Alexander. If the Parthians conquer for Pompey's sake, Rome will welcome her conqueror." Hard was the task enjoined, but the king did not refuse; he laid aside the badges of royalty and left the ship, wearing garments taken in haste from a menial. In danger a king finds safety in the disguise of a beggar; how much safer then is the lot of the really poor man than that of the lords of earth! The king was set ashore; and Pompey himself sailed past the rocks of Icaria, and skirted the foaming cliffs of little Samos, shunning Ephesus and Colophon with their calm waters; the breeze blew fresh from the shore of Cos; next he avoided Cnidos and Rhodes, famous island of the sun, and shortened the long circuit of the bay of Telmessus by keeping the open sea. The land of Pamphylia now confronted his vessel; so far he had not dared to trust himself to any city, but now he entered the walls of little Pliaselis; for she was robbed of her terrors by "her scanty population, and her houses were drained of their inhabitants; there were more men on board the ship than in all the town. From hence he set sail again, and soon came in view of Mount Taurus and Dipsus falling down the mountain-side.

Could Magnus have believed, when he gave peace to the sea, that he would profit by it himself? Now he flees unharmed along the coast of the pirates in his little vessel. He was followed by a number of senators who rallied round their fugitive leader; and at little Syhedra — the harbour which sends forth and receives again the ships of Selinus — Magnus at last opened his sorrowful lips at a meeting of the nobles, and spoke thus: "Comrades in battle and in flight, you who represent our country, though I, who ask your counsel and seek to set a new enterprise on foot, stand here on a barren shore in the land of Cilicia, and have no armies round me, yet hear me with proud hearts.

I did not fall for ever on the field of Pharsalia; nor has my destiny sunk so low that I can never again raise my head and shake off the defeat I have suffered. If the ruins of Carthage could raise Marius to office and replace him in the Calendar, full already of his name, shall Fortune keep me down, whom she has smitten with a lighter blow?

Mine are a thousand ships that toss on Grecian waters, and mine a thousand leaders; Pharsalia scattered my resources but did not overthrow them. If it had, I could find safety merely in the fame of the mighty deeds I wrought over all the earth, and in that name which the whole world loves. It is for you to weigh well the kingdoms in point of strength and loyalty — Libya, Parthia, and Egypt — and to decide who may with honour retrieve the fortunes of Rome. But I will unveil to you my own secret thoughts and the purpose to which the balance of my mind inclines. I mistrust the youth of the Egyptian king; for dangerous loyalty requires the years of manhood. Next, I fear the two-faced cunning of the fickle Moor; for that impious son of Carthage, mindful of his pedigree, threatens Italy, and his empty head is full of Hannibal — Hannibal, who by collateral descent disgraces the dynasty and is related to his Numidian ancestors. Already, when Varus begged his aid, Juba swelled with pride to see Rome take the second place. Therefore, my companions, let us be up and hasten to the Eastern clime. The waters of the Euphrates shut off from us a mighty world, and the Caspian Gates hide boundless solitudes; in Assyria a different hemisphere makes the changes of night and day; they have an ocean of their own, and a sea severed from ours and unlike in the colour of its water. Their one passion is for war. Tall is their warhorse on the plain, and strong their bow; youth and age are quick to stretch the deadly string, and death follows sure from every shaft. Their archers were the first to break the Macedonian phalanx, and they took Bactra, the seat of the Medes, and Babylon, the city of Assyria, with her proud walls. Nor is the Roman javelin much dreaded by the Parthians; but they come boldly to battle, having proved their Scythian quivers on the day when Crassus fell. And the shafts which they shower do not depend on steel alone, but their hurtling missiles are thoroughly steeped in poison. Even a slight wound is fatal, and death is in a mere scratch. (Would that my belief in the power of the cruel sons of Arsaces were not so strong! The destiny which controls the Medes rivals too closely that of Rome, and their nation is greatly blessed of Heaven.) I shall pour forth nations uprooted from another land; I shall summon all the East from its habitations and hurl it against my foe. But if the loyalty of the East and my treaty with the barbarians shall fail me,

then let chance bear my shattered fortunes beyond the trodden highways of the world. I will not sue to the kings I made. If I fall at the end of the earth, this will be sufficient consolation for my death, that Caesar has been guilty of no outrage against my corpse, and guilty of no respect. But when I review the whole story of my life, I was ever worshipful in that Eastern world: how great was I beyond the Maeotian Mere and by the Tanais, the cynosure of all the East! Into no lands did my name go forth with more glorious exploits, and from none did I return more triumphant. Rome, smile on my enterprise! for no greater boon can Heaven confer on you than that you should use Parthians to fight your civil wars, and so destroy that great nation and make them share our calamities. When Caesar's armies clash with the Medes, the issue must avenge either me or the Crassi." Thus he spoke; but he perceived by their muttering that the meeting had condemned his plan. Lentulus was superior to them all in keen sense of honour and generous indignation; and thus he spoke in terms befitting one who had just been consul: "Has the defeat of Pharsalia so utterly broken your spirit? Has a single day fixed the world's destiny? Is the mighty issue to be decided by the result of Pharsalia? Is all cure for our bleeding wound impossible? Has Fortune left you no course, Magnus, save to fall at the Parthians' feet? Why do you fly from our world, and shun whole regions of earth and sky? why seek a heaven turned from ours and foreign stars, in order to worship Chaldaean fires with savage rites, and to serve Parthians? Why was the love of freedom put forward as the pretext of war? Why thus deceive a suffering world, if you can stoop to be a slave to any? The Parthian king heard your name and trembled when you were ruler of Rome, and saw you lead kings captive from the Hyrcanian forests and Indian shores; shall he now see you cast down by destiny, a beaten, broken man, and raise his mad ambition against the Roman world, measuring himself and Rome together by the prayers of Pompey? You will utter nothing worthy of your pride and past history; unskilled to communicate in the Latin tongue, he will require you, Magnus, to appeal to him by your tears. Must we endure this stain upon our honour, that Parthia shall forestall Rome in avenging Rome's own disaster in the West? Rome chose you surely as a leader for civil war only: why do you publish among the

Scythian nations our mutual sufferings and disasters, of which they were ignorant? Why do you teach the Parthians to cross the Euphrates? Thus Rome loses the one mitigation of her great suffering — that she submits to no foreign ruler but owns a son of her own as master. Does it please you to march across the world against the walls of Rome, with savage nations at your back, and preceded by the standards taken together with the Crassi at the Euphrates? One king alone was absent from Pharsalia, while Fortune still concealed her preference; and will he now challenge the mighty strength of the conqueror when he hears tidings of his triumph? Will he now be willing to make common cause with you? Such self-reliance does not belong to that people. Every native of the Northern snows is vehement in war and courts death; but every step you go towards the East and the torrid zone, the people grow softer as the sky grows kinder. There one sees loose garments and flowing robes worn even by men. In the smiling land of Media, amid the plains of Sarmatia, and in the level lands that extend by the Tigris, the Parthian cannot be conquered by any foe, because he has room for flight; but, where earth rises in hills, he will never climb the rough mountain ridges, nor fight on through thick darkness when crippled by the failure of his bow, nor stem a river in fierce eddy by swimming; nor, when every limb is drenched in blood of battle, will he endure the long summer day beneath the stifling dust. They have no battering-rams and no war-engines of any kind, and no strength to level ditches; but any defence that can keep out an arrow will be a wall against pursuing Parthians. Their battle is a skirmish, they flee while fighting, their squadrons rove at large. Their soldiers are more swift to yield their own ground than to dislodge the foe from his. Their missiles are smeared with guile; their valour nowhere dares to face the enemy at close quarters, but only to draw the bow at a distance and suffer the winds to carry their weapons whither they will. Strength belongs to the sword, and every manly race uses cold steel to fight with. But the first hour of battle disarms the Parthians and bids them retreat with emptied quivers. All their reliance is on poison, and none on the strong hand. Do you count those as men, Magnus, who are not content to face the risk of battle with the steel alone? Is it worth your while to seek a shameful alliance, in order

that you may die parted by the whole world from your country, that foreign earth may rest upon your bones, that a tomb may cover you, poor indeed and petty, but yet shameful while Crassus seeks burial in vain? But your lot is easier, since death, the utmost penalty, is not terrible to the brave. But death is not what Cornelia has to fear in the power of that infamous king. Are we ignorant of that barbarous lust, which in the blind fashion of beasts defiles the binding sanctities of marriage with a myriad wives, and in which the secrets of the infamous bridal-chamber are displayed in the presence of a thousand women? The king, maddened with feasting and wine, ventures on unions that no laws have ever specified; a single male is not exhausted by a whole night spent in the arms of so many concubines. Their own sisters lie on the couches of the kings, and, for all the sanctity of the relation, their own mothers. Thebes, the city of Oedipus, is condemned in the eyes of mankind by the gloomy legend of the crime which he committed unwittingly: how often an Arsaces is born from such a union to rule the Parthians! What can I consider unpermitted to one who permits himself to beget children by his mother? The noble daughter of Metellus will wait by the bed of the barbarian, one among a thousand wives. And yet, Magnus, the king's lust will be devoted to her more than to any other, for it will be heated by cruelty and by the fame of her husbands. For, to heighten the horrid pleasure of the Parthian, he will know that she was once the wife of Crassus also: as if long due to the doom of Carrhae, she will be carried off as a captive taken in the defeat of long ago. If the pitiful disaster which we suffered in the East rankles in your heart, you will blush, not only to beg help from the death-dealing king, but also to have made war on Romans before Parthians. What greater reproach will the world bring against you and Caesar than this — that, when you two meet in conflict, vengeance for the Crassi has been forgotten? All our leaders should have made haste to Bactra; and, that every sword might be engaged, they should have left the northern frontier of the empire exposed to the Dacians and the hordes of the Rhine, until treacherous ‘ Susa and Babylon were laid in ruins over the tombs of their monarchs. We pray to Fortune that peace with Assyria may end; and if the civil war was settled by Pharsalia, let it be the conqueror who goes to Parthia. They are the one nation on

earth whom I could rejoice to see Caesar triumph over. As soon as you cross the cold Araxes, will not the ghost of that sorrowing old man, riddled with Scythian arrows, hurl this reproach upon you? ‘We unburied ghosts hoped that you would come after our death to avenge our ashes: do you come to make a treaty and a peace?’ Next, memorials of the defeat will crowd upon your sight — the walls, round which the headless bodies of our generals were dragged; the place where the Euphrates closed over such famous men, and the Tigris carried the Roman dead underground and then restored them to sight again. If you can pass through these scenes, Magnus, you can also sue to Caesar enthroned on the field of Pharsalia. Why not turn your eyes to the Roman world? If you fear faithless Juba and his realm that stretches far to the South, then Pharos and the land of Lagus is our goal. On the West Egypt is protected by the Libyan Syrtes; and on the North the rapid river with its seven channels drives back the sea; rich in its native wealth, the land has no need of foreign wares or of Heaven’s rain, so great is her reliance upon the Nile alone. The sceptre which the boy Ptolemy holds, he owes to you, Magnus; it was entrusted to your guardianship. Who would dread a mere empty name? His is the age of innocence; look not for friendship or loyalty or fear of God in a court where the king has long reigned; use robs kings of all shame; the subjects’ yoke is lightest where their king is new.” Lentulus said no more, but he turned all minds to his view. How free are desperate men to speak their minds! The policy of Magnus was outvoted.

Then they left Cilician soil and steered their vessels in haste for Cyprus — Cyprus which the goddess, mindful of the Paphian waves, prefers to any of her shrines (if we believe that deities have birth, or if it is lawful to hold that any of the gods had a beginning). When Pompey had left that shore, having sailed past the long line of cliffs with which Cyprus projects to the South, from there he sailed a fresh course along the cross-current of the open sea. Unable to make the tower whose light the seaman blesses in darkness, with difficulty he reached the furthest shore of Egypt with battling sail, where the largest branch of the divided Nile, one of seven rivers, runs out to the shoals of Pelusium. It was the season when Libra balances the hours of day and night in equal scales, and stays level for one day only; for

the shortening day makes compensation to the winter nights for their loss in spring. When he learnt that the king was encamped on Mount Casius, Pompey bent his course thither; the sun was not yet setting, nor the sails flagging.

By now a mounted watchman, galloping along the shore, had filled with the news of his arrival the frightened court. There was scarce time to deliberate; yet all the portentous figures of the Macedonian palace assembled. Among them was Acoreus, made mild by age and taught moderation by decrepitude. Idolatrous Memphis gave him birth — Memphis which measures the Nile when it rises to flood the fields; and during his priesthood more than one Apis had lived through the term assigned him by the Moon, his mistress. He spoke first at the council, dwelling on benefits received and loyalty and the sacred promises of the dead monarch's will. But there was one, more fit to counsel wicked kings and know their heart, and a Pothinus dared to sign the death-warrant of a Pompey. He said: "Ptolemy, the laws of God and man make many guilty: we praise loyalty, but it pays the price when it supports those whom Fortune crushes. Take the side of destiny and Heaven, and court the prosperous but shun the afflicted. Expediency is as far from the right as the stars from earth or fire from water. The power of kings is utterly destroyed, once they begin to weigh considerations of justice; and regard for virtue levels the strongholds of tyrants. It is boundless wickedness and unlimited slaughter that protect the unpopularity of a sovereign. If all your deeds are cruel, you will suffer for it the moment you cease from cruelty. If a man would be righteous, let him depart from a court. Virtue is incompatible with absolute power. He who is ashamed to commit cruelty must always fear it. Let Magnus suffer for having despised your youth; he thinks you cannot repel even a beaten man from our coast. And, that a stranger may not rob us of the throne, remember that you have others nearer of kin; and, if your crown is uneasy, restore the Nile and Pharos to the sister you have condemned. Let us in any case protect Egypt from the arms of Rome. Whatever did not belong to Pompey during the war will not belong to Caesar either. Driven from all the world, with no reliance left upon his fortunes, he seeks a people to share his fall. He is dragged down by the ghosts of those who fell in civil war. It is not

merely Caesar's sword that he flies from: he flies also from the face of the senators, of whom so many are now glutting the vultures of Thessaly; he fears the foreign nations, whom he forsook and left weltering in blood together; he dreads the kings, whose all he destroyed; guilty of Pharsalia and rejected by every country, he troubles our realm which he has not yet destroyed. But we, Ptolemy, can complain more justly of Pompey than he of us: why does he stain secluded and peace-loving Pharos with the guilt of war and bring down Caesar's displeasure on our land? Why when falling did he choose this country of all others to bring to it the curse of Pharsalia and the punishment which he alone should pay? Even now we have incurred guilt, which we cannot purge away except by using the sword. On his motion the Senate granted us the sovereignty of Egypt, and therefore we prayed for his victory. The sword, which destiny bids me bring forth, I did not intend for Pompey but for the loser, whichever he might be. I shall pierce your heart with it, Magnus; I had rather have slain Caesar; but we are borne by the current that carries the whole world away. Do you doubt whether I must do you violence? I must, because I may. What reliance upon our kingdom brings him hither, ill-fated man? Does he not see our unwarlike population, scarce able to till the fields softened by the falling Nile? We must take the measure of our kingdom and confess our weakness. Are you, Ptolemy, strong enough to prop the fall of Pompey — that fall beneath which Rome is crushed? Dare you disturb the pyre and ashes of Pharsalia, and summon war to your own realms? Before the battle of Pharsalia we took neither side: do we now adopt Pompey's cause when all the world is forsaking it? Do you now challenge the might and proved success of Caesar? To support the loser in adversity is right, but right only for those who have shared in his prosperity; no loyalty ever picked out the wretched as friends."

All gave their voices for the crime. The boy-king was pleased by a deference seldom shown him, when his servants suffered him to give orders for such a tragedy. Achilles was chosen to execute the crime, and manned a small boat with armed accomplices for the horrid deed, where the land of traitors juts out into the sands of Mount Casius, and the Egyptian shoals tell of the neighbouring Syrtes. Ye

gods! Do the Nile and barbarous Memphis, and the effeminate people of Egyptian Canopus, aspire so high as this? Does the curse of the civil war weigh thus on all the world, and has Rome fallen so low? What room is there for Egypt in our tragedy, and what part for the sword of Egypt? Thus far at least civil war should keep faith: it should provide Roman hands to fall by and keep foreign fiends far away. If the mighty name of Magnus entitled him to be Caesar's guilt, do you, Ptolemy, not dread the crash of that great name? do you, foul mockery of a man, dare to thrust in your sacrilegious hands when heaven is thundering? If Pompey were not a world-conqueror, not one who had thrice driven in triumph to the Capitol; if he were not the ruler of kings, the champion of the Senate, and the son-in-law of Caesar, — he would be at least a Roman, and that might have been enough for a king of Egypt; why do you probe a Roman heart with your sword, presumptuous boy? You do not realise your own position: already you wear the crown of Egypt with no right to it, because he who gave it to you has been overthrown by civil warfare. — Now Magnus had robbed the wind of his sails and was using oars to bring him to the accursed coast, when the murderous band came alongside to meet him in a little two-oared boat. Pretending that he was welcome to the kingdom of Egypt, they invited him to step into their little craft from the stern of his tall vessel, blaming the scanty anchorage, and the surf of two seas that broke upon the shallows and hindered foreign ships from access to the land. But for the law of destiny, and but for the approach of a tragic end inflicted by decree of the eternal order, which were drawing Magnus to the shore under sentence of death — every one of his companions felt a presentiment of the murder; for, if there were genuine loyalty, if the palace were thrown open with true devotion to Magnus who conferred the royal power upon it, then the Egyptian monarch would have come with all his fleet. But Pompey yielded to destiny and obeyed when asked to leave his ships, and chose to die rather than betray fear. Cornelia hastened to enter the hostile craft, the less willing to be left behind by her husband when he disembarked because she feared disaster. But he said: "Stay behind, rash wife, and you, my son, I pray; watch from afar what befalls me on shore, and use my head to test the loyalty of the king." But Cornelia, deaf to his refusal, wildly stretched out both

her hands: “Whither are you departing and cruelly leaving me behind? am I deserted a second time, I who was kept away from the horrors of Pharsalia? Ill-omened ever are our partings. You might, when you fled across the sea, have sailed straight on and left me in my hiding-place at Lesbos, if you intended to exclude me from every shore. Is my company displeasing to you except at sea?” When she had poured forth this remonstrance in vain, yet in her agony she hung over the end of the ship, and panic fear prevented her either from turning her eyes away or from looking steadily at Magnus. The ships lay there at anchor, uneasy for the fortunes of their leader; they feared not murderous weapons, but that Pompey might bow with humble petitions before the sceptre his own hand had bestowed. As he prepared to step across, a Roman soldier hailed him from the Egyptian boat. This was Septimius, who — shame on the gods! — had laid down the pilum and carried the unworthy weapons of the king whose minion he was: a savage, wild, and cruel man, and bloodthirsty as any wild beast. Who would not have thought that Fortune showed mercy to mankind when she banished a sword so guilty far from Pharsalia, and when his hand took no part in the battle? No: she scatters her assassins, that murder of Roman by Roman may be wrought in every part of earth to please her.

Disgrace to Caesar himself, a tale that will always bring reproach on Heaven — a Roman sword obeyed such a behest of the king, and the head of Magnus was cut off with his own sword by the Macedonian boy. With what infamy will posterity hand the name of Septimius down to future ages? What name will those who called the deed of Brutus a sin apply to this crime? — Now the limit of his last hour had come; he was borne off in the Egyptian boat and had already lost the power of free action. Next, the king’s assassins begin to bare the steel. When Pompey saw the blades come close, he covered his face and head, disdaining to expose them bare to the stroke of doom; then he closed tight his eyes and held his breath, that he might have no power of utterance and might not mar his immortal glory by tears. But when murderous Achillas had driven the point through his side, he did not acknowledge the blow by any cry or take heed of the horror, but remained motionless, and tested his strength in the hour of death; and these thoughts passed through his mind:

“Future ages, that will never forget the tragedy of Rome, are watching now, and from every quarter of the world time coming gazes at this boat and the treachery of Egypt; think now of fame. Through a long life the tide of your success never slackened; men do not know, unless you prove it by your death, whether you were able to endure adversity. Sink not beneath the shame, nor resent the instrument of doom: whatever the hand that slays you, believe it to be the hand of your kinsman. Though men scatter and mutilate my limbs, nevertheless, ye gods, I am a fortunate man, and of this no god can deprive me. For life brings change to prosperity, but death can make no man wretched. Cornelia and my son see this murder done; therefore I call on my resentment to stifle its complaints all the more steadfastly; my wife and son love me dead the more, if my death win their admiration.” Such control had Magnus over his thoughts, such mastery over his mind, when he was dying.

But Cornelia, less patient to behold that cruel outrage than to endure it herself, filled the air with pitiful cries: “Dear husband, I am guilty of your death: your fatal delay was caused by the remoteness of Lesbos, and Caesar has reached the shore of Egypt before you; none else could have power to command this crime. But whoever you are who have been sent by Heaven against that life, whether serving the anger of Caesar or your own, you know not, ruthless man, where the very heart of Magnus lies; in haste you shower your blows where he, in his defeat, welcomes them. Let him pay a penalty not less than death by seeing my head fall first. I am not blameless in respect of the war; for I was the only matron who followed him on sea and in camp; I was deterred by no disasters, but harboured him in defeat, which even kings were afraid to do. And is this my reward from my husband, to be left behind in the safety of the ship? Would you spare me, faithless husband? Did I deserve to live when you went to your death? I shall die, nor owe it to King Ptolemy. Suffer me, ye sailors, either to leap headlong, or to fit a noose of twisted rope round my neck; or let some friend of Pompey prove worthy of Pompey by driving home his sword in my body. He may do it for Pompey’s sake and yet claim it as a service to Caesar’s cause. Cruel men, do you check my haste to die? Though you, my husband, are still alive, Cornelia has already ceased to be free: they forbid me to

summon death, and I am kept alive for Caesar.” Thus she spoke, and was carried away, swooning, in friendly arms, while the ship made haste to fly.

But those who saw the severed head of Magnus admit that, when the steel clashed on his back and breast, the majestic beauty of those sacred features, and the face that frowned at Heaven, suffered no change; and that the utmost death could do made no alteration in the bearing and countenance of the hero. The head was severed; for savage Septimius, in the very doing of his crime, devised a crime still worse. He slit the covering and unveiled the sacred features of the dying man; he seized the still breathing head and laid the drooping neck across a thwart. Next, he severed the muscles and veins and hacked long at the knotted bones: it was not yet a knack to send a head spinning with a sword-cut. But when the neck was severed and parted from the body, the Egyptian minion claims this privilege — to carry it in his right hand. A Roman soldier sinks so low as to take a second part: he cuts off the sacred head of Pompey with his cursed sword in order that another may carry it! What a depth of ignominy was his! That the sacrilegious boy might recognise Magnus, those manly locks that kings revered and the hair that graced his noble brow were gripped by the hand; and, while the features still showed life and the sobbing breath drove sound through the lips, and the stark eyes stiffened, the head was stuck on an Egyptian pike — that head, whose call to war ever banished peace; the head, which swayed the Senate, the Campus, and the Rostrum; that was the face which the Fortune of Rome was proud to wear. The sight of it was not enough for the infamous king: he wished proof of his guilt to remain. Thereupon, by their hideous art the blood was drained from the head, the brain torn out, and the skin dried; the corrupting moisture was drawn out from the inmost parts, and the features were hardened by the infusion of drugs.

Last scion of the line of Lagus, doomed and degenerate king, who must surrender your crown to your incestuous sister, though you preserve the Macedonian in consecrated vault and the ashes of the Pharaohs rest beneath a mountain of masonry, though the dead Ptolemies and their unworthy dynasty are covered by pyramids and mausoleums too good for them, Pompey is battered on the shore, and

his headless body is tossed hither and thither in the shallows. Was it so troublesome a task to keep the whole body for his kinsman to see? So true to her bargain, did Fortune continue to the end the prosperity of Magnus; so true to her bargain, she summoned him at his death from his pinnacle of glory, and ruthlessly made him pay in a single day for all the disasters from which she protected him for many years; and Pompey was the only man who never experienced good and evil together: his prosperity no god disturbed, and on his misery no god had mercy. Fortune held her hand for long and then overthrew him with one blow. He is tossed on the sands and mangled on the rocks, while his wounds drink in the wave; he is the plaything of Ocean, and, when all shape is lost, the one mark to identify Magnus is the absence of the severed head.

But before Caesar could reach the sands of Egypt, Fortune devised a hasty burial for Pompey, that he might not lack a tomb, or that he might not have a better. In fear and haste Cordus came down from his hiding-place to the sea; as quaestor he had made the ill-starred voyage with Magnus from the Icarian shore of Cyprus, where Cinyras once reigned. Under cover of darkness he dared to come, and forced his fear, mastered by duty, to seek the body amid the waves, and draw it to land and drag Magnus to the shore. A sad moon shed but scanty light through thick clouds; but the headless body was visible by its different colour in the foaming waves. He grasped his leader tight against the snatching of the sea; then, unequal to that mighty burden, he waited for a wave and then pushed on the body with the sea to help him. When it came to rest above the water-line, he cast himself upon Magnus, pouring tears into every wound; and thus he addressed Heaven and the dim stars: "No costly pyre with heaped-up incense does your favourite, Pompey, ask of you, Fortune; he does not ask that the rich smoke should carry to the stars Eastern perfumes from his limbs; that devoted Romans should bear on their shoulders the dear father of his country; that the funeral procession should display his former trophies; that the Forum should be filled with mournful music; or that a whole army, with dropped arms, should march mourning round the burning pile. But grant to Magnus the paltry bier of a pauper's burial, to let down the mutilated body on the unfed fires; let not the hapless corpse lack wood or a mean hand

to kindle it. Be content with this, ye gods, that Cornelia does not lie prostrate with dishevelled hair — does not embrace her husband and bid the torch be applied; that his unhappy wife, though still not far distant from the shore, is not here to pay her last tribute to the dead.” When the youth had spoken thus, he saw at a distance a feeble fire that was burning a corpse uncared for and unguarded. Thence he took fire in haste and drew the charred logs from beneath the body. “Whoever you are,” he said, “uncared for and unloved by any of your kin, but yet more fortunate after death than Pompey, pardon the stranger hand that robs your pyre once laid. If aught of feeling survives death, you willingly resign your pyre and permit this robbery of your grave; and you are ashamed, when the body of Pompey is divided, to find cremation yourself.” Thus he spoke, and having filled his lap with the burning embers he flew back to the body, which, as it hung upon the shore, had nearly been carried back by a wave. He scraped away the surface of the sand, and hastily laid in a narrow trench the pieces of a broken boat which he had gathered at a distance. No wood supports that famous corpse, on no pile are the limbs laid; the fire that receives Magnus is not laid beneath him but beside him. Sitting near the fire, Cordus said: “Mighty captain and unequalled glory of the Roman people, if this pyre is more distressful to you than to be tossed by the sea, or than no burial at all, then turn away your spirit and your mighty ghost from the service I render; the wrong of Fate makes this right; that no sea monster or beast or bird or wrath of cruel Caesar may make bold, accept all that is possible for you — this scanty flame; a Roman hand has kindled your corpse. If Fortune grant us a return to Italy, not here will these sacred ashes rest; but Cornelia will recover you, Magnus, and will transfer them from my hand to an urn. Meanwhile, let me mark the place on the shore with a small stone to be a token of your grave; if any man haply desires to make atonement to your spirit and give you your due of funeral honours, let him find the ashes of the body, and recognise the strand to which he must restore your head.” Having spoken thus, he brightens the feeble flame with a fresh supply of fuel. Slowly the body of Magnus is consumed and melts into the fire, feeding the flame with the dissolving flesh. But by now the daylight which precedes the dawn had smitten the stars; and he broke off the

rites and sought in terror his hiding-place upon the shore. What punishment do you dread, poor fool, for your crime, because of which the voice of Fame has made you welcome for all time to come? His unnatural kinsman will approve the burial of Pompey's bones. Nay go, secure of pardon, confess that you buried him, and demand the head. — Duty compels him to complete his service. He snatched the charred bones not yet entirely parted from the muscles, and quenched them, full of the scorched marrow, with sea water; then he piled them together and hid them beneath a handful of earth. Next, lest a light breeze should bare and scatter the ashes, he planted a stone in the sand; and that no sailor might disturb the tomb by mooring his bark there, he used a charred stick to write the sacred name upon it: "Here Magnus lies." Is it the will of Fortune to call this the grave of Pompey — this grave which Caesar preferred for his son-in-law to no burial at all? Rash hand, why do you thrust a tomb on Magnus, and imprison the spirit that roams free? His burial-place extends as far as the most distant land that floats on the circling stream of Ocean; the Roman name and all the Roman empire are the limit of Pompey's grave. Away with that stone, eloquent in reproach of Heaven! If all Oeta belongs to Hercules, and the hills of Nysa own no lord but Bacchus alone, why is there but a single stone in Egypt for Magnus? He can fill all the kingdom of Lagus, if his name were fixed upon no grave. Then mankind would be in doubt, and, from fear to tread on the ashes of Magnus, we should avoid altogether the sands of Nile. But, if you think the stone worthy of that sacred name, then add his great achievements and the records of his mighty deeds; add the rising of fierce Lepidus and the Alpine war; the victory over Sertorius, when the consul was recalled, and the triumph which he celebrated while yet a knight; write of commerce made safe for all nations, and of the Cilicians scared from the sea. Tell how he subdued the barbarian world, and nomad peoples, and all the rulers of East and North. Say that ever after war he donned again the citizen's gown, and that, content with three triumphal pageants, he excused his country many triumphs. What tomb has room for all this? There rises a pitiful gravestone, rich with no records or long roll of offices; and the name of Pompey, which men were wont to read upon lofty temples of the gods and upon arches reared with spoils of

our foes, — that name is little raised above the lowly sand, and set so low upon the grave that a stranger must stoop to read it, and a visitor from Rome would pass it by if it were not pointed out.

O land of Egypt, guilty of the destinies of civil war, with good reason did the Sibyl of Cumae warn us in her verse, that no Roman soldier should visit the mouths of the Nile in Egypt, and those banks which the summer floods. What curse can I invoke upon that ruthless land in reward for so great a crime? May Nile reverse his waters and be stayed in the region where he rises; may the barren fields crave winter rains; and may all the soil break up into the crumbling sands of Ethiopia. Though we have admitted to Roman temples your Isis and your dogs half divine, the rattle which bids the worshipper wail, and the Osiris whom you prove to be mortal by mourning for him, yet you, Egypt, keep our dead a prisoner in your dust. Rome too, though she has already given a temple to the cruel tyrant, has not yet claimed the ashes of Pompey, and his ghost still lies in exile. If the first generation dreaded Caesar's threats, now at least let her welcome the bones of her beloved Magnus, if they still remain in that hated land and are not yet washed away by the sea. Who will fear to trouble the tomb, and dread to remove the dead so worthy of worship? Oh, that Rome would bid me do this wrong, and deign to make use of my arms! Happy, too happy, should I be, if it were mine to unearth the remains and convey them to Italy, and to violate a tomb so unworthy of them. Perhaps, when Rome shall pray from Heaven a cure for barren fields or pestilential winds or excessive heats or earthquake, then, at the advice and bidding of the gods, you will pass, Magnus, to your loved city, and the chief Pontiff will bear your ashes. Even now, if any man travels to Syene, parched by flaming Cancer, and to Thebes, unwetted even under the rain-bearing Pleiads, in order to behold the Nile; if any man seeks the quiet waters of the Red Sea or the ports of Arabia to traffic in Eastern wares — that gravestone, and those ashes, perhaps disturbed and lying on the surface of the sand, will call him aside to worship, and bid him appease the spirit of Magnus, and give it the preference over Casian Jupiter. That grave will never mar his fame; the dead would be less precious if buried in temples and gold. Fortune, lying in this tomb, is now at last a supreme deity; prouder than all Caesar's altars is the

sea-beaten stone on the shore of Africa. Many, who deny to the deities of the Capitol the incense which is their due, worship the thunderbolt fenced in by the augur's turf. One day it will prove a gain that no lofty pile of massive marble was raised here to last for ever. For a short space of time will scatter the little heap of dust; the grave will fall in; and all proof of Pompey's death will be lost. A happier age will come, when those who point out that stone will be disbelieved, and perhaps our descendants will consider Egypt as false in her tale of Pompey's tomb as Crete when she claims the tomb of Jupiter.

BOOK IX

BUT the spirit of Pompey did not linger down in Egypt among the embers, nor did that handful of ashes prison his mighty ghost. Soaring up from the burning-place, it left the charred limbs and unworthy pyre behind, and sought the dome of the Thunderer. Where our dark atmosphere — the intervening space between earth and the moon's orbit — joins on to the starry spheres, there after death dwell heroes, whose fiery quality has fitted them, after guiltless lives, to endure the lower limit of ether, and has brought their souls from all parts to the eternal spheres: to those who are coffined in gold and buried with incense that realm is barred. When he had steeped himself in the true light of that region, and gazed at the planets and the fixed stars of heaven, he saw the thick darkness that veils our day, and smiled at the mockery done to his headless body. Then his spirit flew above the field of Pharsalia, the standards of bloodthirsty Caesar, and the ships scattered over the sea, till it settled, as the avenger of guilt, in the righteous breast of Brutus, and took up its abode in the heart of unconquerable Cato.

While the issue remained uncertain, and none could tell whom the civil war would make master of the world, Cato hated Magnus as well as Caesar, though he had been swept away by his country's cause to follow the Senate to Pompey's camp; but now, after the defeat of Pharsalia, he favoured Pompey with his whole heart. When his country had no guardian, he took her in charge; he revived the trembling limbs of the nation, and replaced the swords that coward hands had thrown down; and he carried on the civil war, without either seeking to be a tyrant or fearing to be a slave. He did naught in arms to serve his own ends; after the death of Magnus the whole party was the party of freedom. But they were scattered round the coasts; and, that victorious Caesar might not pick them all up in his rapid progress, Cato sought the retirement of Coreyra and carried away with him in a thousand ships the wreck of the disaster at Pharsalia. Who would have believed that an army, conveyed on so many vessels, was in flight, or that the sea had proved too narrow for a vanquished fleet?

Next he went to Malea of the Dorians and Taenarus where the dead may rise, and thence to Cythera. As the North wind sped on his keels, he shunned the shore of Greece and sailed along the coast of Crete, and the waves gave way before them. Then, when Phycus dared to close its harbour against the fleet, he overthrew it and laid in ruins a town which deserved to be sacked without mercy. Gentle breezes wafted him along the sea from here to the coast of Palinurus (for his memory is preserved not only in Italian waters, and Africa bears witness that her peaceful harbour found favour with the Trojan steersman). Then the sight of ships sailing far out at sea kept them in suspense: were those crews partners in misfortune or enemies?

The speed of Caesar makes everything dreadful, and they are convinced of his presence on every ship. No, these vessels were freighted with mourning and lamentation, and with a sorrow that might draw tears even from stern Cato.

For after Cornelia's prayers had fruitlessly stayed the flight of the sailors and her stepson, lest haply the corpse might be driven out to sea from the Egyptian shore, and when the flame revealed the pyre of those maimed rites, then she reproached Fortune: "Unworthy then was I to kindle my husband's pyre, to bend over the cold limbs, and throw myself upon the body; unworthy to burn my torn tresses, to gather the limbs of Magnus scattered in the sea, to pour a flood of tears into every wound, and to fill my bosom with the bones and warm ashes, with the purpose of sprinkling in the temples of the gods whatever I might gather from the extinguished flame. The pyre burns on with no funeral honours; perhaps some Egyptian hand proffered this service which the dead resents. Well is it that the remains of the Crassi lie unburied; the fire that was granted to Pompey show's greater spite on the part of Heaven. Shall my sad lot ever repeat itself? Shall I never be allowed to give due burial to a husband? Shall I never mourn over an urn that contains ashes? But what need is there of a grave, or why does grief require any trappings? Do I not, undutiful wife, carry Pompey in my whole breast? Does not his image cling to my inmost heart? Let a wife who intends to survive her husband seek his ashes. But now this fire, which shines far away with scanty light, as it rises from the Egyptian shore, still shows me some part of you, Magnus. The flame has now died down, and the

smoke that carries Pompey away fades at sunrise, and the hated winds are stretching the sails of my ship. With sorrow (if my words may be believed) I leave the coast of Egypt. More welcome is it to me than any conquered country which provided Pompey with triumphs, more welcome than the car which rolled over the pavement of the lofty Capitol. The Magnus of prosperous days has passed from my memory; the Magnus I require is he whom the Nile possesses; and I complain that I may not cling to the guilty land; its very guilt endears the strand to me. I bid you, Sextus, face the hazards of war and carry on your father's warfare over all the world. For Pompey left this message for his sons, and it is treasured up in my memory: 'When the destined hour shall have condemned me to death, I bid you, my sons, take over civil war; and never, while any scion of my stock remains on earth, let the Caesars reign in peace. Rouse up by the glory of our name either kings or States that are strong in their own freedom; I leave you this part to play and these resources. A Pompey who takes to the sea will always find fleets, and my successor shall rouse all nations to war; only let your hearts be ever tameless and mindful of your father's power. Cato, and Cato alone, you may fitly obey, if he shall rally a party in defence of freedom.' I have fulfilled my promise to Magnus and done his bidding; his device has been successful, and thus deceived I lived on, that I might not break faith and carry to the grave the words of his message. But now I will follow my husband through empty chaos and through Tartarus, if such a place there be. How distant the death to which I am doomed, I know not; ere it comes, I shall punish my life for lasting too long. It had the heart to see Magnus murdered and not to take refuge in death: it shall end, bruised by blows from my hands; it shall melt away in tears; never shall I resort to the sword or noose or a headlong fall through the air; shame to me if I — cannot die of grief alone, when he is dead." When she had spoken thus, she covered her head with a mourning veil; determined to endure darkness, she hid in the hold of the ship, and, clasping closely her cruel sorrow, she makes tears her joy and loves her grief in place of her husband. Heedless of the waves, of the East wind that howled in the rigging, and of the shouting that rose higher as the danger grew, she lay in the attitude of death; what the frightened sailors prayed to

escape, she prayed to suffer; and she took the side of the storms.

Cyprus with its foaming waves first received their ship; and then the East wind, still ruling the sea but with less fury, drove them to the land of Libya and Cato's camp. From the shore young Magnus looked in sorrow, for the mind that fears intensely forebodes evil, at his brother and the companions of his father; then he rushed headlong right into the waves. "Brother, say where is our father. Is the head and crown of the world still standing, or are we destroyed, and has Magnus taken with him to the shades all that was Rome?" Thus Gnaeus spoke; and his brother answered him: "Happy are you, whom destiny drove to other lands, and who only hear the horror: my eyes are guilty, brother, because they looked on at my father's death. He did not fall by Caesar's arms, and no worthy hand laid him low. In the power of the foul monarch who rules the land of Nile, relying on the gods of hospitality and on the great boon he had conferred upon the dynasty, he fell, to atone for having given to them the crown. These eyes saw them hacking at the breast of our noble father; and, not believing that the king of Egypt had possessed such power as that, I supposed that Caesar already stood on the shore of the Nile. But the blood and wounds of our aged sire moved me less than the carrying of his head through the city: I saw it borne aloft on a pike driven through it; men said that it was being kept for the cruel conqueror to view, and that the king desired proof of his crime. As to the body, I know not whether the dogs and greedy vultures of Egypt tore it to pieces, or whether it was destroyed by the surreptitious fire that we saw. Whatever outrage of destiny made away with those limbs, I pardon Heaven for that crime; but I complain of the part that was preserved." When young Magnus heard such a tale, he did not pour forth his grief in groans or tears; but, maddened by rightful love for a father, he cried: "Hurry down your ships, ye sailors, from the dry land; driven by the rowers, let the fleet burst out in the teeth of the wind: and go forth with me, ye leaders — nowhere was so great a prize offered to the fighters in civil war — to inter the unburied body of Magnus and appease his anger with the blood of the effeminate king. Shall I not drag forth the body of Alexander from its shrine and sink it, together with the Macedonian city, beneath the sluggish waters of Lake Mareotis? Shall I not hale out Amasis and the other

kings from their tombs in the Pyramids, and send them swimming down the current of the Nile? Let all their tombs make atonement to Magnus who has none at all. I shall rifle the grave of Isis, now worshipped over the world; the limbs of Osiris, swathed in linen, I shall scatter in the public streets; I shall lay the gods as fuel whereon to burn my father's head. And the land I shall punish too; I shall leave their fields with none to till them; the Nile shall rise, and there shall be none to use it; men and gods shall be expelled from Egypt, and you, my father, alone shall possess the land." Thus he spoke, and sought in his rage to launch the ships with speed; but Cato, while praising the youth, restrained his fury.

Meanwhile, when the death of Pompey was reported, all along the shore the sound of beaten breasts was heard, till the sky rang with it; unexampled was that mourning, and unknown to any age — that the common people should lament the death of a great man. But when Cornelia was seen disembarking, having wept till she could weep no more, and with her loosened hair falling down over her face, still more the people renewed their lamentation with redoubled blows. As soon as she reached the shore of a friendly land, she gathered together the garments and badges of her hapless husband, his weapons, and the robes, embroidered with gold, which he once had worn, and the toga of many colours — the dress which supreme Jupiter had thrice beheld — and placed them all upon a funeral fire. They were the ashes of her husband to her sad heart. Her example was followed by all loving hearts; and pyres were raised all along the shore, and gave their due of fire to the men who died at Pharsalia. So, when the Apulian burns the soil, in order to make grass grow on the close-cropped plains and get fresh herbage for winter, then Mount Garganus and the fields of Vultur and the pastures of warm Matinus send forth light together. Though all alike dared to revile Heaven, and blamed the gods for Pompey's death, yet a tribute as welcome to the shade of Magnus came in the words of Cato: few they were, but they came from a heart fraught with truth. He said: "The citizen who has fallen, though far inferior to our ancestors in recognising the limits of what is lawful, was yet valuable in our generation, which has shown no respect for justice. He was powerful without destroying freedom; he alone, when the people were willing to be his

slaves, remained in private station; he ruled the Senate, but it was a Senate of kings. He based no claims upon the right of armed force; what he wished to receive, he wished that others should have the power to refuse him. He acquired enormous wealth; but he paid into the treasury more than he kept back. He snatched the sword; but he knew how to lay it down. He preferred war to peace; but he was a lover of peace even when he wielded the weapons of war. It pleased him to accept office, and it pleased him also to resign it. His household was pure and free from extravagance, and never spoilt by the greatness of its master. His name is illustrious and revered among all nations, and did much service to our own State. Sincere belief in Rome's freedom died long ago, when Sulla and Marius were admitted within the walls; but now, when Pompey has been removed from the world, even the sham belief is dead. No tyrant need blush in future: there will be no pretence of military command, and the Senate will never again be used as a screen. Fortunate was he, because his last day followed close on defeat, and because the Egyptian butchers forced upon him the death he should have courted. He might perhaps have stooped to go on living under the tyranny of his kinsman. Happiest of all men are those who know when to die; and next come those upon whom death is forced. For myself, if destiny bring us into the power of others, I — pray that Fortune will make Juba play the part of Ptolemy: I am willing enough that he should keep me for Caesar, on condition that he keeps me with my head cut off."

By these words greater honour in death was rendered to the noble shade than if the Rostrum at Rome had sounded his praise. Meanwhile the soldiery were loud in mutiny; they were weary of the camp and warfare now that Pompey was dead; and then Tarcondimotus raised the signal for deserting Cato. He snatched his ships for flight, but Cato followed him to the edge of the shore, and thus rebuked him: "Do you go forth again to practise robbery on the seas, you Cilician who have never accepted peace? Fortune has taken Magnus away, and at once you return to the sea as a pirate." Then he looked at them all, as they crowded together in haste; and one of them, whose intention to fly was clear, thus addressed the general: "Pardon us, Cato. It was love of Pompey, not of civil war, that roused us to arms, and we took sides out of favour for him. But he

lies low, whom the world preferred to peace, and our cause has ceased to exist; suffer us to return to our native homes, our deserted households and the children of our love. For what end will there ever be of fighting, if neither Pharsalia nor the death of Pompey ends it? Our lifetime has been wasted; let our last days find a refuge; let our old age look forward to due funeral rites; civil war can hardly provide graves even for leaders. We are defeated, but no foreign rule awaits us; cruel Fortune does not threaten me with oppression from Armenian or Scythian; I pass into the power of Roman citizens. Whoever was second to Magnus while Magnus lived, shall now rank first with me. But high honour shall I pay to the sacred dead: though I shall acknowledge the master whom defeat forces upon me, I shall acknowledge no leader but Magnus. Him alone I followed to war; now he is dead, I shall follow destiny; for I may not hope for good fortune, nor would it be permitted. All things are hemmed in by Caesar's greatness; his victory has scattered the army of Pharsalia; the hopes of the unfortunate have shrunk to little compass, and he alone in the world has the will and the power to grant their lives to the vanquished. Civil war, which was loyalty while Pompey lived, is criminal now that he is slain. If you, Cato, are always a faithful follower of national law and your country's cause, then let us seek the standards which the Roman consul bears." With these words he sprang on board, and his soldiers in disorder went with him.

The cause of Rome was as good as lost, and all the rabble, at a loss for want of a master, swarmed upon the shore. But utterance came with a rush from the sacred breast of Cato: "It seems then, soldiers, that you too fought with the same desire as others, in defence of tyranny — that you were the troops of Pompey, and not of Rome. You no longer suffer in order to set up a tyrant; your life and death belong to yourselves, not to your leaders; there is no one for whom you gain the whole world, and now you may safely conquer for yourselves alone. Yet now you desert the ranks; you miss the yoke when your neck is relieved, and you cannot endure existence without a tyrant. But you have now a quarrel worthy of brave men. Pompey was suffered to make full use of your life-blood: now, when freedom is in sight, do you refuse to fight and die for your country? Out of three masters Fortune has spared but one. Shame on you! The

court of Egypt and the bow of the Parthian soldier have done more for the cause of lawful government. Depart, degenerate men, neglectful alike of Ptolemy's gift and your own weapons. Who would suppose that your hands were ever stained with bloodshed? Caesar will take your word for it that you were quick to turn your backs to him, and first in the flight from Philippi in Thessaly. Go and fear not: if Caesar be your judge, you, who were not subdued by battle or siege, have deserved to have your lives spared. Base slaves! your former master is dead, and you welcome his heir. Why do you not seek to earn a greater reward than mere life and pardon? Seize the hapless wife of Magnus and daughter of Metellus, and carry her over the sea; lead captive the sons of Pompey; and so outdo the gift of Ptolemy. Also, whoever bears my head to the hated tyrant will receive no small reward for his gift. By the price of my head your troops will learn that they did well to follow my standard. Rouse up therefore, commit a mighty crime, and gain your reward. Mere flight is the crime of cowards." By this speech he recalled all the ships from mid-sea. Even so, when the swarm deserts the cells that have hatched their young, they forget the comb; their wings are no longer intertwined, but each bee flies independently and plays truant, ceasing to suck the bitter thyme; but, if the sound of Phrygian brass rebukes them, at once in alarm they stop their flight and go back to their task of bearing pollen, and renew their love of scattered honey; the shepherd on the meadow of Hybla is relieved, and rejoices that the wealth of his cottage is safe. Thus by Cato's words the resolution to endure lawful warfare was impressed upon his men.

And now by works of war and continuous tasks he resolved to keep busy men who knew not how to remain inactive. First the soldiers toiled till they were weary, digging the sand upon the shore; their next task was against the walls and fortifications of Cyrene; when shut out from there, Cato took no harsh revenge — the only penalty he exacted from the conquered was to have conquered them. Next it was resolved to seek the realm of Libyan Juba that borders on the Moors; and, though Nature barred their way by placing the Syrtes between, daring valour hoped to defeat Nature.

When Nature first gave shape to the world, either she left the Syrtes to be disputed by sea and land alike; for the land did not sink

down deep, so as to admit the water of the ocean, nor yet defend itself against the sea, but the region lies untravelled, owing to the uncertain conditions that prevail there — sea broken by shoals, and dry land severed by sea — and the waves strike beach after beach before they collapse with a roar. So unkindly has Nature deserted this part of herself, and demands no service of it. Or else, the Syrtis was once more richly supplied with deep sea, and lay far below the surface; but the parching sun, feeding his light with ocean, sucked up the water, which is near the torrid zone; and thus, though now the sea still resists the drying action of the sun, ere long, when injurious time brings his heat close, the Syrtis will become dry land; for already the waves that cover it are shallow, and the water, soon to disappear, is everywhere scantily supplied.

As soon as the sea, driven by the oars, bore onward all the heavy fleet, a black South wind roared with incessant rain. Raging against its own domain, it protected by a hurricane the waters on which the ships had ventured, driving the waves far from the Syrtes and breaking up the sea with intervals of land. Next, if it caught the sails of any ship with mast erect, it tore them from the sailors' grasp; in vain the cordage strove to rescue the sails from the wind, and the canvas stretched out beyond the ship, its folds flapping out further than the prow. If any prudent mariner had brailed up all his sails to the top of the yard, he was defeated and driven out of his course with bare poles. Those ships fared better which rode upon deep water and were tossed upon a sea that was sea indeed. But if any were lightened by cutting away the masts, and thus allowed the driving blast to pass over them, then the tide, free from control, swept them in the opposite direction to the gale, and carried them away, conquering them and driving them against the opposing South wind. These were left stranded by the shallows, where land, broken by sea, wrecks them; exposed to a double danger, half the vessel is aground, while half floats on the waves. Then, as the ships were driven further, the sea contracted and the dry land constantly emerged and struck them: the waves, though tossed by the South wind, often fail to rise above the sandbanks. Far from all the fields, a rampart of dry sand rises up on the surface of the sea and defies the water; the hapless sailors stick fast: though their keel is aground, no shore is visible. Thus the sea

destroyed some of the ships, but the larger part, following the guidance of the helm, were saved by flight; and finding pilots familiar with the shore, they reached unharmed the sluggish lake of Triton.

This lake, as legend tells, is dear to the god, who is heard by all the sea-shore as he fills the waters with the music of his windy shell; and dear to Pallas too. When she was born from her father's head, she alighted on Libya before any other land; for Libya, as its heat alone proves, is nearest the sky; and there she saw her face in the still water of the pool, and stood by its brink, and called herself Tritonis after the lake she loved. Near it silently steals past the river of Lethon, which, as legend tells, carries forgetfulness from its source in the lower world; and here is the Garden of the Hesperides, once the charge of the sleepless dragon but now impoverished by the rifling of its branches. Churlish is he who robs hoary antiquity of its fame and demands the truth from poets. There was once a golden grove, whose trees bowed beneath their riches and the tawny fruit of their branches; and a band of maidens guarded that glittering grove; and a serpent, whose eyes were never doomed to close in sleep, coiled round the trees that bent beneath the ruddy metal. But Alcides robbed the trees of their prize and eased the grove of its task, when he left the branches without their weight of wealth and carried back the shining apples to the king of Argos.

Thus the ships, driven from their course and cast forth from the Syrtes, remained in this region, on the shore of the better part of Libya, with Pompeius as commander; nor did they sail further on the Garamantian waters. But brave Cato was unwilling to stand still: emboldened by his armed strength, he dared to trust his soldiers to lands unknown and to march round the Syrtis on foot. Winter also, by closing the sea against them, prompted this course, and rains were welcome to men who feared excessive heat: the season might save them from suffering from either sun or freezing cold, and temper their march by the climate of Africa on the one hand and by winter on the other. And before he set foot upon the barren desert, Cato made them this speech:

“Men who have chosen this one path of safety — to follow my standard to the death with spirits unsubdued, prepare your minds for

a high feat of valour and for utmost hardships. We march towards barren plains and the furnace of the world, where the sun's heat is excessive and water is seldom found in the springs, and where the parched fields are foul with venomous serpents. Hard is the path to freedom, and hard to win the love of our country in her fall. Let those march through the heart of Africa, seeking a path where there is none, who do not regard escape as a thing to be at all desired, and are content merely to march on. For I do not intend to deceive any man, nor to draw the army on by concealing the danger. I seek as my companions men who are attracted by the risks themselves, men who think it glorious and worthy of a Roman to endure even the worst, with me to watch them. But if any man craves a guarantee of safety and is tempted by the sweetness of life, let him take an easier path and go to a master. Foremost I shall tread the desert, and foremost set foot upon the sand; let the heat of the sky then beat upon me and the poisonous serpent stand in my path; and test your perils beforehand by what befalls me. If any man see me drinking, or seeking the shade of trees, or riding in front of the marching troops, then let him feel thirst and heat and weariness — if there is any distinction to mark whether I am the general or a soldier in the ranks. Serpents, thirst, burning sand — all are welcomed by the brave; endurance finds pleasure in hardship; virtue rejoices when it pays dear for its existence. Africa alone, with all her plagues, can bring it about, that to have fled is no disgrace to the brave." Thus he fired their frightened hearts with courage and love of hardship, and began, by a track through the desert, that march from which there was no returning. For Africa, that was to hide his sacred name in a humble grave, laid hold upon the last days of Cato, but Cato cared not.

Libya is the third continent of the world, if one is willing in all things to trust report; but, if you judge by the winds and the sky, you will find it to be part of Europe. For the banks of the Nile are not further than the northern Tanais from Gades in the far West, at which point Europe diverges from Libya and the curvature of the shores has made room for the sea. But a larger part of the world has gone to form Asia alone. For, whereas Europe and Africa in partnership send forth the West wind, Asia, while touching the left side of the North and the right side of the South, stretches away to the East and has a

monopoly of the East wind. The fertile part of Africa lies towards the West, but even this has no streams to break it up; occasionally, when the North winds blow, it gets the northern rains and refreshes its fields by our fair weather. The soil is not violated to secure wealth of any kind; it is not smelted for the sake of copper or gold; its clods are innocent, and its earth is merely earth, even far below the surface. The land is rich in nothing but the timber of Mauretania; and, ignorant how to make use of this wealth, the people lived content with the leafy shade of the citrus-tree. But our axes have invaded the unknown forest, and we have sought tables as well as dainties from the end of the earth. But all that coast which surrounds the shifting Syrtis, as it lies flat under the scorching sun and near the parched sky, burns up corn-crops and smothers the vine with dust; and the powdery soil is bound together by no roots of plants. The temperate air that life needs is not found there, and Jupiter pays no heed to the land; Nature is inactive; the lifeless expanse, with sands that are never ploughed, is unconscious of the seasons. Yet this barren soil here and there sends forth grass which is gathered by the Nasamonians, a rude and naked race who dwell close by the sea; and the savage Syrtis feeds them by the plunder of the world. For the wrecker lies in wait on the sandy shore, and he is familiar with wealth, though no ship reaches harbour there; thus, by means of shipwrecks, the Nasamonians trade with all nations. Through this land Cato is bidden march by his stern valour. There the soldiers, reckoning on no gales and dreading no storms on land, endured the fears that belong to the sea. For the South wind falls more fiercely upon the dry shore of the Syrtis than upon the deep, and does more damage to the land. Libya has no mountains to oppose the rising wind and break its force, no cliffs to drive it back and scatter it, or to turn its hurricane to clear breezes; it does not fall upon forests and wear itself out by bending ancient oaks: all the land is level, and the wind travels freely and wreaks the fury of Aeolia all over the desert. There is no rain in the cloud of whirling dust which it drives furiously in circles; most of the land is lifted up by it and is suspended in the air, as the eddying motion is continuous. The needy Nasamonian sees his possessions flying in the wind and his dwelling blown to pieces; the Garamantian is laid bare, and his hut, beginning

with the roof, is snatched away and flies aloft. Fire does not carry what it seizes to a greater height: as high as smoke may rise up and mar the face of day, so great is the dust that fills the air. And now, even fiercer than its wont, the wind attacked the Homan column; and the staggering men can find no footing on the sand, when even the spot they tread on is carried away. If Africa had a solid framework, so that the heavy weight of its cliffs might confine the South wind within hollow caverns, the wind would overset the whole world and wrench it from its foundations; but because the soil is easily driven about with its drifting sands, it remains stable by offering resistance at no point, and the lower stratum stands fast because the upper is dispersed. Driving furiously, the blast snatched up the men's helmets and shields and javelins, and rushed on, carrying them through the mighty void of heaven. Perhaps they were a portent in some remote and distant country, and men there fear the armour that fell down from heaven, supposing that what was torn from the arms of men has been sent down by the gods. In this way the shields, which chosen patricians carry on their shoulders, surely fell before Numa as he performed sacrifice: the South wind or the North had robbed the bearers of those shields which now are ours. When the wind tormented the region thus, the Roman soldiers prostrated themselves, fearing to be carried away; buckling their garments tight, they clutched the ground; effort as well as mere weight kept them where they lay; and even so they could scarce resist the storm, which rolled huge heaps of sand over them and covered their bodies with the soil. Held fast by great piles of dust, the men were hardly able to rise from the ground. Where they stood, a great rampart of sand by their sides kept them prisoners; and they were prevented from moving by the rising surface. The wind broke walls to pieces, dislodged the stones and carried them far away, and dropped them at a distance — a strange mishap, when those who saw no houses saw the fragments of them falling. And now their path was utterly hidden and all landmarks were lost; they found their way by the stars; and the horizon which bounds the African continent does not display the constellations entire, but many are concealed by the curvature of the earth's rim. Then, when heat expanded the air which had been contracted by the gale, and the day grew burning hot, sweat poured

from their limbs and their mouths were parched with thirst. A rivulet with scanty flow was sighted at a distance; and a soldier, snatching the water with difficulty from the dust, poured it into the hollow of his helmet and offered it to the general. Every throat was furred with sand, and the general himself, holding in his hands a mere drop of water, was an object of envy. "Degenerate soldier," said he; "did you consider me the one man without fortitude in this army? Did I seem so effeminate, so unable to endure the first onset of heat? How much more you yourself deserve this punishment — that you should drink while all around thirst!" So in wrath he emptied out the helmet, and there was water enough for all.

They came to the temple in the land of the savage Garamantians — the only temple which the nations of Africa possess. Men say that Jupiter has an oracular seat there; but Ammon does not wield the thunderbolt, nor is he like our Jupiter, but has curving horns. The African nations have built no rich temple there; nor are there treasure-chambers glittering with Eastern gems. Though the Ethiopians and Indians and wealthy Arabians have no god but Jupiter Ammon, yet the god is still poor, and his dwelling-place has remained for ages unblemished by wealth; and the deity, true to the good old fashion, defends his shrine against Roman gold. But the presence of gods is attested by trees — the only green trees that exist in the whole of Libya.

For all the expanse of dry sand that divides burning Berenice from the lesser heat of Leptis knows nothing of leaves; for Ammon has taken all the trees for himself. These trees owe their origin to a local spring, which binds the powdery soil together, mastering and cementing the sand by its waters. But even here the sun finds no hindrance, when the orb of day stands poised in the zenith: the trees can scarce shelter their own trunks — so small is the compass of the shadow thrown by his rays. It has been ascertained that this is the spot where the circle of the upper solstice strikes the Zodiac, equidistant from the poles. But the shadow of people (if such there be) who are separated from us by the heats of Libya falls to the South, whereas ours falls northwards. The slow-moving Little Bear rises up into their view; and they suppose that the unwetted Wain sinks in the sea, and they have no star overhead which never touches

ocean; either pole is equally distant from them; and the flying Zodiac sweeps on all its constellations through the centre of the sky. These do not move obliquely: Scorpius, when emerging from the horizon, is no nearer the perpendicular than Taurus; nor does Aries make over any of his rising-time to Libra; nor does Virgo cause Pisces to set slowly. Sagittarius mounts as high as Gemini, and rainy Capricorn as high as burning Cancer; and Leo mounts no higher than Aquarius.

Before the doors of the temple stood messengers from the East, seeking to learn the future by the warning of horned Jupiter. But these gave place to the Roman general; and his officers begged Cato to test the deity so famous through all the land of Libya, and to pass sentence on a reputation of such long standing. Labienus especially urged him to use the voice divine in order to pry into the future. "Chance," said he, "and the hazard of our march have put in our way the word of this mighty god and his divine wisdom; his powerful guidance we can enjoy through the Syrtes, and from him discover the issues appointed for the war. I cannot believe that Heaven would reveal mysteries and proclaim truth to any man more than to the pure and holy Cato. Assuredly you have ever ruled your life in accordance with divine law, and you are a follower after God. And now behold! power is given you to speak with Jupiter; ask then concerning the end of Caesar the abhorred, and search into the future condition of our country: will the people be allowed to enjoy their laws and liberties, or has the civil war been fought in vain? Fill your breast with the god's utterance; a lover of austere virtue, you should at least ask now what Virtue is and demand to see Goodness in her visible shape."

Cato, inspired by the god whom he bore hidden in his heart, poured forth from his breast an answer worthy of the oracle itself: "What question do you bid me ask, Labienus? Whether I would rather fall in battle, a free man, than witness a tyranny? Whether it makes no difference if life be long or short? Whether violence can ever hurt the good, or Fortune threatens in vain when Virtue is her antagonist? Whether the noble purpose is enough, and virtue becomes no more virtuous by success? I can answer these questions, and the oracle will never fix the truth deeper in my heart. We men are all inseparable from the gods, and, even if the oracle be dumb, all our

actions are predetermined by Heaven. The gods have no need to speak; for the Creator told us once for all at our birth whatever we are permitted to know. Did he choose these barren sands, that a few might hear his voice? did he bury truth in this desert? Has he any dwelling-place save earth and sea, the air of heaven and virtuous hearts? Why seek we further for deities? All that we see is God; every motion we make is God also. Men who doubt and are ever uncertain of future events — let *them* cry out for prophets: I draw my assurance from no oracle but from the sureness of death. The timid and the brave must fall alike; the god has said this, and it is enough.” With these words he departed from the altar, preserving the credit of the temple, and left Ammon, untested by him, for the nations to worship.

Carrying his javelin in his own hand, he marched on foot in front of his gasping soldiers; issuing no order, he taught them by his example to endure hardship; he was never borne at ease on the shoulders of men or seated in a carriage; of sleep he was more sparing than any. When at last a spring was discovered, and the thirsty men must be forced to look on at it, he was the last to drink and stood still till the camp-followers drank. — If great renown is won by true merit, and if virtue is considered in itself and apart from success, then all that we praise in any of our ancestors was Fortune’s gift. Who ever gained so great a name by winning battles and shedding the blood of nations? I would choose to lead this triumphant march through the Syrtes and the remotest parts of Libya rather than ascend the Capitol thrice over in Pompey’s car, or break Jugurtha’s neck. Behold the true father of his country, a man most worthy to be worshipped by Romans; to swear by his name will never make men blush; and if they ever, now or later, free their necks from the yoke and stand upright, they will make a god of Cato. — Now the heat grew more intense; they trod that region that forms the southern limit ordained for man’s habitation, and water grew scarcer. Right in the desert a single spring was discovered, and its waters were copious, but a host of serpents beset it, almost more than the ground could contain: parched asps had their station on its brink, and thirsty *dipsades* filled the pool itself. When Cato saw that the men would die if they shunned the spring, he thus spoke to them:

“Soldiers, the appearance of death that terrifies you is delusive; do not hesitate to swallow the harmless water. The poison of snakes is only deadly when mixed with the blood; their venom is in their bite, and they threaten death with their fangs. There is no death in the cup.” He spoke and drank down the dreaded poison; and in all the Libyan desert this was the only spring where he asked to taste the water first.

Why the clime of Libya abounds in such plagues and teems with death, or what bane mysterious Nature has mingled with her soil — this no study and pains of ours avail to discover; but a worldwide legend has taken the place of the true cause and deceived mankind. In the furthest parts of Libya, where the hot earth admits the Ocean heated by the sun when he sets, lay the broad untilled realm of Medusa, daughter of Phorcys — a realm not shaded by the foliage of trees nor softened by the plough, but rugged with stones which the eyes of their mistress had beheld. In her body malignant Nature first bred these cruel plagues; from her throat were born the snakes that poured forth shrill hissings with their forked tongues. It pleased Medusa, when snakes dangled close against her neck; in the way that women dress their hair, the vipers hang loose over her back but rear erect over her brow in front; and their poison wells out when the tresses are combed. These snakes are the only part of ill-fated Medusa that all men may look upon and live. For who ever felt fear of the monster’s face and open mouth? Who that looked her straight in the face was suffered by Medusa to die? She hurried on the hesitating stroke of doom and anticipated all fear; the limbs were destroyed while the breath remained; and the spirit, before it went forth, grew stiff beneath the bones. The tresses of the Eumenides raised madness only, Cerberus lowered his hissing when Orpheus played, and Amphitryon’s son looked on the hydra when he was conquering it; but this monster was dreaded by Phorcys, her own father and second ruler of the sea, by her mother, Ceto, and even by her sister Gorgons; she had power to threaten sky and sea with strange paralysis, and clothe the world with stone. Birds grew heavy suddenly and fell down from the sky; beasts remained motionless on their rocks; and whole tribes of the neighbouring Ethiopians were turned to statues. No living creature could endure to look on her, and

even her serpents bent backward to escape her face. She turned to stone Atlas, the Titan who supports the Pillars of the West; and when the gods in time past dreaded the serpent-legged Giants at Phlegra, she changed the rebels into high mountains, till that awful battle of the gods was won by the Gorgon on the centre of the breast of Pallas. To this land came Perseus, sprung of Danae's womb and the shower of gold; he was borne aloft on the Parrhasian wings of that Arcadian god who invented the lyre and the wrestler's oil. And when, as he flew, he suddenly lifted the scimitar of the Cyllenian — a scimitar red with the blood of another monster; for he had already laid low the guardian of the heifer loved by Jupiter — the maiden Pallas brought aid to her winged brother. She bargained to have the monster's head, and then bade Perseus when he reached the border of the Libyan land, to turn towards the rising sun and fly backwards through the Gorgon's realm; and she put in his left hand a glittering shield of tawny bronze, in which she told him to view Medusa that turned all things to stone. Medusa slept; but the slumber that was to bring upon her the unending rest of death did not overcome her wholly: much of her hair kept watch, and the snakes leaned forward from the tresses to protect the head, while the rest of the hair fell right over the face, covering the closed eyes with darkness and doubling the veil of sleep. Pallas herself directed Perseus in his haste; her right hand guided the shaking scimitar of the Cyllenian which he held with his face averted; and thus she clove the place where the great snaky neck joined the body. How looked the Gorgon then, when her head was severed by the stroke of the curving blade! What fell poison must I suppose was breathed forth by her mouth, and how deadly the discharge from her eyes! Even Pallas could not look upon her; and the eyes would have frozen the face of Perseus, though his back was turned, had not Tritonia ruffled the thick hair and used the snakes to veil the face. Thus he seized the Gorgon's head and flew upwards in safety. He thought to shorten his way and lessen his flight through the air by flying directly above the cities of Europe; but Pallas bade him spare the nations and do no hurt to the corn-bearing lands. For who would not look up into the sky, when so mighty a thing flew past? The hero turned his flight with the West wind and passed above Libya, a land entirely uncultivated and fully exposed to sky and sun;

the sun's path is directly above it and burns up the soil; in no land does the shadow of the earth rise higher in the sky and obstruct the moon's course, if the moon, forgetting her slanting orbit, has moved straight along the Zodiac, without passing to north or south of the shadow. Though that land is barren and those fields give increase to no good seed, yet they drank in poison from the gore of the dripping Medusa head — drank in from that savage blood a ghastly dew, which was made more potent by the heat and burnt into the crumbling sand.

In this land the blood, when it first stirred a head above the sand, sent up the asp whose swollen neck puts men to sleep; in no snake is more poison condensed; for more blood and a drop of clotted venom fell down here. Needing heat, the asp never of its own accord passes into cold regions, but traverses the desert as far as the Nile and no further. But we — shall we never be ashamed of gain? — import the bane of Africa to Italy and have made the asp an article of commerce. And there the huge *haemorrhoids*, which will not suffer the blood of its victim to stay in the veins, opens out its scaly coils; there is the *chersydros*, created to inhabit the Syrtis, half land and half sea; the *chelydrus*, whose track smokes as it glides along; the *cenchris*, which moves ever in a straight line — its belly is more thickly chequered and spotted than the Theban serpentine with its minute patterns; the *ammodytes*, of the same colour as the scorched sand and indistinguishable from it; the *cerastes*, which wanders about as its spine makes it turn; the *scytale*, which alone can shed its skin while the rime is still scattered over the ground; the dried-up *dipsas*; the fell *amphisbaena*, that moves towards each of its two heads; the *natrrix*, which pollutes waters, and the *iaculus*, that can fly; the *panas*, that is content to plough a track with its tail; the greedy *prester*, that opens wide its foaming mouth; the deadly *seps*, that destroys the bones with the body; and there the basilisk terrifies all the other snakes by the hissing it sends forth, and kills before it bites; it compels all the inferior serpents to keep their distance, and lords it over the empty desert. Dragons also, glittering with the sheen of gold, though worshipped in all other countries as harmless and divine, are made deadly by the heat of Africa: they draw in the air of heaven, birds and all; pursuing whole herds, they coil round mighty

bulls and slay them with blows from their tail; nor is the elephant saved by his bulk — all things they consign to destruction, and need no poison to inflict death.

Amidst these plagues Cato travels on his waterless way with his hardy soldiers, witnessing the cruel fate of man after man, and strange forms of death accompanied by a trifling wound. So Aulus, a standard-bearer of Etruscan blood, trod on a *dipsas*, and it drew back its head and bit him. He had hardly any pain or feeling of the bite; the mere appearance of the deadly wound was innocent, nor did the injury threaten any consequences. But lo! the hidden venom rises; devouring flame catches hold of the marrow and kindles the inmost parts with destroying fire. The poison dried up the moisture that surrounds the vital organs, and began to consume the tongue in the parched mouth; no sweat was left to run down over the suffering limbs, and the flow of tears deserted the eyes. The man was on fire; and neither national pride nor the authority of grief-stricken Cato could stop him: boldly he threw down the standard and searched everywhere in his frenzy for the water which the thirsty poison at his heart demanded. If he were plunged into the Tanais, the Rhone, or the Po, he would go on burning, or if he drank of the Nile when it floods the fields. But Libya made death more deadly; and the *dipsas*, when aided by the heat of that country, deserves less fame for its powers of destruction. Aulus searches for water deep down in the barren sand, and then returns to the Syrtes, and swallows the brine; the sea-water gives him pleasure, but there is not enough of it. The nature of his suffering and his death by poison were unperceived by him: he thought it was merely thirst, and ventured to open his swollen veins with his sword, and fill his mouth with the blood.

Cato ordered the army to march away in haste: none was allowed to learn that thirst could go so far. But a death more dreadful than that of Aulus was full in their view. When a tiny *seps* stuck in the leg of hapless Sabellus and clung there with barbed fang, he tore it off and pinned it to the sand with his javelin. Though this reptile is small in size, no other possesses such deadly powers. For the skin nearest the wound broke and shrank all round, revealing the white bone, until, as the opening widened, there was one gaping wound and no body. The limbs are soaked with corrupted blood; the calves of the

legs melted away, the knees were stripped of covering, all the muscles of the thighs rotted, and a black discharge issued from the groin. The membrane that confines the belly snapped asunder, and the bowels gushed out. The man trickles into the ground, but there is less of him than an entire body should supply; for the fell poison boils down the limbs, and the manner of death reduces the whole man to a little pool of corruption. The whole human frame is revealed by the horrible nature of the mischief: the ligaments of the sinews, the structure of the lungs, the cavity of the chest, and all that the vital organs conceal, — every part is laid bare by death. The shoulders and strong arms turn to water; the neck and head are liquefied; snow does not melt and vanish more quickly before the warm South wind, nor will wax be affected faster by the sun. It is little to say that the flesh was consumed and dripped away in the form of matter: fire also can do this, but no pyre ever made the bones disappear. They also vanish: following the corrupted marrow, they suffer no traces of the quick death to survive. Among the plagues of Africa the *seps* bears off the palm for destruction: all the rest take life, but it alone carries off the dead body.

But lo! a form of death is seen, the opposite to death by liquefaction. Nasidius, once a tiller of Marsian soil, was smitten by a burning *prester*. His face grew fiery red, and swelling distended the skin till all shape was lost and all features were confounded; then, as the strong poison spread, the hurt, larger than the whole body or than any human body, was blown out over all the limbs; the man himself was buried deep within his bloated frame, nor could his breast-plate contain the growth of his swollen chest. The foaming cloud of steam pours forth less strongly from a heated caldron; and smaller are the curves of bellying sails in a tempest. The distended limbs can no longer be contained by the body — a round and featureless mass with no distinct parts. The body remained untouched by the beaks of birds, and menaced death to wild beasts that feasted on it; the soldiers dared not consign it to a pyre, but fled from it, leaving it still swelling, with a growth not yet arrested.

But even greater marvels were shown by the serpents of Africa. Tullus, a courageous youth who worshipped Cato, was bitten by a fierce *haemorrhoids*. And as Corycian saffron, when turned on, is

wont to spout from every part of a statue at once, so all his limbs discharged red poison together instead of blood. His tears were blood; blood flowed abundantly from all the openings that the body's moisture uses; his mouth and open nostrils were filled with it; he sweated blood; all his limbs streamed with the contents of his veins; his whole body was one wound.

Next, a serpent of the Nile froze the blood of hapless Laevus and stopped his heart. By no pain did he confess the wound, but suffered death by sudden unconsciousness, and went down by the way of sleep to join the ghosts of his comrades. The ripened poisons plucked by the wizards of Sais — poisons whose deadly stalks resemble the twigs of Arabia — do not infect the cup with so swift a death.

Behold! a fierce serpent, called by Africa *iaculus*, aimed and hurled itself at Paulus from a barren tree far off; piercing the head and passing through the temples, it escaped. Poison played no part there: death simultaneous with the wound snatched him away. Men discovered then how slow was the flight of the bullet from the sling, and how sluggish the whizz of the Scythian arrow through the air.

Ill-starred Murrus drove his spear through a basilisk, but that availed him nothing: the poison sped swiftly along the weapon and fastened on his hand. At once he bared his sword and cut it off with one stroke, right from the shoulder; and there he stood safe while his hand was destroyed, watching the semblance of the pitiful death that would have been his own. Who could suppose that the scorpion was fatal, or large enough to inflict speedy death? Yet heaven bears witness that the scorpion, threatening with its knotted tail and fierce with its sting erect, won the glory of defeating Orion. Who would fear to tread on the lair of the *salpuga*? Yet even to it the Stygian sisters gave power over their spinning.

So — neither bright day nor black night brought rest to the wretched men: they could not trust the ground they lay on. For no piled-up leaves reared up beds for them, nor was straw heaped beneath them: leaving their bodies exposed to death, they lie down upon the ground, and their warmth attracts the snakes that suffer from the cold at night; and for long they warm with their limbs the open mouths that are harmless while the poison is numbed. With only the stars to guide them, they know not in what direction they

have marched, or how far; and often they cry aloud this complaint: "Ye gods, restore to us wretches the battle from which we fled: give us back Pharsalia. We swore to use the sword: why then do we suffer a coward's death? The vipers fight in Caesar's place, and the adders win the civil war. Pain would we go to the torrid zone, where the ecliptic is burnt by the sun's steeds; we had rather impute our death to the sky's agency and be killed by heaven. I do not blame Africa, nor Nature: Nature had taken from men and assigned to serpents a region so fertile of monsters: the soil would bear no corn, and she condemned it to lie untilled; she intended that the poisonous fangs should find no men to bite. We are trespassers in a land of serpents: let us pay the penalty to that unknown Power which loathes the traffic of nations, and therefore fenced off a region with a scorching zone on one hand and the shifting Syrtes on the other, and set death in the strip between the two. Through his secret retreat civil war marches on; and the soldiers, sharing his knowledge of this mysterious region, beat on the gates that shut in the West. Worse things perhaps await us when we enter there: fire and hissing water meet, and the sky sinks lower down; but, on our present course, there lies no land more remote than the gloomy kingdom of Juba, known to us by report alone. Perhaps we shall yet regret this land of serpents: this clime has one consolation — that life is still found here. I do not ask for my native fields, nor for Europe and Asia that see another sun; but where is Africa? In what quarter of the sky or region of the earth did I come out of it? But lately there was winter's frost at Cyrene; has a short march had power to invert the order of the year? We are marching towards the opposite pole, evicted from the world, and turning our backs for the South wind to strike; perhaps Rome itself is now beneath my feet. To comfort us in our doom, we ask that our foes may come here, and that Caesar may follow the line of our flight." Thus stubborn endurance throws off the burden of its complaints. They are constrained to bear such hardships by the heroism of their leader, who keeps guard lying on the bare sand and challenges destiny every hour. Though but one, he is present at every death-struggle; wherever they call him, he hastens and confers a mighty benefit, greater even than life, by giving them courage to die; and the soldier was ashamed, when watched by Cato,

to die with a groan upon his lips. Against himself no plague could have any power. He conquered calamities in the hearts of others, and proved by his mere presence that sore pain was powerless.

Reluctantly and late did Fortune, wearied of inflicting such dangers, give aid to their wretched plight. Of the races that inhabit the earth there is but one, the Psylli of Marmarica, who are unhurt by the fell bite of serpents. Their voice has the efficacy of powerful drugs; their very blood is protected and can keep out all poison, even without the use of charms. The nature of their land has bidden them live unharmed in the midst of serpents. By making their abode where poison surrounds them, they have gained this advantage, that death has granted them a safe-conduct. Great is their reliance upon their blood: whenever a new-born babe falls to earth, fearing some contamination of foreign breed, they test the suspected infant by means of a venomous asp. As the bird of Jove turns his un feathered eaglets, when hatched from the warm egg, to face the rising sun — those who prove able to endure the beams, and can gaze without flinching straight at the light, are kept alive for the service of the god; but those whom the sun has mastered are neglected — so the Psylli are convinced that the breed is true, if the babe shrinks not to touch snakes and makes a plaything of the serpent given him. And that race, not satisfied with safety for themselves, keep guard for strangers and aid mankind against deadly monsters. They followed the Roman army now; and, as soon as the leader ordered the tents to be pitched, they began by purifying the sand within the circuit of the rampart with spells and charms to banish the snakes. The limits of the camp were surrounded by a fire of fumigation, in which elderwood crackled and foreign galbanum bubbled; the tamarisk of scanty leaf, Eastern *coslos*, powerful all-heal, Thessalian centaury, fennel, and Sicilian *thapsos* made a noise in the flame; and the natives also burned larchwood, and southernwood whose smoke snakes loathe, and horns of deer — deer whose birthplace is far from Africa. Thus the soldiers were protected at night. But if any man was smitten by day and near death, then the wondrous powers of the people were displayed, and there was a mighty battle between the Psylli and the poison absorbed. The native begins by marking the part with the touch of his spittle; this arrests the venom and confines it to the

wound; and then his foaming lips rehearse full many a spell with unbroken muttering; for the speed of the ailment suffers him not to draw breath, nor does death permit a moment's silence. Often indeed the bane, after it has lodged in the blackened marrow, is expelled by incantation; but, whenever the poison is slow to obey, and resists when it is summoned forth and commanded to come out, then the healer leans over and licks the bloodless place, sucking up the venom and draining the limbs with his teeth, until victorious he drags out the death from the cold body, and spits it out of his mouth. And it is a simple thing for the Psylli to tell by the taste of the poison what kind of snake it was whose bite the healer has mastered.

So, relieved at last by their aid, the Roman soldiers wandered far and wide over the barren plains. Twice had the moon lost her light and twice regained it, while her rising and setting witnessed Cato lost in the desert. But now he felt the sand grow ever firmer under his feet, and the soil of Africa became solid ground again; and now the leaves of trees began here and there to rise in the distance, and rude huts raised with piles of straw. How the sufferers rejoiced to have reached a better country, when first they saw facing them fierce lions only! Leptis was the nearest city; and in those peaceful quarters they spent all winter, unvexed by storms or heat.

When Caesar had taken his fill of the slaughter and left Pharsalia, he cast off the burden of all other cares and turned his attention wholly to his son-in-law. In vain he followed Pompey's scattered traces over the land, and then report guided him to the sea. He sailed along the Thracian straits and the waters made famous by the lovers, and past Hero's turrets on the melancholy shore where Helle, daughter of Nephele, robbed a sea of its name. Nowhere does a smaller stretch of water sever Asia from Europe, although the channel is narrow by which the Euxine divides Byzantium from the oyster-beds of Calchedon, and the opening is small by which the Propontis carries in its course the waters of the Euxine. Emulous of ancient glory, Caesar visited the sands of Sigeum and the stream of Simois, Rhoeteum famous for the Grecian's grave, and the dead who owe so much to the poet's verse. He walked round the burnt city of Troy, now only a famous name, and searched for the mighty remains of the wall that Apollo raised. Now barren woods and rotting tree-

trunks grow over the palace of Assaracus, and their worn-out roots clutch the temples of the gods, and Pergama is covered over with thorn-brakes: the very ruins have been destroyed. He sees Hesione's rock and the secret marriage-chamber of Anchises in the wood; the cave in which Paris sat as umpire, and the spot from which the boy was carried off to the sky; he sees the peak on which the Naiad Oenone lamented. A legend clings to every stone. The stream trickling ' through the dry dust, which he crossed without knowing it, was the Xanthus. When he stepped carelessly over the rank grass, the native bade him not to walk over the body of Hector. When scattered stones, preserving no appearance of sanctity, lay before them, the guide asked: "Do you mean to pass over the altar of Zeus Herceos ?"

How mighty, how sacred is the poet's task! He snatches all things from destruction and gives to mortal men immortality. Be not jealous, Caesar, of those whom fame has consecrated; for, if it is permissible for the Latin Muses to promise aught, then, as long as the fame of Smyrna's bard endures, posterity shall read my verse and your deeds; our Pharsalia shall live on, and no age will ever doom us to oblivion.

When Caesar had satisfied his eyes with venerable antiquity, he reared in haste an altar of piled-up sods, and uttered prayers and vows over the incense-burning flame; and both were fulfilled. "All ye spirits of the dead, who inhabit the ruins of Troy; and ye household gods of my ancestor Aeneas, who now dwell safe in Lavinium and Alba, and upon their altar still shines fire from Troy; and thou, Pallas, famous pledge of security, whom no male eye may behold in thy secret shrine — lo! I, most renowned descendant of the race of Iulus, here place incense due upon your altars, and solemnly invoke you in your ancient abode. Grant me prosperity to the end, and I will restore your people: with grateful return the Italians shall rebuild the walls of the Phrygians, and a Roman Troy shall rise." When he had spoken thus, Caesar went back to his ships and spread full sails to favouring winds. The gale drove him on, and he was eager to make up for his delay at Troy, so that he sailed past wealthy Asia and left Rhodes unvisited in its foaming sea. The West wind never slackened the cordage of the ships until the seventh night revealed the coast of Egypt by the flame of Pharos. But day dawned and veiled that

beacon of night before he sailed into the quiet waters. There he found the shore filled with disturbance, and heard voices that muttered in uncertainty and confusion. Therefore he kept his ships away from land, fearing to trust himself to a treacherous kingdom. But a minion of the king, bearing his master's ghastly gift, put out into midstream; he carried the head of Magnus wrapped in linen of Egypt, and first he tried with infamous speech to put a fair face on foul deeds: "Conqueror of the world and mightiest of the Roman race, you are made safe, though you are ignorant of it as yet, by the slaying of your son-in-law. The Macedonian king spares you the toil of war by land and sea, and presents you with the one thing lacking to the victory of Pharsalia. The civil war has been won for you without your presence; when Magnus sought to rebuild the fortunes ruined at Pharsalia, he was laid low by our sword. By so dear a pledge have we bought you, Caesar; by this blood our treaty with you was concluded. We give you the kingdom, to be yours without bloodshed; we give you power over the Nile's waters; we give all that you yourself would have given for Pompey's head; reckon us then as adherents worthy of your army, because Fortune willed that we should have such power against your kinsman. Nor must you undervalue our service, because we conferred it by an execution that cost us nothing. Pompey was our friend of old; he had restored the throne to our king's banished father. Need I say more? You must find a name for this great deed; or else ask what the world says of it. If crime it be, then you admit a greater debt to us, because your own hand is not guilty of the crime." With these words he took off the covering from the head, and held it in his hands. By now the features, relaxed by death, had changed the aspect of that familiar face. When Caesar first saw it, he did not condemn the gift nor turn away: his eyes were fixed upon the face till he could be sure. Then, when he saw the proof of the crime, and thought it safe at last to be the loving kinsman, he shed crocodile tears and forced out groans while his heart rejoiced. By tears alone was he able to hide his obvious delight; and thus he belittles the king's horrid service, preferring to mourn the severed head of his kinsman rather than owe obligation for it. Though he had trampled on corpses of senators with face unmoved, and had beheld dry-eyed the field of Pharsalia, to Magnus alone he dares not deny the tribute

of tears. Oh, harsh decree of Fortune! Did you, Caesar, pursue with impious arms this man, for whom you had yet to weep? Does the bond of kinship appeal to you at last? Do your daughter and her child at last bid you grieve? Do you believe that this grief will serve your cause among the nations who love the name of Pompey? Perhaps you are jealous of Ptolemy, resenting that another had such power against the person of Magnus, his prisoner; and you complain that war's vengeance has been lost, and that your kinsman has been snatched from the disposal of his haughty conqueror. Whatever the impulse that forced you to weep, it was far removed from sincere affection. Is this forsooth the purpose that hurries you over land and sea — that your kinsman may not be slain in some secret comer? Well is it that the power to pass sentence on him was taken from you. How deep the stain cruel Fortune spared the honour of Rome when she would not suffer a traitor like you to have mercy on Magnus while he yet lived. — Yet Caesar ventured to speak deceitful words, and sought to gain belief for the sorrow feigned by his brow.

“Take from my sight the ghastly gift of the king you serve. Your crime has done more disservice to Caesar than to Pompey: you have taken from me the one privilege of civil war — the power of granting life to the defeated. If the king of Egypt did not hate his sister, I might have made a fitting return for such a gift by sending him the head of Cleopatra. Why did he draw the sword independently and thrust his weapon into the conflict of Romans? Did I then on the field of Pharsalia grant licence to the Macedonian steel? Was it my object that your rulers should do what they liked? Shall I, who could not suffer Pompey to rule Rome together with me, suffer Ptolemy as a partner? In vain have I convulsed the world with civil war, if there is any authority on earth save mine, if any land owns more than one lord. I might have steered the Roman prows away from your coast; but care for my reputation prevented me: it might seem that I did not condemn bloodstained Egypt, but rather feared her. Do not fancy that you deceive the conqueror: the same reception on the shore was prepared for me too, and I may thank Pharsalia that my head is not carried like his. The risk we ran in warfare was really greater than could be apprehended: I feared only exile, and the threats of my kinsman, and Rome; but the penalty of defeat was — Ptolemy. Yet I

spare his youth and pardon his crime. Let your master learn that pardon is the highest reward this shedding of blood can earn. You must lay in the grave the head of the great general, and not in such a way that the earth merely hides your guilt: give incense to fitting sepulture, ask pardon of the head, collect the ashes strewn on the shore, and let the scattered remains meet in a single urn. Let the dead man be aware that his kinsman is here; let him hear the voice of my love and sorrow. Because he preferred all things to me and would rather owe his life to his Egyptian client, therefore the nations have been deprived of a joyful day, and the world has lost our reconciliation. My prayer found no favour with Heaven — my prayer that I might lay down successful arms and then embrace Pompey; that I might beg of him to love me as of old, and to go on living; that I might ask for myself to be his equal; and I should have been content with this, as a sufficient reward for my hardships. Then, with peace and confidence between us, I should have enabled him to pardon Heaven for his defeat, and he would have enabled Rome to pardon me.” Thus he spoke, but found none to share his weeping; nor did the hearers believe his complaint; they hid their sorrow and veiled their feelings with a mask of rejoicing; though Caesar mourns, they dare — how gracious the privilege! — to look with cheerful faces at that sight of blood and crime.

BOOK X

As soon as Caesar, following Pompey's head, reached land and trod those fatal sands, his fortune and the destiny of guilty Egypt contended whether the realm of Lagus should be conquered by Roman arms, or the Memphian sword should rid the world of the victor's head as well as of the loser's. The shade of Magnus did service; his ghost snatched his kinsman from the sword, that the Roman people might not, even after the death of Pompey, love the Nile. Thence free from care Caesar moved to the Egyptian capital, which was bound to his cause by the pledge of such a ruthless crime. But from the rage of the populace, who bore it ill that Roman rods and laws should invade their own, he learned that feeling was divided and allegiance wavering, and that not for his gain had Magnus fallen. Then undaunted, with looks that ever masked his fears, he visited the temples of the gods, and the ancient shrines of divinity which attest the former might of Macedonia. No thing of beauty attracted him, neither the gold and ornaments of the gods, nor the city walls; but in eager haste he went down into the vault hewn out for a tomb. There lies the mad son of Macedonian Philip, that fortunate freebooter, cut off by a death that avenged the world. The limbs that should have been scattered over the whole earth they laid in a hallowed shrine; Fortune spared his dead body, and the destiny of his reign endured to the last. For if Freedom had ever made men their own masters again, his body would have been preserved for mockery — a man who was born to teach this bad lesson to the world, that so many lands may obey one lord. He left his own obscure realm of Macedonia; he spurned Athens which his father had conquered; driven by the impulse of destiny, he rushed through the peoples of Asia, mowing down mankind; he drove his sword home in the breast of every nation; he defiled distant rivers, the Euphrates and the Ganges, with Persian and Indian blood; he was a pestilence to earth, a thunderbolt that struck all peoples alike, a comet of disaster to mankind. He was preparing to launch his fleets on the Ocean by way of the outer sea. No obstacle to him was heat, or sea, or barren Libya, or the Syrtes, or the desert. Following the curve of the earth,

he would have marched round to the West, and gone beyond both the poles, and drunk of the Nile at its source. But Death stood in his way, and Nature alone was able to bring his mad reign to this end: the power, by which he had seized the whole world, he carried away with him in his jealousy, and left no successor to inherit all his greatness, but exposed the nations to be torn asunder. He died, however, in Babylon he had conquered; and the Parthian feared him. Shame is it that the peoples of the East shrank more from contact with the phalanx than they shrink now from contact with the legion. Though Roman rule extends to the North and the home of the West wind, though we oppress the lands that lie behind the burning South wind, yet in the East we shall yield precedence to the lord of the Parthians. Parthia, that brought doom on the Crassi, was a mere peaceful province of little Pella.

And now the boy-king came from the Pelusian mouth of the Nile, and allayed the discontent of his unwarlike people; and, with him as a hostage for peace, Caesar was safe in the Macedonian court. But then Cleopatra, having bribed the guards to undo the chain across the harbour of Pharos, sailed in a small two-banked ship and entered the Macedonian palace without Caesar's knowledge — Cleopatra, the shame of Egypt, the fatal Fury of Latium, whose unchastity cost Rome dear. As the dangerous beauty of the Spartan queen overthrew Argos and Troy town, in like measure Cleopatra fanned the frenzy of Italy. Her rattle terrified the Capitol — can such things be? — she hurled unwarlike Canopus against Roman warriors, hoping to head an Egyptian triumph and lead a Caesar captive; and by the waters of Leucas it was a question whether the world should be ruled by a woman who was not even a Roman. Her insolence was due to that night which first brought the wanton daughter of the Ptolemies to the arms of a Roman general. Who can refuse pardon to the infatuation of Antony, when even the stubborn heart of Caesar took fire? Even in the midst of his rage and fury, in that palace haunted by Pompey's ghost, while yet drenched with the blood of Pharsalia, he suffered adulterous love to mingle with his anxieties, and combined with war unlawful wedlock and spurious offspring. Shame on him! Forgetting Pompey, he gave Julia brothers by an abominable mother; he suffered the defeated party to rally in the remote realms of Libya; and

he spent his time upon a shameful intrigue in Egypt, because he would rather give the country to another than conquer it for himself. Trusting in her beauty, Cleopatra approached him, in sorrow but not in tears: she had decked out her feigned grief, and her hair, as far as became her, was disordered, as if she had torn it; and thus she began: "Mighty Caesar, if birth counts for aught, I am the noble daughter of Lagos, king of Egypt; but I have been driven from my father's throne and shall be an exile for ever, unless your right hand restores me to my former destiny; and therefore I, a queen, embrace your feet. Appear as a benign star and assist our nation. I shall not be the first woman to rule the cities of the Nile: Egypt is accustomed to put up with a queen and make no distinction of sex. Read the last words of my dead father: he gave me an equal share of the royal power with my brother, and married me to him. The boy himself loves his sister, if only he were free; but his feelings and his soldiers are alike controlled by Pothinus. I do not myself ask to be admitted to any share of my father's power; I beg you only to free our house from such guilt and shame; destroy the dangerous strength of the favourite, and bid the king be a king indeed. What pride the menial cherishes in his heart! Having severed the head of Magnus, he now threatens you; but may fate turn this danger far from you! It was indignity enough for you, Caesar, and for mankind, that a Pothinus gained credit for the murder of a Pompey."

Vain would have been her appeal to the stern ear of Caesar; but her face supported her petition, and her wicked beauty gained her suit. Her judge was bribed, and she spent the whole night in infamy. When Caesar's favour was gained and bought by mighty gifts, so joyful an event was followed by a feast; great was the bustle, as Cleopatra displayed her magnificence — magnificence which Roman society had not yet adopted. The place itself was the size of a temple, such a temple as a corrupt age would hardly rear; the panels of the ceiling displayed wealth, and the rafters were hidden beneath a thick coating of gold. The walls shone with marble; nor were they merely overlaid with a thin surface of it; and agate stood there on its own account, no useless ornament, and porphyry. Alabaster *was* laid all over the hall to tread on; and the ebony of Meroe, no mere covering

for the great doors, took the place of common wood — a support and no mere decoration of the dwelling. Ivory clothed the entrance-hall; and Indian tortoise-shell, artificially coloured, was inlaid upon the doors, and its spots were adorned with many an emerald. Jewels glittered on the couches; the cups, tawny with jasper, loaded the tables, and the sofas were bright with coverlets of divers colours — most had long been steeped in Tyrian dye and took their hue from repeated soakings, while others were embroidered with bright gold, and others blazed with scarlet, as the Egyptian manner is of mingling leashes in the web. There was also a swarm of attendants, and a multitude to serve the banqueters, differing from one another in race or age. Some had the hair of Africa, and others were so fair-headed that Caesar said he had never seen hair so red in the Rhine country; some had dark skins and woolly heads, with hair receding from the forehead. There too were hapless boys who had lost their manhood by the knife; and opposite them stood youths, whose cheeks, in spite of their age, were scarce darkened by any down.

There the sovereigns sat down, and with them Caesar, greater than they. Cleopatra, not content with a crown of her own and her brother for husband, was there, with her baleful beauty painted up beyond all measure: covered with the spoils of the Red Sea, she carried a fortune round her neck and in her hair, and was weighed down by her ornaments. Her white breasts were revealed by the fabric of Sidon, which, close-woven by the shuttle of the Seres, the Egyptian needle-worker pulls out, and loosens the thread by stretching the stuff. Then they placed upon snowy tusks round tables cut in Moorish forests, such tables as Caesar did not see even after he conquered Juba. What blindness, what madness for display, to reveal their wealth to the general in a civil war, and to kindle the avarice of a guest in arms! Even if it were not Caesar, in his impious warfare greedy to get wealth by the havoc of a world — place here the ancient leaders whose names adorn an age of poverty, a Fabricius and stern Curius; or let the consul, summoned unwashed from his plough in Etruria, take his place at this table, and he will pray to celebrate for his country a triumph as splendid.

They served on gold a banquet of every dainty that earth or air, the sea or the Nile affords, all that extravagance, unspurred by hunger

and maddened by idle love of display, has sought out over all the earth. Many birds and beasts were served that are divine in Egypt; crystal ewers supplied Nile water for their hands; the wine was poured into great jewelled goblets — no wine of Egyptian grapes, but generous Falernian, to which Meroe brings ripeness in a few years, forcing its stubborn nature to ferment. They put on wreaths, twined of blooming nard and ever-flowering roses; they drenched their hair with cinnamon, which had not yet grown faint from foreign air nor lost the scent it had at home, and with cardamom, plucked not far away and freshly imported. Caesar learns to squander the wealth of a plundered world; he is ashamed to have made war against one so poor as Pompey, and desires a pretext for war with the Egyptians.

When sated enjoyment set a limit to feasting and wine, Caesar began to prolong the night with discourse long drawn out; and thus he accosted in friendly speech aged Acoreus, who lay, dressed in his linen robe, upon the highest seat. “Sir, devoted as you are to the service of heaven, and, as your age proves, not unprotected by the gods, expound to me the origins of the Egyptian nation, the features of the land, the manners of the common people, your forms of worship, and the shapes of your gods; reveal all that is engraved upon your ancient shrines, and disclose your gods who are willing that they should be known. If your ancestors taught their religion to Plato the Athenian, was ever guest of yours more worthy than I to hear these things, was ever a mind more able to contain the world’s secrets? It is true that the report concerning my kinsman brought me to your cities; but your fame attracted me too: in the midst of war I ever found time to study the world above us and the starry and celestial zones; and the Julian year shall not be outdone by the calendar of Eudoxus. But, though such intellectual vigour and love of truth flourish in my breast, yet there is nothing I would rather learn than the causes, concealed through such long ages, that account for the Nile, and the secret of its source. Give me an assured hope to set eyes on the springs of the river, and I will abandon civil war.” He ended his speech, and thus the holy priest, Acoreus, began his reply: “To me, Caesar, it is permitted to disclose the secrets of our great ancestors — secrets hitherto unknown to the herd. Let others think it pious to conceal such great marvels; but I believe it the will of

heaven that this fabric of theirs should be published abroad and that all mankind should learn their sacred laws. The primal ordinance of the universe assigned different powers to those stars which alone rule the rapid movement of the sky, and move in opposition to the heavens. The sun divides time into periods, and changes day for night; and the power of his rays forbids the planets to go forward, and delays their wanderings with stationary periods. The changes of the moon bring sea and land in contact. To Saturn has been assigned freezing ice in the snowy zone; Mars is lord of the winds and of thunder that has no fixed season; under the rule of Jupiter is temperate climate and air that is always bright; fruitful Venus is mistress of the seeds of all things that exist; and Mercury controls the vast element of water. When Mercury has reached that part of the sky where Leo and Cancer are in contact, where Sirius blazes forth and where lies the circle which changes the year and contains Capricorn and Cancer, whereunder are the hidden founts of the Nile; and when the ruler of the element of water has shone down vertically on these — then the source of the river is opened, and, as the Ocean is lifted up by the waxing moon, so the Nile answers the bidding, and does not narrow his flood again until night has got back from day the hours it lost in summer.

“The ancients erred when they believed that the Nile is helped to overflow the fields by the snows in Ethiopia. For there is no North star nor North wind in those mountains. The mere colour of the Ethiopians, who are blackened by the sun, and their hot scorching winds, may convince you of this. Moreover, every river-head which is set running by the melting of ice begins to rise at the coming of spring, when the snow first thaws; but the Nile does not arouse its water before the shining of the Dog-star, nor confine its stream within the banks until the day becomes equal to the night, with Libra as arbitress. Hence also the Nile knows not the laws that govern other rivers: it does not rise in winter, when the sun is far away and the waters have no function to discharge; but, having orders to mitigate an oppressive climate, he issues forth in the torrid zone at midsummer; and, in order that fire may not dissolve the earth, Nile comes to help the world, rising against the burning mouth of Leo, and answering the prayer of Syene, when its lord, Cancer, is

consuming it; nor does he free the plains from his waters, until the sun slopes down towards autumn and Meroe casts a shadow. Who can explain the reasons? Mother Nature ordained that the Nile should overflow thus, and the world requires that so it should be. — The ancients were wrong again, when they accounted for this inundation by West winds which blow day after day at a fixed season, and whose empire over the air lasts long. These winds were supposed to work in one of two ways: either they drive the clouds down from the western sky across the South and force the rain to descend on the Nile; or else, when the river breaks the shore with so many mouths, they strike it and bring it to a halt by the steady pressure of the sea; and thus the stream overflows the fields, because its course is hindered and a barrier interposed by the sea. Some think that there are air-passages in the earth, and great fissures in its hollow frame. In these, far below the surface, water travels and moves to and fro invisibly, and is summoned from the cold North to the Equator, whenever the sun is directly above Meroe and the parched earth attracts water thither; the Ganges and the Po are thus conveyed through a hidden region of the world; and then the Nile, discharging all rivers from a single source, carries them by many mouths to the sea. There is a tale that the Nile bursts forth from the distant flood of Ocean which bounds every land, and that the brine grows fresh owing to the long distance it travels. Further, we believe that the sun and sky are fed by the Ocean; the sun, when he has reached the claws of fiery Cancer, sucks up the Ocean, and more water is raised than the air can digest; and this overplus the nights repay and pour down upon the Nile. But I myself, if I have the right to decide so great a dispute, hold this opinion, Caesar: certain waters, long after the world was created, burst forth in consequence of earthquakes, with no special purpose on the part of the deity; but certain others, at the very formation of the world, had their beginning along with the universe; and the latter the creator and artificer of all things restrains under a law of their own.

“Your desire, Roman, to explore the Nile was felt by the kings of Egypt and Persia and Macedon; and every generation has wished to enrich posterity with this knowledge, but has been defeated up till now by its native power of concealment. Alexander, greatest of

kings, was jealous of the Nile which Memphis worships, and he sent chosen explorers through the utmost parts of Ethiopia; but they were stopped by the blazing zone of parched sky; they but saw the Nile steaming with heat. Sesostris made his way to the West and to the limits of the world, and drove his Egyptian chariot with kings under the yoke; but he drank of your rivers, the Rhone and the Po, before he drank from the sources of the Nile. The madman Cambyses penetrated the East as far as the land of the long-lived people; food ran short, and he had to feed on his own men; but he returned with no knowledge of the Nile. Even lying legend has not ventured to tell of its sources. Wherever the river is seen, it is a puzzle to men; and no nation can boast that it takes pride in the Nile as its own possession. But I will expound its course, in so far as the deity who conceals its stream has granted me knowledge of it. — The Nile rises at the Equator, boldly raising his channel in the face of burning Cancer; and his waters proceed due North towards the centre of Bootes; yet his current bends and twists towards West and East, at one time favouring the peoples of Arabia, at another the sands of Libya. The first nation to behold him are the Seres, but they also have no certain knowledge of him; with foreign waters he strikes the plains of the Ethiopians, and the globe knows not to whom it is indebted for him. Nature has revealed to none his hidden source, nor has it been permitted to mankind to see the stripling Nile; she has concealed his hiding-places, preferring that the nations should marvel at them rather than know them. He is privileged to rise at midsummer, to be flooded by a winter out of season, and to bring with him a rainy season of his own; and he alone is permitted to stray through both hemispheres. In one hemisphere his source is unknown, in the other his final goal. His waters part widely to surround Meroe — Meroe fertile for the black race that till her soil, and rich in the foliage of the ebony-tree; but, though she has leaves on many a tree, she has no shade to temper the summer heat, because a line drawn from that spot to the sky strikes Leo vertically. Next he moves past the realm of Phoebus with no loss of volume, and long traverses barren sands, at one time with all his wealth of water gathered into a single stream, at another straying from his course and scattering the bank that readily gives way to his pressure. Then once more his many separate

streams are recalled by the sluggish channel where Philae, the gate of the Egyptian kingdom, divides the fields of Egypt from the peoples of Arabia. Later, as he cleaves the desert where commerce unites our sea with the Red Sea, a gentle flow leads him on. Who could believe that the river which here runs so smoothly could ever rouse the whole fury of his turbulent stream? Yet, when his flow comes to a broken channel and headlong cataracts, and when he resents that any cliffs should bar the stream that found free passage everywhere, then he challenges the stars with his spray, the region roars with his waves, the cliff rumbles loudly, and the river whitens with foam under the constraint of his flood. Next comes the island which our hallowed tradition calls Abatos; it is smitten first and first feels the uproar. Here too are the rocks which are commonly called the springs of the river, because they give the first clear indication when the water begins to rise. From this point Nature has surrounded the wandering stream with mountains, which rob Libya of the Nile; and between the mountains the river flows, tamed now and silent, through a deep valley. Memphis first offers plains and open country for it to spread over, and forbids the channel to set a limit to its expansion.”

Thus midnight went by, and they spent the time without fear, as if in peace and safety. But the frenzied bosom of Pothinus, once stained with sacrilegious murder, was never again free from guilty excitement: after the slaughter of Magnus he no longer counts any deed a crime; his breast is haunted by the ghost of his victim, and the avenging goddesses madden him to commit fresh horrors. Once again he aspires to shed blood by base-born hands — that blood with which Fortune intended to drench the defeated Senators; and the vengeance of the Senate, that penalty for civil war, was almost permitted to a menial hand. Ye destinies, banish far this wrong, that Caesar’s head should fall and Brutus not be there! Thus the punishment of the Roman tyrant goes to swell the guilt of Egypt, and the warning is lost. With boldness Pothinus lays a plot doomed to failure: not trying to entrust the murder to secret guile, he attacks the unconquered leader with open war. His evil deeds emboldened him to decree that Caesar’s head should be struck off, and that the fate of Magnus should be shared by his father-in-law; and he bade his

faithful henchmen carry this message to Achillas, his partner in Pompey's murder. The unwarlike boy-king, reserving no authority for himself, had set Achillas over all his forces, and given him the sword to use against all, the king himself included. "Is this the time," said Pothinus, "to lie soft upon your bed and sleep sound and long, when Cleopatra has seized the palace, and Egypt has been not merely betrayed but given away? Do you alone hang back, when all others hasten to the bed of the princess? The wicked sister is marrying her brother — the Roman general she has married already; hastening from one husband to another, she possesses Egypt and is playing the harlot for Rome. She was able to conquer the older man's heart by drugs; if you put your trust in the boy, I pity you. If a single night brings them together, if he once submits to her embraces with incestuous heart and drinks in unlawful passion on pretence of natural affection, then he will grant her your head and mine, each perhaps in return for a kiss. We shall pay the penalty on the gallows or at the stake, if she prove beautiful in her brother's sight. No refuge remains for us in any quarter: the royal husband threatens us on one side, and the paramour Caesar on the other. And indeed, to confess the truth, guilty we are at the bar of so cruel a judge; Cleopatra considers every man of us guilty, if he has not defiled her. By the crime which we committed together and committed in vain, by our alliance sealed with the blood of Magnus, I charge you to come forward; stir up war with sudden uproar, attack with speed. While it is night, let us break off marriage by death and slay our cruel mistress in her very bed, be her bedfellow who he may. Nor should we be frightened from the attempt by the lucky star which has lifted up the Roman general and set him over the world: we share his distinction, and the death of Magnus exalts us also. Look at yonder shore, which gives us confidence for evil; ask the bloodstained sea what power we have; look at Pompey's grave, made out of a handful of dust and not covering all his body, The man you dread was Pompey's peer. Our blood is not noble — what matters that? — and we do not control kingdoms or the power of nations; but for crime fate has given us immense capacity. Fortune draws these great men within our grasp; see! another and a nobler victim is here. By a second murder let us make our peace with the Western nation: to take Caesar's life can do

me this service — the Roman people will love those who are guilty of Pompey's murder. Why dread we the great name of Caesar, and his army? Now that he has left it behind, we shall find him only a soldier like other soldiers. This night shall end the civil war; it shall make funeral offerings for mankind, and send down to the shades that head which the world still claims as its due. Go forth, all of you, bravely against Caesar's life; let the Egyptian soldiers thus serve their king, and let the Romans serve themselves. Lose no time, Achillas. You will find him sated with feasting, drunken with wine, and ripe for amorous dalliance; be bold, and Heaven will vouchsafe to you what a Cato and a Brutus have so often prayed for." Achillas was not slow to obey the call to crime. He gave the order, but without the customary noise, for the soldiers to march, and no blare of the trumpet betrayed the movement; in haste he assembled all the equipment of cruel war. Most of the men belonged to the populace of Rome; but they were degenerate and denationalised, and such forgetfulness had mastered their minds, that those who should have scouted the command of an Egyptian king served under his slave and at the bidding of a henchman. Men who follow the camp have no loyalty, no sense of duty: their swords are for sale; the cause that offers immediate reward is the good cause; serving for scanty pay, they attack Caesar's life to gratify others. Oh, law divine! Where does the hapless destiny of our empire fail to find civil war? Kept away from Pharsalia, the soldiers are distracted on the banks of the Nile with the frenzy of their nation. What more could the house of Lagus have dared, if it had harboured Magnus? The truth is that every hand pays its debt to the gods, and no Roman is permitted by them to stand idle. It has pleased the gods to split up thus the body of Rome: the great nations are not divided in favour of Caesar or his son-in-law; but a mere henchman has stirred up civil war, and Achillas has usurped the part of a Roman; and, unless fate averts their hands from Caesar's blood, their side will win. Each of the pair was quickly on the spot; the palace, busied with the banquet, was open to every treachery; and it was possible that the blood of Caesar might be shed over the king's drinking-cups, and his head fall upon the table. But the conspirators feared the haste and confusion of war by night; bloodshed, carried on with disorder and left to chance,

might take off Ptolemy as well. Such was their reliance on their swords, that they did not hurry on the crime; they despised the easiness of their great design; to let slip that chance of slaying Caesar seemed to these slaves a loss they could soon make good. So he was spared, to suffer in the light of day; a single night was granted him; and Caesar, thanks to Pothinus, gained a respite from death till sunrise.

The morning-star looked forth from Mount Casius and sent the daylight over Egypt, where even sunrise is hot; and then, at a distance from the walls, an army was seen — not stragglers with disorderly ranks, but such a force as marches with level front against a foe worthy of their steel: on they charge, ready to endure and to wage close combat. Caesar, on his part, distrusted the city walls and defended himself by closing the gates of the palace, thus submitting to an unworthy hiding-place. Hemmed in as he was, the whole palace was not at his disposal: he had gathered his forces in one corner of it. His pride was touched by rage and fear — fear of attack, and wrath at his own fear. Thus some noble beast, penned in a narrow cage, roars and bites the bars till he breaks his furious teeth; and even so, if any hand were to seal up the summit of Etna, the fire of Vulcan would rage in the craters of Sicily. Not long ago, beneath the height of Mount Haemus in Thessaly, Caesar had boldly defied all the magnates of Rome, and the Senate in battle array under the leadership of Pompey; and, though the badness of his cause was adverse to his hopes, yet he was sanguine of undeserved success. But now he dreaded the wickedness of slaves, and crouched within walls while missiles rained upon him. Alanians, or Scythians, or Moors who mock the stranger by fixing him as a target for their arrows would have done Caesar no harm; yet he, for whom the whole Roman world is too small, who would not be satisfied to rule at once India and Phœnician Gades, seeks safety within a house, like a defenceless child or a woman when her city is taken; he relies for his life upon a closed door; he hastes from room to room, wandering in uncertainty. Yet he has the king for companion and takes him everywhere with him: he means to get satisfaction from Ptolemy and consolation, if he himself must die; and, if missiles and firebrands are lacking, he will hurl against the slaves the head of their king. So, we

are told, the foreign woman from Colchis, fearing vengeance for her treason and her flight, waited her father's coming with her sword in one hand and her brother's head in the other. Yet Caesar was forced by his desperate plight to explore the possibility of peace; and a courtier was sent, to rebuke the warlike slaves in a message from their absent king, and to ask who gave them leave to fight. But the law of nations was of no avail, nor could the rights respected by all peoples preserve the king's ambassador, the mediator of peace, from falling by the sword. Yet who considers such a deed worthy to find a place in the list of Egypt's crimes, that land guilty of so many atrocities? Neither the land of Thessaly, nor the barren realm of Juba, nor Pontus with the unnatural warfare of Pharnaces, nor the region round which cold Hiberus flows, nor the savage Syrtis — no country has ventured on such crimes as Egypt, with all her luxury, has committed. War besets Caesar on every side; already missiles are falling upon the palace and battering the dwelling. The besiegers have no ram to shatter the gates and break open the building with one blow, and no engines of war; nor do they trust fire to do their work; but with no plan they split up into parties and surround the vast circuit of the walls; and at no point does the host attack in full strength. Fate is against them, and Fortune performs the office of a wall.

They assailed the palace also by means of ships, at the point where the splendid pile projected with bold frontage right over the water. But Caesar was present everywhere in defence, driving back some attacks with the sword and others with fire; and such was his courage, that while besieged he did the work of a besieger. He ordered brands steeped in resin to be hurled at the sails of the crowded ships; and the fire coursed swiftly along the ropes of tow and the decks running with wax, till the rowers' benches and the towering yards blazed up together. Soon the ships, almost half-consumed, sank beneath the surface, and soon the assailants and their weapons were swamped. Nor did the fire fall upon the vessels only: the houses near the sea caught fire from the spreading heat, and the winds fanned the conflagration, till the flames, smitten by the eddying gale, rushed over the roofs as fast as the meteors that often trace a furrow through the sky, though they have nothing solid to

feed on and burn by means of air alone. This calamity for a time called off the crowd from the close-barred palace to rescue the city. Caesar did not waste in slumber the time granted by the fire, but sprang on board ship in the darkness of night. He had ever made successful use of haste in warfare, and now with all speed he seized Pharos, which gives access to the sea. Once, in the time of the seer Proteus, it was an island out at sea, but now it stands close to the walls of Alexandria. To Caesar it was doubly useful in his warfare. For, when he had prevented the enemy from sailing out to sea by the narrow passage and saw the harbour open for reinforcements, he postponed no longer the punishment of death which Pothinus had so richly earned. But Caesar's wrath did not destroy him by fitting means — the gallows, or the stake, or the teeth of wild beasts: he died the death of Magnus. Moreover, Arsinoe was carried off secretly by a trick of Ganymede, her chamberlain, and conveyed to Caesar's enemies. There, as a daughter of Lagus, she ruled the army in the absence of the king and pierced with righteous sword Achilles, the dreadful instrument of Ptolemy. Thus a second victim was offered to the shade of Magnus; but Fortune is not content with this. Perish the thought that his vengeance should end here! Ptolemy himself and all the house of Lagus are not enough to quit the score: until the swords of his own countrymen pierce the heart of Caesar, Magnus will remain unavenged. But the madness did not cease with the death of its originator: again, led by Ganymede, the people rush to arms and are often victorious in battle. Because of Caesar's utmost danger, a single day might have become for ever famous.

Round him stood his soldiers in the narrow space of the mole; and he was preparing to embark his men on the empty ships, when he was suddenly surrounded by all the fearfulness of war: on one side the shore was lined with close-packed ships; on the other, the infantry assaulted his rear. There was no path of safety either in flight or in valour; he could scarcely hope even for an honourable death. To conquer Caesar then, no rout of an army and no heaps of dead were needed, nor any bloodshed at all. Made helpless by the nature of his position, he stood perplexed; and, even as he doubted whether to fear death or pray for it, he saw Scaeva in the serried ranks, that Scaeva who had already won immortal glory on the plains of Epidamnus; for

there, when the walls were breached and Magnus trod the ramparts underfoot, Scaeva single-handed beleaguered Magnus.

VERSE TRANSLATION by Edward Ridley



CONTENTS

BOOK I
BOOK II
BOOK III
BOOK IV
BOOK V
BOOK VI
BOOK VII
BOOK VIII
BOOK IX
BOOK X

BOOK I

THE CROSSING OF THE RUBICON

Wars worse than civil on Emathian plains,
And crime let loose we sing; how Rome's high race
Plunged in her vitals her victorious sword;
Armies akin embattled, with the force
Of all the shaken earth bent on the fray;
And burst asunder, to the common guilt,
A kingdom's compact; eagle with eagle met,
Standard to standard, spear opposed to spear.

Whence, citizens, this rage, this boundless lust
To sate barbarians with the blood of Rome?
Did not the shade of Crassus, wandering still,
Cry for his vengeance? Could ye not have spoiled,
To deck your trophies, haughty Babylon?
Why wage campaigns that send no laurels home?
What lands, what oceans might have been the prize
Of all the blood thus shed in civil strife!
Where Titan rises, where night hides the stars,
'Neath southern noons all quivering with heat,
Or where keen frost that never yields to spring
In icy fetters binds the Scythian main:
Long since barbarians by the Eastern sea
And far Araxes' stream, and those who know
(If any such there be) the birth of Nile
Had felt our yoke. Then, Rome, upon thyself
With all the world beneath thee, if thou must,
Wage this nefarious war, but not till then.

Now view the houses with half-ruined walls
Throughout Italian cities; stone from stone
Has slipped and lies at length; within the home
No guard is found, and in the ancient streets so

Scarce seen the passer by. The fields in vain,
Rugged with brambles and unploughed for years,
Ask for the hand of man; for man is not.
Nor savage Pyrrhus nor the Punic horde
E'er caused such havoc: to no foe was given
To strike thus deep; but civil strife alone
Dealt the fell wound and left the death behind.
Yet if the fates could find no other way
For Nero coming, nor the gods with ease
Gain thrones in heaven; and if the Thunderer
Prevailed not till the giant's war was done,
Complaint is silent. For this boon supreme
Welcome, ye gods, be wickedness and crime;
Thronged with our dead be dire Pharsalia's fields,
Be Punic ghosts avenged by Roman blood;
Add to these ills the toils of Mutina;
Perusia's dearth; on Munda's final field
The shock of battle joined; let Leucas' Cape
Shatter the routed navies; servile hands
Unsheath the sword on fiery Etna's slopes:
Still Rome is gainer by the civil war.
Thou, Caesar, art her prize. When thou shalt choose,
Thy watch relieved, to seek divine abodes,
All heaven rejoicing; and shalt hold a throne,
Or else elect to govern Phoebus' car
And light a subject world that shall not dread
To owe her brightness to a different Sun;
All shall concede thy right: do what thou wilt,
Select thy Godhead, and the central clime
Whence thou shalt rule the world with power divine.
And yet the Northern or the Southern Pole
We pray thee, choose not; but in rays direct
Vouchsafe thy radiance to thy city Rome.
Press thou on either side, the universe
Should lose its equipoise: take thou the midst,
And weight the scales, and let that part of heaven
Where Caesar sits, be evermore serene

And smile upon us with unclouded blue.
Then may all men lay down their arms, and peace
Through all the nations reign, and shut the gates
That close the temple of the God of War.
Be thou my help, to me e'en now divine!
Let Delphi's steep her own Apollo guard,
And Nysa keep her Bacchus, uninvoked.
Rome is my subject and my muse art thou!

First of such deeds I purpose to unfold
The causes — task immense — what drove to arms
A maddened nation, and from all the world
Struck peace away.

By envious fate's decrees
Abide not long the mightiest lords of earth;
Beneath too heavy a burden great the fall.
Thus Rome o'ergrew her strength. So when that hour,
The last in all the centuries, shall sound
The world's disruption, all things shall revert
To that primaeval chaos, stars on stars
Shall crash; and fiery meteors from the sky
Plunge in the ocean. Earth shall then no more
Front with her bulwark the encroaching sea:
The moon, indignant at her path oblique,
Shall drive her chariot 'gainst her brother Sun
And claim the day for hers; and discord huge
Shall rend the spheres asunder.

On themselves

Great powers are dashed: such bounds the gods have placed
Upon the prosperous; nor doth Fortune lend
To any nations, so that they may strike
The sovereign power that rules the earth and sea,
The weapons of her envy. Triple reign
And baleful compact for divided power —
Ne'er without peril separate before —
Made Rome their victim. Oh! Ambition blind,

That stirred the leaders so to join their strength
In peace that ended ill, their prize the world!
For while the Sea on Earth and Earth on Air
Lean for support: while Titan runs his course,
And night with day divides an equal sphere,
No king shall brook his fellow, nor shall power
Endure a rival. Search no foreign lands:
These walls are proof that in their infant days
A hamlet, not the world, was prize enough
To cause the shedding of a brother's blood.

Concord, on discord based, brief time endured,
Unwelcome to the rivals; and alone
Crassus delayed the advent of the war.
Like to the slender neck that separates
The seas of Graecia: should it be engulfed
Then would th' Ionian and Aegean mains
Break each on other: thus when Crassus fell,
Who held apart the chiefs, in piteous death,
And stained Assyria's plains with Latian blood,
Defeat in Parthia loosed the war in Rome.
More in that victory than ye thought was won,
Ye sons of Arsaces; your conquered foes
Took at your hands the rage of civil strife.
The mighty realm that earth and sea contained,
To which all peoples bowed, split by the sword,
Could not find space for two. For Julia bore,
Cut off by fate unpitying, the bond
Of that ill-omened marriage, and the pledge
Of blood united, to the shades below.
Had'st thou but longer stayed, it had been thine
To keep the husband and the sire apart,
And, as the Sabine women did of old,
Dash down the threatening swords and join the hands.
With thee all trust was buried, and the chiefs
Could give their courage vent, and rushed to war.

Lest newer glories triumphs past obscure,
Late conquered Gaul the bays from pirates won,
This, Magnus, was thy fear; thy roll of fame,
Of glorious deeds accomplished for the state
Allows no equal; nor will Caesar's pride
A prior rival in his triumphs brook;
Which had the right 'twere impious to enquire;
Each for his cause can vouch a judge supreme;
The victor, heaven: the vanquished, Cato, thee.
Nor were they like to like: the one in years
Now verging towards decay, in times of peace
Had unlearned war; but thirsting for applause
Had given the people much, and proud of fame
His former glory cared not to renew,
But joyed in plaudits of the theatre,
His gift to Rome: his triumphs in the past,
Himself the shadow of a mighty name.
As when some oak, in fruitful field sublime,
Adorned with venerable spoils, and gifts
Of bygone leaders, by its weight to earth
With feeble roots still clings; its naked arms
And hollow trunk, though leafless, give a shade;
And though condemned beneath the tempest's shock
To speedy fall, amid the sturdier trees
In sacred grandeur rules the forest still.
No such reputation had Caesar won, nor fame;
But energy was his that could not rest —
The only shame he knew was not to win.
Keen and unvanquished, where revenge or hope
Might call, resistless would he strike the blow
With sword un pitying: every victory won
Reaped to the full; the favour of the gods
Pressed to the utmost; all that stayed his course
Aimed at the summit of power, was thrust aside:
Triumph his joy, though ruin marked his track.
As parts the clouds a bolt by winds compelled,
With crack of riven air and crash of worlds,

And veils the light of day, and on mankind,
Blasting their vision with its flames oblique,
Sheds deadly fright; then turning to its home, ‘
Nought but the air opposing, through its path
Spreads havoc, and collects its scattered fires.

Such were the hidden motives of the chiefs;
But in the public life the seeds of war
Their hold had taken, such as are the doom
Of potent nations: and when fortune poured
Through Roman gates the booty of a world,
The curse of luxury, chief bane of states,
Fell on her sons. Farewell the ancient ways!
Behold the pomp profuse, the houses decked
With ornament; their hunger loathed the food
Of former days; men wore attire for dames
Scarce fitly fashioned; poverty was scorned,
Fruitful of warriors; and from all the world
Came that which ruins nations; while the fields
Furrowed of yore by great Camillus’ plough,
Or by the mattock which a Curius held,
Lost their once narrow bounds, and widening tracts
By hinds unknown were tilled. No nation this
To sheathe the sword, with tranquil peace content
And with her liberties; but prone to ire;
Crime holding light as though by want compelled:
And great the glory in the minds of men,
Ambition lawful even at point of sword,
To rise above their country: might their law:
Decrees are forced from Senate and from Plebs:
Consul and Tribune break the laws alike:
Bought are the fasces, and the people sell
For gain their favour: bribery’s fatal curse
Corrupts the annual contests of the Field.
Then covetous usury rose, and interest
Was greedier ever as the seasons came;
Faith tottered; thousands saw their gain in war.

Caesar has crossed the Alps, his mighty soul
Great tumults pondering and the coming shock.
Now on the marge of Rubicon, he saw,
In face most sorrowful and ghostly guise,
His trembling country's image; huge it seemed
Through mists of night obscure; and hoary hair
Streamed from the lofty front with turrets crowned:
Torn were her locks and naked were her arms.
Then thus, with broken sighs the Vision spake:
"What seek ye, men of Rome? and whither hence
Bear ye my standards? If by right ye come,
My citizens, stay here; these are the bounds;
No further dare." But Caesar's hair was stiff
With horror as he gazed, and ghastly dread
Restrained his footsteps on the further bank.
Then spake he, "Thunderer, who from the rock
Tarpeian seest the wall of mighty Rome;
Gods of my race who watched o'er Troy of old;
Thou Jove of Alba's height, and Vestal fires,
And rites of Romulus erst rapt to heaven,
And God-like Rome; be friendly to my quest.
Not with offence or hostile arms I come,
Thy Caesar, conqueror by land and sea,
Thy soldier here and wheresoe'er thou wilt:
No other's; his, his only be the guilt
Whose acts make me thy foe.' He gives the word
And bids his standards cross the swollen stream.
So in the wastes of Afric's burning clime
The lion crouches as his foes draw near,
Feeding his wrath the while, his lashing tail
Provokes his fury; stiff upon his neck
Bristles his mane: deep from his gaping jaws
Resounds a muttered growl, and should a lance
Or javelin reach him from the hunter's ring,
Scorning the puny scratch he bounds afield.

From modest fountain blood-red Rubicon

In summer's heat flows on; his pigmy tide
Creeps through the valleys and with slender marge
Divides the Italian peasant from the Gaul.
Then winter gave him strength, and fraught with rain
The third day's crescent moon; while Eastern winds
Thawed from the Alpine slopes the yielding snow.
The cavalry first form across the stream '—
To break the torrent's force; the rest with ease
Beneath their shelter gain the further bank.
When Csesar crossed and trod beneath his feet
The soil of Italy's forbidden fields,
“Here,” spake he, “peace, here broken laws be left;
Farewell to treaties. Fortune, lead me on;
War is our judge, and in the fates our trust.”
Then in the shades of night he leads the troops
Swifter than Balearic sling or shaft
Winged by retreating Parthian, to the walls
Of threatened Rimini, while fled the stars,
Save Lucifer, before the coming sun,
Whose fires were veiled in clouds, by south wind driven,
Or else at heaven's command: and thus drew on
The first dark morning of the civil war.

Now stand the troops within the captured town,
Their standards planted; and the trumpet clang
Rings forth in harsh alarums, giving note
Of impious strife: roused from their sleep the men
Rush to the hall and snatch the ancient arms
Long hanging through the years of peace; the shield
With crumbling frame; dark with the tooth of rust
Their swords ; and javelins with blunted point.
But when the well-known signs and eagles shone,
And Caesar towering o'er the throng was seen,
They shook for terror, fear possessed their limbs,
And thoughts unuttered stirred within their souls.
“O miserable those to whom their home
Denies the peace that all men else enjoy!

Placed as we are beside the Northern bounds
And scarce a footstep from the restless Gaul,
We fall the first; would that our lot had been
Beneath the Eastern sky, or frozen North,
To lead a wandering life, rather than keep
The gates of Latium. Brennus sacked the town
And Hannibal, and all the Teuton hosts.
For when the fate of Rome is in the scale
By this path war advances." Thus they moan
Their fears but speak them not; no sound is heard
Giving their anguish utterance: as when
In depth of winter all the fields are still,
The birds are voiceless and no sound is heard
To break the silence of the central sea.
But when the day had broken through the shades
Of chilly darkness, lo! the torch of war!
For by the hand of Fate is swift dispersed
All Caesar's shame of battle, and his mind
Scarce doubted more; and Fortune toiled to make
His action just and give him cause for arms.
For while Rome doubted and the tongues of men
Spoke of the chiefs who won them rights of yore,
The hostile Senate, in contempt of right,
Drove out the Tribunes. They to Caesar's camp
With Curio hasten, who of venal tongue,
Bold, prompt, persuasive, had been wont to preach
Of Freedom to the people, and to call
Upon the chiefs to lay their weapons down .
And when he saw how deeply Caesar mused,
"While from the rostrum I had power," he said,
To call the populace to aid thy cause,
By this my voice against the Senate's will
Was thy command prolonged. But silenced now
Are laws in war: we driven from our homes;
Yet is our exile willing; for thine arms
Shall make us citizens of Rome again.
Strike; for no strength as yet the foe hath gained.

Occasion calls, delay shall mar it soon:
Like risk, like labour, thou hast known before,
But never such reward. Could Gallia hold
Thine armies ten long years ere victory came,
That little nook of earth? One paltry fight
Or twain, fought out by thy resistless hand,
And Rome for thee shall have subdued the world:
'Tis true no triumph now would bring thee home;
No captive tribes would grace thy chariot wheels
Winding in pomp around the ancient hill.
Spite gnaws the factions; for thy conquests won
Scarce shalt thou be unpunished. Yet 'tis fate
Thou should'st subdue thy kinsman: share the world
With him thou canst not; rule thou canst, alone."
As when at Elis' festival a horse
In stable pent gnaws at his prison bars
Impatient, and should clamour from without
Strike on his ear, bounds furious at restraint,
So then was Caesar, eager for the fight,
Stirred by the words of Curio. To the ranks
He bids his soldiers; with majestic mien
And hand commanding silence as they come.
"Comrades," he cried, "victorious returned,
Who by my side for ten long years have faced,
'Mid Alpine winters and on Arctic shores,
The thousand dangers of the battle-field —
Is this our country's welcome, this her prize
For death and wounds and Roman blood outpoured?
Rome arms her choicest sons; the sturdy oaks
Are felled to make a fleet; — what could she more
If from the Alps fierce Hannibal were come
With all his Punic host? By land and sea
Caesar shall fly! Fly? Though in adverse war
Our best had fallen, and the savage Gaul
Were hard upon our track, we would not fly.
And now, when fortune smiles and kindly gods
Beckon us on to glory! — Let him come

Fresh from his years of peace, with all his crowd
Of conscript burgesses, Marcellus' tongue
And Cato's empty name! We will not fly.
Shall Eastern hordes and greedy hirelings keep
Their loved Pompeius ever at the helm?
Shall chariots of triumph be for him
Though youth and law forbid them? Shall he seize
On Rome's chief honours ne'er to be resigned?
And what of harvests blighted through the world
And ghastly famine made to serve his ends?
Who hath forgotten how Pompeius' bands
Seized on the forum, and with glittering arms
Made outraged justice tremble, while their swords
Hemmed in the judgment-seat where Milo stood?
And now when worn and old and ripe for rest,
Greedy of power, the impious sword again
He draws. As tigers in Hyrcanian woods
Wandering, or in the caves that saw their birth,
Once having lapped the blood of slaughtered kine,
Shall never cease from rage; e'en so this whelp
Of cruel Sulla, nursed in civil war,
Outstrips his master; and the tongue which licked
That reeking weapon ever thirsts for more.
Stain once the lips with blood, no other meal
They shall enjoy. And shall there be no end
Of these long years of power and of crime?
Nay, this one lesson, e'er it be too late,
Learn of thy gentle Sulla — to retire!
Of old his victory o'er Cilician thieves
And Pontus' weary monarch gave him fame,
By poison scarce attained. His latest prize
Shall I be, Caesar, I, who would not quit
My conquering eagles at his proud command?
Nay, if no triumph is reserved for me,
Let these at least of long and toilsome war
'Neath other leaders the rewards enjoy.
Where shall the weary soldier find his rest?

What cottage homes their joys, what fields their fruit
Shall to our veterans yield? Will Magnus say
That pirates only till the fields alight?
Unfurl your standards; victory gilds them yet,
As through those glorious years. Deny our rights!
He that denies them makes our quarrel just.
Nay! use the strength that we have made our own.
No booty seek we, nor imperial power.
This would-be ruler of subservient Rome
We force to quit his grasp; and Heaven shall smile
On those who seek to drag the tyrant down.”

Thus Caesar spake; but doubtful murmurs ran
Throughout the listening crowd, this way and that
Their wishes urging them; the thoughts of home
And household gods and kindred gave them pause:
But fear of Caesar and the pride of war
Their doubts resolved. Then Laelius, who wore
The well-earned crown for Roman life preserved,
The foremost Captain of the army, spake:
“O greatest leader of the Roman name,
If ’tis thy wish the very truth to hear
’Tis mine to speak it; we complain of this,
That gifted with such strength thou did’st refrain
From using it. Had’st thou no trust in us?
While the hot life-blood fills these glowing veins,
While these strong arms avail to hurl the lance,
Wilt thou make peace and bear the Senate’s rule?
Is civil conquest then so base and vile?
Lead us through Scythian deserts, lead us where
The inhospitable Syrtes line the shore
Of Afric’s burning sands, or where thou wilt:
This hand, to leave a conquered world behind,
Held firm the oar that tamed the Northern Sea
And Rhine’s swift torrent foaming to the main.
To follow thee fate gives me now the power:
The will was mine before. No citizen

I count the man 'gainst whom thy trumpets sound.
By ten campaigns of victory, I swear,
By all thy world-wide triumphs, though with hand
Unwilling, should'st thou now demand the life
Of sire or brother or of faithful spouse,
Caesar, the life were thine. To spoil the gods
And sack great Juno's temple on the hill,
To plant our arms o'er Tiber's yellow stream,
To measure out the camp, against the wall
To drive the fatal ram, and raze the town,
This arm shall not refuse, though Rome the prize."

His comrades swore consent with lifted hands
And vowed to follow wheresoe'er he led.
And such a clamour rent the sky as when
Some Thracian blast on Ossa's pine-clad rocks
Falls headlong, and the loud re-echoing woods,
Or bending, or rebounding from the stroke,
In sounding chorus lift the roar on high.

When Csesar saw them welcome thus the war
And Fortune leading on, and favouring fates,
He seized the moment, called his troops from Gaul,
And breaking up his camp set on for Rome.

The tents are vacant by Lake Leman's side;
The camps upon the beetling crags of Vosges
No longer hold the warlike Lingon down,
Fierce in his painted arms; Isere is left,
Who past his shallows gliding, flows at last
Into the current of more famous Rhone,
To reach the ocean in another name.
The fair-haired people of Cevennes are free:
Soft Aude rejoicing bears no Roman keel,
Nor pleasant Var, since then Italia's bound;
The harbour sacred to Alcides' name
Where hollow crags encroach upon the sea,

Is left in freedom: there nor Zephyr gains
Nor Caurus access, but the Circian blast
Forbids the roadstead by Monaecus' hold.
And others left the doubtful shore, which sea
And land alternate claim, whene'er the tide
Pours in amain or when the wave rolls back —
Be it the wind which thus compels the deep
From furthest pole, and leaves it at the flood;
Or else the moon that makes the tide to swell,
Or else, in search of fuel for his fires,
The sun draws heavenward the ocean wave; —
Whate'er the cause that may control the main
I leave to others; let the gods for me
Lock in their breasts the secrets of the world.

Those who kept watch beside the western shore
Have moved their standards home; the happy Gaul
Rejoices in their absence; fair Garonne
Through peaceful meads glides onward to the sea.
And where the river broadens, neath the cape
Her quiet harbour sleeps. No outstretched arm
Except in mimic war now hurls the lance.
No skilful warrior of Seine directs
The scythed chariot 'gainst his country's foe.
Now rest the Belgians, and the Arvernian race
That boasts our kinship by descent from Troy;
And those brave rebels whose undaunted hands
Were dipped in Cotta's blood, and those who wear
Sarmatian garb. Batavia's warriors fierce
No longer listen for the bugle call,
Nor those who dwell where Rhone's swift eddies sweep
Saone to the ocean; nor the mountain tribes
Who dwell about its source. Thou, too, oh Treves,
Rejoicest that the war has left thy bounds.
Ligurian tribes, now shorn, in ancient days
First of the long-haired nations, on whose necks
Once flowed the auburn locks in pride supreme;

And those who pacify with blood accursed
Savage Teutates, Hesus' horrid shrines,
And Taranis' altars cruel as were those
Loved by Diana , goddess of the north;
All these now rest in peace. And you, ye Bards,
Whose martial lays send down to distant times
The fame of valorous deeds in battle done,
Pour forth in safety more abundant song.
While you, ye Druids , when the war was done,
To mysteries strange and hateful rites returned:
To you alone 'tis given the gods and stars
To know or not to know; secluded groves
Your dwelling-place, and forests far remote.
If what ye sing be true, the shades of men
Seek not the dismal homes of Erebus
Or death's pale kingdoms; but the breath of life
Still rules these bodies in another age —
Life on this hand and that, and death between.
Happy the peoples 'neath the Northern Star
In this their false belief; for them no fear
Of that which frights all others: they with hands
And hearts undaunted rush upon the foe
And scorn to spare the life that shall return.
Ye too depart who kept the banks of Rhine
Safe from the foe, and leave the Teuton tribes
Free at their will to march upon the world.

Caesar, with strength increased and gathered troops
New efforts daring, spreads his bands afar
Through Italy, and fills the neighbouring towns.
Then empty rumour to well-grounded fear
Gave strength, and heralding the coming war
In hundred voices 'midst the people spread.
One cries in terror, "Swift the squadrons come
Where Nar with Tiber joins: and where, in meads
By oxen loved, Mevania spreads her walls,
Fierce Caesar hurries his barbarian horse.

Eagles and standards wave above his head,
And broad the march that sweeps across the land.”
Nor is he pictured truly; greater far
More fierce and pitiless — from conquered foes
Advancing; in his rear the peoples march.
Snatched from their homes between the Rhine and Alps,
To pillage Rome while Roman chiefs look on.
Thus each man’s panic thought swells rumour’s lie:
They fear the phantoms they themselves create.
Nor does the terror seize the crowd alone:
But fled the Fathers, to the Consuls first
Issuing their hated order, as for war;
And doubting of their safety, doubting too
Where lay the peril, through the choking gates,
Each where he would, rushed all the people forth.
Thou would’st believe that blazing to the torch
Were men’s abodes, or nodding to their fall.
So streamed they onwards, frenzied with affright,
As though in exile only could they find
Hope for their country. So, when southern blasts
From Libyan whirlpools drive the boundless main,
And mast and sail crash down upon a ship
With ponderous weight, but still the frame is sound,
Her crew and captain leap into the sea,
Each making shipwreck for himself. ’Twas thus
They passed the city gates and fled to war.
No aged parent now could stay his son;
Nor wife her spouse, nor did they pray the gods
To grant the safety of their fatherland.
None linger on the threshold for a look
Of their loved city, though perchance the last.

Ye gods, who lavish priceless gifts on men,
Nor care to guard them, see victorious Rome
Teeming with life, chief city of the world,
With ample walls that all mankind might hold,
To coming Caesar left an easy prey.

The Roman soldier, when in foreign lands
Pressed by the enemy, in narrow trench
And hurried mound finds guard enough to make
His slumber safe; but thou, imperial Rome,
Alone on rumour of advancing foes
Art left a desert, and thy battlements
They trust not for one night. Yet for their fear
This one excuse was left; Pompeius fled.
Nor found they room for hope; for nature gave
Unerring portents of worse ills to come.
The angry gods filled earth and air and sea
With frequent prodigies; in darkest nights
Strange constellations sparkled through the gloom:
The pole was all afire, and torches flew
Across the depths of heaven; with horrid hair
A blazing comet stretched from east to west
And threatened change to kingdoms. From the blue
Pale lightning flashed, and in the murky air
The fire took divers shapes; a lance afar
Would seem to quiver or a misty torch;
A noiseless thunderbolt from cloudless sky
Rushed down, and drawing fire in northern parts
Plunged on the summit of the Alban mount.
The stars that run their courses in the night
Shone in full daylight; and the orbéd moon,
Hid by the shade of earth, grew pale and wan.
The sun himself, when poised in mid career,
Shrouded his burning car in blackest gloom
And plunged the world in darkness, so that men
Despaired of day — like as he veiled his light
From that fell banquet which Mycenae saw .
The jaws of Etna were agape with flame
That rose not heavenwards, but headlong fell
In smoking stream upon the Italian flank.
Then black Charybdis, from her boundless depth,
Threw up a gory sea. In piteous tones
Howled the wild dogs; the Vestal fire was snatched

From off the altar; and the flame that crowned
The Latin festival was split in twain,
As on the Theban pyre , in ancient days;
Earth tottered on its base: the mighty Alps
From off their summits shook th' eternal snow .
In huge upheaval Ocean raised his waves
O'er Calpe's rock and Atlas' hoary head.
The native gods shed tears, and holy sweat
Dropped from the idols; gifts in temples fell:
Foul birds defiled the day; beasts left the woods
And made their lair among the streets of Rome.
All this we hear; nay more: dumb oxen spake;
Monsters were brought to birth and mothers shrieked
At their own offspring; words of dire import
From Cumae's prophetess were noised abroad.
Bellona's priests with bleeding arms, and slaves
Of Cybele's worship, with ensanguined hair,
Howled chants of havoc and of woe to men.
Arms clashed; and sounding in the pathless woods
Were heard strange voices; spirits walked the earth:
And dead men's ashes muttered from the urn.
Those who live near the walls desert their homes,
For lo! with hissing serpents in her hair,
Waving in downward whirl a blazing pine,
A fiend patrols the town, like that which erst
At Thebes urged on Agave , or which hurled
Lycurgus' bolts, or that which as he came
From Hades seen, at haughty Juno's word,
Brought terror to the soul of Hercules.
Trumpets like those that summon armies forth
Were heard re-echoing in the silent night:
And from the earth arising Sulla's ghost
Sang gloomy oracles, and by Anio's wave
All fled the homesteads, frightened by the shade
Of Marius waking from his broken tomb.

In such dismay they summon, as of yore,

The Tuscan sages to the nation's aid.
Aruns, the eldest, leaving his abode
In desolate Luca, came, well versed in all
The lore of omens; knowing what may mean
The flight of hovering bird, the pulse that beats
In offered victims, and the levin bolt.
All monsters first, by most unnatural birth
Brought into being, in accursd flames
He bids consume . Then round the walls of Rome
Each trembling citizen in turn proceeds.
The priests, chief guardians of the public faith,
With holy sprinkling purge the open space
That borders on the wall; in sacred garb
Follows the lesser crowd: the Vestals come
By priestess led with laurel crown bedecked,
To whom alone is given the right to see
Minerva's effigy that came from Troy .
Next come the keepers of the sacred books
And fate's predictions; who from Almo's brook
Bring back Cybebe laved; the augur too
Taught to observe sinister flight of birds;
And those who serve the banquets to the gods;
And Titian brethren; and the priest of Mars,
Proud of the buckler that adorns his neck;
By him the Flamen, on his noble head
The cap of office. While they tread the path
That winds around the walls, the aged seer
Collects the thunderbolts that fell from heaven,
And lays them deep in earth, with muttered words
Naming the spot accursed. Next a steer,
Picked for his swelling neck and beauteous form,
He leads to the altar, and with slanting knife
Spreads on his brow the meal, and pours the wine.
The victim's struggles prove the gods averse;
But when the servers press upon his horns

He bends the knee and yields him to the blow.

No crimson torrent issued at the stroke,
But from the wound a dark empoisoned stream
Ebbd slowly downward. Aruns at the sight
Aghast, upon the entrails of the beast
Essayed to read the anger of the gods.
Their very colour terrified the seer;
Spotted they were and pale, with sable streaks
Of lukewarm gore bespread; the liver damp
With foul disease, and on the hostile part
The angry veins defiant; of the lungs
The fibre hid, and through the vital parts
The membrane small; the heart had ceased to throb;
Blood oozes through the ducts; the caul is split:
And, fatal omen of impending ill,
One lobe o'ergrows the other; of the twain
The one lies flat and sick, the other beats
And keeps the pulse in rapid strokes astir.

Disaster's near approach thus learned, he cries —
"Whate'er may be the purpose of the gods,
'Tis not for me to tell; this offered beast
Not Jove possesses, but the gods below.
We dare not speak our fears, yet fear doth make
The future worse than fact. May all the gods
Prosper the tokens, and the sacrifice
Be void of truth, and Tages (famous seer)
Have vainly taught these mysteries." Such his words
Involved, mysterious. Figulus, to whom
For knowledge of the secret depths of space
And laws harmonious that guide the stars,
Memphis could find no peer, then spake at large:
"Either," he said, "the world and countless orbs
Throughout the ages wander at their will;
Or, if the fates control them, ruin huge
Hangs o'er this city and o'er all mankind.
Shall Earth yawn open and engulph the towns?
Shall scorching heat usurp the temperate air

And fields refuse their timely fruit? The streams
Flow mixed with poison? In what plague, ye gods,
In what destruction shall ye wreak your ire?
Whate'er the truth, the days in which we live
Shall find a doom for many. Had the star
Of baleful Saturn, frigid in the height,
Kindled his lurid fires, the sky had poured
Its torrents forth as in Deucalion's time,
And whelmed the world in waters. Or if thou,
Phoebus, beside the Nemean lion fierce
Wert driving now thy chariot, flames should seize
The universe and set the air ablaze.
These are at peace; but, Mars, why art thou bent
On kindling thus the Scorpion, his tail
Portending evil and his claws aflame?
Deep sunk is kindly Jupiter, and dull
Sweet Venus' star, and rapid Mercury
Stays on his course: Mars only holds the sky.
Why does Orion's sword too brightly shine?
Why planets leave their paths and through the void
Thus journey on obscure? 'Tis war that comes,
Fierce rabid war: the sword shall bear the rule
Confounding justice; hateful crime usurp
The name of virtue; and the havoc spread
Through many a year. But why entreat the gods?
The end Rome longs for and the final peace
Comes with a despot. Draw thou out thy chain
Of lengthening slaughter, and (for such thy fate)
Make good thy liberty through civil war."

The frightened people heard, and as they heard
His words prophetic made them fear the more.
But worse remained; for as on Pindus' slopes
Possessed with fury from the Theban god
Speeds some Bacchante, thus in Roman streets
Behold a matron run, who, in her trance,
Relieves her bosom of the god within.

“Where dost thou snatch me, Paeon, to what shore
Through airy regions borne? I see the snows
Of Thracian mountains; and Philippi’s plains
Lie broad beneath. But why these battle lines,
No foe to vanquish — Rome on either hand?
Again I wander ‘neath the rosy hues
That paint thine eastern skies, where regal Nile
Meets with his flowing wave the rising tide.
Known to mine eyes that mutilated trunk
That lies upon the sand! Across the seas
By changing whirlpools to the burning climes
Of Libya borne, again I see the hosts
From Thracia brought by fate’s command. And now
Thou bear’st me o’er the cloud-compelling Alps
And Pyrenean summits; next to Rome.
There in mid-Senate see the closing scene
Of this foul war in foulest murder done.
Again the factions rise; through all the world
Once more I pass; but give me some new land,
Some other region, Phoebus, to behold!
Washed by the Pontic billows! for these eyes
Already once have seen Philippi’s plains!”

The frenzy left her and she speechless fell.

BOOK II

THE FLIGHT OF POMPEIUS

This was made plain the anger of the gods;
The universe gave signs Nature reversed
In monstrous tumult fraught with prodigies
Her laws, and prescient spake the coming guilt.

How seemed it just to thee, Olympus' king,
That suffering mortals at thy doom should know
By omens dire the massacre to come?
Or did the primal parent of the world
When first the flames gave way and yielding left
Matter unformed to his subduing hand,
And realms unbalanced, fix by stern decree'
Unalterable laws to bind the whole
(Himself, too, bound by law), so that for aye
All Nature moves within its fated bounds?
Or, is Chance sovereign over all, and we
The sport of Fortune and her turning wheel?
Whate'er be truth, keep thou the future veiled
From mortal vision, and amid their fears
May men still hope.

Thus known how great the woes
The world should suffer, from the truth divine,
A solemn fast was called, the courts were closed,
All men in private garb; no purple hem
Adorned the togas of the chiefs of Rome;
No complaints were uttered, and a voiceless grief
Lay deep in every bosom: as when death
Knocks at some door but enters not as yet,
Before the mother calls the name aloud
Or bids her grieving maidens beat the breast,
While still she marks the glazing eye, and sooths

The stiffening limbs and gazes on the face,
In nameless dread, not sorrow, and in awe
Of death approaching: and with mind distraught
Clings to the dying in a last embrace.

The matrons laid aside their wonted garb:
Crowds filled the temples — on the unpyting stones
Some dashed their bosoms; others bathed with tears
The statues of the gods; some tore their hair
Upon the holy threshold, and with shrieks
And vows unceasing called upon the names
Of those whom mortals supplicate. Nor all
Lay in the Thunderer's fane: at every shrine
Some prayers are offered which refused shall bring
Reproach on heaven. One whose livid arms
Were dark with blows, whose cheeks with tears bedewed
And riven, cried, "Beat, mothers, beat the breast,
Tear now the lock; while doubtful in the scales
Still fortune hangs, nor yet the fight is won,
You still may grieve: when either wins rejoice."
Thus sorrow stirs itself.

Meanwhile the men
Seeking the camp and setting forth to war,
Address the cruel gods in just complaint.
"Happy the youths who born in Punic days
On Cannae's uplands or by Trebia's stream
Fought and were slain! What wretched lot is ours!
No peace we ask for: let the nations rage;
Rouse fiercest cities! may the world find arms
To wage a war with Rome: let Parthian hosts
Rush forth from Susa; Scythian Ister curb
No more the Massagete: unconquered Rhine
Let loose from furthest North her fair-haired tribes:
Elbe, pour thy Suevians forth! Let us be foes
Of all the peoples. May the Getan press
Here, and the Dacian there; Pompeius meet

The Eastern archers, Caesar in the West
Confront th' Iberian. Leave to Rome no hand
To raise against herself in civil strife.
Or, if Italia by the gods be doomed,
Let all the sky, fierce Parent, be dissolved
And falling on the earth in flaming bolts,
Their hands still bloodless, strike both leaders down,
With both their hosts! Why plunge in novel crime
To settle which of them shall rule in Rome?
Scarce were it worth the price of civil war
To hinder either." Thus the patriot voice
Still found an utterance, soon to speak no more.

Meantime, the aged fathers o'er their fates
In anguish grieved, detesting life prolonged
That brought with it another civil war.
And thus spake one, to justify his fears:
"No other deeds the fates laid up in store
When Marius , victor over Teuton hosts,
Afric's high conqueror, cast out from Rome,
Lay hid in marshy ooze, at thy behest,
O Fortune! by the yielding soil concealed
And waving rushes; but ere long the chains
Of prison wore his weak and aged frame,
And lengthened squalor: thus he paid for crime
His punishment beforehand; doomed to die
Consul in triumph over wasted Rome.
Death oft refused him; and the very foe,
In act to murder, shuddered in the stroke
And dropped the weapon from his nerveless hand.
For through the prison gloom a flame of light
He saw; the deities of crime abhorred;
The Marius to come. A voice proclaimed
Mysterious, 'Hold! the fates permit thee not
That neck to sever. Many a death he owes
To time's predestined laws ere his shall come;
Cease from thy madness. If ye seek revenge

For all the blood shed by your slaughtered tribes to
Let this man, Cimbrians, live out all his days.’
Not as their darling did the gods protect
The man of blood, but for his ruthless hand
Fit to prepare that sacrifice of gore
Which fate demanded. By the sea’s despite
Borne to our foes, Jugurtha’s wasted realm
He saw, now conquered; there in squalid huts
Awhile he lay, and trod the hostile dust
Of Carthage, and his ruin matched with hers:
Each from the other’s fate some solace drew,
And prostrate, pardoned heaven. On Libyan soil
Fresh fury gathering , next, when Fortune smiled
The prisons he threw wide and freed the slaves.
Forth rushed the murderous bands, their melted chains
Forged into weapons for his ruffian needs.
No charge he gave to mere recruits in guilt
Who brought not to the camp some proof of crime.
How dread that day when conquering Marius seized
The city’s ramparts! with what fated speed
Death strode upon his victims! plebs alike
And nobles perished; far and near the sword
Struck at his pleasure, till the temple floors
Ran wet with slaughter and the crimson stream
Befouled with slippery gore the holy walls.
No age found pity men of failing years,
Just tottering to the grave, were hurled to death;
From infants, in their being’s earliest dawn ,
The growing life was severed. For what crime?
Twas cause enough for death that they could die.
The fury grew: soon ’twas a sluggard’s part
To seek the guilty: hundreds died to swell
The tale of victims. Shamed by empty hands,
The bloodstained conqueror snatched a reeking head
From neck unknown. One way of life remained,
To kiss with shuddering lips the red right hand .
Degenerate people! Had ye hearts of men,

Though ye were threatened by a thousand swords,
Far rather death than centuries of life
Bought at such price; much more that breathing space
Till Sulla comes again . But time would fail
In weeping for the deaths of all who fell.
Encircled by innumerable bands
Fell Baebius, his limbs asunder torn,
His vitals dragged abroad. Antonius too,
Prophet of ill, whose hoary head was placed,
Dripping with blood, upon the festal board.
There headless fell the Crassi; mangled frames
'Neath Fimbria's falchion: and the prison cells
Were wet with tribunes' blood. Hard by the fane
Where dwells the goddess and the sacred fire,
Fell aged Scaevola, though that gory hand
Had spared him, but the feeble tide of blood
Still left the flame alive upon the hearth.
That selfsame year the seventh time restored
The Consul's rods; that year to Marius brought
The end of life, when he at Fortune's hands
All ills had suffered; all her goods enjoyed.

“And what of those who at the Sacriport
And Colline gate were slain, then, when the rule
Of Earth and all her nations almost left
This city for another, and the chiefs
Who led the Samnite hoped that Rome might bleed
More than at Caudium's Forks she bled of old?
Then came great Sulla to avenge the dead,
And all the blood still left within her frame
Drew from the city; for the surgeon knife
Which shore the cancerous limbs cut in too deep,
And shed the life stream from still healthy veins.
True that the guilty fell, but not before
All else had perished. Hatred had free course
And anger reigned unbridled by the law.
The victor's voice spake once; but each man struck

Just as he wished or willed. The fatal steel
Urged by the servant laid the master low.
Sons dripped with gore of sires; and brothers fought
For the foul trophy of a father slain,
Or slew each other for the price of blood.
Men sought the tombs and, mingling with the dead,
Hoped for escape; the wild beasts' dens were full.
One strangled died; another from the height
Fell headlong down upon the unpitying earth,
And from the encrimsoned victor snatched his death:
One built his funeral pyre and oped his veins,
And sealed the furnace ere his blood was gone.
Borne through the trembling town the leaders' heads
Were piled in middle forum: hence men knew
Of murders else unpublished. Not on gates
Of Diomedes, tyrant king of Thrace,
Nor of Antaeus, Libya's giant brood,
Were hung such horrors; nor in Pisa's hall
Were seen and wept for when the suitors died.
Decay had touched the features of the slain
When round the mouldering heap, with trembling steps
The grief-struck parents sought and stole their dead.
I, too, the body of my brother slain
Thought to remove, my victim to the peace
Which Sulla made, and place his loved remains
On the forbidden pyre. The head I found,
But not the butchered corse.

“Why now renew
The tale of Catulus's shade appeased?
And those dread tortures which the living frame
Of Marius suffered at the tomb of him
Who haply wished them not? Pierced, mangled, torn —
Nor speech nor grasp was left: his every limb
Maimed, hacked and riven; yet the fatal blow
The murderers with savage purpose spared.
'Twere scarce believed that one poor mortal frame

Such agonies could bear e'er death should come.
Thus crushed beneath some ruin lie the dead;
Thus shapeless from the deep are borne the drowned.
Why spoil delight by mutilating thus,
The head of Marius? To please Sulla's heart
That mangled visage must be known to all.
Fortune, high goddess of Praeneste's fane,
Saw all her townsmen hurried to their deaths
In one fell instant. All the hope of Rome,
The flower of Latium, stained with blood the field
Where once the peaceful tribes their votes declared.
Famine and Sword, the raging sky and sea,
And Earth upheaved, have laid such numbers low:
But ne'er one man's revenge. Between the slain
And living victims there was space no more,
Death thus let slip, to deal the fatal blow.
Hardly when struck they fell; the severed head
Scarce toppled from the shoulders; but the slain
Blent in a weighty pile of massacre
Pressed out the life and helped the murderer's arm.
Secure from stain upon his lofty throne,
Unshuddering sat the author of the whole,
Nor feared that at his word such thousands fell.
At length the Tuscan flood received the dead
The first upon his waves; the last on those
That lay beneath them; vessels in their course
Were stayed, and while the lower current flowed
Still to the sea, the upper stood on high
Dammed back by carnage. Through the streets meanwhile
In headlong torrents ran a tide of blood,
Which furrowing its path through town and field
Forced the slow river on. But now his banks
No longer held him, and the dead were thrown
Back on the fields above. With labour huge
At length he struggled to his goal and stretched
In crimson streak across the Tuscan Sea.

“For deeds like these, shall Sulla now be styled
‘Darling of Fortune’, ‘Saviour of the State’?
For these, a tomb in middle field of Mars
Record his fame? Like horrors now return
For us to suffer; and the civil war
Thus shall be waged again and thus shall end.
Yet worse disasters may our fears suggest,
For now with greater carnage of mankind
The rival hosts in weightier battle meet.
To exiled Marius, successful strife
Was Rome regained; triumphant Sulla knew
No greater joy than on his hated foes
To wreak his vengeance with unsparing sword.
But these more powerful rivals Fortune calls
To worse ambitions; nor would either chief
For such reward as Sulla’s wage the war.”
Thus, mindful of his youth, the aged man
Wept for the past, but feared the coming days.

Such terrors found in haughty Brutus’ breast
No home. When others sat them down to fear
He did not so, but in the dewy night
When the great wain was turning round the pole
He sought his kinsman Cato’s humble home.
Him sleepless did he find, not for himself
Fearing, but pondering the fates of Rome,
And deep in public cares. And thus he spake:
“O thou in whom that virtue, which of yore
Took flight from earth, now finds its only home,
Outcast to all besides, but safe with thee:
Vouchsafe thy counsel to my wavering soul
And make my weakness strength. While Caesar some,
Pompeius others, follow in the fight,
Cato is Brutus’ guide. Art thou for peace,
Holding thy footsteps in a tottering world
Unshaken? Or wilt thou with the leaders’ crimes
And with the people’s fury take thy part,

And by thy presence purge the war of guilt?
In impious battles men unsheath the sword;
But each by cause impelled: the household crime;
Laws feared in peace; want by the sword removed;
And broken credit, that its ruin hides
In general ruin. Drawn by hope of gain,
And not by thirst for blood, they seek the camp.
Shall Cato for war's sake make war alone?
What profits it through all these wicked years
That thou hast lived untainted? This were all
Thy meed of virtue, that the wars which find
Guilt in all else, shall make thee guilty too.
Ye gods, permit not that this fatal strife
Should stir those hands to action! When the clouds
Of flying javelins hiss upon the air,
Let not a dart be thine; nor spent in vain
Such virtue! All the fury of the war
Shall launch itself on thee, for who, when faint
And wounded, would not rush upon thy sword,
Take thence his death, and make the murder thine?
Do thou live on thy peaceful life apart
As on their paths the stars unshaken roll.
The lower air that verges on the earth
Gives flame and fury to the levin bolt;
The deeps below the world engulph the winds
And tracts of flaming fire. By Jove's decree
Olympus rears his summit o'er the clouds:
In lowlier valleys storms and winds contend,
But peace eternal reigns upon the heights.
What joy for Caesar, if the tidings come
That such a citizen has joined the war?
Glad would he see thee e'en in Magnus' tents;
For Cato's conduct shall approve his own.
Pompeius, with the Consul in his ranks,
And half the Senate and the other chiefs,
Vexes my spirit; and should Cato too
Bend to a master's yoke, in all the world

The one man free is Caesar. But if thou
For freedom and thy country's laws alone
Be pleased to raise the sword, nor Magnus then
Nor Caesar shall in Brutus find a foe.
Not till the fight is fought shall Brutus strike,
Then strike the victor."

Brutus thus; but spake
Cato from inmost breast these sacred words:
"Chief in all wickedness is civil war,
Yet virtue in the paths marked out by fate
Treads on securely. Heaven's will be the crime
To have made even Cato guilty. Who has strength
To gaze unawed upon a toppling world?
When stars and sky fall headlong, and when earth
Slips from her base, who sits with folded hands?
Shall unknown nations, touched by western strife,
And monarchs born beneath another clime
Brave the dividing seas to join the war?
Shall Scythian tribes desert their distant north,
And Getae haste to view the fall of Rome,
And I look idly on? As some fond sire,
Reft of his sons, compelled by grief, himself
Marshals the long procession to the tomb,
Thrusts his own hand within the funeral flames,
Soothing his heart, and, as the lofty pyre
Rises on high, applies the kindled torch:
Nought, Rome, shall tear thee from me, till I hold
Thy form in death embraced; and Freedom's name,
Shade though it be, I'll follow to the grave.
Yea! let the cruel gods exact in full
Rome's expiation: of no drop of blood
The war be robbed. I would that, to the gods
Of heaven and hell devoted, this my life
Might satisfy their vengeance. Decius fell,
Crushed by the hostile ranks. When Cato falls
Let Rhine's fierce barbarous hordes and both the hosts

Thrust through my frame their darts! May I alone
Receive in death the wounds of all the war!
Thus may the people be redeemed, and thus
Rome for her guilt pay the atonement due.
Why should men die who wish to bear the yoke
And shrink not from the tyranny to come?
Strike me, and me alone, of laws and rights
In vain the guardian: this vicarious life
Shall give Hesperia peace and end her toils.
Who then will reign shall find no need for war.
You ask, 'Why follow Magnus? If he wins
He too will claim the Empire of the world.'
Then let him, conquering with my service, learn
Not for himself to conquer." Thus he spoke
And stirred the blood that ran in Brutus' veins
Moving the youth to action in the war.

Soon as the sun dispelled the chilly night,
The sounding doors flew wide, and from the tomb
Of dead Hortensius grieving Marcia came .
First joined in wedlock to a greater man
Three children did she bear to grace his home:
Then Cato to Hortensius gave the dame
To be a fruitful mother of his sons
And join their houses in a closer tie.
And now the last sad offices were done
She came with hair dishevelled, beaten breast,
And ashes on her brow, and features worn
With grief; thus only pleasing to the man.
"When youth was in me and maternal power
I did thy bidding, Cato, and received
A second husband: now in years grown old
Ne'er to be parted I return to thee.
Renew our former pledges undefiled:
Give back the name of wife: upon my tomb
Let 'Marcia, spouse to Cato,' be engraved.
Nor let men question in the time to come,

Did'st thou compel, or did I willing leave
My first espousals. Not in happy times,
Partner of joys, I come; but days of care
And labour shall be mine to share with thee.
Nor leave me here, but take me to the camp,
Thy fond companion: why should Magnus' wife
Be nearer, Cato, to the wars than thine?"

Although the times were warlike and the fates
Called to the fray, he lent a willing ear.
Yet must they plight their faith in simple form
Of law; their witnesses the gods alone.
No festal wreath of flowers crowned the gate
Nor glittering fillet on each post entwined;
No flaming torch was there, nor ivory steps,
No couch with robes of brodered gold adorned;
No comely matron placed upon her brow
The bridal garland, or forbad the foot
To touch the threshold stone; no saffron veil
Concealed the timid blushes of the bride;
No jewelled belt confined her flowing robe
Nor modest circle bound her neck; no scarf
Hung lightly on the snowy shoulder's edge
Around the naked arm. Just as she came,
Wearing the garb of sorrow, while the wool
Covered the purple border of her robe,
Thus was she wedded. As she greets her sons
So doth she greet her husband. Festal games
Graced not their nuptials, nor were friends and kin
As by the Sabines bidden: silent both
They joined in marriage, yet content, unseen
By any save by Brutus. Sad and stern
On Cato's lineaments the marks of grief
Were still unsoftened, and the hoary hair
Hung o'er his reverend visage; for since first
Men flew to arms, his locks were left unkempt
To stream upon his brow, and on his chin

His beard untended grew. 'Twas his alone
Who hated not, nor loved, for all mankind
To mourn alike. Nor did their former couch
Again receive them, for his lofty soul
E'en lawful love resisted. 'Twas his rule
Inflexible, to keep the middle path
Marked out and bounded; to observe the laws
Of natural right; and for his country's sake
To risk his life, his all, as not for self
Brought into being, but for all the world:
Such was his creed. To him a sumptuous feast
Was hunger conquered, and the lowly hut,
Which scarce kept out the winter, was a home
Equal to palaces: a robe of price
Such hairy garments as were worn of old:
The end of marriage, offspring. To the State
Father alike and husband, right and law
He ever followed with unswerving step:
No thought of selfish pleasure turned the scale
In Cato's acts, or swayed his upright soul.

Meanwhile Pompeius led his trembling host
To fields Campanian, and held the walls
First founded by the chief of Trojan race .
These chose he for the central seat of war,
Some troops despatching who might meet the foe
Where shady Apennine lifts up the ridge
Of mid Italia; nearest to the sky
Upsoaring, with the seas on either hand,
The upper and the lower. Pisa's sands
Breaking the margin of the Tuscan deep,
Here bound his mountains: there Ancona's towers
Laved by Dalmatian waves. Rivers immense,
In his recesses born, pass on their course,
To either sea diverging. To the left
Metaurus, and Crustumium's torrent, fall
And Sena's streams and Aufidus who bursts

On Adrian billows; and that mighty flood
Which, more than all the rivers of the earth,
Sweeps down the soil and tears the woods away
And drains Hesperia's springs. In fabled lore
His banks were first by poplar shade enclosed:
And when by Phaethon the waning day
Was drawn in path transverse, and all the heaven
Blazed with his car aflame, and from the depths
Of inmost earth were rapt all other floods,
Padus still rolled in pride of stream along.
Nile were no larger, but that o'er the sand
Of level Egypt he spreads out his waves;
Nor Ister, if he sought the Scythian main
Unhelped upon his journey through the world
By tributary waters not his own.
But on the right hand Tiber has his source,
Deep-flowing Rutuba, Vulturnus swift,
And Sarnus breathing vapours of the night
Rise there, and Liris with Vestinian wave
Still gliding through Marica's shady grove,
And Siler flowing through Salernian meads:
And Macra's swift unnavigable stream
By Luna lost in Ocean. On the Alps
Whose spurs strike plainwards, and on fields of Gaul
The cloudy heights of Apennine look down
In further distance: on his nearer slopes
The Sabine turns the ploughshare; Umbrian kine
And Marsian fatten; with his pineclad rocks
He girds the tribes of Latium, nor leaves
Hesperia's soil until the waves that beat
On Scylla's cave compel. His southern spurs
Extend to Juno's temple, and of old
Stretched further than Italia, till the main
O'erstepped his limits and the lands repelled.
But, when the seas were joined, Pelorus claimed
His latest summits for Sicilia's isle.

Caesar, in rage for war, rejoicing found
Foes in Italia; no bloodless steps
Nor vacant homes had pleased him ; so his march
Were wasted: now the coming war was joined
Unbroken to the past; to force the gates
Not find them open, fire and sword to bring
Upon the harvests, not through fields unharmed
To pass his legions — this was Caesar's joy;
In peaceful guise to march, this was his shame.
Italia's cities, doubtful in their choice,
Though to the earliest onset of the war
About to yield, strengthened their walls with mounds
And deepest trench encircling: massive stones
And bolts of war to hurl upon the foe
They place upon the turrets. Magnus most
The people's favour held, yet faith with fear
Fought in their breasts. As when, with strident blast,
A southern tempest has possessed the main
And all the billows follow in its track:
Then, by the Storm-king smitten, should the earth
Set Eurus free upon the swollen deep,
It shall not yield to him, though cloud and sky
Confess his strength; but in the former wind
Still find its master. But their fears prevailed,
And Caesar's fortune, o'er their wavering faith.
For Libo fled Etruria; Umbria lost
Her freedom, driving Thermus from her bounds;
Great Sulla's son, unworthy of his sire,
Feared at the name of Caesar: Varus sought
The caves and woods, when smote the hostile horse
The gates of Auximon; and Spinther driven
From Asculum, the victor on his track,
Fled with his standards, soldierless; and thou,
Scipio, did'st leave Nuceria's citadel
Deserted, though by bravest legions held
Sent home by Caesar for the Parthian war ;
Whom Magnus earlier, to his kinsman gave

A loan of Roman blood, to fight the Gaul.

But brave Domitius held firm his post
Behind Corfinium's ramparts; his the troops
Who newly levied kept the judgment hall
At Milo's trial . When from far the plain
Rolled up a dusty cloud, beneath whose veil
The sheen of armour glistening in the sun,
Revealed a marching host. "Dash down," he cried,
Swift; as ye can, the bridge that spans the stream;
And thou, O river, from thy mountain source
With all thy torrents rushing, planks and beams
Ruined and broken on thy foaming breast
Bear onward to the sea. The war shall stop
Here, to our triumph; for this headlong chief
Here first at our firm bidding shall be stayed."
He bade his squadrons, speeding from the walls,
Charge on the bridge: in vain: for Caesar saw
They sought to free the river from his chains
And bar his march; and roused to ire, he cried:
"Were not the walls sufficient to protect
Your coward souls? Seek ye by barricades
And streams to keep me back? What though the flood
Of swollen Ganges were across my path?
Now Rubicon is passed, no stream on earth
Shall hinder Caesar! Forward, horse and foot,
And ere it totters rush upon the bridge."
Urged in their swiftest gallop to the front
Dashed the light horse across the sounding plain;
And suddenly, as storm in summer, flew
A cloud of javelins forth, by sinewy arms
Hurled at the foe; the guard is put to flight,
And conquering Caesar, seizing on the bridge,
Compels the enemy to keep the walls.
Now do the mighty engines, soon to hurl
Gigantic stones, press forward, and the ram
Creeps 'neath the ramparts; when the gates fly back,

And lo! the traitor troops, foul crime in war,
Yield up their leader. Him they place before

His proud compatriot; yet with upright form,
And scornful features and with noble mien,
He asks his death. But Caesar knew his wish
Was punishment, and pardon was his fear:
“Live though thou would’st not,” so the chieftain spake,
“And by my gift, unwilling, see the day:
Be to my conquered foes the cause of hope,
Proof of my clemency — or if thou wilt
Take arms again — and should’st thou conquer, count
This pardon nothing.” Thus he spake, and bade
Let loose the bands and set the captive free.
Ah! better had he died, and fortune spared
The Roman’s last dishonour, whose worse doom
It is, that he who joined his country’s camp
And fought with Magnus for the Senate’s cause
Should gain for this — a pardon! Yet he curbed
His anger, thinking, “Wilt thou then to Rome
And peaceful scenes, degenerate? Rather war,
The furious battle and the certain end!
Break with life’s ties: be Caesar’s gift in vain.”

Pompeius, ignorant that his captain thus
Was taken, armed his levies newly raised
To give his legions strength; and as he thought
To sound his trumpets with the coming dawn,
To test his soldiers ere he moved his camp
Thus in majestic tones their ranks addressed:
“Soldiers of Rome! Avengers of her laws!
To whom the Senate gives no private arms,
Ask by your voices for the battle sign.
Fierce falls the pillage on Hesperian fields,
And Gallia’s fury o’er the snowy Alps
Is poured upon us. Caesar’s swords at last
Are red with Roman blood. But with the wound

We gain the better cause; the crime is theirs.
No war is this, but for offended Rome
We wreak the vengeance; as when Catiline
Lifted against her roofs the flaming brand
And, partner in his fury, Lentulus,
And mad Cethegus with his naked arm.
Is such thy madness, Caesar? when the Fates
With great Camillus' and Metellus' names
Might place thine own, dost thou prefer to rank
With Marius and Cinna? Swift shall be
Thy fall: as Lepidus before the sword
Of Catulus; or who my axes felt,
Carbo, now buried in Sicanian tomb;
Or who, in exile, roused Iberia's hordes,
Sertorius — yet, witness Heaven, with these
I hate to rank thee; hate the task that Rome
Has laid upon me, to oppose thy rage.
Would that in safety from the Parthian war
And Scythian steppes had conquering Crassus come!
Then haply had'st thou fallen by the hand
That smote vile Spartacus the robber foe.
But if among my triumphs fate has said
Thy conquest shall be written, know this heart
Still sends the life blood coursing: and this arm
Still vigorously flings the dart afield.
He deems me slothful. Caesar, thou shalt learn
We brook not peace because we lag in war.
Old, does he call me? Fear not ye mine age.
Let me be elder, if his soldiers are.
The highest point a citizen can reach
And leave his people free, is mine: a throne
Alone were higher; whoso would surpass
Pompeius, aims at that. Both Consuls stand
Here; here for battle stand your lawful chiefs:
And shall this Caesar drag the Senate down?
Not with such blindness, not so lost to shame
Does Fortune rule. Does he take heart from Gaul:

For years on years rebellious, and a life
Spent there in labour? or because he fled
Rhine's icy torrent and the shifting pools
He calls an ocean? or unchallenged sought
Britannia's cliffs; then turned his back in flight?
Or does he boast because his citizens
Were driven in arms to leave their hearths and homes?
Ah, vain delusion! not from thee they fled:
My steps they follow — mine, whose conquering signs
Swept all the ocean, and who, ere the moon
Twice filled her orb and waned, compelled to flight
The pirate, shrinking from the open sea,
And humbly begging for a narrow home
In some poor nook on shore. 'Twas I again
Who, happier far than Sulla, drave to death
That king who, exiled to the deep recess
Of Scythian Pontus, held the fates of Rome
Still in the balances. Where is the land
That hath not seen my trophies? Icy waves
Of northern Phasis, hot Egyptian shores,
And where Syene 'neath its noontide sun
Knows shade on neither hand : all these have learned
To fear Pompeius: and far Baetis' stream,
Last of all floods to join the refluent sea.
Arabia and the warlike hordes that dwell
Beside the Euxine wave: the famous land
That lost the golden fleece; Cilician wastes,
And Cappadocian, and the Jews who pray
Before an unknown God; Sophene soft —
All felt my yoke. What conquests now remain,
What wars not civil can my kinsman wage?"

No loud acclaim received his words, nor shout
Asked for the promised battle: and the chief
Drew back the standards, for the soldier's fears
Were in his soul alike; nor dared he trust
An army, vanquished by the fame alone

Of Caesar's powers, to fight for such a prize.
And as some bull, his early combat lost,
Forth driven from the herd, in exile roams
Through lonely plains or secret forest depths,
Whets on opposing trunks his growing horn,
And proves himself for battle, till his neck
Is ribbed afresh with muscle: then returns,
Defiant of the hind, and victor now
Leads wheresoe'er he will his lowing bands:
Thus Magnus, yielding to a stronger foe,
Gave up Italia, and sought in flight
Brundisium's sheltering battlements.

Here of old
Fled Cretan settlers when the dusky sail
Spread the false message of the hero dead;
Here, where Hesperia, curving as a bow,
Draws back her coast, a little tongue of land
Shuts in with bending horns the sounding main.
Yet insecure the spot, unsafe in storm,
Were it not sheltered by an isle on which
The Adriatic billows dash and fall,
And tempests lose their strength: on either hand
A craggy cliff opposing breaks the gale
That beats upon them, while the ships within
Held by their trembling cables ride secure.
Hence to the mariner the boundless deep
Lies open, whether for Corcyra's port
He shapes his sails, or for Illyria's shore,
And Epidamnus facing to the main
Ionian. Here, when raging in his might
Fierce Adria whelms in foam Calabria's coast,
When clouds tempestuous veil Ceraunus' height,
The sailor finds a haven.

When the chief
Could find no hope in battle on the soil

He now was quitting, and the lofty Alps
Forbad Iberia, to his son he spake,
The eldest scion of that noble stock:
“Search out the far recesses of the earth,
Nile and Euphrates, wheresoe’er the fame
Of Magnus lives, where, through thy father’s deeds,
The people tremble at the name of Rome.
Lead to the sea again the pirate bands;
Rouse Egypt’s kings; Tigranes, wholly mine,
And Pharnaces and all the vagrant tribes
Of both Armenias; and the Pontic hordes,
Warlike and fierce; the dwellers on the hills
Rhipaeon, and by that dead northern marsh
Whose frozen surface bears the loaded wain.
Why further stay thee? Let the eastern world
Sound with the war, all cities of the earth
Conquered by me, as vassals, to my camp
Send all their levied hosts. And you whose names
Within the Latian book recorded stand,
Strike for Epirus with the northern wind;
And thence in Greece and Macedonian tracts,
(While winter gives us peace) new strength acquire
For coming conflicts.” They obey his words
And loose their ships and launch upon the main.

But Caesar’s might, intolerant of peace
Or lengthy armistice, lest now perchance
The fates might change their edicts, swift pursued
The footsteps of his foe. To other men,
So many cities taken at a blow,
So many strongholds captured, might suffice;
And Rome herself, the mistress of the world,
Lay at his feet, the greatest prize of all.
Not so with Caesar: instant on the goal
He fiercely presses; thinking nothing done
While aught remained to do. Now in his grasp
Lay all Italia; — but while Magnus stayed

Upon the utmost shore, his grieving soul
Deemed all was shared with him. Yet he essayed
Escape to hinder, and with labour vain
Piled in the greedy main gigantic rocks:
Mountains of earth down to the sandy depths
Were swallowed by the vortex of the sea;
Just as if Eryx and its lofty top
Were cast into the deep, yet not a speck
Should mark the watery plain; or Gaurus huge
Split from his summit to his base, were plunged
In fathomless Avernus' stagnant pool.
The billows thus unstemmed, 'twas Caesar's will
To hew the stately forests and with trees
Enchained to form a rampart. Thus of old
(If fame be true) the boastful Persian king
Prepared a way across the rapid strait
'Twixt Sestos and Abydos, and made one
The European and the Trojan shores;
And marched upon the waters, wind and storm
Counting as nought, but trusting his emprise
To one frail bridge, so that his ships might pass
Through middle Athos. Thus a mighty mole
Of fallen forests grew upon the waves,
Free until then, and lofty turrets rose,
And land usurped the entrance to the main.

This when Pompeius saw, with anxious care
His soul was filled; yet hoping to regain
The exit lost, and win a wider world
Wherein to wage the war, on chosen ships
He hoists the sails; these, driven by the wind
And drawn by cables fastened to their prows,
Scattered the beams asunder; and at night
Not seldom engines, worked by stalwart arms,
Flung flaming torches forth. But when the time
For secret flight was come, no sailor shout
Rang on the shore, no trumpet marked the hour,

No bugle called the armament to sea.
Already shone the Virgin in the sky
Leading the Scorpion in her course, whose claws
Foretell the rising Sun, when noiseless all
They cast the vessels loose; no song was heard
To greet the anchor wrenched from stubborn sand;
No captain's order, when the lofty mast
Was raised, or yards were bent; a silent crew
Drew down the sails which hung upon the ropes,
Nor shook the mighty cables, lest the wind
Should sound upon them. But the chief, in prayer,
Thus spake to Fortune: "Thou whose high decree
Has made us exiles from Italia's shores,
Grant us at least to leave them." Yet the fates
Hardly permitted, for a murmur vast
Came from the ocean, as the countless keels
Furrowed the waters, and with ceaseless splash
The parted billows rose again and fell.
Then were the gates thrown wide; for with the fates
The city turned to Caesar: and the foe,
Seizing the town, rushed onward by the pier
That circled in the harbour; then they knew
With shame and sorrow that the fleet was gone
And held the open: and Pompeius' flight
Gave a poor triumph.

Yet was narrower far
The channel which gave access to the sea
Than that Euboean strait whose waters lave
The shore by Chalcis. Here two ships stuck fast
Alone, of all the fleet; the fatal hook
Grappled their decks and drew them to the land,
And the first bloodshed of the civil war
Here left a blush upon the ocean wave.
As when the famous ship sought Phasis' stream
The rocky gates closed in and hardly gripped
Her flying stern; then from the empty sea

The cliffs rebounding to their ancient seat
Were fixed to move no more. But now the steps
Of morn approaching tinged the eastern sky
With roseate hues: the Pleiades were dim,
The wagon of the Charioteer grew pale,
The planets faded, and the silvery star
Which ushers in the day, was lost in light.

Then Magnus, hold'st the deep; yet not the same
Now are thy fates, as when from every sea
Thy fleet triumphant swept the pirate pest.
Tired of thy conquests, Fortune now no more
Shall smile upon thee. With thy spouse and sons,
Thy household gods, and peoples in thy train,
Still great in exile, in a distant land
Thou seek'st thy fated fall; not that the gods,
Wishing to rob thee of a Roman grave,
Decreed the strands of Egypt for thy tomb:
'Twas Italy they spared, that far away
Fortune on shores remote might hide her crime,
And Roman soil be pure of Magnus' blood.

BOOK III

MASSILIA

With canvas yielding to the western wind
The navy sailed the deep, and every eye
Gazed on Ionian billows. But the chief
Turned not his vision from his native shore
Now left for ever, while the morning mists
Drew down upon the mountains, and the cliffs
Faded in distance till his aching sight
No longer knew them. Then his wearied frame
Sank in the arms of sleep. But Julia's shape,
In mournful guise, dread horror on her brow,
Rose through the gaping earth, and from her tomb
Erect, in form as of a Fury spake:
"Driven from Elysian fields and from the plains
The blest inhabit, when the war began,
I dwell in Stygian darkness where abide
The souls of all the guilty. There I saw
Th' Eumenides with torches in their hands
Prepared against thy battles; and the fleets
Which by the ferryman of the flaming stream
Were made to bear thy dead: while Hell itself
Relaxed its punishments; the sisters three
With busy fingers all their needful task
Could scarce accomplish, and the threads of fate
Dropped from their weary hands. With me thy wife,
Thou, Magnus, leddest happy triumphs home:
New wedlock brings new luck. Thy concubine,
Whose star brings all her mighty husbands ill,
Cornelia, weds in thee a breathing tomb.
Through wars and oceans let her cling to thee
So long as I may break thy nightly rest:
No moment left thee for her love, but all
By night to me, by day to Caesar given.

Me not the oblivious banks of Lethe's stream
Have made forgetful; and the kings of death
Have suffered me to join thee; in mid fight
I will be with thee, and my haunting ghost
Remind thee Caesar's daughter was thy spouse.
Thy sword kills not our pledges; civil war
Shall make thee wholly mine." She spake and fled.
But he, though heaven and hell thus bode defeat,
More bent on war, with mind assured of ill,
"Why dread vain phantoms of a dreaming brain?
Or nought of sense and feeling to the soul
Is left by death; or death itself is nought."

Now fiery Titan in declining path
Dipped to the waves, his bright circumference
So much diminished as a growing moon
Not yet full circled, or when past the full;
When to the fleet a hospitable coast
Gave access, and the ropes in order laid,
The sailors struck the masts and rowed ashore.

When Caesar saw the fleet escape his grasp
And hidden from his view by lengthening seas,
Left without rival on Hesperian soil,
He found no joy in triumph; rather grieved
That thus in safety Magnus' flight was sped.
Not any gifts of Fortune now sufficed
His fiery spirit; and no victory won,
Unless the war was finished with the stroke.
Then arms he laid aside, in guise of peace
Seeking the people's favour; skilled to know
How to arouse their ire, and how to gain
The popular love by corn in plenty given.
For famine only makes a city free;
By gifts of food the tyrant buys a crowd
To cringe before him: but a people starved
Is fearless ever.

Curio he bids

Cross over to Sicilian cities, where
Or ocean by a sudden rise o'erwhelmed
The land, or split the isthmus right in twain,
Leaving a path for seas. Unceasing tides
There labour hugely lest again should meet
The mountains rent asunder. Nor were left
Sardinian shores unvisited: each isle
Is blest with noble harvests which have filled
More than all else the granaries of Rome,
And poured their plenty on Hesperia's shores.
Not even Libya, with its fertile soil,
Their yield surpasses, when the southern wind
Gives way to northern and permits the clouds
To drop their moisture on the teeming earth.
This ordered, Caesar leads his legions on,
Not armed for war, but as in time of peace
Returning to his home. Ah! had he come
With only Gallia conquered and the North ,
What long array of triumph had he brought!
What pictured scenes of battle! how had Rhine
And Ocean borne his chains! How noble Gaul,
And Britain's fair-haired chiefs his lofty car
Had followed! Such a triumph had he lost
By further conquest. Now in silent fear
They watched his marching troops, nor joyful towns
Poured out their crowds to welcome his return.
Yet did the conqueror's proud soul rejoice,
Far more than at their love, at such a fear.

Now Anxur's hold was passed, the oozy road
That separates the marsh, the grove sublime
Where reigns the Scythian goddess, and the path
By which men bear the fasces to the feast
On Alba's summit. From the height afar —
Gazing in awe upon the walls of Rome
His native city, since the Northern war

Unseen, unvisited — thus Caesar spake:
“Who would not fight for such a god-like town?
And have they left thee, Rome, without a blow?
Thank the high gods no eastern hosts are here
To wreak their fury; nor Sarmatian horde
With northern tribes conjoined; by Fortune’s gift
This war is civil: else this coward chief
Had been thy ruin.”

Trembling at his feet

He found the city: deadly fire and flame,
As from a conqueror, gods and fanes dispersed;
Such was the measure of their fear, as though
His power and wish were one. No festal shout
Greeted his march, no feigned acclaim of joy.
Scarce had they time for hate. In Phoebus’ hall
Their hiding places left, a crowd appeared
Of Senators, uncalled, for none could call.
No Consul there the sacred shrine adorned
Nor Praetor next in rank, and every seat
Placed for the officers of state was void:
Caesar was all; and to his private voice
All else were listeners. The fathers sat
Ready to grant a temple or a throne,
If such his wish; and for themselves to vote
Or death or exile. Well it was for Rome
That Caesar blushed to order what they feared.
Yet in one breast the spirit of freedom rose
Indignant for the laws; for when the gates
Of Saturn’s temple hot Metellus saw,
Were yielding to the shock, he clove the ranks
Of Caesar’s troops, and stood before the doors
As yet unopened. ’Tis the love of gold
Alone that fears not death; no hand is raised
For perished laws or violated rights:
But for this dross, the vilest cause of all,
Men fight and die. Thus did the Tribune bar

The victor's road to rapine, and with voice
Clear ringing spake: "Save o'er Metellus dead
This temple opens not; my sacred blood
Shall flow, thou robber, ere the gold be thine.
And surely shall the Tribune's power defied
Find an avenging god; this Crassus knew ,
Who, followed by our curses, sought the war
And met disaster on the Parthian plains.
Draw then thy sword, nor fear the crowd that gapes
To view thy crimes: the citizens are gone.
Not from our treasury reward for guilt
Thy hosts shall ravish: other towns are left,
And other nations; wage the war on them —
Drain not Rome's peace for spoil." The victor then,
Incensed to ire: "Vain is thy hope to fall
In noble death, as guardian of the right;
With all thine honours, thou of Caesar's rage
Art little worthy: never shall thy blood
Defile his hand. Time lowest things with high
Confounds not yet so much that, if thy voice
Could save the laws, it were not better far
They fell by Caesar." Such his lofty words.

But as the Tribune yielded not, his rage
Rose yet the more, and at his soldiers' swords
One look he cast, forgetting for the time
What robe he wore; but soon Metellus heard
These words from Cotta: "When men bow to power
Freedom of speech is only Freedom's bane ,
Whose shade at least survives, if with free will
Thou dost whate'er is bidden thee. For us
Some pardon may be found: a host of ills
Compelled submission, and the shame is less
That to have done which could not be refused.
Yield, then, this wealth, the seeds of direful war.
A nation's anger is by losses stirred,
When laws protect it; but the hungry slave

Brings danger to his master, not himself.”

At this Metellus yielded from the path;
And as the gates rolled backward, echoed loud
The rock Tarpeian, and the temple's depths
Gave up the treasure which for centuries
No hand had touched: all that the Punic foe
And Perses and Philippus conquered gave,
And all the gold which Pyrrhus panic-struck
Left when he fled: that gold, the price of Rome,
Which yet Fabricius sold not, and the hoard
Laid up by saving sires; the tribute sent
By Asia's richest nations; and the wealth
Which conquering Metellus brought from Crete,
And Cato bore from distant Cyprus home;
And last, the riches torn from captive kings
And borne before Pompeius when he came
In frequent triumph. Thus was robbed the shrine,
And Caesar first brought poverty to Rome.

Meanwhile all nations of the earth were moved
To share in Magnus' fortunes and the war,
And in his fated ruin. Graecia sent,
Nearest of all, her succours to the host.
From Cirrha and Parnassus' double peak
And from Amphissa, Phocis sent her youth:
Boeotian leaders muster in the meads
By Dirce laved, and where Cephissus rolls
Gifted with fateful power his stream along:
And where Alpheus, who beyond the sea
In fount Sicilian seeks the day again.
Pisa deserted stands, and Oeta, loved
By Hercules of old; Dodona's oaks
Are left to silence by the sacred train,
And all Epirus rushes to the war.
And proud Athena, mistress of the seas,
Sends three poor ships (alas! her all) to prove

Her ancient victory o'er the Persian King.
Next seek the battle Creta's hundred tribes
Beloved of Jove and rivalling the east
In skill to wing the arrow from the bow.
The walls of Dardan Oricum, the woods
Where Athamanians wander, and the banks
Of swift Absyrtus foaming to the main
Are left forsaken. Enchelaean tribes
Whose king was Cadmus, and whose name records
His transformation, join the host; and those
Who till Penean fields and turn the share
Above Iolcos in Thessalian lands."

There first men steeled their hearts to dare the waves
And 'gainst the rage of ocean and the storm
To match their strength, when the rude Argo sailed
Upon that distant quest, and spurned the shore,
Joining remotest nations in her flight,
And gave the fates another form of death.
Left too was Pholoe; pretended home
Where dwelt the fabled race of double form ;
Arcadian Maenalus; the Thracian mount
Named Haemus; Strymon whence, as autumn falls,
Winged squadrons seek the banks of warmer Nile;
And all the isles the mouths of Ister bathe
Mixed with the tidal wave; the land through which
The cooling eddies of Caicus flow
Idalian; and Arisbe bare of glebe.
The hinds of Pitane, and those who till
Celaenae's fields which mourned of yore the gift
Of Pallas, and the vengeance of the god,
All draw the sword; and those from Marsyas' flood
First swift, then doubling backwards with the stream
Of sinuous Meander: and from where
Pactolus leaves his golden source and leaps
From Earth permitting; and with rival wealth
Rich Hermus parts the meads. Nor stayed the bands
Of Troy, but (doomed as in old time) they joined

Pompeius' fated camp: nor held them back
The fabled past, nor Caesar's claimed descent
From their Iulus. Syrian peoples came
From palmy Idumea and the walls
Of Ninus great of yore; from windy plains
Of far Damascus and from Gaza's hold,
From Sidon's courts enriched with purple dye,
And Tyre oft trembling with the shaken earth.
All these led on by Cynosura's light
Furrow their certain path to reach the war.

Phoenicians first (if story be believed)
Dared to record in characters; for yet
Papyrus was not fashioned, and the priests
Of Memphis, carving symbols upon walls
Of mystic sense (in shape of beast or fowl)
Preserved the secrets of their magic art.

Next Persean Tarsus and high Taurus' groves
Are left deserted, and Corycium's cave;
And all Cilicia's ports, pirate no more,
Resound with preparation. Nor the East
Refused the call, where furthest Ganges dares,
Alone of rivers, to discharge his stream
Against the sun opposing; on this shore
The Macedonian conqueror stayed his foot
And found the world his victor; here too rolls
Indus his torrent with Hydaspes joined
Yet hardly feels it; here from luscious reed
Men draw sweet liquor; here they dye their locks
With tints of saffron, and with coloured gems
Bind down their flowing garments; here are they,
Who satiate of life and proud to die,
Ascend the blazing pyre, and conquering fate,
Scorn to live longer; but triumphant give
The remnant of their days in flame to heaven.

Nor fails to join the host a hardy band
Of Cappadocians, tilling now the soil,
Once pirates of the main: nor those who dwell
Where steep Niphates hurls the avalanche,
And where on Median Coatra's sides
The giant forest rises to the sky.
And you, Arabians, from your distant home
Came to a world unknown, and wondering saw
The shadows fall no longer to the left.
Then fired with ardour for the Roman war
Oretas came, and far Carmania's chiefs,
Whose clime lies southward, yet men thence descry
Low down the Pole star, and Bootes runs
Hasting to set, part seen, his nightly course;
And Ethiopians from that southern land
Which lies without the circuit of the stars,
Did not the Bull with curving hoof advanced
O'erstep the limit. From that mountain zone
They come, where rising from a common fount
Euphrates flows and Tigris, and did earth
Permit, were joined with either name; but now
While like th' Egyptian flood Euphrates spreads
His fertilising water, Tigris first
Drawn down by earth in covered depths is plunged
And holds a secret course; then born again
Flows on unhindered to the Persian sea.

But warlike Parthia wavered 'twixt the chiefs,
Content to have made them two ; while Scythia's hordes
Dipped fresh their darts in poison, whom the stream
Of Bactros bounds and vast Hyrcanian woods.
Hence springs that rugged nation swift and fierce,
Descended from the Twins' great charioteer.
Nor failed Sarmatia, nor the tribes that dwell
By richest Phasis, and on Halys' banks,
Which sealed the doom of Croesus' king; nor where
From far Rhipaeon ranges Tanais flows,

On either hand a quarter of the world,
Asia and Europe, and in winding course
Carves out a continent; nor where the strait
In boiling surge pours to the Pontic deep
Maeotis' waters, rivalling the pride
Of those Herculean pillar-gates that guard
The entrance to an ocean. Thence with hair
In golden fillets, Arimaspians came,
And fierce Massagetae, who quaff the blood
Of the brave steed on which they fight and flee.

Not when great Cyrus on Memnonian realms
His warriors poured; nor when, their weapons piled,
The Persian told the number of his host;
Nor when th' avenger of a brother's shame
Loaded the billows with his mighty fleet,
Beneath one chief so many kings made war;
Nor e'er met nations varied thus in garb
And thus in language. To Pompeius' death
Thus Fortune called them: and a world in arms
Witnessed his ruin. From where Afric's god,
Two-horned Ammon, rears his temple, came
All Libya ceaseless, from the wastes that touch
The bounds of Egypt to the shore that meets
The Western Ocean. Thus, to award the prize
Of Empire at one blow, Pharsalia brought
'Neath Caesar's conquering hand the banded world.

Now Caesar left the walls of trembling Rome
And swift across the cloudy Alpine tops
He winged his march; but while all others fled
Far from his path, in terror of his name,
Phocaea's manhood with un-Grecian faith
Held to their pledged obedience, and dared
To follow right not fate; but first of all
With olive boughs of truce before them borne
The chieftain they approach, with peaceful words

In hope to alter his unbending will
And tame his fury. "Search the ancient books
Which chronicle the deeds of Latian fame;
Thou'lt ever find, when foreign foes pressed hard,
Massilia's prowess on the side of Rome.
And now, if triumphs in an unknown world
Thou seekest, Caesar, here our arms and swords
Accept in aid: but if, in impious strife
Of civil discord, with a Roman foe
Thou seek'st to join in battle, weeping then
We hold aloof: no stranger hand may touch
Celestial wounds. Should all Olympus' hosts
Have rushed to war, or should the giant brood
Assault the stars, yet men would not presume
Or by their prayers or arms to help the gods:
And, ignorant of the fortunes of the sky,
Taught by the thunderbolts alone, would know
That Jupiter supreme still held the throne.
Add that unnumbered nations join the fray:
Nor shrinks the world so much from taint of crime
That civil wars reluctant swords require.
But grant that strangers shun thy destinies
And only Romans fight — shall not the son
Shrink ere he strike his father? on both sides
Brothers forbid the weapon to be hurled?
The world's end comes when other hands are armed
Than those which custom and the gods allow.
For us, this is our prayer: Leave, Caesar, here
Thy dreadful eagles, keep thy hostile signs
Back from our gates, but enter thou in peace
Massilia's ramparts; let our city rest
Withdrawn from crime, to Magnus and to thee
Safe: and should favouring fate preserve our walls
Inviolat, when both shall wish for peace
Here meet unarmed. Why hither turn'st thou now
Thy rapid march? Nor weight nor power have we
To sway the mighty conflicts of the world.

We boast no victories since our fatherland
We left in exile: when Phocaea's fort
Perished in flames, we sought another here;
And here on foreign shores, in narrow bounds
Confined and safe, our boast is sturdy faith;
Nought else. But if our city to blockade
Is now thy mind — to force the gates, and hurl
Javelin and blazing torch upon our homes —
Do what thou wilt: cut off the source that fills
Our foaming river, force us, prone in thirst,
To dig the earth and lap the scanty pool;
Seize on our corn and leave us food abhorred:
Nor shall this people shun, for freedom's sake,
The ills Saguntum bore in Punic siege;
Torn, vainly clinging, from the shrunken breast
The starving babe shall perish in the flames.
Wives at their husbands' hands shall pray their fate,
And brothers' weapons deal a mutual death.
Such be our civil war; not, Caesar, thine."

But Caesar's visage stern betrayed his ire
Which thus broke forth in words: "Vain is the hope
Ye rest upon my march: speed though I may
Towards my western goal, time still remains
To blot Massilia out. Rejoice, my troops!
Unsought the war ye longed for meets you now:
The fates concede it. As the tempests lose
Their strength by sturdy forests unopposed,
And as the fire that finds no fuel dies,
Even so to find no foe is Caesar's ill.
When those who may be conquered will not fight
That is defeat. Degenerate, disarmed
Their gates admit me! Not content, forsooth,
With shutting Caesar out they shut him in!
They shun the taint of war! Such prayer for peace
Brings with it chastisement. In Caesar's age
Learn that not peace, but war within his ranks

Alone can make you safe.”

Fearless he turns
His march upon the city, and beholds
Fast barred the gate-ways, while in arms the youths
Stand on the battlements. Hard by the walls
A hillock rose, upon the further side
Expanding in a plain of gentle slope,
Fit (as he deemed it) for a camp with ditch
And mound encircling. To a lofty height
The nearest portion of the city rose,
While intervening valleys lay between.
These summits with a mighty trench to bind
The chief resolves, gigantic though the toil.
But first, from furthest boundaries of his camp,
Enclosing streams and meadows, to the sea
To draw a rampart, upon either hand
Heaved up with earthy sod; with lofty towers
Crowned; and to shut Massilia from the land.

Then did the Grecian city win renown
Eternal, deathless, for that uncompelled
Nor fearing for herself, but free to act
She made the conqueror pause: and he who seized
All in resistless course found here delay:
And Fortune, hastening to lay the world
Low at her favourite's feet, was forced to stay
For these few moments her impatient hand.

Now fell the forests far and wide, despoiled
Of all their giant trunks: for as the mound
On earth and brushwood stood, a timber frame
Held firm the soil, lest pressed beneath its towers
The mass might topple down. There stood a grove
Which from the earliest time no hand of man
Had dared to violate; hidden from the sun
Its chill recesses; matted boughs entwined

Prisoned the air within. No sylvan nymphs
Here found a home, nor Pan, but savage rites
And barbarous worship, altars horrible
On massive stones upreared; sacred with blood
Of men was every tree. If faith be given
To ancient myth, no fowl has ever dared
To rest upon those branches, and no beast
Has made his lair beneath: no tempest falls,
Nor lightnings flash upon it from the cloud.
Stagnant the air, unmoving, yet the leaves
Filled with mysterious trembling; dripped the streams
From coal-black fountains; effigies of gods
Rude, scarcely fashioned from some fallen trunk
Held the mid space: and, pallid with decay,
Their rotting shapes struck terror. Thus do men
Dread most the god unknown. 'Twas said that caves
Rumbled with earthquakes, that the prostrate yew
Rose up again; that fiery tongues of flame
Gleamed in the forest depths, yet were the trees
Unkindled; and that snakes in frequent folds
Were coiled around the trunks. Men flee the spot
Nor dare to worship near: and e'en the priest
Or when bright Phoebus holds the height, or when
Dark night controls the heavens, in anxious dread
Draws near the grove and fears to find its lord.

Spared in the former war, still dense it rose
Where all the hills were bare, and Caesar now
Its fall commanded. But the brawny arms
Which swayed the axes trembled, and the men,
Awed by the sacred grove's dark majesty,
Held back the blow they thought would be returned.
This Caesar saw, and swift within his grasp
Uprose a ponderous axe, which downward fell
Cleaving a mighty oak that towered to heaven,
While thus he spake: "Henceforth let no man dread
To fell this forest: all the crime is mine.

This be your creed." He spake, and all obeyed,
For Caesar's ire weighed down the wrath of Heaven.
Yet ceased they not to fear. Then first the oak,
Dodona's ancient boast; the knotty holm;
The cypress, witness of patrician grief,
The buoyant alder, laid their foliage low
Admitting day; though scarcely through the stems
Their fall found passage. At the sight the Gauls
Grieved; but the garrison within the walls
Rejoiced: for thus shall men insult the gods
And find no punishment? Yet fortune oft
Protects the guilty; on the poor alone
The gods can vent their ire. Enough hewn down,
They seize the country wagons; and the hind,
His oxen gone which else had drawn the plough,
Mourns for his harvest.

But the eager chief
Impatient of the combat by the walls
Carries the warfare to the furthest west.

Meanwhile a giant mound, on star-shaped wheels
Concealed, they fashion, crowned with double towers
High as the battlements, by cause unseen
Slow creeping onwards; while amazed the foe,
Beheld, and thought some subterranean gust
Had burst the caverns of the earth and forced
The nodding pile aloft, and wondered sore
Their walls should stand unshaken. From its height
Hissed clown the weapons; but the Grecian bolts
With greater force were on the Romans hurled;
Nor by the arm unaided, for the lance
Urged by the catapult resistless rushed
Through arms and shield and flesh, and left a death
Behind, nor stayed its course: and massive stones
Cast by the beams of mighty engines fell;
As from the mountain top some time-worn rock

At length by winds dislodged, in all its track
Spreads ruin vast: nor crushed the life alone
Forth from the body, but dispersed the limbs
In fragments undistinguished and in blood.
But as protected by the armour shield
The might of Rome drew nigh beneath the wall
(The front rank with their bucklers interlaced
And held above their helms), the missiles fell
Behind their backs, nor could the toiling Greeks
Deflect their engines, throwing still the bolts
Far into space; but from the rampart top
Flung ponderous masses down. Long as the shields
Held firm together, like to hail that falls
Harmless upon a roof, so long the stones
Crushed down innocuous; but as the blows
Rained fierce and ceaseless and the Romans tired,
Some here and there sank fainting. Next the roof
Advanced with earth besprinkled: underneath
The ram conceals his head, which, poised and swung,
They dash with mighty force upon the wall,
Covered themselves with mantlets. Though the head
Light on the lower stones, yet as the shock
Falls and refalls, from battlement to base
The rampart soon shall topple. But by balks
And rocky fragments overwhelmed, and flames,
The roof at length gave way; and worn with toil
All spent in vain, the wearied troops withdrew
And sought the shelter of their tents again.

Thus far to hold their battlements was all
The Greeks had hoped; now, venturing attack,
With glittering torches for their arms, by night
Fearless they sallied forth: nor lance they bear
Nor deadly bow, nor shaft; for fire alone
Is now their weapon. Through the Roman works
Driven by the wind the conflagration spread:
Nor did the newness of the wood make pause

The fury of the flames, which, fed afresh
By living torches, 'neath a smoky pall
Leaped on in fiery tongues. Not wood alone
But stones gigantic crumbling into dust
Dissolved beneath the heat; the mighty mound
Lay prone, yet in its ruin larger seemed.

Next, conquered on the land, upon the main
They try their fortunes. On their simple craft
No painted figure-head adorned the bows
Nor claimed protection from the gods; but rude,
Just as they fell upon their mountain homes,
The trees were knit together, and the deck
Gave steady foot-hold for an ocean fight.

Meantime had Caesar's squadron kept the isles
Named Stoechades, and Brutus' turret ship
Mastered the Rhone. Nor less the Grecian host —
Boys not yet grown to war, and aged men,
Armed for the conflict, with their all at stake.
Nor only did they marshal for the fight
Ships meet for service; but their ancient keels
Brought from the dockyards. When the morning rays
Broke from the waters, and the sky was clear,
And all the winds were still upon the deep,
Smoothed for the battle, swift on either part
The fleets essay the open; and the ships
Tremble beneath the oars that urge them on,
By sinewy arms impelled. Upon the wings
That bound the Roman fleet, the larger craft
With triple and quadruple banks of oars
Gird in the lesser: so they front the sea;
While in their rear, shaped as a crescent moon,
Liburnian galleys follow. Over all
Towers Brutus' deck praetorian. Oars on oars
Propel the bulky vessel through the main,
Six ranks; the topmost strike the waves afar.

When such a space remained between the fleets
As could be covered by a single stroke,
Innumerable voices rose in air
Drowning with resonant din the beat of oars
And note of trumpet summoning: and all
Sat on the benches and with mighty stroke
Swept o'er the sea and gained the space between.
Then crashed the prows together, and the keels
Rebounded backwards, and unnumbered darts
Or darkened all the sky or, in their fall,
The vacant ocean. As the wings grew wide,
Less densely packed the fleet, some Grecian ships
Pressed in between; as when with west and east
The tide contends, this way the waves are driven
And that the sea; so as they plough the deep
In various lines converging, what the prow
Throws up advancing, from the foemen's oars
Falls back repelled. But soon the Grecian fleet
Was handier found in battle, and in flight
Pretended, and in shorter curves could round;
More deftly governed by the guiding helm:
While on the Roman side their steadier keels
Gave vantage, as to men who fight on land.
Then Brutus to the pilot of his ship:
"Dost suffer them to range the wider deep,
Contending with the foe in naval skill?
Draw close the war and drive us on the prows
Of these Phocaeans." Him the pilot heard;
And turned his vessel slantwise to the foe.
Then was the sea all covered with the war:
Then Grecian ships attacking Brutus found
Their ruin in the stroke, and vanquished lay
Beside his bulwarks; while with grappling hooks
Others laid fast the foe, themselves by oars
Held back the while. And now no outstretched arm
Hurls forth the javelin, but hand to hand
With swords they wage the fight: each from his ship

Leans forward to the stroke, and falls when slain
Upon a foeman's deck. Deep flows the stream
Of purple slaughter to the foamy main:
By piles of floating corpses are the sides,
Though grappled, kept asunder. Some, half dead,
Plunge in the ocean, gulping down the brine
Encrimsoned with their blood; some lingering still
Draw their last struggling breath amid the wreck
Of broken navies: weapons which have missed
Find yet their victims, and the falling steel
Fails not in middle deep to deal the wound.
One vessel circled by Phocaeen keels
Divides her strength, and on the right and left
On either side with equal war contends;
On whose high poop while Tagus fighting gripped
The stern Phocaeen, pierced his back and breast
Two fatal weapons; in the midst the steel
Meets, and the blood, uncertain whence to flow,
Stands still, arrested, till with double course
Forth by a sudden gush it drives each dart,
And sends the life abroad through either wound.

Here fated Telon also steered his ship:
No pilot's hand upon an angry sea
More deftly ruled a vessel. Well he knew,
Or by the sun or crescent moon, how best
To set his canvas fitted for the breeze
To-morrow's light would bring. His rushing stem
Shattered a Roman vessel: but a dart
Hurled at the moment quivers in his breast.
He falls, and in the fall his dying hand
Diverts the prow. Then Gyareus, in act
To climb the friendly deck, by javelin pierced,
Still as he hung, by the retaining steel
Fast to the side was nailed.

Twin brethren stand
A fruitful mother's pride; with different fates,

But ne'er distinguished till death's savage hand
Struck once, and ended error: he that lived,
Cause of fresh anguish to their sorrowing souls,
Called ever to the weeping parents back
The image of the lost: who, as the oars
Grecian and Roman mixed their teeth oblique,
Grasped with his dexter hand the Roman ship;
When fell a blow that shore his arm away.
So died, upon the side it held, the hand,
Nor loosed its grasp in death. Yet with the wound
His noble courage rose, and maimed he dared
Renew the fray, and stretched across the sea
To grasp the lost — in vain! another blow
Lopped arm and hand alike. Nor shield nor sword
Henceforth are his. Yet even now he seeks
No sheltering hold, but with his chest advanced
Before his brother armed, he claims the fight,
And holding in his breast the darts which else
Had slain his comrades, pierced with countless spears,
He fails in death well earned; yet ere his end
Collects his parting life, and all his strength
Strains to the utmost and with failing limbs
Leaps on the foeman's deck; by weight alone
Injurious; for streaming down with gore
And piled on high with corpses, while her sides
Sounded to ceaseless blows, the fated ship
Let in the greedy brine until her ways
Were level with the waters — then she plunged
In whirling eddies downwards — and the main
First parted, then closed in upon its prey.

Full many wondrous deaths, with fates diverse,
Upon the sea in that day's fight befell.
Caught by a grappling-hook that missed the side,
Had Lysidas been whelmed in middle deep;
But by his feet his comrades dragged him back,
And rent in twain he hung; nor slowly flowed

As from a wound the blood; but all his veins
Were torn asunder and the stream of life
Gushed o'er his limbs till lost amid the deep.
From no man dying has the vital breath
Rushed by so wide a path; the lower trunk
Succumbed to death, but with the lungs and heart
Long strove the fates, and hardly won the whole.

While, bent upon the fight, an eager crew
Were gathered to the margin of their deck
(Leaving the upper side as bare of foes),
Their ship was overset. Beneath the keel
Which floated upwards, prisoned in the sea,
And powerless by spread of arms to float
The main, they perished. One who haply swam
Amid the battle, chanced upon a death
Strange and unheard of; for two meeting prows
Transfixed his body. At the double stroke
Wide yawned his chest; blood issued from his mouth
With flesh commingled; and the brazen beaks
Resounding clashed together, by the bones
Unhindered: now they part and through the gap
Swift pours the sea and drags the corse below.
Next, of a shipwrecked crew, the larger part
Struggling with death upon the waters, reached
A comrade bark; but when with elbows raised do
They seized upon the bulwarks and the ship
Rolled, nor could bear their weight, the ruthless crew
Hacked off their straining arms; then maimed they sank
Below the seething waves, to rise no more.

Now every dart was hurled and every spear,
The soldier weaponless; yet their rage found arms:
One hurls an oar; another's brawny arm
Tugs at the twisted stern; or from the seats
The oarsmen driving, swings a bench in air.
The ships are broken for the fight. They seize

The fallen dead and snatch the sword that slew.
Nay, many from their wounds, frenzied for arms,
Pluck forth the deadly steel, and pressing still
Upon their yawning sides, hurl forth the spear
Back to the hostile ranks from which it came;
Then ebbs their life blood forth.

But deadlier yet
Was that fell force most hostile to the sea;
For, thrown in torches and in sulphurous bolts
Fire all-consuming ran among the ships,
Whose oily timbers soaked in pitch and wax
Inflammable, gave welcome to the flames.
Nor could the waves prevail against the blaze
Which claimed as for its own the fragments borne
Upon the waters. Lo! on burning plank
One hardly 'scapes destruction; one to save
His flaming ship, gives entrance to the main.
Of all the forms of death each fears the one
That brings immediate dying: yet quails not
Their heart in shipwreck: from the waves they pluck
The fallen darts and furnishing the ship
Essay the feeble stroke; and should that hope
Still fail their hand, they call the sea to aid
And seizing in their grasp some floating foe
Drag him to mutual death.

But on that day
Phoceus above all others proved his skill.
Well trained was he to dive beneath the main
And search the waters with unfailing eye;
And should an anchor 'gainst the straining rope
Too firmly bite the sands, to wrench it free.
Oft in his fatal grasp he seized a foe
Nor loosed his grip until the life was gone.
Such was his frequent deed; but this his fate:
For rising, victor (as he thought), to air,

Full on a keel he struck and found his death.
Some, drowning, seized a hostile oar and checked
The flying vessel; not to die in vain,
Their single care; some on their vessel's side
Hanging, in death, with wounded frame essayed
To check the charging prow.

Tyrrhenus high

Upon the bulwarks of his ship was struck
By leaden bolt from Balearic sling
Of Lygdamus; straight through his temples passed
The fated missile; and in streams of blood
Forced from their seats his trembling eyeballs fell.
Plunged in a darkness as of night, he thought
That life had left him; yet ere long he knew
The living rigour of his limbs; and cried,
“Place me, O friends, as some machine of war
Straight facing towards the foe; then shall my darts
Strike as of old; and thou, Tyrrhenus, spend
Thy latest breath, still left, upon the fight:
So shalt thou play, not wholly dead, the part
That fits a soldier, and the spear that strikes
Thy frame, shall miss the living.” Thus he spake,
And hurled his javelin, blind, but not in vain;
For Argus, generous youth of noble blood,
Below the middle waist received the spear
And failing drave it home. His aged sire
From furthest portion of the conquered ship
Beheld; than whom in prime of manhood none,
More brave in battle: now no more he fought,
Yet did the memory of his prowess stir
Phocæan youths to emulate his fame.
Oft stumbling o’er the benches the old man hastes
To reach his boy, and finds him breathing still.
No tear bedewed his cheek, nor on his breast
One blow he struck, but o’er his eyes there fell
A dark impenetrable veil of mist

That blotted out the day; nor could he more
Discern his luckless Argus. He, who saw
His parent, raising up his drooping head
With parted lips and silent features asks
A father's latest kiss, a father's hand
To close his dying eyes. But soon his sire,
Recovering from his swoon, when ruthless grief
Possessed his spirit, "This short space," he cried,
"I lose not, which the cruel gods have given,
But die before thee. Grant thy sorrowing sire
Forgiveness that he fled thy last embrace.
Not yet has passed thy life blood from the wound
Nor yet is death upon thee — still thou may'st
Outlive thy parent." Thus he spake, and seized
The reeking sword and drave it to the hilt,
Then plunged into the deep, with headlong bound,
To anticipate his son: for this he feared
A single form of death should not suffice.

Now gave the fates their judgment, and in doubt
No longer was the war: the Grecian fleet
In most part sunk; — some ships by Romans oared
Conveyed the victors home: in headlong flight
Some sought the yards for shelter. On the strand
What tears of parents for their offspring slain,
How wept the mothers! 'Mid the pile confused
Ofttimes the wife sought madly for her spouse
And chose for her last kiss some Roman slain;
While wretched fathers by the blazing pyres
Fought for the dead. But Brutus thus at sea
First gained a triumph for great Caesar's arms.

BOOK IV

CAESAR IN SPAIN. WAR IN THE ADRIATIC SEA. DEATH OF CURIO.

But in the distant regions of the earth
Fierce Caesar warring, though in fight he dealt
No baneful slaughter, hastened on the doom
To swift fulfillment. There on Magnus' side
Afranius and Petreius held command,
Who ruled alternate, and the rampart guard
Obedyed the standard of each chief in turn.
There with the Romans in the camp were joined
Asturians swift, and Vettons lightly armed,
And Celts who, exiled from their ancient home,
Had joined "Iberus" to their former name.
Where the rich soil in gentle slope ascends
And forms a modest hill, Ilerda stands,
Founded in ancient days; beside her glides
Not least of western rivers, Sicoris
Of placid current, by a mighty arch
Of stone o'erspanned, which not the winter floods
Shall overwhelm. Upon a rock hard by
Was Magnus' camp; but Caesar's on a hill,
Rivalling the first; and in the midst a stream.
Here boundless plains are spread beyond the range
Of human vision; Cinga girds them in
With greedy waves; forbidden to contend
With tides of ocean; for that larger flood
Who names the land, Iberus, sweeps along
The lesser stream commingled with his own.

Guiltless of war, the first day saw the hosts
In long array confronted; standard rose
Opposing standard, numberless; yet none
Essayed attack, in shame of impious strife.

One day they gave their country and her laws.
But Caesar, when from heaven fell the night,
Drew round a hasty trench; his foremost rank
With close array concealing those who wrought.
Then with the morn he bids them seize the hill
Which parted from the camp Ilerda's walls,
And gave them safety. But in fear and shame
On rushed the foe and seized the vantage ground,
First in the onset. From the height they held
Their hopes of conquest; but to Caesar's men
Their hearts by courage stirred, and their good swords
Promised the victory. Burdened up the ridge
The soldier climbed, and from the opposing steep
But for his comrade's shield had fallen back;
None had the space to hurl the quivering lance
Upon the foeman: spear and pike made sure
The failing foothold, and the falchion's edge
Hewed out their upward path. But Caesar saw
Ruin impending, and he bade his horse
By circuit to the left, with shielded flank,
Hold back the foe. Thus gained his troops retreat,
For none pressed on them; and the victor chiefs,
Forced to withdrawal, gained the day in vain.

Henceforth the fitful changes of the year
Governed the fates and fashioned out the war.
For stubborn frost still lay upon the land,
And northern winds, controlling all the sky,
Prisoned the rain in clouds; the hills were nipped
With snow unmelted, and the lower plains
By frosts that fled before the rising sun;
And all the lands that stretched towards the sky
Which whelms the sinking stars, 'neath wintry heavens
Were parched and arid. But when Titan neared
The Ram, who, backward gazing on the stars,
Bore perished Helle, and the hours were held
In juster balance, and the day prevailed,

The earliest faded moon which in the vault
Hung with uncertain horn, from eastern winds
Received a fiery radiance; whose blasts
Forced Boreas back: and breaking on the mists
Within his regions, to the Occident
Drive all that shroud Arabia and the land
Of Ganges; all that or by Caurus borne
Bedim the Orient sky, or rising suns
Permit to gather; pitiless flamed the day
Behind them, while in front the wide expanse
Was driven; nor on mid earth sank the clouds
Though weighed with vapour. North and south alike
Were showerless, for on Calpe's rock alone
All moisture gathered; here at last, forbidden
To pass that sea by Zephyr's bounds contained,
And by the furthest belt of heaven, they pause,
In masses huge convolved; the widest breadth
Of murky air scarce holds them, which divides
Earth from the heavens; till pressed by weight of sky
In densest volume to the earth they pour
Their cataracts; no lightning could endure
Such storm unquenched: though oft athwart the gloom
Gleamed its pale fire. Meanwhile a watery arch
Scarce touched with colour, in imperfect shape
Embraced the sky and drank the ocean waves,
So rendering to the clouds their flood outpoured.

And now were thawed the Pyrenaean snows
Which Titan had not conquered; all the rocks
Were wet with melting ice; accustomed springs
Found not discharge; and from the very banks
Each stream received a torrent. Caesar's arms
Are shipwrecked on the field, his tottering camp
Swims on the rising flood; the trench is filled
With whirling waters; and the plain no more
Yields corn or kine; for those who forage seek,
Err from the hidden furrow. Famine knocks

(First herald of o'erwhelming ills to come),
Fierce at the door; and while no foe blockades
The soldier hungers; fortunes buy not now
The meanest measure; yet, alas! is found
The fasting peasant, who, in gain of gold,
Will sell his little all! And now the hills
Are seen no more; and rivers whelmed in one;
Beasts with their homes sweep downwards; and the tide
Repels the foaming torrent. Nor did night
Acknowledge Phoebus' rise, for all the sky
Felt her dominion and obscured its face,
And darkness joined with darkness. Thus doth lie
The lowest earth beneath the snowy zone
And never-ending winters, where the sky
Is starless ever, and no growth of herb
Sprouts from the frozen earth; but standing ice
Tempers the stars which in the middle zone
Kindle their flames. Thus, Father of the world,
And thou, trident-god who rul'st the sea
Second in place, Neptunus, load the air
With clouds continual; forbid the tide,
Once risen, to return: forced by thy waves
Let rivers backward run in different course,
Thy shores no longer reaching; and the earth,
Shaken, make way for floods. Let Rhine o'erflow
And Rhone their banks; let torrents spread afield
Unmeasured waters: melt Rhipaeen snows:
Spread lakes upon the land, and seas profound,
And snatch the groaning world from civil war.

Thus for a little moment Fortune tried
Her darling son; then smiling to his part
Returned; and gained her pardon for the past
By greater gifts to come. For now the air
Had grown more clear, and Phoebus' warmer rays
Coped with the flood and scattered all the clouds
In fleecy masses; and the reddening east

Proclaimed the coming day; the land resumed
Its ancient marks; no more in middle air
The moisture hung, but from about the stars
Sank to the depths; the forest glad upreared
Its foliage; hills again emerged to view
And 'neath the warmth of day the plains grew firm.

When Sicoris kept his banks, the shallop light
Of hoary willow bark they build, which bent
On hides of oxen, bore the weight of man
And swam the torrent. Thus on sluggish Po
Venetians float; and on th' encircling sea
Are borne Britannia's nations; and when Nile
Fills all the land, are Memphis' thirsty reeds
Shaped into fragile boats that swim his waves.
The further bank thus gained, they haste to curve
The fallen forest, and to form the arch
By which imperious Sicoris shall be spanned.
Yet fearing he might rise in wrath anew,
Not on the nearest marge they placed the beams,
But in mid-field. Thus the presumptuous stream
They tame with chastisement, parting his flood
In devious channels out; and curb his pride.

Petreius, when he saw that Caesar's fates
Swept all before them, left Ilerda's steep,
His trust no longer in the Roman world;
And sought for strength amid those distant tribes,
Who, loving death, rush in upon the foe,
And win their conquests at the point of sword.
But in the dawn, when Caesar saw the camp
Stand empty on the hill, "To arms!" he cried:
"Seek not the bridge nor ford: plunge in the stream
And breast the foaming torrent." Then did hope
Of coming battle find for them a way
Which they had shunned in flight.

Their arms regained,
 Their streaming limbs they cherished till the blood
 Coursed in their veins; until the shadows fell
 Short on the sward, and day was at the height.
 Then dashed the horsemen on, and held the foe
 'Twixt flight and battle. In the plain arose
 Two rocky heights: from each a loftier ridge
 Of hills ranged onwards, sheltering in their midst
 A hollow vale, whose deep and winding paths
 Were safe from warfare; which, when Caesar saw:
 That if Petreius held, the war must pass
 To lands remote by savage tribes possessed;
 "Speed on," he cried, "and meet their flight in front;
 Fierce be your frown and battle in your glance:
 No coward's death be theirs; but as they flee
 Plunge in their breasts the sword." They seize the pass
 And place their camp. Short was the span between
 Th' opposing sentinels; with eager eyes
 Undimmed by space, they gazed on brothers, sons,
 Or friends and fathers; and within their souls
 They grasped the impious horror of the war.
 Yet for a little while no voice was heard,
 For fear restrained; by waving blade alone
 Or gesture, spake they; but their passion grew,
 And broke all discipline; and soon they leaped
 The hostile rampart; every hand outstretched
 Embraced the hand of foeman, palm in palm;
 One calls by name his neighbour, one his host,
 Another with his schoolmate talks again
 Of olden studies: he who in the camp
 Found not a comrade, was no son of Rome.
 Wet are their arms with tears, and sobs break in
 Upon their kisses; each, unstained by blood,
 Dreads what he might have done. Why beat thy breast?
 Why, madman, weep? The guilt is thine alone
 To do or to abstain. Dost fear the man
 Who takes his title to be feared from thee?

When Caesar's trumpets sound the call to arms
Heed not the summons; when thou seest advance
His standards, halt. The civil Fury thus
Shall fold her wings; and in a private robe
Caesar shall love his kinsman.

Holy Peace

That sway'st the world; thou whose eternal bands
Sustain the order of material things,
Come, gentle Concord! these our times do now
For good or evil destiny control
The coming centuries! Ah, cruel fate!
Now have the people lost their cloak for crime:
Their hope of pardon. They have known their kin.
Woe for the respite given by the gods
Making more black the hideous guilt to come!

Now all was peaceful, and in either camp
Sweet converse held the soldiers; on the grass
They place the meal; on altars built of turf
Pour out libations from the mingled cup;
On mutual couch with stories of their fights,
They wile the sleepless hours in talk away;
"Where stood the ranks arrayed, from whose right hand
The quivering lance was sped:" and while they boast
Or challenge, deeds of prowess in the war,
Faith was renewed and trust. Thus made the fates
Their doom complete, and all the crimes to be;
Grew with their love.

For when Petreius knew
The treaties made; himself and all his camp
Sold to the foe; he stirs his guard to work
An impious slaughter: the defenceless foe
Flings headlong forth: and parts the fond embrace
By stroke of weapon and in streams of blood.
And thus in words of wrath, to stir the war:

“Of Rome forgetful, to your faith forsworn!
And could ye not with victory gained return,
Restorers of her liberty, to Rome?
Lose then! but losing call not Caesar lord.
While still your swords are yours, with blood to shed
In doubtful battle, while the fates are hid,
Will you like cravens to your master bear
Doomed eagles? Will you ask upon your knees
That Caesar deign to treat his slaves alike,
And spare, forsooth, like yours, your leaders’ lives?
Nay! never shall our safety be the price
Of base betrayal! Not for boon of life
We wage a civil war. This name of peace
Drags us to slavery. Ne’er from depths of earth,
Fain to withdraw her wealth, should toiling men
Draw store of iron; ne’er entrench a town;
Ne’er should the war-horse dash into the fray
Nor fleet with turret bulwarks breast the main,
If freedom for dishonourable peace
Could thus be bought. The foe are pledged to fight
By their own guilt. But you, who still might hope
For pardon if defeated — what can match
Your deep dishonour? Shame upon your peace.
Thou callest, Magnus, ignorant of fate,
From all the world thy powers, and dost entreat
Monarchs of distant realms, while haply here
We in our treaties bargain for thy life!”

Thus did he stir their minds and rouse anew
The love of impious battle. So when beasts
Grown strange to forests, long confined in dens,
Their fierceness lose, and learn to bear with man;
Once should they taste of blood, their thirsty jaws
Swell at the touch, and all the ancient rage
Comes back upon them till they hardly spare
Their keeper. Thus they rush on every crime:
And blows which dealt at chance, and in the night

Of battle, had brought hatred on the gods,
Though blindly struck, their recent vows of love
Made monstrous, horrid. Where they lately spread
The mutual couch and banquet, and embraced
Some new-found friend, now falls the fatal blow
Upon the self-same breast; and though at first
Groaning at the fell chance, they drew the sword;
Hate rises as they strike, the murderous arm
Confirms the doubtful will: with monstrous joy
Through the wild camp they smite their kinsmen down;
And carnage raged unchecked; and each man strove,
Proud of his crime, before his leader's face
To prove his shamelessness of guilt.

But thou,
Caesar, though losing of thy best, dost know
The gods do favour thee. Thessalian fields
Gave thee no better fortune, nor the waves
That lave Massilia; nor on Pharos' main
Didst thou so triumph. By this crime alone
Thou from this moment of the better cause
Shalt be the Captain.

Since the troops were stained
With foulest slaughter thus, their leaders shunned
All camps with Caesar's joined, and sought again
Ilerda's lofty walls; but Caesar's horse
Seized on the plain and forced them to the hills
Reluctant. There by steepest trench shut in,
He cuts them from the river, nor permits
Their circling ramparts to enclose a spring.

By this dread path Death trapped his captive prey.
Which when they knew, fierce anger filled their souls,
And took the place of fear. They slew the steeds
Now useless grown, and rushed upon their fate;
Hopeless of life and flight. But Caesar cried:

“Hold back your weapons, soldiers, from the foe,
Strike not the breast advancing; let the war
Cost me no blood; he falls not without price
Who with his life-blood challenges the fray.
Scorning their own base lives and hating light,
To Caesar’s loss they rush upon their death,
Nor heed our blows. But let this frenzy pass,
This madman onset; let the wish for death
Die in their souls.” Thus to its embers shrank
The fire within when battle was denied,
And fainter grew their rage until the night
Drew down her starry veil and sank the sun.
Thus keener fights the gladiator whose wound
Is recent, while the blood within the veins
Still gives the sinews motion, ere the skin
Shrinks on the bones: but as the victor stands
His fatal thrust achieved, and points the blade
Unflinching, watching for the end, there creeps
Torpor upon the limbs, the blood congeals
About the gash, more faintly throbs the heart,
And slowly fading, ebbs the life away.

Raving for water now they dig the plains
Seeking for hidden fountains, not with spade
And mattock only searching out the depths,
But with the sword; they hack the stony heights,
In shafts that reach the level of the plain.
No further flees from light the pallid wretch
Who tears the bowels of the earth for gold.
Yet neither riven stones revealed a spring,
Nor streamlet whispered from its hidden source;
To water trickled on the gravel bed,
Nor dripped within the cavern. Worn at length
With labour huge, they crawl to light again,
After such toil to fall to thirst and heat
The readier victims: this was all they won.
All food they loathe; and ‘gainst their deadly thirst

Call famine to their aid. Damp clods of earth
They squeeze upon their mouths with straining hands.
Where'er on foulest mud some stagnant slime
Or moisture lies, though doomed to die they lap
With greedy tongues the draught their lips had loathed
Had life been theirs to choose. Beast-like they drain
The swollen udder, and where milk was not,
They sucked the life-blood forth. From herbs and boughs
Dripping with dew, from tender shoots they pressed,
Say, from the pith of trees, the juice within.

Happy the host that onward marching finds
Its savage enemy has fouled the wells
With murderous venom; had'st thou, Caesar, cast
The reeking filth of shambles in the stream,
And henbane dire and all the poisonous herbs
That lurk on Cretan slopes, still had they drunk
The fatal waters, rather than endure
Such lingering agony. Their bowels racked
With torments as of flame; the swollen tongue
And jaws now parched and rigid, and the veins;
Each laboured breath with anguish from the lungs
Enfeebled, moistureless, was scarcely drawn,
And scarce again returned; and yet agape,
Their panting mouths sucked in the nightly dew;
They watch for showers from heaven, and in despair
Gaze on the clouds, whence lately poured a flood.
Nor were their tortures less that Meroe
Saw not their sufferings, nor Cancer's zone,
Nor where the Garamantian turns the soil;
But Sicoris and Iberus at their feet,
Two mighty floods, but far beyond their reach,
Rolled down in measureless volume to the main.

But now their leaders yield; Afranius,
Vanquished, throws down his arms, and leads his troops,
Now hardly living, to the hostile camp

Before the victor's feet, and sues for peace.
Proud was his bearing, and despite of ills,
His mien majestic, of his triumphs past
Still mindful in disaster — thus he stood,
Though suppliant for grace, a leader yet;
From fearless heart thus speaking: "Had the fates
Thrown me before some base ignoble foe,
Not, Caesar, thee; still had this arm fought on
And snatched my death. Now if I suppliant ask,
'Tis that I value still the boon of life
Given by a worthy hand. No party ties
Roused us to arms against thee; when the war,
This civil war, broke out, it found us chiefs;
And with our former cause we kept the faith,
So long as brave men should. The fates' decree
No longer we withstand. Unto thy will
We yield the western tribes: the east is thine
And all the world lies open to thy march.
Be generous! blood nor sword nor wearied arm
Thy conquests bought. Thou hast not to forgive
Aught but thy victory won. Nor ask we much.
Give us repose; to lead in peace the life
Thou shalt bestow; suppose these armed lines
Are corpses prostrate on the field of war
Ne'er were it meet that thy victorious ranks

Should mix with ours, the vanquished. Destiny
Has run for us its course: one boon I beg;
Bid not the conquered conquer in thy train."

Such were his words, and Caesar's gracious smile
Granted his prayer, remitting rights that war
Gives to the victor. To th' unguarded stream
The soldiers speed: prone on the bank they lie
And lap the flood or foul the crowded waves.
In many a burning throat the sudden draught
Poured in too copious, filled the empty veins

And choked the breath within: yet left unquenched
The burning pest which though their frames were full
Craved water for itself. Then, nerved once more,
Their strength returned. Oh, lavish luxury,
Contented never with the frugal meal!
Oh greed that searchest over land and sea
To furnish forth the banquet! Pride that joy'st
In sumptuous tables! learn what life requires,
How little nature needs! No ruddy juice
Pressed from the vintage in some famous year,
Whose consuls are forgotten, served in cups
With gold and jewels wrought restores the spark,
The failing spark, of life; but water pure
And simplest fruits of earth. The flood, the field
Suffice for nature. Ah! the weary lot
Of those who war! But these, their amour laid
Low at the victor's feet, with lightened breast,
Secure themselves, no longer dealing death,
Beset by care no more, seek out their homes.
What priceless gift in peace had they secured!
How grieved it now their souls to have poised the dart
With arm outstretched; to have felt their raving thirst;
And prayed the gods for victory in vain!
Nay, hard they think the victor's lot, for whom
A thousand risks and battles still remain;
If fortune never is to leave his side,
How often must he triumph! and how oft
Pour out his blood where'er great Caesar leads!
Happy, thrice happy, he who, when the world
Is nodding to its ruin, knows the spot
Where he himself shall, though in ruin, lie!
No trumpet call shall break his sleep again:
But in his humble home with faithful spouse
And sons unlettered Fortune leaves him free
From rage of party; for if life he owes
To Caesar, Magnus sometime was his lord.
Thus happy they alone live on apart,

Nor hope nor dread the event of civil war.

Not thus did Fortune upon Caesar smile
In all the parts of earth; but 'gainst his arms
Dared somewhat, where Salona's lengthy waste
Opposes Hadria, and Iadar warm
Meets with his waves the breezes of the west.
There brave Curectae dwell, whose island home
Is girded by the main; on whom relied
Antonius; and beleaguered by the foe,
Upon the furthest margin of the shore,
(Safe from all ills but famine) placed his camp.
But for his steeds the earth no forage gave,
Nor golden Ceres harvest; but his troops
Gnawed the dry herbage of the scanty turf
Within their rampart lines. But when they knew
That Baslus was on th' opposing shore
With friendly force, by novel mode of flight
They aim to reach him. Not the accustomed keel
They lay, nor build the ship, but shapeless rafts
Of timbers knit together, strong to bear
All ponderous weight; on empty casks beneath
By tightened chains made firm, in double rows
Supported; nor upon the deck were placed
The oarsmen, to the hostile dart exposed,
But in a hidden space, by beams concealed.
And thus the eye amazed beheld the mass
Move silent on its path across the sea,
By neither sail nor stalwart arm propelled.

They watch the main until the reflux waves
Ebb from the growing sands; then, on the tide
Receding, launch their vessel; thus she floats
With twin companions: over each uprose
With quivering battlements a lofty tower.
Octavius, guardian of Illyrian seas,
Restrained his swifter keels, and left the rafts

Free from attack, in hope of larger spoil
From fresh adventures; for the peaceful sea
May tempt them, and their goal in safety reached,
To dare a second voyage. Round the stag
Thus will the cunning hunter draw a line
Of tainted feathers poisoning the air;
Or spread the mesh, and muzzle in his grasp
The straining jaws of the Molossian hound,
And leash the Spartan pack; nor is the brake
Trusted to any dog but such as tracks
The scent with lowered nostrils, and refrains
From giving tongue the while; content to mark
By shaking leash the covert of the prey.

Ere long they manned the rafts in eager wish
To quit the island, when the latest glow
Still parted day from night. But Magnus' troops,
Cilician once, taught by their ancient art,
In fraudulent deceit had left the sea
To view unguarded; but with chains unseen
Fast to Illyrian shores, and hanging loose,
They blocked the outlet in the waves beneath.
The leading rafts passed safely, but the third
Hung in mid passage, and by ropes was hauled
Below o'ershadowing rocks. These hollowed out
In ponderous masses overhung the main,
And nodding seemed to fall: shadowed by trees
Dark lay the waves beneath. Hither the tide
Brings wreck and corpse, and, burying with the flow,
Restores them with the ebb: and when the caves
Belch forth the ocean, swirling billows fall
In boisterous surges back, as boils the tide
In that famed whirlpool on Sicilian shores.

Here, with Venetian settlers for its load,
Stood motionless the raft. Octavius' ships
Gathered around, while foemen on the land

Filled all the shore. But well the captain knew,
Volteius, how the secret fraud was planned,
And tried in vain with sword and steel to burst
The bands that held them; without hope he fights,
Uncertain where to avoid or front the foe.
Caught in this strait they strove as brave men should
Against opposing hosts; nor long the fight,
For fallen darkness brought a truce to arms.

Then to his men disheartened and in fear
Of coming fate Volteius, great of soul,
Thus spake in tones commanding: "Free no more,
Save for this little night, consult ye now
In this last moment, soldiers, how to face
Your final fortunes. No man's life is short
Who can take thought for death, nor is your fame
Less than a conqueror's, if with breast advanced
Ye meet your destined doom. None know how long
The life that waits them. Summon your own fate,
And equal is your praise, whether the hand
Quench the last flicker of departing light,
Or shear the hope of years. But choice to die
Is thrust not on the mind — we cannot flee;
See at our throats, e'en now, our kinsmen's swords.
Then choose for death; desire what fate decrees.
At least in war's blind cloud we shall not fall;
Nor when the flying weapons hide the day,
And slaughtered heaps of foemen load the field,
And death is common, and the brave man sinks
Unknown, inglorious. Us within this ship,
Seen of both friends and foes, the gods have placed;
Both land and sea and island cliffs shall bear,
From either shore, their witness to our death,
In which some great and memorable fame
Thou, Fortune, dost prepare. What glorious deeds
Of warlike heroism, of noble faith,
Time's annals show! All these shall we surpass.

True, Caesar, that to fall upon our swords
For thee is little; yet beleaguered thus,
With neither sons nor parents at our sides,
Shorn of the glory that we might have earned,

We give thee here the only pledge we may.
Yet let these hostile thousands fear the souls
That rage for battle and that welcome death,
And know us for invincible, and joy
That no more rafts were stayed. They'll offer terms
And tempt us with a base unhonoured life.
Would that, to give that death which shall be ours
The greater glory, they may bid us hope
For pardon and for life! lest when our swords
Are reeking with our hearts'-blood, they may say
This was despair of living. Great must be
The prowess of our end, if in the hosts
That fight his battles, Caesar is to mourn
This little handful lost. For me, should fate
Grant us retreat, — myself would scorn to shun
The coming onset. Life I cast away,
The frenzy of the death that comes apace
Controls my being. Those alone whose end
Inspires them, know the happiness of death,
Which the high gods, that men may bear to live,
Keep hid from others." Thus his noble words
Warmed his brave comrades' hearts; and who with fear
And tearful eyes had looked upon the Wain,
Turning his nightly course, now hoped for day,
Such precepts deep within them. Nor delayed
The sky to dip the stars below the main;
For Phoebus in the Twins his chariot drove
At noon near Cancer; and the hours of night
Were shortened by the Archer.

When day broke,
Lo! on the rocks the Istrians; while the sea

Swarmed with the galleys and their Grecian fleet
All armed for fight: but first the war was stayed
And terms proposed: life to the foe they thought
Would seem the sweeter, by delay of death
Thus granted. But the band devoted stood,
Proud of their promised end, and life forsworn,
And careless of the battle: no debate
Could shake their high resolve. In numbers few
‘Gainst foemen numberless by land and sea,
They wage the desperate fight; then satiate
Turn from the foe. And first demanding death
Volteius bared his throat. “What youth,” he cries,
“Dares strike me down, and through his captain’s wounds
Attest his love for death?” Then through his side
Plunge blades uncouth on the moment drawn.
He praises all: but him who struck the first
Grateful, with dying strength, he does to death.
They rush together, and without a foe
Work all the guilt of battle. Thus of yore,
Rose up the glittering Dircaean band
From seed by Cadmus sown, and fought and died,
Dire omen for the brother kings of Thebes.
And so in Phasis’ fields the sons of earth,
Born of the sleepless dragon, all inflamed
By magic incantations, with their blood
Deluged the monstrous furrow, while the Queen
Feared at the spells she wrought. Devoted thus
To death, they fall, yet in their death itself
Less valour show than in the fatal wounds
They take and give; for e’en the dying hand
Missed not a blow — nor did the stroke alone
Inflict the wound, but rushing on the sword
Their throat or breast received it to the hilt;
And when by fatal chance or sire with son,
Or brothers met, yet with unfaltering weight
Down flashed the pitiless sword: this proved their love,
To give no second blow. Half living now

They dragged their mangled bodies to the side,
Whence flowed into the sea a crimson stream
Of slaughter. 'Twas their pleasure yet to see
The light they scorned; with haughty looks to scan
The faces of their victors, and to feel
The death approaching. But the raft was now
Piled up with dead; which, when the foemen saw,
Wondering at such a chief and such a deed,
They gave them burial. Never through the world
Of any brave achievement was the fame
More widely blazed. Yet meaner men, untaught
By such examples, see not that the hand
Which frees from slavery needs no valiant mind
To guide the stroke. But tyranny is feared
As dealing death; and Freedom's self is galled
By ruthless arms; and knows not that the sword
Was given for this, that none need live a slave.
Ah Death! would'st thou but let the coward live
And grant the brave alone the prize to die!

Nor less were Libyan fields ablaze with war.
For Curio rash from Lilybaean coast
Sailed with his fleet, and borne by gentle winds
Betwixt half-ruined Carthage, mighty once,
And Clupea's cliff, upon the well-known shore
His anchors dropped. First from the hoary sea
Remote, where Bagra slowly ploughs the sand,
He placed his camp: then sought the further hills
And mazy passages of cavernous rocks,
Antaeus' kingdom called. From ancient days
This name was given; and thus a swain retold
The story handed down from sire to son:
"Not yet exhausted by the giant brood,
Earth still another monster brought to birth,
In Libya's caverns: huger far was he,
More justly far her pride, than Briareus
With all his hundred hands, or Typhon fierce,

Or Tityos: 'twas in mercy to the gods
That not in Phlegra's fields Antaeus grew,
But here in Libya; to her offspring's strength,
Unmeasured, vast, she added yet this boon,
That when in weariness and labour spent
He touched his parent, fresh from her embrace
Renewed in rigour he should rise again.
In yonder cave he dwelt, 'neath yonder rock
He made his feast on lions slain in chase:
There slept he; not on skins of beasts, or leaves,
But fed his strength upon the naked earth.
Perished the Libyan hinds and those who came,
Brought here in ships, until he scorned at length
The earth that gave him strength, and on his feet
Invincible and with unaided might
Made all his victims. Last to Afric shores,
Drawn by the rumour of such carnage, came
Magnanimous Alcides, he who freed
Both land and sea of monsters. Down on earth
He threw his mantle of the lion's skin
Slain in Cleone; nor Antaeus less
Cast down the hide he wore. With shining oil,
As one who wrestles at Olympia's feast,
The hero rubs his limbs: the giant feared
Lest standing only on his parent earth
His strength might fail; and cast o'er all his bulk
Hot sand in handfuls. Thus with arms entwined
And grappling hands each seizes on his foe;
With hardened muscles straining at the neck
Long time in vain; for firm the sinewy throat
Stood column-like, nor yielded; so that each
Wondered to find his peer. Nor at the first
Divine Alcides put forth all his strength,
By lengthy struggle wearing out his foe,
Till chilly drops stood on Antaeas' limbs,
And toppled to its fall the stately throat,
And smitten by the hero's blows, the legs

Began to totter. Breast to breast they strive
To gain the vantage, till the victor's arms
Gird in the giant's yielding back and sides,
And squeeze his middle part: next 'twixt the thighs
He puts his feet, and forcing them apart,
Lays low the mighty monster limb by limb.
The dry earth drank his sweat, while in his veins
Warm ran the life-blood, and with strength refreshed,
The muscle swelled and all the joints grew firm,
And with his might restored, he breaks his bonds
And rives the arms of Hercules away.
Amazed the hero stood at such a strength.
Not thus he feared, though then unused to war,
That hydra fierce, which smitten in the marsh
Of Inachus, renewed its severed heads.
Again they join in fight, one with the powers
Which earth bestowed, the other with his own:
Nor did the hatred of his step-dame find
In all his conflicts greater room for hope.
She sees bedewed in sweat the neck and limbs
Which once had borne the mountain of the gods
Nor knew the toil: and when Antaeus felt
His foeman's arms close round him once again,
He flung his wearying limbs upon the sand
To rise with strength renewed; all that the earth,
Though labouring sore, could breathe into her son
She gave his frame. But Hercules at last
Saw how his parent gave the giant strength.
'Stand thou,' he cried; 'no more upon the ground
Thou liest at thy will — here must thou stay
Within mine arms constrained; against this breast,
Antaeus, shalt thou fall.' He lifted up
And held by middle girth the giant form,
Still struggling for the earth: but she no more
Could give her offspring rigour. Slowly came
The chill of death upon him, and 'twas long
Before the hero, of his victory sure,

Trusted the earth and laid the giant down.
Hence hoar antiquity that loves to prate
And wonders at herself , this region called
Antaeus' kingdom. But a greater name
It gained from Scipio, when he recalled
From Roman citadels the Punic chief.
Here was his camp; here can'st thou see the trace
Of that most famous rampart whence at length
Issued the Eagles of triumphant Rome."

But Curio rejoiced, as though for him
The fortunes of the spot must hold in store
The fates of former chiefs: and on the place
Of happy augury placed his tents ill-starred,
Took from the hills their omens; and with force
Unequal, challenged his barbarian foe.

All Africa that bore the Roman yoke
Then lay 'neath Varus. He, though placing first
Trust in his Latian troops, from every side
And furthest regions, summons to his aid
The nations who confessed King Juba's rule.
Not any monarch over wider tracts
Held the dominion. From the western belt
Near Gades, Atlas parts their furthest bounds;
But from the southern, Hammon girds them in
Hard by the whirlpools; and their burning plains
Stretch forth unending 'neath the torrid zone,
In breadth its equal, till they reach at length
The shore of ocean upon either hand.
From all these regions tribes unnumbered flock
To Juba's standard: Moors of swarthy hue
As though from Ind; Numidian nomads there
And Nasamon's needy hordes; and those whose darts
Equal the flying arrows of the Mede:
Dark Garamantians leave their fervid home;
And those whose coursers unrestrained by bit

Or saddle, yet obey the rider's hand
Which wields the guiding switch: the hunter, too,
Who wanders forth, his home a fragile hut,
And blinds with flowing robe (if spear should fail)
The angry lion, monarch of the steppe.

Not eagerness alone to save the state
Stirred Juba's spirit: private hatred too
Roused him to war. For in the former year,
When Curio all things human and the gods
Polluted, he by tribune law essayed
To ravish Libya from the tyrant's sway,
And drive the monarch from his father's throne,
While giving Rome a king. To Juba thus,
Still smarting at the insult, came the war,
A welcome harvest for his crown retained.
These rumours Curio feared: nor had his troops
(Ta'en in Corfinium's hold) in waves of Rhine
Been tested, nor to Caesar in the wars
Had learned devotion: wavering in their faith,
Their second chief they doubt, their first betrayed.

Yet when the general saw the spirit of fear
Creep through his camp, and discipline to fail,
And sentinels desert their guard at night,
Thus in his fear he spake: "By daring much
Fear is disguised; let me be first in arms,
And bid my soldiers to the plain descend,
While still my soldiers. Idle days breed doubt.
By fight forestall the plot. Soon as the thirst
Of bloodshed fills the mind, and eager hands
Grip firm the sword, and pressed upon the brow
The helm brings valour to the failing heart —
Who cares to measure leaders' merits then?
Who weighs the cause? With whom the soldier stands,
For him he fights; as at the fatal show
No ancient grudge the gladiator's arm

Nerves for the combat, yet as he shall strike
He hates his rival." Thinking thus he leads
His troops in battle order to the plain.
Then victory on his arms deceptive shone
Hiding the ills to come: for from the field
Driving the hostile host with sword and spear,
He smote them till their camp opposed his way.
But after Varus' rout, unseen till then,
All eager for the glory to be his,
By stealth came Juba: silent was his march;
His only fear lest rumour should forestall
His coming victory. In pretended war
He sends Sabura forth with scanty force
To tempt the enemy, while in hollow vale
He holds the armies of his realm unseen.
Thus doth the sly ichneumon with his tail
Waving, allure the serpent of the Nile
Drawn to the moving shadow: he, with head
Turned sideways, watches till the victim glides
Within his reach, then seizes by the throat
Behind the deadly fangs: forth from its seat
Balked of its purpose, through the brimming jaws
Gushes a tide of poison. Fortune smiled
On Juba's stratagem; for Curio
(The hidden forces of the foe unknown)
Sent forth his horse by night without the camp
To scour more distant regions. He himself
At earliest peep of dawn bids carry forth
His standards; heeding not his captains' prayer
Urged on his ears: "Beware of Punic fraud,
The craft that taints a Carthaginian war."
Hung over him the doom of coming death
And gave the youth to fate; and civil strife
Dragged down its author.

On the lofty tops
Where broke the hills abruptly to their fall

He ranks his troops and sees the foe afar:
Who still deceiving, simulated flight,
Till from the height in loose unordered lines
The Roman forces streamed upon the plain,
In thought that Juba fled. Then first was known
The treacherous fraud: for swift Numidian horse
On every side surround them: leader, men —
All see their fate in one dread moment come.
No coward flees, no warrior bravely strides
To meet the battle: nay, the trumpet call
Stirs not the charger with resounding hoof
To spurn the rock, nor galling bit compels
To champ in eagerness; nor toss his mane
And prick the ear, nor prancing with his feet
To claim his share of combat. Tired, the neck
Droops downwards: smoking sweat bedews the limbs:
Dry from the squalid mouth protrudes the tongue,
Hoarse, raucous panting issues from their chests;
Their flanks distend: and every curb is dry
With bloody foam; the ruthless sword alone
Could move them onward, powerless even then
To charge; but giving to the hostile dart
A nearer victim. But when the Afric horse
First made their onset, loud beneath their hoofs
Rang the wide plain, and rose the dust in air
As by some Thracian whirlwind stirred; and veiled
The heavens in darkness. When on Curio's host
The tempest burst, each footman in the rank
Stood there to meet his fate — no doubtful end
Hung in the balance: destiny proclaimed
Death to them all. No conflict hand to hand
Was granted them, by lances thrown from far
And sidelong sword-thrusts slain: nor wounds alone,
But clouds of weapons falling from the air
By weight of iron o'erwhelmed them. Still drew in
The straightening circle, for the first pressed back
On those behind; did any shun the foe,

Seeking the inner safety of the ring,
He needs must perish by his comrades' swords.
And as the front rank fell, still narrower grew
The close crushed phalanx, till to raise their swords
Space was denied. Still close and closer forced
The armed breasts against each other driven
Pressed out the life. Thus not upon a scene
Such as their fortune promised, gazed the foe.
No tide of blood was there to glut their eyes,
No members lopped asunder, though the earth so
Was piled with corpses; for each Roman stood
In death upright against his comrade dead.

Let cruel Carthage rouse her hated ghosts
By this fell offering; let the Punic shades,
And bloody Hannibal, from this defeat
Receive atonement: yet 'twas shame, ye gods,
That Libya gained not for herself the day;
And that our Romans on that field should die
To save Pompeius and the Senate's cause.

Now was the dust laid low by streams of blood,
And Curio, knowing that his host was slain.
Chose not to live; and, as a brave man should.
He rushed upon the heap, and fighting fell.

In vain with turbid speech hast thou profaned
The pulpit of the forum: waved in vain
From that proud citadel the tribune flag:
And armed the people, and the Senate's rights
Betraying, hast compelled this impious war
Betwixt the rival kinsmen. Low thou liest
Before Pharsalus' fight, and from thine eyes
Is hid the war. 'Tis thus to suffering Rome,
For arms seditious and for civil strife
Ye mighty make atonement with your blood.
Happy were Rome and all her sons indeed,

Did but the gods as rigidly protect
As they avenge, her violated laws!
There Curio lies; untombed his noble corpse,
Torn by the vultures of the Libyan wastes.
Yet shall we, since such merit, though unsung,
Lives by its own imperishable fame,
Give thee thy meed of praise. Rome never bore
Another son, who, had he right pursued,
Had so adorned her laws; but soon the times,
Their luxury, corruption, and the curse
Of too abundant wealth, in transverse stream
Swept o'er his wavering mind: and Curio changed,
Turned with his change the scale of human things.
True, mighty Sulla, cruel Marius,
And bloody Cinna, and the long descent
Of Caesar and of Caesar's house became
Lords of our lives. But who had power like him?
All others bought the state: he sold alone.

BOOK V

THE ORACLE. THE MUTINY. THE STORM

Thus had the smiles of Fortune and her frowns
Brought either chief to Macedonian shores
Still equal to his foe. From cooler skies
Sank Atlas' daughters down, and Haemus' slopes
Were white with winter, and the day drew nigh
Devoted to the god who leads the months,
And marking with new names the book of Rome,
When came the Fathers from their distant posts
By both the Consuls to Epirus called
Ere yet the year was dead: a foreign land
Obscure received the magistrates of Rome,
And heard their high debate. No warlike camp
This; for the Consul's and the Praetor's axe
Proclaimed the Senate-house; and Magnus sat
One among many, and the state was all.

When all were silent, from his lofty seat
Thus Lentulus began, while stern and sad
The Fathers listened: "If your hearts still beat
With Latian blood, and if within your breasts
Still lives your fathers' vigour, look not now
On this strange land that holds us, nor enquire
Your distance from the captured city: yours
This proud assembly, yours the high command
In all that comes. Be this your first decree,
Whose truth all peoples and all kings confess;
Be this the Senate. Let the frozen wain
Demand your presence, or the torrid zone
Wherein the day and night with equal tread
For ever march; still follows in your steps
The central power of Imperial Rome.
When flamed the Capitol with fires of Gaul

When Veii held Camillus, there with him
Was Rome, nor ever though it changed its clime
Your order lost its rights. In Caesar's hands
Are sorrowing houses and deserted homes,
Laws silent for a space, and forums closed
In public fast. His Senate-house beholds
Those Fathers only whom from Rome it drove,
While Rome was full. Of that high order all
Not here, are exiles. Ignorant of war,
Its crimes and bloodshed, through long years of peace,
Ye fled its outburst: now in session all
Are here assembled. See ye how the gods
Weigh down Italia's loss by all the world
Thrown in the other scale? Illyria's wave
Rolls deep upon our foes: in Libyan wastes
Is fallen their Curio, the weightier part
Of Caesar's senate! Lift your standards, then,
Spur on your fates and prove your hopes to heaven.
Let Fortune, smiling, give you courage now
As, when ye fled, your cause. The Consuls' power
Fails with the dying year: not so does yours;
By your commandment for the common weal
Decree Pompeius leader." With applause
They heard his words, and placed their country's fates,
Nor less their own, within the chieftain's hands.

Then did they shower on people and on kings
Honours well earned — Rhodes, Mistress of the Seas,
Was decked with gifts; Athena, old in fame,
Received her praise, and the rude tribes who dwell
On cold Taygetus; Massilia's sons
Their own Phocaea's freedom; on the chiefs
Of Thracian tribes, fit honours were bestowed.
They order Libya by their high decree
To serve King Juba's sceptre; and, alas!
On Ptolemaeus, of a faithless race
The faithless sovereign, scandal to the gods,

And shame to Fortune, placed the diadem
Of Pella. Boy! thy sword was only sharp
Against thy people. Ah if that were all!
The fatal gift gave, too, Pompeius' life;
Bereft thy sister of her sire's bequest,
Half of the kingdom; Caesar of a crime.
Then all to arms.

While soldier thus and chief,
In doubtful sort, against their hidden fate
Devised their counsel, Appius alone
Feared for the chances of the war, and sought
Through Phoebus' ancient oracle to break
The silence of the gods and know the end.

Between the western belt and that which bounds
The furthest east, midway Parnassus rears
His double summit: to the Bromian god
And Paean consecrate, to whom conjoined
The Theban band leads up the Delphic feast
On each third year. This mountain, when the sea
Poured o'er the earth her billows, rose alone,
By one high peak scarce master of the waves,
Parting the crest of waters from the stars.
There, to avenge his mother, from her home
Chased by the angered goddess while as yet
She bore him quick within her, Paean came
(When Themis ruled the tripods and the spot)
And with unpractised darts the Python slew.
But when he saw how from the yawning cave
A godlike knowledge breathed, and all the air
Was full of voices murmured from the depths,
He took the shrine and filled the deep recess;
Henceforth to prophesy.

Which of the gods
Has left heaven's light in this dark cave to hide?

What spirit that knows the secrets of the world
And things to come, here condescends to dwell,
Divine, omnipotent? bear the touch of man,
And at his bidding deigns to lift the veil?
Perchance he sings the fates, perchance his song,
Once sung, is fate. Haply some part of Jove
Sent here to rule the earth with mystic power,
Balanced upon the void immense of air,
Sounds through the caves, and in its flight returns
To that high home of thunder whence it came.
Caught in a virgin's breast, this deity
Strikes on the human spirit: then a voice
Sounds from her breast, as when the lofty peak
Of Etna boils, forced by compelling flames,
Or as Typhoeus on Campania's shore
Frets 'neath the pile of huge Inarime.

Though free to all that ask, denied to none,
No human passion lurks within the voice
That heralds forth the god; no whispered vow,
No evil prayer prevails; none favour gain:
Of things unchangeable the song divine;
Yet loves the just. When men have left their homes
To seek another, it hath turned their steps
Aright, as with the Tyrians; and raised
The hearts of nations to confront their foe,
As prove the waves of Salamis: when earth
Hath been unfruitful, or polluted air
Has plagued mankind, this utterance benign
Hath raised their hopes and pointed to the end.
No gift from heaven's high gods so great as this
Our centuries have lost, since Delphi's shrine
Has silent stood, and kings forbade the gods
To speak the future, fearing for their fates.
Nor does the priestess sorrow that the voice
Is heard no longer; and the silent fane
To her is happiness; for whatever breast

Contains the deity, its shattered frame
Surges with frenzy, and the soul divine
Shakes the frail breath that with the god receives,
As prize or punishment, untimely death.

These tripods Appius seeks, unmoved for years
These soundless caverned rocks, in quest to learn
Hesperia's destinies. At his command
To loose the sacred gateways and permit
The prophetess to enter to the god,
The keeper calls Phemonoe; whose steps
Round the Castalian fount and in the grove
Were wandering careless; her he bids to pass
The portals. But the priestess feared to tread
The awful threshold, and with vain deceits
Sought to dissuade the chieftain from his zeal
To learn the future. "What this hope," she cried,
"Roman, that moves thy breast to know the fates?
Long has Parnassus and its silent cleft
Stifled the god; perhaps the breath divine
Has left its ancient gorge and thro' the world
Wanders in devious paths; or else the fane,
Consumed to ashes by barbarian fire,
Closed up the deep recess and choked the path
Of Phoebus; or the ancient Sibyl's books
Disclosed enough of fate, and thus the gods
Decreed to close the oracle; or else
Since wicked steps are banished from the fane,
In this our impious age the god finds none
Whom he may answer." But the maiden's guile
Was known, for though she would deny the gods
Her fears approved them. On her front she binds
A twisted fillet, while a shining wreath
Of Phocian laurels crowns the locks that flow
Upon her shoulders. Hesitating yet
The priest compelled her, and she passed within.
But horror filled her of the holiest depths

From which the mystic oracle proceeds;
And resting near the doors, in breast unmoved
She dares invent the god in words confused,
Which proved no mind possessed with fire divine;
By such false chant less injuring the chief
Than faith in Phoebus and the sacred fane.
No burst of words with tremor in their tones,
No voice re-echoing through the spacious vault
Proclaimed the deity, no bristling locks
Shook off the laurel chaplet; but the grove
Unshaken, and the summits of the shrine,
Gave proof she shunned the god. The Roman knew
The tripods yet were idle, and in rage,
“Wretch,” he exclaimed, “to us and to the gods,
Whose presence thou pretendest, thou shalt pay
For this thy fraud the punishment; unless
Thou enter the recess, and speak no more,
Of this world-war, this tumult of mankind,
Thine own inventions.” Then by fear compelled,
At length the priestess sought the furthest depths,
And stayed beside the tripods; and there came
Into her unaccustomed breast the god,
Breathed from the living rock for centuries
Untouched; nor ever with a mightier power
Did Paean’s inspiration seize the frame
Of Delphic priestess; his pervading touch
Drove out her former mind, expelled the man,
And made her wholly his. In maddened trance
She whirls throughout the cave, her locks erect
With horror, and the fillets of the god
Dashed to the ground; her steps unguided turn
To this side and to that; the tripods fall
O’erturned; within her seethes the mighty fire
Of angry Phoebus; nor with whip alone
He urged her onwards, but with curb restrained;
Nor was it given her by the god to speak
All that she knew; for into one vast mass

All time was gathered, and her panting chest
Groaned 'neath the centuries. In order long
All things lay bare: the future yet unveiled
Struggled for light; each fate required a voice;
The compass of the seas, Creation's birth,
Creation's death, the number of the sands,
All these she knew. Thus on a former day
The prophetess upon the Cuman shore,
Disdaining that her frenzy should be slave
To other nations, from the boundless threads
Chose out with pride of hand the fates of Rome.
E'en so Phemonoe, for a time oppressed
With fates unnumbered, laboured ere she found,
Beneath such mighty destinies concealed,
Thine, Appius, who alone had'st sought the god
In land Castalian; then from foaming lips
First rushed the madness forth, and murmurs loud
Uttered with panting breath and blent with groans;
Till through the spacious vault a voice at length
Broke from the virgin conquered by the god:
"From this great struggle thou, O Roman, free
Escap'st the threats of war: alive, in peace,
Thou shalt possess the hollow in the coast
Of vast Euboea." Thus she spake, no more.

Ye mystic tripods, guardians of the fates
And Paeon, thou, from whom no day is hid
By heaven's high rulers, Master of the truth,
Why fear'st thou to reveal the deaths of kings,
Rome's murdered princes, and the latest doom
Of her great Empire tottering to its fall,
And all the bloodshed of that western land?
Were yet the stars in doubt on Magnus' fate
Not yet decreed, and did the gods yet shrink
From that, the greatest crime? Or wert thou dumb
That Fortune's sword for civil strife might wreak
Just vengeance, and a Brutus' arm once more

Strike down the tyrant?

From the temple doors
Rushed forth the prophetess in frenzy driven,
Not all her knowledge uttered; and her eyes,
Still troubled by the god who reigned within,
Or filled with wild affright, or fired with rage
Gaze on the wide expanse: still works her face
Convulsive; on her cheeks a crimson blush
With ghastly pallor blent, though not of fear.
Her weary heart throbs ever; and as seas
Boom swollen by northern winds, she finds in sighs,
All inarticulate, relief. But while
She hastes from that dread light in which she saw
The fates, to common day, lo! on her path
The darkness fell. Then by a Stygian draught
Of the forgetful river, Phoebus snatched
Back from her soul his secrets; and she fell
Yet hardly living.

Nor did Appius dread
Approaching death, but by dark oracles
Baffled, while yet the Empire of the world
Hung in the balance, sought his promised realm
In Chalcis of Euboea. Yet to escape
All ills of earth, the crash of war — what god
Can give thee such a boon, but death alone?
Far on the solitary shore a grave
Awaits thee, where Carystos' marble crags
Draw in the passage of the sea, and where
The fane of Rhamnus rises to the gods
Who hate the proud, and where the ocean strait
Boils in swift whirlpools, and Euripus draws
Deceitful in his tides, a bane to ships,
Chalcidian vessels to bleak Aulis' shore.

But Caesar carried from the conquered west

His eagles to another world of war;
When envying his victorious course the gods
Almost turned back the prosperous tide of fate.
Not on the battle-field borne down by arms
But in his tents, within the rampart lines,
The hoped-for prize of this unholy war
Seemed for a moment gone. That faithful host,
His comrades trusted in a hundred fields,
Or that the falchion sheathed had lost its charm;
Or weary of the mournful bugle call
Scarce ever silent; or replete with blood,
Well nigh betrayed their general and sold
For hope of gain their honour and their cause.
No other perilous shock gave surer proof
How trembled 'neath his feet the dizzy height
From which great Caesar looked. A moment since
His high behest drew nations to the field:
Now, maimed of all, he sees that swords once drawn
Are weapons for the soldier, not the chief.
From the stern ranks no doubtful murmur rose;
Not silent anger as when one conspires,
His comrades doubting, feared himself in turn;
Alone (he thinks) indignant at the wrongs
Wrought by the despot. In so great a host
Dread found no place. Where thousands share the guilt
Crime goes unpunished. Thus from dauntless throats
They hurled their menace: "Caesar, give us leave
To quit thy crimes; thou seek'st by land and sea
The sword to slay us; let the fields of Gaul
And far Iberia, and the world proclaim
How for thy victories our comrades fell.
What boots it us that by an army's blood
The Rhine and Rhone and all the northern lands
Thou hast subdued? Thou giv'st us civil war
For all these battles; such the prize. When fled
The Senate trembling, and when Rome was ours
What homes or temples did we spoil? Our hands

Reek with offence! Aye, but our poverty
Proclaims our innocence! What end shall be
Of arms and armies? What shall be enough
If Rome suffice not? and what lies beyond?
Behold these silvered locks, these nerveless hands
And shrunk arms, once stalwart! In thy wars
Gone is the strength of life, gone all its pride!
Dismiss thine aged soldiers to their deaths.
How shameless is our prayer! Not on hard turf
To stretch our dying limbs; nor seek in vain,
When parts the soul, a hand to close our eyes;
Not with the helmet strike the stony clod:
Rather to feel the dear one's last embrace,
And gain a humble but a separate tomb.
Let nature end old age. And dost thou think
We only know not what degree of crime
Will fetch the highest price? What thou canst dare
These years have proved, or nothing; law divine
Nor human ordinance shall hold thine hand.
Thou wert our leader on the banks of Rhine;
Henceforth our equal; for the stain of crime
Makes all men like to like. Add that we serve
A thankless chief: as fortune's gift he takes
The fruits of victory our arms have won.
We are his fortunes, and his fates are ours
To fashion as we will. Boast that the gods
Shall do thy bidding! Nay, thy soldiers' will
Shall close the war." With threatening mien and speech
Thus through the camp the troops demand their chief.

When faith and loyalty are fled, and hope
For aught but evil, thus may civil war
In mutiny and discord find its end!
What general had not feared at such revolt?
But mighty Caesar trusting on the throw,
As was his wont, his fortune, and o'erjoyed
To front their anger raging at its height

Unflinching comes. No temples of the gods,
Not Jove's high fane on the Tarpeian rock,
Not Rome's high dames nor maidens had he grudged
To their most savage lust: that they should ask
The worst, his wish, and love the spoils of war.
Nor feared he aught save order at the hands
Of that unconquered host. Art thou not shamed
That strife should please thee only, now condemned
Even by thy minions? Shall they shrink from blood,
They from the sword recoil? and thou rush on
Heedless of guilt, through right and through unright,
Nor learn that men may lay their arms aside
Yet bear to live? This civil butchery
Escapes thy grasp. Stay thou thy crimes at length;
Nor force thy will on those who will no more.

Upon a turfy mound unmoved he stood
And, since he feared not, worthy to be feared;
And thus while anger stirred his soul began:
"Thou that with voice and hand didst rage but now
Against thine absent chief, behold me here;
Here strike thy sword into this naked breast,
To stay the war; and flee, if such thy wish.
This mutiny devoid of daring deed
Betrays your coward souls, betrays the youth
Who tires of victories which gild the arms
Of an unconquered chief, and yearns for flight.
Well, leave me then to battle and to fate!
I cast you forth; for every weapon left,
Fortune shall find a man, to wield it well.
Shall Magnus in his flight with such a fleet
Draw nations in his train; and not to me as
My victories bring hosts, to whom shall fall
The prize of war accomplished, who shall reap
Your laurels scorned, and scathless join the train
That leads my chariot to the sacred hill?
While you, despised in age and worn in war,

Gaze on our triumph from the civic crowd.
Think you your dastard flight shall give me pause?
If all the rivers that now seek the sea
Were to withdraw their waters, it would fail
By not one inch, no more than by their flow
It rises now. Have then your efforts given
Strength to my cause? Not so: the heavenly gods
Stoop not so low; fate has no time to judge
Your lives and deaths. The fortunes of the world
Follow heroic souls: for the fit few
The many live; and you who terrified
With me the northern and Iberian worlds,
Would flee when led by Magnus. Strong in arms
For Caesar's cause was Labienus; now
That vile deserter, with his chief preferred,
Wanders o'er land and sea. Nor were your faith
One whit more firm to me if, neither side
Espoused, you ceased from arms. Who leaves me once,
Though not to fight against me with the foe,
Joins not my ranks again. Surely the gods
Smile on these arms who for so great a war
Grant me fresh soldiers. From what heavy load
Fortune relieves me! for the hands which aimed
At all, to which the world did not suffice,
I now disarm, and for myself alone
Reserve the conflict. Quit ye, then, my camp,
'Quirites', Caesar's soldiers now no more,
And leave my standards to the grasp of men!
Yet some who led this mad revolt I hold,
Not as their captain now, but as their judge.
Lie, traitors, prone on earth, stretch out the neck
And take th' avenging blow. And thou whose strength
Shall now support me, young and yet untaught,
Behold the doom and learn to strike and die."

Such were his words of ire, and all the host
Drew back and trembled at the voice of him

They would depose, as though their very swords
Would from their scabbards leap at his command
Themselves unwilling; but he only feared
Lest hand and blade to satisfy the doom
Might be denied, till they submitting pledged
Their lives and swords alike, beyond his hope.
To strike and suffer holds in surest thrall
The heart inured to guilt; and Caesar kept,
By dreadful compact ratified in blood,
Those whom he feared to lose.

He bids them march
Upon Brundisium, and recalls the ships
From soft Calabria's inlets and the point
Of Leucas, and the Salapinian marsh,
Where sheltered Sipus nestles at the feet
Of rich Garganus, jutting from the shore
In huge escarpment that divides the waves
Of Hadria; on each hand, his seaward slopes
Buffeted by the winds; or Auster borne
From sweet Apulia, or the sterner blast
Of Boreas rushing from Dalmatian strands.

But Caesar entered trembling Rome unarmed,
Now taught to serve him in the garb of peace.
Dictator named, to grant their prayers, forsooth:
Consul, in honour of the roll of Rome.
Then first of all the names by which we now
Lie to our masters, men found out the use:
For to preserve his right to wield the sword
He mixed the civil axes with his brands;
With eagles, fasces; with an empty word
Clothing his power; and stamped upon the time
A worthy designation; for what name
Could better mark the dread Pharsalian year
Than "Caesar, Consul"? Now the famous field
Pretends its ancient ceremonies: calls

The tribes in order and divides the votes
In vain solemnity of empty urns.
Nor do they heed the portents of the sky:
Deaf were the augurs to the thunder roll;
The owl flew on the left; yet were the birds
Propitious sworn. Then was the ancient name
Degraded first; and monthly Consuls,
Shorn of their rank, are chosen to mark the years.
And Trojan Alba's god (since Latium's fall
Deserving not) beheld the wonted fires
Blaze from his altars on the festal night.

Then through Apulia's fallows, that her hinds
Left all untilled, to sluggish weeds a prey
Passed Caesar onward, swifter than the fire
Of heaven, or tigress dam: until he reached
Brundisium's winding ramparts, built of old
By Cretan colonists. There icy winds
Constrained the billows, and his trembling fleet
Feared for the winter storms nor dared the main.
But Caesar's soul burned at the moments lost
For speedy battle, nor could brook delay
Within the port, indignant that the sea
Should give safe passage to his routed foe:
And thus he stirred his troops, in seas unskilled,
With words of courage: "When the winter wind
Has seized on sky and ocean, firm its hold;
But the inconstancy of cloudy spring
Permits no certain breezes to prevail
Upon the billows. Straight shall be our course.
No winding nooks of coast, but open seas
Struck by the northern wind alone we plough,
And may he bend the spars, and bear us swift
To Grecian cities; else Pompeius' oars,
Smiting the billows from Phaeacian coasts,
May catch our flagging sails. Cast loose the ropes
From our victorious prows. Too long we waste

Tempests that blow to bear us to our goal.”

Now sank the sun to rest; the evening star
Shone on the darkening heaven, and the moon
Reigned with her paler light, when all the fleet
Freed from retaining cables seized the main.
With slackened sheet the canvas wooed the breeze,
Which rose and fell and fitful died away,
Till motionless the sails, and all the waves
Were still as deepest pool, where never wind
Ripples the surface. Thus in Scythian climes
Cimmerian Bosphorus restrains the deep
Bound fast in frosty fetters; Ister's streams
No more impel the main, and ships constrained
Stand fast in ice; and while in depths below
The waves still murmur, loud the charger's hoof
Sounds on the surface, and the travelling wheel
Furrows a track upon the frozen marsh.
Cruel as tempest was the calm that lay
In stagnant pools upon the mournful deep:
Against the course of nature lay outstretched
A rigid ocean: 'twas as if the sea
Forgot its ancient ways and knew no more
The ceaseless tides, nor any breeze of heaven,
Nor quivered at the image of the sun,
Mirrored upon its wave. For while the fleet
Hung in mid passage motionless, the foe
Might hurry to attack, with sturdy stroke
Churning the deep; or famine's deadly grip
Might seize the ships becalmed. For dangers new
New vows they find. “May mighty winds arise
And rouse the ocean, and this sluggish plain
Cast off stagnation and be sea once more.”
Thus did they pray, but cloudless shone the sky,
Unrippled slept the surface of the main;
Until in misty clouds the moon arose
And stirred the depths, and moved the fleet along

Towards the Ceraunian headland; and the waves
And favouring breezes followed on the ships,
Now speeding faster, till (their goal attained)
They cast their anchors on Palaeste's shore.

This land first saw the chiefs in neighbouring camps
Confronted, which the streams of Apsus bound
And swifter Genusus; a lengthy course
Is run by neither, but on Apsus' waves
Scarce flowing from a marsh, the frequent boat
Finds room to swim; while on the foamy bed
Of Genusus by sun or shower compelled
The melted snows pour seawards. Here were met
(So Fortune ordered it) the mighty pair;
And in its woes the world yet vainly hoped
That brought to nearer touch their crime itself
Might bleed abhorrence: for from either camp
Voices were clearly heard and features seen.
Nor e'er, Pompeius, since that distant day
When Caesar's daughter and thy spouse was reft
By pitiless fate away, nor left a pledge,
Did thy loved kinsman (save on sands of Nile)
So nearly look upon thy face again.

But Caesar's mind though frenzied for the fight
Was forced to pause until Antonius brought
The rearward troops; Antonius even now
Rehearsing Leucas' fight. With prayers and threats
Caesar exhorts him. "Why delay the fates,
Thou cause of evil to the suffering world?
My speed hath won the major part: from thee
Fortune demands the final stroke alone.
Do Libyan whirlpools with deceitful tides
Uncertain separate us? Is the deep
Untried to which I call? To unknown risks
Art thou commanded? Caesar bids thee come,
Thou sluggard, not to leave him. Long ago

I ran my ships midway through sands and shoals
To harbours held by foes; and dost thou fear
My friendly camp? I mourn the waste of days
Which fate allotted us. Upon the waves
And winds I call unceasing: hold not back
Thy willing troops, but let them dare the sea;
Here gladly shall they come to join my camp,
Though risking shipwreck. Not in equal shares
The world has fallen between us: thou alone
Dost hold Italia, but Epirus I
And all the lords of Rome.” Twice called and thrice
Antonius lingered still: but Caesar thought
To reap in full the favour of the gods,
Not sit supine; and knowing danger yields
To whom heaven favours, he upon the waves
Feared by Antonius’ fleets, in shallow boat
Embarked, and daring sought the further shore.

Now gentle night had brought repose from arms;
And sleep, blest guardian of the poor man’s couch,
Restored the weary; and the camp was still.
The hour was come that called the second watch
When mighty Caesar, in the silence vast
With cautious tread advanced to such a deed
As slaves should dare not. Fortune for his guide,
Alone he passes on, and o’er the guard
Stretched in repose he leaps, in secret wrath
At such a sleep. Pacing the winding beach,
Fast to a sea-worn rock he finds a boat
On ocean’s marge afloat. Hard by on shore
Its master dwelt within his humble home.
No solid front it reared, for sterile rush
And marshy reed enwoven formed the walls,
Propped by a shallop with its bending sides
Turned upwards. Caesar’s hand upon the door
Knocks twice and thrice until the fabric shook.
Amyclas from his couch of soft seaweed

Arising, calls: "What shipwrecked sailor seeks
My humble home? Who hopes for aid from me,
By fates adverse compelled?" He stirs the heap
Upon the hearth, until a tiny spark
Glowes in the darkness, and throws wide the door.
Careless of war, he knew that civil strife
Stoops not to cottages. Oh! happy life
That poverty affords! great gift of heaven
Too little understood! what mansion wall,
What temple of the gods, would feel no fear
When Caesar called for entrance? Then the chief:
"Enlarge thine hopes and look for better things.
Do but my bidding, and on yonder shore
Place me, and thou shalt cease from one poor boat
To earn thy living; and in years to come
Look for a rich old age: and trust thy fates
To those high gods whose wont it is to bless
The poor with sudden plenty." So he spake
E'en at such time in accents of command,
For how could Caesar else? Amyclas said,
"Twere dangerous to brave the deep to-night.
The sun descended not in ruddy clouds
Or peaceful rays to rest; part of his beams
Presaged a southern gale, the rest proclaimed
A northern tempest; and his middle orb,
Shorn of its strength, permitted human eyes
To gaze upon his grandeur; and the moon
Rose not with silver horns upon the night
Nor pure in middle space; her slender points
Not drawn aright, but blushing with the track
Of raging tempests, till her lurid light
Was sadly veiled within the clouds. Again
The forest sounds; the surf upon the shore;
The dolphin's mood, uncertain where to play;
The sea-mew on the land; the heron used
To wade among the shallows, borne aloft
And soaring on his wings — all these alarm;

The raven, too, who plunged his head in spray,
As if to anticipate the coming rain,
And trod the margin with unsteady gait.
But if the cause demands, behold me thine.
Either we reach the bidden shore, or else
Storm and the deep forbid — we can no more.”

Thus said he loosed the boat and raised the sail.
No sooner done than stars were seen to fall
In flaming furrows from the sky: nay, more;
The pole star trembled in its place on high:
Black horror marked the surging of the sea;
The main was boiling in long tracts of foam,
Uncertain of the wind, yet seized with storm.
Then spake the captain of the trembling bark:
“See what remorseless ocean has in store!
Whether from east or west the storm may come
Is still uncertain, for as yet confused
The billows tumble. Judged by clouds and sky
A western tempest: by the murmuring deep
A wild south-eastern gale shall sweep the sea.
Nor bark nor man shall reach Hesperia’s shore
In this wild rage of waters. To return
Back on our course forbidden by the gods,
Is our one refuge, and with labouring boat
To reach the shore ere yet the nearest land
Way be too distant.”

But great Caesar’s trust
Was in himself, to make all dangers yield.
And thus he answered: “Scorn the threatening sea,
Spread out thy canvas to the raging wind;
If for thy pilot thou refuseth heaven,
Me in its stead receive. Alone in thee
One cause of terror just — thou dost not know
Thy comrade, ne’er deserted by the gods,
Whom fortune blesses e’en without a prayer.

Break through the middle storm and trust in me.
The burden of this fight fails not on us
But on the sky and ocean; and our bark
Shall swim the billows safe in him it bears.
Nor shall the wind rage long: the boat itself
Shall calm the waters. Flee the nearest shore,
Steer for the ocean with unswerving hand:
Then in the deep, when to our ship and us
No other port is given, believe thou hast
Calabria's harbours. And dost thou not know
The purpose of such havoc? Fortune seeks
In all this tumult of the sea and sky
A boon for Caesar." Then a hurricane
Swooped on the boat and tore away the sheet:
The fluttering sail fell on the fragile mast:
And groaned the joints. From all the universe
Commingled perils rush. In Atlas' seas
First Corus lifts his head, and stirs the depths
To fury, and had forced upon the rocks
Whole seas and oceans; but the chilly north
Drove back the deep that doubted which was lord.
But Scythian Aquilo prevailed, whose blast
Tossed up the main and showed as shallow pools
Each deep abyss; and yet was not the sea
Heaped on the crags, for Corus' billows met
The waves of Boreas: such seas had clashed
Even were the winds withdrawn; Eurus enraged
Burst from the cave, and Notus black with rain,
And all the winds from every part of heaven
Strove for their own; and thus the ocean stayed
Within his boundaries. No petty seas
Rapt in the storm are whirled. The Tuscan deep
Invades th' Aegean; in Ionian gulfs
Sounds wandering Hadria. How long the crags
Which that day fell, the Ocean's blows had braved!
What lofty peaks did vanquished earth resign!
And yet on yonder coast such mighty waves

Took not their rise; from distant regions came
Those monster billows, driven on their course
By that great current which surrounds the world.
Thus did the King of Heaven, when length of years
Wore out the forces of his thunder, call
His brother's trident to his help, what time
The earth and sea one second kingdom formed
And ocean knew no limit but the sky.
Now, too, the sea had risen to the stars
In mighty mass, had not Olympus' chief
Pressed down its waves with clouds: came not from heaven
That night, as others; but the murky air
Was dim with pallor of the realms below;
The sky lay on the deep; within the clouds
The waves received the rain: the lightning flash
Clove through the parted air a path obscured
By mist and darkness: and the heavenly vaults
Re-echoed to the tumult, and the frame
That holds the sky was shaken. Nature feared
Chaos returned, as though the elements
Had burst their bonds, and night had come to mix
Th' infernal shades with heaven.

In such turmoil

Not to have perished was their only hope.
Far as from Leucas point the placid main
Spreads to the horizon, from the billow's crest
They viewed the dashing of th' infuriate sea;
Thence sinking to the middle trough, their mast
Scarce topped the watery height on either hand,
Their sails in clouds, their keel upon the ground.
For all the sea was piled into the waves,
And drawn from depths between laid bare the sand.
The master of the boat forgot his art,
For fear o'ercame; he knew not where to yield
Or where to meet the wave: but safety came
From ocean's self at war: one billow forced

The vessel under, but a huger wave
Repelled it upwards, and she rode the storm
Through every blast triumphant. Not the shore
Of humble Sason, nor Thessalia's coast
Indented, not Ambracia's scanty ports
Dismay the sailors, but the giddy tops
Of high Ceraunia's cliffs.

But Caesar now,
Thinking the peril worthy of his fates:
"Are such the labours of the gods?" exclaimed,
"Bent on my downfall have they sought me thus,
Here in this puny skiff in such a sea?
If to the deep the glory of my fall
Is due, and not to war, intrepid still
Whatever death they send shall strike me down.
Let fate cut short the deeds that I would do
And hasten on the end: the past is mine.
The northern nations fell beneath my sword;
My dreaded name compels the foe to flee.
Pompeius yields me place; the people's voice
Gave at my order what the wars denied.
And all the titles which denote the powers
Known to the Roman state my name shall bear.
Let none know this but thou who hear'st my prayers,
Fortune, that Caesar summoned to the shades,
Dictator, Consul, full of honours, died
Ere his last prize was won. I ask no pomp
Of pyre or funeral; let my body lie
Mangled beneath the waves: I leave a name
That men shall dread in ages yet to come
And all the earth shall honour." Thus he spake,
When lo! a tenth gigantic billow raised
The feeble keel, and where between the rocks
A cleft gave safety, placed it on the shore.
Thus in a moment fortune, kingdoms, lands,
Once more were Caesar's.

But on his return

When daylight came, he entered not the camp
Silent as when he parted; for his friends
Soon pressed around him, and with weeping eyes
In accents welcome to his ears began:
“Whither in reckless daring hast thou gone,
Unpitying Caesar? Were these humble lives
Left here unguarded while thy limbs were given,
Unsought for, to be scattered by the storm?
When on thy breath so many nations hang
For life and safety, and so great a world
Calls thee its master, to have courted death
Proves want of heart. Was none of all thy friends
Deserving held to join his fate with thine?
When thou wast tossed upon the raging deep
We lay in slumber! Shame upon such sleep!
And why thyself didst seek Italia’s shores?
‘Twere cruel (such thy thought) to speak the word
That bade another dare the furious sea.
All men must bear what chance or fate may bring,
The sudden peril and the stroke of death;
But shall the ruler of the world attempt
The raging ocean? With incessant prayers
Why weary heaven? is it indeed enough
To crown the war, that Fortune and the deep
Have cast thee on our shores? And would’st thou use
The grace of favouring deities, to gain
Not lordship, not the empire of the world,
But lucky shipwreck!” Night dispersed, and soon
The sun beamed on them, and the wearied deep,
The winds permitting, lulled its waves to rest.
And when Antonius saw a breeze arise
Fresh from a cloudless heaven, to break the sea,
He loosed his ships which, by the pilots’ hands
And by the wind in equal order held,
Swept as a marching host across the main.
But night unfriendly from the seamen snatched

All governance of sail, parting the ships
In divers paths asunder. Like as cranes
Deserting frozen Strymon for the streams
Of Nile, when winter falls, in casual lines
Of wedge-like figures first ascend the sky;
But when in loftier heaven the southern breeze
Strikes on their pinions tense, in loose array
Dispersed at large, in flight irregular,
They wing their journey onwards. Stronger winds
With day returning blew the navy on,
Past Lissus' shelter which they vainly sought,
Till bare to northern blasts, Nymphaeum's port,
But safe in southern, gave the fleet repose,
For favouring winds came on.

When Magnus knew
That Caesar's troops were gathered in their strength
And that the war for quick decision called
Before his camp, Cornelia he resolved
To send to Lesbos' shore, from rage of fight
Safe and apart: so lifting from his soul
The weight that burdened it. Thus, lawful Love.
Thus art thou tyrant o'er the mightiest mind!
His spouse was the one cause why Magnus stayed
Nor met his fortunes, though he staked the world
And all the destinies of Rome. The word
He speaks not though resolved; so sweet it seemed,
When on the future pondering, to gain
A pause from Fate! But at the close of night,
When drowsy sleep had fled, Cornelia sought
To soothe the anxious bosom of her lord
And win his kisses. Then amazed she saw
His cheek was tearful, and with boding soul
She shrank instinctive from the hidden wound,
Nor dared to rouse him weeping. But he spake:
"Dearer to me than life itself, when life
Is happy (not at moments such as these);

The day of sorrow comes, too long delayed,
Nor long enough! With Caesar at our gates
With all his forces, a secure retreat
Shall Lesbos give thee. Try me not with prayers.
This fatal boon I have denied myself.
Thou wilt not long be absent from thy lord.
Disasters hasten, and things highest fall
With speediest ruin. 'Tis enough for thee
To hear of Magnus' peril; and thy love
Deceives thee with the thought that thou canst gaze
Unmoved on civil strife. It shames my soul
On the eve of war to slumber at thy side,
And rise from thy dear breast when trumpets call
A woeful world to misery and arms.
I fear in civil war to feel no loss
To Magnus. Meantime safer than a king
Lie hid, nor let the fortune of thy lord
Whelm thee with all its weight. If unkind heaven
Our armies rout, still let my choicest part
Survive in thee; if fated is my flight,
Still leave me that whereto I fain would flee."

Hardly at first her senses grasped the words
In their full misery; then her mind amazed
Could scarce find utterance for the grief that pressed.
"Nought, Magnus, now is left wherewith to upbraid
The gods and fates of marriage; 'tis not death
That parts our love, nor yet the funeral pyre,
Nor that dread torch which marks the end of all.
I share the ignoble lot of vulgar lives:
My spouse rejects me. Yes, the foe is come!
Break we our bonds and Julia's sire appease! —
Is this thy consort, Magnus, this thy faith
In her fond loving heart? Can danger fright
Her and not thee? Long since our mutual fates
Hang by one chain; and dost thou bid me now
The thunder-bolts of ruin to withstand

Without thee? Is it well that I should die
Even while you pray for fortune? And suppose
I flee from evil and with death self-sought
Follow thy footsteps to the realms below —
Am I to live till to that distant isle
Some tardy rumour of thy fall may come?
Add that thou fain by use would'st give me strength
To bear such sorrow and my doom. Forgive
Thy wife confessing that she fears the power.
And if my prayers shall bring the victory,
The joyful tale shall come to me the last
In that lone isle of rocks. When all are glad,
My heart shall throb with anguish, and the sail
Which brings the message I shall see with fear,
Not safe e'en then: for Caesar in his flight
Might seize me there, abandoned and alone
To be his hostage. If thou place me there,
The spouse of Magnus, shall not all the world
Well know the secret Mitylene holds?
This my last prayer: if all is lost but flight,
And thou shalt seek the ocean, to my shores
Turn not thy keel, ill-fated one: for there,
There will they seek thee." Thus she spoke distraught,
Leaped from the couch and rushed upon her fate;
No stop nor stay: she clung not to his neck
Nor threw her arms about him; both forego
The last caress, the last fond pledge of love,
And grief rushed in unchecked upon their souls;
Still gazing as they part no final words
Could either utter, and the sweet Farewell
Remained unspoken. This the saddest day
Of all their lives: for other woes that came
More gently struck on hearts inured to grief.
Borne to the shore with failing limbs she fell
And grasped the sands, embracing, till at last
Her maidens placed her senseless in the ship.

Not in such grief she left her country's shores
When Caesar's host drew near; for now she leaves,
Though faithful to her lord, his side in flight
And flees her spouse. All that next night she waked;
Then first what means a widowed couch she knew,
Its cold, its solitude. When slumber found
Her eyelids, and forgetfulness her soul,
Seeking with outstretched arms the form beloved,
She grasps but air. Though tossed by restless love,
She leaves a place beside her as for him
Returning. Yet she feared Pompeius lost
To her for ever. But the gods ordained
Worse than her fears, and in the hour of woe
Gave her to look upon his face again.

BOOK VI

THE FIGHT NEAR DYRRHACHIUM. SCAEVA'S EXPLOITS. THE WITCH OF THESSALIA

Now that the chiefs with minds intent on fight
Had drawn their armies near upon the hills
And all the gods beheld their chosen pair,
Caesar, the Grecian towns despising, scorned
To reap the glory of successful war
Save at his kinsman's cost. In all his prayers
He seeks that moment, fatal to the world,
When shall be cast the die, to win or lose,
And all his fortune hang upon the throw.
Thrice he drew out his troops, his eagles thrice,
Demanding battle; thus to increase the woe
Of Latium, prompt as ever: but his foes,
Proof against every art, refused to leave
The rampart of their camp. Then marching swift
By hidden path between the wooded fields
He seeks, and hopes to seize, Dyrrhachium's fort;
But Magnus, speeding by the ocean marge,
First camped on Petra's slopes, a rocky hill
Thus by the natives named. From thence he keeps
Watch o'er the fortress of Corinthian birth
Which by its towers alone without a guard
Was safe against a siege. No hand of man
In ancient days built up her lofty wall,
No hammer rang upon her massive stones:
Not all the works of war, nor Time himself
Shall undermine her. Nature's hand has raised
Her adamantine rocks and hedged her in
With bulwarks girded by the foamy main:
And but for one short bridge of narrow earth
Dyrrhachium were an island. Steep and fierce,
Dreaded of sailors, are the cliffs that bear

Her walls; and tempests, howling from the west,
Toss up the raging main upon the roofs;
And homes and temples tremble at the shock.

Thirsting for battle and with hopes inflamed
Here Caesar hastes, with distant rampart lines
Seeking unseen to coop his foe within,
Though spread in spacious camp upon the hills.
With eagle eye he measures out the land
Meet to be compassed, nor content with turf
Fit for a hasty mound, he bids his troops
Tear from the quarries many a giant rock:
And spoils the dwellings of the Greeks, and drags
Their walls asunder for his own. Thus rose
A mighty barrier which no ram could burst
Nor any ponderous machine of war.
Mountains are cleft, and level through the hills
The work of Caesar strides: wide yawns the moat,
Forts show their towers rising on the heights,
And in vast circle forests are enclosed
And groves and spacious lands, and beasts of prey,
As in a line of toils. Pompeius lacked
Nor field nor forage in th' encircled span
Nor room to move his camp; nay, rivers rose
Within, and ran their course and reached the sea;
And Caesar wearied ere he saw the whole,
And daylight failed him. Let the ancient tale
Attribute to the labours of the gods
The walls of Ilium: let the fragile bricks
Which compass in great Babylon, amaze
The fleeting Parthian. Here a larger space
Than those great cities which Orontes swift
And Tigris' stream enclose, or that which boasts
In Eastern climes, the lordly palaces
Fit for Assyria's kings, is closed by walls
Amid the haste and tumult of a war
Forced to completion. Yet this labour huge

Was spent in vain. So many hands had joined
Or Sestos with Abydos, or had tamed
With mighty mole the Hellespontine wave,
Or Corinth from the realm of Pelops' king
Had rent asunder, or had spared each ship
Her voyage round the long Malean cape,
Or had done anything most hard, to change
The world's created surface. Here the war
Was prisoned: blood predestinate to flow
In all the parts of earth; the host foredoomed
To fall in Libya or in Thessaly
Was here: in such small amphitheatre
The tide of civil passion rose and fell.

At first Pompeius knew not: so the hind
Who peaceful tills the mid-Sicilian fields
Hears not Pelorous sounding to the storm;
So billows thunder on Rutupian shores ,
Unheard by distant Caledonia's tribes.
But when he saw the mighty barrier stretch
O'er hill and valley, and enclose the land,
He bade his columns leave their rocky hold
And seize on posts of vantage in the plain;
Thus forcing Caesar to extend his troops
On wider lines; and holding for his own
Such space encompassed as divides from Rome
Aricia, sacred to that goddess chaste
Of old Mycenae; or as Tiber holds
From Rome's high ramparts to the Tuscan sea,
Unless he deviate. No bugle call
Commands an onset, and the darts that fly
Fly though forbidden; but the arm that flings
For proof the lance, at random, here and there
Deals impious slaughter. Weighty care compelled
Each leader to withhold his troops from fight;
For there the weary earth of produce failed
Pressed by Pompeius' steeds, whose horny hoofs

Rang in their gallop on the grassy fields
And killed the succulence. They strengthless lay
Upon the mown expanse, nor pile of straw,
Brought from full barns in place of living grass,
Relieved their craving; shook their panting flanks,
And as they wheeled Death struck his victim down.
Then foul contagion filled the murky air
Whose poisonous weight pressed on them in a cloud
Pestiferous; as in Nesis' isle the breath
Of Styx rolls upwards from the mist-clad rocks;
Or that fell vapour which the caves exhale
From Typhon raging in the depths below.
Then died the soldiers, for the streams they drank
Held yet more poison than the air: the skin
Was dark and rigid, and the fiery plague
Made hard their vitals, and with pitiless tooth
Gnawed at their wasted features, while their eyes
Started from out their sockets, and the head
Drooped for sheer weariness. So the disease
Grew swifter in its strides till scarce was room,
'Twixt life and death, for sickness, and the pest
Slew as it struck its victim, and the dead
Thrust from the tents (such all their burial) lay
Blent with the living. Yet their camp was pitched
Hard by the breezy sea by which might come
All nations' harvests, and the northern wind
Not seldom rolled the murky air away.
Their foe, not vexed with pestilential air
Nor stagnant waters, ample range enjoyed
Upon the spacious uplands: yet as though
In leaguer, famine seized them for its prey.
Scarce were the crops half grown when Caesar saw
How prone they seized upon the food of beasts,
And stripped of leaves the bushes and the groves,
And dragged from roots unknown the doubtful herb.
Thus ate they, starving, all that teeth may bite
Or fire might soften, or might pass their throats

Dry, parched, abraded; food unknown before
Nor placed on tables: while the leaguered foe
Was blessed with plenty.

When Pompeius first
Was pleased to break his bonds and be at large,
No sudden dash he makes on sleeping foe
Unarmed in shade of night; his mighty soul
Scorns such a path to victory. 'Twas his aim,
To lay the turrets low; to mark his track,
By ruin spread afar; and with the sword
To hew a path between his slaughtered foes.
Minucius' turret was the chosen spot
Where groves of trees and thickets gave approach
Safe, unbetrayed by dust.

Up from the fields
Flashed all at once his eagles into sight
And all his trumpets blared. But ere the sword
Could win the battle, on the hostile ranks
Dread panic fell; prone as in death they lay
Where else upright they should withstand the foe;
Nor more availed their valour, and in vain
The cloud of weapons flew, with none to slay.
Then blazing torches rolling pitchy flame
Are hurled, and shaken nod the lofty towers
And threaten ruin, and the bastions groan
Struck by the frequent engine, and the troops
Of Magnus by triumphant eagles led
Stride o'er the rampart, in their front the world.

Yet now that passage which not Caesar's self
Nor thousand valiant squadrons had availed
To rescue from their grasp, one man in arms
Steadfast till death refused them; Scaeva named
This hero soldier: long he served in fight
Waged 'gainst the savage on the banks of Rhone;

And now centurion made, through deeds of blood,
He bore the staff before the marshalled line.
Prone to all wickedness, he little recked
How valourous deeds in civil war may be
Greatest of crimes; and when he saw how turned
His comrades from the war and sought in flight
A refuge, "Whence," he cried, "this impious fear
Unknown to Caesar's armies? Do ye turn
Your backs on death, and are ye not ashamed
Not to be found where slaughtered heroes lie?
Is loyalty too weak? Yet love of fight
Might bid you stand. We are the chosen few
Through whom the foe would break. Unbought by blood
This day shall not be theirs. 'Neath Caesar's eye,
True, death would be more happy; but this boon
Fortune denies: at least my fall shall be
Praised by Pompeius. Break ye with your breasts
Their weapons; blunt the edges of their swords
With throats unyielding. In the distant lines
The dust is seen already, and the sound
Of tumult and of ruin finds the ear
Of Caesar: strike; the victory is ours:
For he shall come who while his soldiers die
Shall make the fortress his." His voice called forth
The courage that the trumpets failed to rouse
When first they rang: his comrades mustering come
To watch his deeds; and, wondering at the man,
To test if valour thus by foes oppressed,
In narrow space, could hope for aught but death.
But Scaeva standing on the tottering bank
Heaves from the brimming turret on the foe
The corpses of the fallen; the ruined mass
Furnishing weapons to his hands; with beams,
And ponderous stones, nay, with his body threats
His enemies; with poles and stakes he thrusts
The breasts advancing; when they grasp the wall
He lops the arm: rocks crush the foeman's skull

And rive the scalp asunder: fiery bolts
Dashed at another set his hair aflame,
Till rolls the greedy blaze about his eyes
With hideous crackle. As the pile of slain
Rose to the summit of the wall he sprang,
Swift as across the nets a hunted pard,
Above the swords upraised, till in mid throng
Of foes he stood, hemmed in by densest ranks
And ramparted by war; in front and rear,
Where'er he struck, the victor. Now his sword
Blunted with gore congealed no more could wound,
But brake the stricken limb; while every hand
Flung every quivering dart at him alone;
Nor missed their aim, for rang against his shield
Dart after dart unerring, and his helm
In broken fragments pressed upon his brow;
His vital parts were safeguarded by spears
That bristled in his body. Fortune saw
Thus waged a novel combat, for there warred
Against one man an army. Why with darts,
Madmen, assail him and with slender shafts,
'Gainst which his life is proof? Or ponderous stones
This warrior chief shall overwhelm, or bolts
Flung by the twisted thongs of mighty slings.
Let steelshod ram or catapult remove
This champion of the gate. No fragile wall
Stands here for Caesar, blocking with its bulk
Pompeius' way to freedom. Now he trusts
His shield no more, lest his sinister hand,
Idle, give life by shame; and on his breast
Bearing a forest of spears, though spent with toil
And worn with onset, falls upon his foe
And braves alone the wounds of all the war.
Thus may an elephant in Afric wastes,
Oppressed by frequent darts, break those that fall
Rebounding from his horny hide, and shake
Those that find lodgment, while his life within

Lies safe, protected, nor doth spear avail
To reach the fount of blood. Unnumbered wounds
By arrow dealt, or lance, thus fail to slay
This single warrior. But lo! from far
A Cretan archer's shaft, more sure of aim
Than vows could hope for, strikes on Scaeva's brow
To light within his eye: the hero tugs
Intrepid, bursts the nerves, and tears the shaft
Forth with the eyeball, and with dauntless heel
Treads them to dust. Not otherwise a bear
Pannonian, fiercer for the wound received,
Maddened by dart from Libyan thong propelled,
Turns circling on her wound, and still pursues
The weapon fleeing as she whirls around.
Thus, in his rage destroyed, his shapeless face
Stood foul with crimson flow. The victors' shout
Glad to the sky arose; no greater joy
A little blood could give them had they seen
That Caesar's self was wounded. Down he pressed
Deep in his soul the anguish, and, with mien,
No longer bent on fight, submissive cried,
"Spare me, ye citizens; remove the war
Far hence: no weapons now can haste my death;
Draw from my breast the darts, but add no more.
Yet raise me up to place me in the camp
Of Magnus, living: this your gift to him;
No brave man's death my title to renown,
But Caesar's flag deserted." So he spake.
Unhappy Aulus thought his words were true,
Nor saw within his hand the pointed sword;
And leaping forth in haste to make his own
The prisoner and his arms, in middle throat
Received the lightning blade. By this one death
Rose Scaeva's valour again; and thus he cried,
Such be the punishment of all who thought
Great Scaeva vanquished; if Pompeius seeks
Peace from this reeking sword, low let him lay

At Caesar's feet his standards. Me do ye think
Such as yourselves, and slow to meet the fates?
Your love for Magnus and the Senate's cause
Is less than mine for death." These were his words;
And dust in columns proved that Caesar came.
Thus was Pompeius' glory spared the stain
Of flight compelled by Scaeva. He, when ceased
The battle, fell, no more by rage of fight,
Or sight of blood out-pouring from his wounds,
Roused to the combat. Fainting there he lay
Upon the shoulders of his comrades borne,
Who him adoring (as though deity
Dwelt in his bosom) for his matchless deeds,
Plucked forth the gory shafts and took his arms
To deck the gods and shield the breast of Mars.
Thrice happy thou with such a name achieved,
Had but the fierce Iberian from thy sword,
Or heavy shielded Teuton, or had fled
The light Cantabrian: with no spoils shalt thou
Adorn the Thunderer's temple, nor upraise
The shout of triumph in the ways of Rome.
For all thy prowess, all thy deeds of pride
Do but prepare her lord.

Nor on this hand
Repulsed, Pompeius idly ceased from war,
Content within his bars; but as the sea
Tireless, which tempests force upon the crag
That breaks it, or which gnaws a mountain side
Some day to fall in ruin on itself;
He sought the turrets nearest to the main,
On double onset bent; nor closely kept
His troops in hand, but on the spacious plain
Spread forth his camp. They joyful leave the tents
And wander at their will. Thus Padus flows
In brimming flood, and foaming at his bounds,
Making whole districts quake; and should the bank

Fail 'neath his swollen waters, all his stream
Breaks forth in swirling eddies over fields
Not his before; some lands are lost, the rest
Gain from his bounty.

Hardly from his tower
Had Caesar seen the fire or known the fight:
And coming found the rampart overthrown,
The dust no longer stirred, the rains cold
As from a battle done. The peace that reigned
There and on Magnus' side, as though men slept,
Their victory won, aroused his angry soul.
Quick he prepares, so that he end their joy
Careless of slaughter or defeat, to rush
With threatening columns on Torquatus' post.
But swift as sailor, by his trembling mast
Warned of Circean tempest, furls his sails,
So swift Torquatus saw, and prompt to wage
The war more closely, he withdrew his men
Within a narrower wall.

Now past the trench
Were Caesar's companies, when from the hills
Pompeius hurled his host upon their ranks
Shut in, and hampered. Not so much o'erwhelmed
As Caesar's soldiers is the hind who dwells
On Etna's slopes, when blows the southern wind,
And all the mountain pours its cauldrons forth
Upon the vale; and huge Enceladus
Writhing beneath his load spouts o'er the plains
A blazing torrent.

Blinded by the dust,
Encircled, vanquished, ere the fight, they fled
In cloud of terror on their rearward foe,
So rushing on their fates. Thus had the war
Shed its last drop of blood and peace ensued,

But Magnus suffered not, and held his troops.
Back from the battle.

Thou, oh Rome, had'st been
Free, happy, mistress of thy laws and rights
Were Sulla here. Now shalt thou ever grieve
That in his crowning crime, to have met in fight
A pious kinsman, Caesar's vantage lay.
Oh tragic destiny! Nor Munda's fight
Hispania had wept, nor Libya mourned
Encrimsoned Utica, nor Nilus' stream,
With blood unspeakable polluted, borne
A nobler corse than her Egyptian kings:
Nor Juba lain unburied on the sands,
Nor Scipio with his blood outpoured appeased
The ghosts of Carthage; nor the blameless life
Of Cato ended: and Pharsalia's name
Had then been blotted from the book of fate.

But Caesar left the region where his arms
Had found the deities averse, and marched
His shattered columns to Thessalian lands.
Then to Pompeius came (whose mind was bent
To follow Caesar wheresoe'er he fled)
His captains, striving to persuade their chief
To seek Ausonia, his native land,
Now freed from foes. "Ne'er will I pass," he said,
"My country's limit, nor revisit Rome
Like Caesar, at the head of banded hosts.
Hesperia when the war began was mine;
Mine, had I chosen in our country's shrines,
In midmost forum of her capital,
To join the battle. So that banished far
Be war from Rome, I'll cross the torrid zone
Or those for ever frozen Scythian shores.
What! shall my victory rob thee of the peace
I gave thee by my flight? Rather than thou

Should'st feel the evils of this impious war,
Let Caesar deem thee his." Thus said, his course
He turned towards the rising of the sun,
And following devious paths, through forests wide,
Made for Emathia, the land by fate
Foredoomed to see the issue.

Thessalia on that side where Titan first
Raises the wintry day, by Ossa's rocks
Is prisoned in: but in th' advancing year
When higher in the vault his chariot rides
'Tis Pelion that meets the morning rays.
And when beside the Lion's flames he drives
The middle course, Othrys with woody top
Screens his chief ardour. On the hither side
Pindus receives the breezes of the west
And as the evening falls brings darkness in.
There too Olympus, at whose foot who dwells
Nor fears the north nor sees the shining bear.
Between these mountains hemmed, in ancient time
The fields were marsh, for Tempe's pass not yet
Was cleft, to give an exit to the streams
That filled the plain: but when Alcides' hand
Smote Ossa from Olympus at a blow,
And Nereus wondered at the sudden flood
Of waters to the main, then on the shore
(Would it had slept for ever 'neath the deep)
Seaborn Achilles' home Pharsalus rose;
And Phylace whence sailed that ship of old
Whose keel first touched upon the beach of Troy;
And Dorion mournful for the Muses' ire
On Thamyris vanquished: Trachis; Melibe
Strong in the shafts of Hercules, the price
Of that most awful torch; Larissa's hold
Potent of yore; and Argos, famous erst,
O'er which men pass the ploughshare: and the spot
Fabled as Echionian Thebes, where once

Agave bore in exile to the pyre
(Grieving 'twas all she had) the head and neck
Of Pentheus massacred. The lake set free
Flowed forth in many rivers: to the west
Aeas, a gentle stream; nor stronger flows
The sire of Isis ravished from his arms;
And Achelous, rival for the hand
Of Oeneus' daughter, rolls his earthy flood
To silt the shore beside the neighbouring isles.
Evenus purpled by the Centaur's blood
Wanders through Calydon: in the Malian Gulf
Thy rapids fall, Spercheius: pure the wave
With which Amphrysos irrigates the meads
Where once Apollo served: Anaurus flows
Breathing no vapour forth; no humid air
Ripples his face: and whatever stream,
Nameless itself, to Ocean gives its waves
Through thee, Peneus: whirled in eddies foams
Apidanus; Enipeus lingers on
Swift only when fresh streams his volume swell:
And thus Asopus takes his ordered course,
Phoenix and Melas; but Eurotas keeps
His stream aloof from that with which he flows,
Peneus, gliding on his top as though
Upon the channel. Fable says that, sprung
From darkest pools of Styx, with common floods
He scorns to mingle, mindful of his source,
So that the gods above may fear him still.

Soon as were sped the rivers, Boebian ploughs
Dark with its riches broke the virgin soil;
Then came Lelegians to press the share,
And Dolopes and sons of Oeolus
By whom the glebe was furrowed. Steed-renowned
Magnetians dwelt there, and the Minyan race
Who smote the sounding billows with the oar.
There in the cavern from the pregnant cloud

Ixion's sons found birth, the Centaur brood
Half beast, half human: Monychus who broke
The stubborn rocks of Pholoe, Rhoetus fierce
Hurling from Oeta's top gigantic elms
Which northern storms could hardly overturn;
Pholus, Alcides' host: Nessus who bore
The Queen across Evenus' waves, to feel
The deadly arrow for his shameful deed;
And aged Chiron who with wintry star
Against the huger Scorpion draws his bow.
Here sparkled on the land the warrior seed;
Here leaped the charger from Thessalian rocks
Struck by the trident of the Ocean King,
Omen of dreadful war; here first he learned,
Champing the bit and foaming at the curb,
Yet to obey his lord. From yonder shore
The keel of pine first floated, and bore men
To dare the perilous chance of seas unknown:
And here Ionus ruler of the land
First from the furnace molten masses drew
Of iron and brass; here first the hammer fell
To weld them, shapeless; here in glowing stream
Ran silver forth and gold, soon to receive
The minting stamp. 'Twas thus that money came
Whereby men count their riches, cause accursed
Of warfare. Hence came down that Python huge
On Cirrha: hence the laurel wreath which crowns
The Pythian victor: here Aloeus' sons
Gigantic rose against the gods, what time
Pelion had almost touched the stars supreme,
And Ossa's loftier peak amid the sky
Opposing, barred the constellations' way.

When in this fated land the chiefs had placed
Their several camps, foreboding of the end
Now fast approaching, all men's thoughts were turned
Upon the final issue of the war.

And as the hour drew near, the coward minds
Trembling beneath the shadow of the fate
Now hanging o'er them, deemed disaster near:
While some took heart; yet doubted what might fall,
In hope and fear alternate. 'Mid the throng
Sextus, unworthy son of worthy sire
Who soon upon the waves that Scylla guards,
Sicilian pirate, exile from his home,
Stained by his deeds of shame the fights he won,
Could bear delay no more; his feeble soul,
Sick of uncertain fate, by fear compelled,
Forecast the future: yet consulted not
The shrine of Delos nor the Pythian caves;
Nor was he satisfied to learn the sound
Of Jove's brass cauldron, 'mid Dodona's oaks,
By her primaeval fruits the nurse of men:
Nor sought he sages who by flight of birds,
Or watching with Assyrian care the stars
And fires of heaven, or by victims slain,
May know the fates to come; nor any source
Lawful though secret. For to him was known
That which excites the hate of gods above;
Magicians' lore, the savage creed of Dis
And all the shades; and sad with gloomy rites
Mysterious altars. For his frenzied soul
Heaven knew too little. And the spot itself
Kindled his madness, for hard by there dwelt
The brood of Haemon whom no storied witch
Of fiction e'er transcended; all their art
In things most strange and most incredible;
There were Thessalian rocks with deadly herbs
Thick planted, sensible to magic chants,
Funereal, secret: and the land was full
Of violence to the gods: the Queenly guest
From Colchis gathered here the fatal roots
That were not in her store: hence vain to heaven
Rise impious incantations, all unheard;

For deaf the ears divine: save for one voice
Which penetrates the furthest depths of airs
Compelling e'en th' unwilling deities
To hearken to its accents. Not the care
Of the revolving sky or starry pole
Can call them from it ever. Once the sound
Of those dread tones unspeakable has reached
The constellations, then nor Babylon
Nor secret Memphis, though they open wide
The shrines of ancient magic and entreat
The gods, could draw them from the fires that smoke
Upon the altars of far Thessaly.
To hearts of flint those incantations bring
Love, strange, unnatural; the old man's breast
Burns with illicit fire. Nor lies the power
In harmful cup nor in the juicy pledge
Of love maternal from the forehead drawn;
Charmed forth by spells alone the mind decays,
By poisonous drugs unharmed. With woven threads
Crossed in mysterious fashion do they bind
Those whom no passion born of beauteous form
Or loving couch unites. All things on earth
Change at their bidding; night usurps the day;
The heavens disobey their wonted laws;
At that dread hymn the Universe stands still;
And Jove while urging the revolving wheels
Wonders they move not. Torrents are outpoured
Beneath a burning sun; and thunder roars
Uncaused by Jupiter. From their flowing locks
Vapours immense shall issue at their call;
When falls the tempest seas shall rise and foam
Moved by their spell; though powerless the breeze
To raise the billows. Ships against the wind
With bellying sails move onward. From the rock
Hangs motionless the torrent: rivers run
Uphill; the summer heat no longer swells
Nile in his course; Maeander's stream is straight;

Slow Rhone is quickened by the rush of Saone;
Hills dip their heads and topple to the plain;
Olympus sees his clouds drift overhead;
And sunless Scythia's sempiternal snows
Melt in mid-winter; the inflowing tides
Driven onward by the moon, at that dread chant
Ebb from their course; earth's axes, else unmoved,
Have trembled, and the force centripetal
Has tottered, and the earth's compacted frame
Struck by their voice has gaped, till through the void
Men saw the moving sky. All beasts most fierce
And savage fear them, yet with deadly aid
Furnish the witches' arts. Tigers athirst
For blood, and noble lions on them fawn
With bland caresses: serpents at their word
Uncoil their circles, and extended glide
Along the surface of the frosty field;
The viper's severed body joins anew;
And dies the snake by human venom slain.

Whence comes this labour on the gods, compelled
To hearken to the magic chant and spells,
Nor daring to despise them? Doth some bond
Control the deities? Is their pleasure so,
Or must they listen? and have silent threats
Prevailed, or piety unseen received
So great a guerdon? Against all the gods
Is this their influence, or on one alone
Who to his will constrains the universe,
Himself constrained? Stars most in yonder clime
Shoot headlong from the zenith; and the moon
Gliding serene upon her nightly course
Is shorn of lustre by their poisonous chant,
Dimmed by dark earthly fires, as though our orb
Shadowed her brother's radiance and barred
The light bestowed by heaven; nor freshly shines
Until descending nearer to the earth

She sheds her baneful drops upon the mead.

These sinful rites and these her sister's songs
Abhorred Erichtho, fiercest of the race,
Spurned for their piety, and yet viler art
Practised in novel form. To her no home
Beneath a sheltering roof her direful head
Thus to lay down were crime: deserted tombs
Her dwelling-place, from which, darling of hell,
She dragged the dead. Nor life nor gods forbad
But that she knew the secret homes of Styx
And learned to hear the whispered voice of ghosts
At dread mysterious meetings. Never sun
Shed his pure light upon that haggard cheek
Pale with the pallor of the shades, nor looked
Upon those locks unkempt that crowned her brow.
In starless nights of tempest crept the hag
Out from her tomb to seize the levin bolt;
Treading the harvest with accursed foot
She burned the fruitful growth, and with her breath
Poisoned the air else pure. No prayer she breathed
Nor supplication to the gods for help
Nor knew the pulse of entrails as do men
Who worship. Funeral pyres she loves to light
And snatch the incense from the flaming tomb.
The gods at her first utterance grant her prayer
For things unlawful, lest they hear again
Its fearful accents: men whose limbs were quick
With vital power she thrust within the grave
Despite the fates who owed them years to come:
The funeral reversed brought from the tomb
Those who were dead no longer; and the pyre
Yields to her shameless clutch still smoking dust
And bones enkindled, and the torch which held
Some grieving sire but now, with fragments mixed
In sable smoke and ceremental cloths
Singed with the redolent fire that burned the dead.

But those who lie within a stony cell
Untouched by fire, whose dried and mummied frames
No longer know corruption, limb by limb
Venting her rage she tears, the bloodless eyes
Drags from their cavities, and mauls the nail
Upon the withered hand: she gnaws the noose
By which some wretch has died, and from the tree
Drags down a pendent corpse, its members torn
Asunder to the winds: forth from the palms
Wrenches the iron, and from the unbending bond
Hangs by her teeth, and with her hands collects
The slimy gore which drips upon the limbs.

Where lay a corpse upon the naked earth
On ravening birds and beasts of prey the hag
Kept watch, nor marred by knife or hand her spoil,
Till on his victim seized some nightly wolf;
Then dragged the morsel from his thirsty fangs;
Nor fears she murder, if her rites demand
Blood from the living, or some banquet fell
Requires the panting entrail. Pregnant wombs
Yield to her knife the infant to be placed
On flaming altars: and whene'er she needs
Some fierce undaunted ghost, he fails not her
Who has all deaths in use. Her hand has chased
From smiling cheeks the rosy bloom of life;
And with sinister hand from dying youth
Has shorn the fatal lock: and holding oft
In foul embraces some departed friend
Severed the head, and through the ghastly lips,
Held by her own apart, some impious tale
Dark with mysterious horror hath conveyed
Down to the Stygian shades.

When rumour brought
Her name to Sextus, in the depth of night,
While Titan's chariot beneath our earth

Wheeled on his middle course, he took his way
Through fields deserted; while a faithful band,
His wonted ministers in deeds of guilt,
Seeking the hag 'mid broken sepulchres,
Beheld her seated on the crags afar
Where Haemus falls towards Pharsalia's plain.
There was she proving for her gods and priests
Words still unknown, and framing numbered chants
Of dire and novel purpose: for she feared
Lest Mars might stray into another world,
And spare Thessalian soil the blood ere long
To flow in torrents; and she thus forbade
Philippi's field, polluted with her song,
Thick with her poisonous distilments sown,
To let the war pass by. Such deaths, she hopes,
Soon shall be hers! the blood of all the world
Shed for her use! to her it shall be given
To sever from their trunks the heads of kings,
Plunder the ashes of the noble dead,
Italia's bravest, and in triumph add
The mightiest warriors to her host of shades.
And now what spoils from Magnus' tombless corse
Her hand may snatch, on which of Caesar's limbs
She soon may pounce, she makes her foul forecast
And eager gloats.

To whom the coward son
Of Magnus thus: "Thou greatest ornament
Of Haemon's daughters, in whose power it lies
Or to reveal the fates, or from its course
To turn the future, be it mine to know
By thy sure utterance to what final end
Fortune now guides the issue. Not the least
Of all the Roman host on yonder plain
Am I, but Magnus' most illustrious son,
Lord of the world or heir to death and doom.
The unknown affrights me: I can firmly face

The certain terror. Bid my destiny
Yield to thy power the dark and hidden end,
And let me fall foreknowing. From the gods
Extort the truth, or, if thou spare the gods,
Force it from hell itself. Fling back the gates
That bar th' Elysian fields; let Death confess
Whom from our ranks he seeks. No humble task
I bring, but worthy of Erichtho's skill
Of such a struggle fought for such a prize
To search and tell the issue."

Then the witch
Pleased that her impious fame was noised abroad
Thus made her answer: "If some lesser fates
Thy wish had been to change, against their wish
It had been easy to compel the gods
To its accomplishment. My art has power
When of one man the constellations press
The speedy death, to compass a delay;
And mine it is, though every star decrees
A ripe old age, by mystic herbs to shear
The life midway. But should some purpose set
From the beginning of the universe,
And all the labouring fortunes of mankind,
Be brought in question, then Thessalian art
Bows to the power supreme. But if thou be
Content to know the issue pre-ordained,
That shall be swiftly thine; for earth and air
And sea and space and Rhodopaeon crags
Shall speak the future. Yet it easiest seems
Where death in these Thessalian fields abounds
To raise a single corpse. From dead men's lips
Scarce cold, in fuller accents falls the voice;
Not from some mummied flame in accents shrill
Uncertain to the ear."

Thus spake the hag

And through redoubled night, a squalid veil
Swathing her pallid features, stole among
Unburied carcases. Fast fled the wolves,
The carrion birds with maw unsatisfied
Relaxed their talons, as with creeping step
She sought her prophet. Firm must be the flesh
As yet, though cold in death, and firm the lungs
Untouched by wound. Now in the balance hung
The fates of slain unnumbered; had she striven
Armies to raise and order back to life
Whole ranks of warriors, the laws had failed
Of Erebus; and, summoned up from Styx,
Its ghostly tenants had obeyed her call,
And rising fought once more. At length the witch
Picks out her victim with pierced throat agape
Fit for her purpose. Gripped by pitiless hook
O'er rocks she drags him to the mountain cave
Accursed by her fell rites, that shall restore
The dead man's life.

Close to the hidden brink
The land that girds the precipice of hell
Sinks towards the depths: with ever falling leaves
A wood o'er shadows, and a spreading yew
Casts shade impenetrable. Foul decay
Fills all the space, and in the deep recess
Darkness unbroken, save by chanted spells,
Reigns ever. Not where gape the misty jaws
Of caverned Taenarus, the gloomy bound
Of either world, through which the nether kings
Permit the passage of the dead to earth,
So poisonous, mephitic, hangs the air.
Nay, though the witch had power to call the shades
Forth from the depths, 'twas doubtful if the cave
Were not a part of hell. Discordant hues
Flamed on her garb as by a fury worn;
Bare was her visage, and upon her brow

Dread vipers hissed, beneath her streaming locks
In sable coils entwined. But when she saw
The youth's companions trembling, and himself
With eyes cast down, with visage as of death,
Thus spake the witch: "Forbid your craven souls
These fears to cherish: soon returning life
This frame shall quicken, and in tones which reach
Even the timorous ear shall speak the man.
If I have power the Stygian lakes to show,
The bank that sounds with fire, the fury band,
And giants lettered, and the hound that shakes
Bristling with heads of snakes his triple head,
What fear is this that cringes at the sight
Of timid shivering shades?"

Then to her prayer.
First through his gaping bosom blood she pours
Still fervent, washing from his wounds the gore.
Then copious poisons from the moon distils
Mixed with all monstrous things which Nature's pangs
Bring to untimely birth; the froth from dogs
Stricken with madness, foaming at the stream;
A lynx's entrails: and the knot that grows
Upon the fell hyaena; flesh of stags
Fed upon serpents; and the sucking fish
Which holds the vessel back though eastern winds
Make bend the canvas; dragon's eyes; and stones
That sound beneath the brooding eagle's wings.
Nor Araby's viper, nor the ocean snake
Who in the Red Sea waters guards the shell,
Are wanting; nor the slough on Libyan sands
By horned reptile cast; nor ashes fail
Snatched from an altar where the Phoenix died.
And viler poisons many, which herself
Has made, she adds, whereto no name is given:
Pestiferous leaves pregnant with magic chants
And blades of grass which in their primal growth

Her cursed mouth had slimed. Last came her voice
More potent than all herbs to charm the gods
Who rule in Lethe. Dissonant murmurs first
And sounds discordant from the tongues of men
She utters, scarce articulate: the bay
Of wolves, and barking as of dogs, were mixed
With that fell chant; the screech of nightly owl
Raising her hoarse complaint; the howl of beast
And sibilant hiss of snake — all these were there;
And more — the waft of waters on the rock,
The sound of forests and the thunder peal.
Such was her voice; but soon in clearer tones
Reaching to Tartarus, she raised her song:
“Ye awful goddesses, avenging power
Of Hell upon the damned, and Chaos huge
Who striv’st to mix innumerable worlds,
And Pluto, king of earth, whose weary soul
Grieves at his godhead; Styx; and plains of bliss
We may not enter: and thou, Proserpine,
Hating thy mother and the skies above,
My patron goddess, last and lowest form
Of Hecate through whom the shades and I
Hold silent converse; warder of the gate
Who castest human offal to the dog:
Ye sisters who shall spin the threads again;
And thou, O boatman of the burning wave,
Now wearied of the shades from hell to me
Returning, hear me if with voice I cry
Abhorred, polluted; if the flesh of man
Hath ne’er been absent from my proffered song,
Flesh washed with brains still quivering; if the child
Whose severed head I placed upon the dish
But for this hand had lived — a listening ear
Lend to my supplication! From the caves
Hid in the innermost recess of hell
I claim no soul long banished from the light.
For one but now departed, lingering still

Upon the brink of Orcus, is my prayer.
Grant (for ye may) that listening to the spell
Once more he seek his dust; and let the shade
Of this our soldier perished (if the war
Well at your hands has merited), proclaim
The destiny of Magnus to his son.”

Such prayers she uttered; then, her foaming lips
And head uplifting, present saw the ghost.
Hard by he stood, beside the hated corpse
His ancient prison, and loathed to enter in.
There was the yawning chest where fell the blow
That was his death; and yet the gift supreme
Of death, his right, (Ah, wretch!) was reft away.
Angered at Death the witch, and at the pause
Conceded by the fates, with living snake
Scourges the moveless corse; and on the dead
She barks through fissures gaping to her song,
Breaking the silence of their gloomy home:
“Tisiphone, Megaera, heed ye not?
Flies not this wretched soul before your whips
The void of Erebus? By your very names,
She-dogs of hell, I’ll call you to the day,
Not to return; through sepulchres and death
Your gaoler: from funereal urns and tombs
I’ll chase you forth. And thou, too, Hecate,
Who to the gods in comely shape and mien,
Not that of Erebus, appearst, henceforth
Wasted and pallid as thou art in hell

At my command shalt come. I’ll noise abroad
The banquet that beneath the solid earth
Holds thee, thou maid of Enna; by what bond
Thou lov’st night’s King, by what mysterious stain
Infected, so that Ceres fears from hell
To call her daughter. And for thee, base king,
Titan shall pierce thy caverns with his rays

And sudden day shall smite thee. Do ye hear?
Or shall I summon to mine aid that god
At whose dread name earth trembles; who can look
Unflinching on the Gorgon's head, and drive
The Furies with his scourge, who holds the depths
Ye cannot fathom, and above whose haunts
Ye dwell supernal; who by waves of Styx
Forswears himself unpunished?"

Then the blood
Grew warm and liquid, and with softening touch
Cherished the stiffened wounds and filled the veins,
Till throbbed once more the slow returning pulse
And every fibre trembled, as with death
Life was commingled. Then, not limb by limb,
With toil and strain, but rising at a bound
Leaped from the earth erect the living man.
Fierce glared his eyes uncovered, and the life
Was dim, and still upon his face remained
The pallid hues of hardly parted death.
Amazement seized upon him, to the earth
Brought back again: but from his lips tight drawn
No murmur issued; he had power alone
When questioned to reply. "Speak," quoth the hag,
"As I shall bid thee; great shall be thy gain
If but thou answerest truly, freed for aye
From all Haemonian art. Such burial place
Shall now be thine, and on thy funeral pyre
Such fatal woods shall burn, such chant shall sound,
That to thy ghost no more or magic song
Or spell shall reach, and thy Lethaeon sleep
Shall never more be broken in a death
From me received anew: for such reward
Think not this second life enforced in vain.
Obscure may be the answers of the gods
By priestess spoken at the holy shrine;
But whose braves the oracles of death

In search of truth, should gain a sure response.
Then speak, I pray thee. Let the hidden fates
Tell through thy voice the mysteries to come.”

Thus spake she, and her words by mystic force
Gave him his answer; but with gloomy mien,
And tears swift flowing, thus he made reply:
“Called from the margin of the silent stream
I saw no fateful sisters spin the threads.
Yet know I this, that ‘mid the Roman shades
Reigns fiercest discord; and this impious war
Destroys the peace that ruled the fields of death.
Elysian meads and deeps of Tartarus
In paths diverse the Roman chieftains leave
And thus disclose the fates. The blissful ghosts
Bear visages of sorrow. Sire and son
The Decii, who gave themselves to death
In expiation of their country’s doom,
And great Camillus, wept; and Sulla’s shade
Complained of fortune. Scipio bewailed
The scion of his race about to fall
In sands of Libya: Cato, greatest foe
To Carthage, grieves for that indignant soul
Which shall disdain to serve. Brutus alone
In all the happy ranks I smiling saw,
First consul when the kings were thrust from Rome.
The chains were fallen from boastful Catiline.
Him too I saw rejoicing, and the pair
Of Marii, and Cethegus’ naked arm.
The Drusi, heroes of the people, joyed,
In laws immoderate; and the famous pair
Of greatly daring brothers: guilty bands
By bars eternal shut within the doors
That close the prison of hell, applaud the fates,
Claiming the plains Elysian: and the King
Throws wide his pallid halls, makes hard the points
Of craggy rocks, and forges iron chains,

The victor's punishment. But take with thee
This comfort, youth, that there a calm abode,
And peaceful, waits thy father and his house.
Nor let the glory of a little span
Disturb thy boding heart: the hour shall come
When all the chiefs shall meet. Shrink not from death,
But glowing in the greatness of your souls,
E'en from your humble sepulchres descend,
And tread beneath your feet, in pride of place,
The wandering phantoms of the gods of Rome.
Which of the chiefs by Tiber's yellow stream,
And which by Nile shall rest (the leaders' fate)
This fight decides, no more. Nor seek to know
From me thy fortunes: for the fates in time
Shall give thee all thy due; and thy great sire,
A surer prophet, in Sicilian fields
Shall speak thy future — doubting even he
What regions of the world thou should'st avoid
And what should'st seek. O miserable race!
Europe and Asia and Libya's plains,
Which saw your conquests, now shall hold alike
Your burial-place — nor has the earth for you
A happier land than this."

His task performed,
He stands in mournful guise, with silent look
Asking for death again; yet could not die
Till mystic herb and magic chant prevailed.
For nature's law, once used, had power no more
To slay the corpse and set the spirit free.
With plenteous wood she builds the funeral pyre
To which the dead man comes: then as the flames
Seized on his form outstretched, the youth and witch
Together sought the camp; and as the dawn
Now streaked the heavens, by the hag's command
The day was stayed till Sextus reached his tent,
And mist and darkness veiled his safe return.

BOOK VII

THE BATTLE

Ne'er to the summons of the Eternal laws
More slowly Titan rose, nor drave his steeds,
Forced by the sky revolving, up the heaven,
With gloomier presage; wishing to endure
The pangs of ravished light, and dark eclipse;
And drew the mists up, not to feed his flames,
But lest his light upon Thessalian earth
Might fall undimmed.

Pompeius on that morn,
To him the latest day of happy life,
In troubled sleep an empty dream conceived.
For in the watches of the night he heard
Innumerable Romans shout his name
Within his theatre; the benches vied
To raise his fame and place him with the gods;
As once in youth, when victory was won
O'er conquered tribes where swift Iberus flows,
And where Sertorius' armies fought and fled,
The west subdued, with no less majesty
Than if the purple toga graced the car,
He sat triumphant in his pure white gown
A Roman knight, and heard the Senate's cheer.
Perhaps, as ills drew near, his anxious soul,
Shunning the future wooed the happy past;
Or, as is wont, prophetic slumber showed
That which was not to be, by doubtful forms
Misleading; or as envious Fate forbade
Return to Italy, this glimpse of Rome
Kind Fortune gave. Break not his latest sleep,
Ye sentinels; let not the trumpet call
Strike on his ear: for on the morrow's night

Shapes of the battle lost, of death and war
Shall crowd his rest with terrors. Whence shalt thou
The poor man's happiness of sleep regain?
Happy if even in dreams thy Rome could see
Once more her captain! Would the gods had given
To thee and to thy country one day yet
To reap the latest fruit of such a love:
Though sure of fate to come! Thou marchest on
As though by heaven ordained in Rome to die;
She, conscious ever of her prayers for thee
Heard by the gods, deemed not the fates decreed
Such evil destiny, that she should lose
The last sad solace of her Magnus' tomb.
Then young and old had blent their tears for thee,
And child unbidden; women torn their hair
And struck their bosoms as for Brutus dead.
But now no public woe shall greet thy death
As erst thy praise was heard: but men shall grieve
In silent sorrow, though the victor's voice
Amid the clash of arms proclaims thy fall;
Though incense smoke before the Thunderer's shrine,
And shouts of welcome bid great Caesar hail.

The stars had fled before the growing morn,
When eager voices (as the fates drew on
The world to ruin) round Pompeius' tent
Demand the battle signal. What! by those
So soon to perish, shall the sign be asked,
Their own, their country's doom? Ah! fatal rage
That hastens on the hour; no other sun
Upon this living host shall rise again.
"Pompeius fears!" they cry. "He's slow to act;
Too 'kind to Caesar; and he fondly rules
A world of subject peoples; but with peace
Such rule were ended." Eastern kings no less,
And peoples, eager for their distant homes,
Already murmured at the lengthy war.

Thus hath it pleased the gods, when woe impends
On guilty men, to make them seem its cause.
We court disaster, crave the fatal sword.
Of Magnus' camp Pharsalia was the prayer;
For Tullius, of all the sons of Rome
Chief orator, beneath whose civil rule
Fierce Catiline at the peace-compelling axe
Trembled and fled, arose, to Magnus' ear
Bearing the voice of all. To him was war
Grown hateful, and he longed once more to hear
The Senate's plaudits; and with eloquent lips
He lent persuasion to the weaker cause.
"Fortune, Pompeius, for her gifts to thee
Asks this one boon, that thou should'st use her now.
Here at thy feet thy leading captains lie;
And here thy monarchs, and a suppliant world
Entreats thee prostrate for thy kinsman's fall.
So long shall Caesar plunge the world in war?
Swift was thy tread when these proud nations fell;
How deep their shame, and justly, should delay
Now mar thy conquests! Where thy trust in Fate,
Thy fervour where? Ingrate! Dost dread the gods,
Or think they favour not the Senate's cause?
Thy troops unbidden shall the standards seize
And conquer; thou in shame be forced to win.
If at the Senate's orders and for us
The war is waged, then give to us the right
To choose the battle-field. Why dost thou keep
From Caesar's throat the swords of all the world?
The weapon quivers in the eager hand:
Scarce one awaits the signal. Strike at once,
Or without thee the trumpets sound the fray.
Art thou the Senate's comrade or her lord?
We wait your answer."

But Pompeius groaned;
His mind was adverse, but he felt the fates

Opposed his wish, and knew the hand divine.
“Since all desire it, and the fates prevail,
So let it be; your leader now no more,
I share the labours of the battle-field.
Let Fortune roll the nations of the earth
In one red ruin; myriads of mankind
See their last sun to-day. Yet, Rome, I swear,
This day of blood was forced upon thy son.
Without a wound, the prizes of the war
Might have been thine, and he who broke the peace
In peace forgotten. Whence this lust for crime?
Shall bloodless victories in civil war
Be shunned, not sought? We’ve ravished from our foe
All boundless seas, and land; his starving troops
Have snatched earth’s crop half-grown, in vain attempt
Their hunger to appease; they prayed for death,
Sought for the sword-thrust, and within our ranks
Were fain to mix their life-blood with your own.
Much of the war is done: the conscript youth
Whose heart beats high, who burns to join the fray
(Though men fight hard in terror of defeat),
The shock of onset need no longer fear.
Bravest is he who promptly meets the ill
When fate commands it and the moment comes,
Yet brooks delay, in prudence; and shall we,
Our happy state enjoying, risk it all?
Trust to the sword the fortunes of the world?
Not victory, but battle, ye demand.
Do thou, O Fortune, of the Roman state
Who mad’st Pompeius guardian, from his hands
Take back the charge grown weightier, and thyself
Commit its safety to the chance of war.
Nor blame nor glory shall be mine to-day.
Thy prayers unjustly, Caesar, have prevailed:
We fight! What wickedness, what woes on men,
Destruction on what realms this dawn shall bring!
Crimson with Roman blood yon stream shall run.

Would that (without the ruin of our cause)
The first fell bolt hurled on this cursed day
Might strike me lifeless! Else, this battle brings
A name of pity or a name of hate.
The loser bears the burden of defeat;
The victor wins, but conquest is a crime.”
Thus to the soldiers, burning for the fray,
He yields, forbidding, and throws down the reins.
So may a sailor give the winds control
Upon his barque, which, driven by the seas,
Bears him an idle burden. Now the camp
Hums with impatience, and the brave man’s heart
With beats tumultuous throbs against his breast;
And all the host had standing in their looks
The paleness of the death that was to come.
On that day’s fight ’twas manifest that Rome
And all the future destinies of man
Hung trembling; and by weightier dread possessed,
They knew not danger. Who would fear for self
Should ocean rise and overwhelm the mountain tops,
And sun and sky descend upon the earth
In universal chaos? Every mind
Is bent upon Pompeius, and on Rome.
They trust no sword until its deadly point
Glowes on the sharpening stone; no lance will serve
Till straightened for the fray; each bow is strung
Anew, and arrows chosen for their work
Fill all the quivers; horsemen try the curb
And fit the bridle rein and whet the spur.
If toils divine with human may compare,
’Twas thus, when Phlegra bore the giant crew,
In Etna’s furnace glowed the sword of Mars,
Neptunus’ trident felt the flame once more;
And great Apollo after Python slain
Sharpened his darts afresh: on Pallas’ shield
Was spread anew the dread Medusa’s hair;
And broad Sicilia trembled at the blows

Of Vulcan forging thunderbolts for Jove.

Yet Fortune failed not, as they sought the field,
In various presage of the ills to come;
All heaven opposed their march: portentous fire
In columns filled the plain, and torches blazed:
And thirsty whirlwinds mixed with meteor bolts
Smote on them as they strode, whose sulphurous flames
Perplexed the vision. Crests were struck from helms;
The melted sword-blade flowed upon the hilt:
The spear ran liquid, and the hurtful steel
Smoked with a sulphur that had come from heaven.
Nay, more, the standards, hid by swarms of bees
Innumerable, weighed the bearer down,
Scarce lifted from the earth; bedewed with tears;
No more of Rome the standards, or her state.
And from the altar fled the frantic bull
To fields afar; nor was a victim found
To grace the sacrifice of coming doom.

But thou, Caesar, to what gods of ill
Didst thou appeal? What furies didst thou call,
What powers of madness and what Stygian Kings
Whelmed in th' abyss of hell? Didst favour gain
By sacrifice in this thine impious war?
Strange sights were seen; or caused by hands divine
Or due to fearful fancy. Haemus' top
Plunged headlong in the valley, Pindus met
With high Olympus, while at Ossa's feet
Red ran Baebeis, and Pharsalia's field
Gave warlike voices forth in depth of night.
Now darkness came upon their wondering gaze,
Now daylight pale and wan, their helmets wreathed
In pallid mist; the spirits of their sires
Hovered in air, and shades of kindred dead
Passed flitting through the gloom. Yet to the host
Conscious of guilty prayers which sought to shed

The blood of sires and brothers, earth and air
Distraught, and horrors seething in their hearts
Gave happy omen of the end to come.

Was't strange that peoples whom their latest day
Of happy life awaited (if their minds
Foreknew the doom) should tremble with affright?
Romans who dwelt by far Araxes' stream,
And Tyrian Gades, in whatever clime,
'Neath every sky, struck by mysterious dread
Were plunged in sorrow — yet rebuked the tear,
For yet they knew not of the fatal day.
Thus on Euganean hills where sulphurous fumes
Disclose the rise of Aponus from earth,
And where Timavus broadens in the meads,
An augur spake: "This day the fight is fought,
The arms of Caesar and Pompeius meet
To end the impious conflict." Or he saw
The bolts of Jupiter, predicting ill;
Or else the sky discordant o'er the space
Of heaven, from pole to pole; or else perchance
The sun was sad and misty in the height
And told the battle by his wasted beams.
By Nature's fiat that Thessalian day
Passed not as others; if the gifted sense
Of reading portents had been given to all,
All men had known Pharsalia. Gods of heaven!
How do ye mark the great ones of the earth!
The world gives tokens of their weal or woe;
The sky records their fates: in distant climes
To future races shall their tale be told,
Or by the fame alone of mighty deeds
Had in remembrance, or by this my care
Borne through the centuries: and men shall read
In hope and fear the story of the war
And breathless pray, as though it were to come,
For that long since accomplished; and for thee

Thus far, Pompeius, shall that prayer be given.

Reflected from their arms, th' opposing sun
Filled all the slope with radiance as they marched
In ordered ranks to that ill-fated fight,
And stood arranged for battle. On the left
Thou, Lentulus, had'st charge; two legions there,
The fourth, and bravest of them all, the first:
While on the right, Domitius, ever stanch,
Though fates be adverse, stood: in middle line
The hardy soldiers from Cilician lands,
In Scipio's care; their chief in Libyan days,
To-day their comrade. By Enipeus' pools
And by the rivulets, the mountain troops
Of Cappadocia, and loose of rein
Thy squadrons, Pontus: on the firmer ground
Galatia's tetrarchs and the greater kings;
And all the purple-robed, the slaves of Rome.
Numidian hordes were there from Afric shores,
There Creta's host and Ituraeans found
Full space to wing their arrows; there the tribes
From brave Iberia clashed their shields, and there
Gaul stood arrayed against her ancient foe.
Let all the nations be the victor's prize,
None grace in future a triumphal car;
This fight demands the slaughter of a world.

Caesar that day to send his troops for spoil
Had left his tent, when on the further hill
Behold! his foe descending to the plain.
The moment asked for by a thousand prayers
Is come, which puts his fortune on the risk
Of imminent war, to win or lose it all.
For burning with desire of kingly power
His eager soul ill brooked the small delay
This civil war compelled: each instant lost
Robbed from his due! But when at length he knew

The last great conflict come, the fight supreme,
Whose prize the leadership of all the world:
And felt the ruin nodding to its fall:
Swiftest to strike, yet for a little space
His rage for battle failed; the spirit bold
To pledge itself the issue, wavered now:
For Magnus' fortunes gave no room for hope,
Though Caesar's none for fear. Deep in his soul
Such doubt was hidden, as with mien and speech
That augured victory, thus the chief began:
"Ye conquerors of a world, my hope in all,
Prayed for so oft, the dawn of fight is come.
No more entreat the gods: with sword in hand
Seize on our fates; and Caesar in your deeds
This day is great or little. This the day
For which I hold since Rubicon was passed
Your promise given: for this we flew to arms:
For this deferred the triumphs we had won,
And which the foe refused: this gives you back
Your homes and kindred, and the peaceful farm,
Your prize for years of service in the field.
And by the fates' command this day shall prove
Whose quarrel juster: for defeat is guilt
To him on whom it falls. If in my cause
With fire and sword ye did your country wrong,
Strike for acquittal! Should another judge
This war, not Caesar, none were blameless found.
Not for my sake this battle, but for you,
To give you, soldiers, liberty and law
'Gainst all the world. Wishful myself for life
Apart from public cares, and for the gown
That robes the private citizen, I refuse
To yield from office till the law allows
Your right in all things. On my shoulders rest
All blame; all power be yours. Nor deep the blood
Between yourselves and conquest. Grecian schools
Of exercise and wrestling send us here

Their chosen darlings to await your swords;
And scarcely armed for war, a dissonant crowd
Barbaric, that will start to hear our trump,
Nay, their own clamour. Not in civil strife
Your blows shall fall — the battle of to-day
Sweeps from the earth the enemies of Rome.
Dash through these cowards and their vaunted kings:
One stroke of sword and all the world is yours.
Make plain to all men that the crowds who decked
Pompeius' hundred pageants scarce were fit
For one poor triumph. Shall Armenia care
Who leads her masters, or barbarians shed
One drop of blood to make Pompeius chief
O'er our Italia? Rome, 'tis Rome they hate
And all her children; yet they hate the most
Those whom they know. My fate is in the hands
Of you, mine own true soldiers, proved in all
The wars we fought in Gallia. When the sword
Of each of you shall strike, I know the hand:
The javelin's flight to me betrays the arm
That launched it hurtling: and to-day once more
I see the faces stern, the threatening eyes,
Unfailing proofs of victory to come.
E'en now the battle rushes on my sight;
Kings trodden down and scattered senators
Fill all th' ensanguined plain, and peoples float
Unnumbered on the crimson tide of death.
Enough of words — I but delay the fates;
And you who burn to dash into the fray,
Forgive the pause. I tremble with the hopes
Thus finding utterance. I ne'er have seen
The mighty gods so near; this little field
Alone dividing us; their hands are full
Of my predestined honours: for 'tis I
Who when this war is done shall have the power
O'er all that peoples, all that kings enjoy
To shower it where I will. But has the pole

Been moved, or in its nightly course some star
Turned backwards, that such mighty deeds should pass
Here on Thessalian earth? To-day we reap
Of all our wars the harvest or the doom.
Think of the cross that threatens us, and the chain,
Limbs hacked asunder, Caesar's head displayed
Upon the rostra; and that narrow field
Piled up with slaughter: for this hostile chief
Is savage Sulla's pupil. 'Tis for you,
If conquered, that I grieve: my lot apart
Is cast long since. This sword, should one of you
Turn from the battle ere the foe be fled,
Shall rob the life of Caesar. O ye gods,
Drawn down from heaven by the throes of Rome,
May he be conqueror who shall not draw
Against the vanquished an inhuman sword,
Nor count it as a crime if men of Rome
Preferred another's standard to his own.
Pompeius' sword drank deep Italian blood
When cabined in yon space the brave man's arm
No more found room to strike. But you, I pray,
Touch not the foe who turns him from the fight,
A fellow citizen, a foe no more.
But while the gleaming weapons threaten still,
Let no fond memories unnerve the arm,
No pious thought of father or of kin;
But full in face of brother or of sire,
Drive home the blade. Unless the slain be known
Your foes account his slaughter as a crime;
Spare not our camp, but lay the rampart low
And fill the fosse with ruin; not a man
But holds his post within the ranks to-day.
And yonder tents, deserted by the foe,
Shall give us shelter when the rout is done."

Scarce had he paused; they snatch the hasty meal,
And seize their armour and with swift acclaim

Welcome the chief's predictions of the day,
Tread low their camp when rushing to the fight;
And take their post: nor word nor order given,
In fate they put their trust. Nor, had'st thou placed
All Caesars there, all striving for the throne
Of Rome their city, had their serried ranks
With speedier tread dashed down upon the foe.

But when Pompeius saw the hostile troops
Move forth in order and demand the fight,
And knew the gods' approval of the day,
He stood astonished, while a deadly chill
Struck to his heart — omen itself of woe,
That such a chief should at the call to arms,
Thus dread the issue: but with fear repressed,
Borne on his noble steed along the line
Of all his forces, thus he spake: "The day
Your bravery demands, that final end
Of civil war ye asked for, is at hand.
Put forth your strength, your all; the sword to-day
Does its last work. One crowded hour is charged
With nations' destinies. Whoe'er of you
Longs for his land and home, his wife and child,
Seek them with sword. Here in mid battle-field,
The gods place all at stake. Our better right
Bids us expect their favour; they shall dip
Your brands in Caesar's blood, and thus shall give
Another sanction to the laws of Rome,
Our cause of battle. If for him were meant
An empire o'er the world, had they not put
An end to Magnus' life? That I am chief
Of all these mingled peoples and of Rome
Disproves an angry heaven. See here combined
All means of victory. Noble men have sought
Unasked the risks of war. Our soldiers boast
Ancestral statues. If to us were given
A Curius, if Camillus were returned,

Or patriot Decius to devote his life,
Here would they take their stand. From furthest east
All nations gathered, cities as the sand
Unnumbered, give their aid: a world complete
Serves 'neath our standards. North and south and all
Who have their being 'neath the starry vault,
Here meet in arms conjoined: And shall we not
Crush with our closing wings this paltry foe?
Few shall find room to strike; the rest with voice
Must be content to aid: for Caesar's ranks
Suffice not for us. Think from Rome's high walls
The matrons watch you with their hair unbound;
Think that the Senate hoar, too old for arms,
With snowy locks outspread; and Rome herself,
The world's high mistress, fearing now, alas!
A despot — all exhort you to the fight.
Think that the people that is and that shall be
Joins in the prayer — in freedom to be born,
In freedom die, their wish. If 'mid these vows
Be still found place for mine, with wife and child,
So far as Emperor may, I bend
Before you suppliant — unless this fight
Be won, behold me exile, your disgrace,
My kinsman's scorn. From this, 'tis yours to save.
Then save! Nor in the latest stage of life,
Let Magnus be a slave."

Then burned their souls
At these his words, indignant at the thought,
And Rome rose up within them, and to die
Was welcome.

Thus alike with hearts aflame
Moved either host to battle, one in fear
And one in hope of empire. These hands shall do
Such work as not the rolling centuries
Not all mankind though free from sword and war

Shall e'er make good. Nations that were to live
This fight shall crush, and peoples pre-ordained
To make the history of the coming world
Shall come not to the birth. The Latin names
Shall sound as fables in the ears of men,
And ruins loaded with the dust of years
Shall hardly mark her cities. Alba's hill,
Home of our gods, no human foot shall tread,
Save of some Senator at the ancient feast
By Numa's orders founded — he compelled
Serves his high office. Void and desolate
Are Veii, Cora and Laurentum's hold;
Yet not the tooth of envious time destroyed
These storied monuments— 'twas civil war
That rased their citadels. Where now hath fled
The teeming life that once Italia knew?
Not all the earth can furnish her with men:
Untenanted her dwellings and her fields:
Slaves till her soil: one city holds us all:
Crumbling to ruin, the ancestral roof
Finds none on whom to fall; and Rome herself,
Void of her citizens, draws within her gates
The dregs of all the world. That none might wage
A civil war again, thus deeply drank
Pharsalia's fight the life-blood of her sons.
Dark in the calendar of Rome for aye,
The days when Allia and Cannae fell:
And shall Pharsalus' morn, darkest of all,
Stand on the page unmarked? Alas, the fates!
Not plague nor pestilence nor famine's rage,
Not cities given to the flames, nor towns
Trembling at shock of earthquake shall weigh down
Such heroes lost, when Fortune's ruthless hand
Lops at one blow the gift of centuries,
Leaders and men embattled. How great art thou,
Rome, in thy fall! Stretched to the widest bounds
War upon war laid nations at thy feet

Till flaming Titan nigh to either pole
Beheld thine empire; and the furthest east
Was almost thine, till day and night and sky
For thee revolved, and all the stars could see
Throughout their course was Roman. But the fates
In one dread day of slaughter and despair
Turned back the centuries and spoke thy doom.
And now the Indian fears the axe no more
Once emblem of thy power, now no more
The girded Consul curbs the Getan horde,
Or in Sarmatian furrows guides the share:
Still Parthia boasts her triumphs unavenged:
Foul is the public life; and Freedom, fled
To furthest Earth beyond the Tigris' stream,
And Rhine's broad river, wandering at her will
'Mid Teuton hordes and Scythian, though by sword
Sought, yet returns not. Would that from the day
When Romulus, aided by the vulture's flight,
Ill-omened, raised within that hateful grove
Rome's earliest walls, down to the crimsoned field
In dire Thessalia fought, she ne'er had known
Italia's peoples! Did the Bruti strike
In vain for liberty? Why laws and rights
Sanctioned by all the annals designate
With consular titles? Happier far the Medes
And blest Arabia, and the Eastern lands
Held by a kindlier fate in despot rule!
That nation serves the worst which serves with shame.
No guardian gods watch over us from heaven:
Jove is no king; let ages whirl along
In blind confusion: from his throne supreme
Shall he behold such carnage and restrain
His thunderbolts? On Mimas shall he hurl
His fires, on Rhodope and Oeta's woods
Unmeriting such chastisement, and leave
This life to Cassius' hand? On Argos fell
At grim Thyestes' feast untimely night

By him thus hastened; shall Thessalia's land
Receive full daylight, wielding kindred swords
In fathers' hands and brothers'? Careless of men
Are all the gods. Yet for this day of doom
Such vengeance have we reaped as deities
May give to mortals; for these wars shall raise
Our parted Caesars to the gods; and Rome
Shall deck their effigies with thunderbolts,
And stars and rays, and in the very fanes
Swear by the shades of men.

With swift advance
They seize the space that yet delays the fates
Till short the span dividing. Then they gaze
For one short moment where may fall the spear,
What hand may deal their death, what monstrous task
Soon shall be theirs; and all in arms they see,
In reach of stroke, their brothers and their sires
With front opposing; yet to yield their ground
It pleased them not. But all the host was dumb
With horror; cold upon each loving heart,
Awe-struck, the life-blood pressed; and all men held
With arms outstretched their javelins for a time,
Poised yet unthrown. Now may th' avenging gods
Allot thee, Crastinus, not such a death
As all men else do suffer! In the tomb
May'st thou have feeling and remembrance still!
For thine the hand that first flung forth the dart,
Which stained with Roman blood Thessalia's earth.
Madman! To speed thy lance when Caesar's self
Still held his hand! Then from the clarions broke
The strident summons, and the trumpets blared
Responsive signal. Upward to the vault
The sound re-echoes where nor clouds may reach
Nor thunder penetrate; and Haemus' slopes
Reverberate to Pelion the din;
Pindus re-echoes; Oeta's lofty rocks

Groan, and Pangaeian cliffs, till at their rage
Borne back from all the earth they shook for fear.

Unnumbered darts they hurl, with prayers diverse;
Some hope to wound: others, in secret, yearn
For hands still innocent. Chance rules supreme,
And wayward Fortune upon whom she wills
Makes fall the guilt. Yet for the hatred bred
By civil war suffices spear nor lance,
Urged on their flight afar: the hand must grip
The sword and drive it to the foeman's heart.
But while Pompeius' ranks, shield wedged to shield,
Were ranged in dense array, and scarce had space
To draw the blade, came rushing at the charge
Full on the central column Caesar's host,
Mad for the battle. Man nor arms could stay
The crash of onset, and the furious sword
Clove through the stubborn panoply to the flesh,
There only stayed. One army struck — their foes
Struck not in answer; Magnus' swords were cold,
But Caesar's reeked with slaughter and with guilt.
Nor Fortune lingered, but decreed the doom
Which swept the ruins of a world away.

Soon as withdrawn from all the spacious plain,
Pompeius' horse was ranged upon the flanks;
Passed through the outer files, the lighter armed
Of all the nations joined the central strife,
With divers weapons armed, but all for blood
Of Rome athirst: then blazing torches flew,
Arrows and stones. and ponderous balls of lead
Molten by speed of passage through the air.
There Ituraean archers and the Mede
Winged forth their countless shafts till all the sky
Grew dark with missiles hurled; and from the night
Brooding above, Death struck his victims down,
Guiltless such blow, while all the crime was heaped

Upon the Roman spear. In line oblique
Behind the standards Caesar in reserve
Had placed some companies of foot, in fear
The foremost ranks might waver. These at his word,
No trumpet sounding, break upon the ranks
Of Magnus' horsemen where they rode at large
Flanking the battle. They, unshamed of fear
And careless of the fray, when first a steed
Pierced through by javelin spurned with sounding hoof
The temples of his rider, turned the rein,
And through their comrades spurring from the field
In panic, proved that not with warring Rome
Barbarians may grapple. Then arose
Immeasurable carnage: here the sword,
There stood the victim, and the victor's arm
Wearied of slaughter. Oh, that to thy plains,
Pharsalia, might suffice the crimson stream
From hosts barbarian, nor other blood
Pollute thy fountains' sources! these alone
Shall clothe thy pastures with the bones of men!
Or if thy fields must run with Roman blood
Then spare the nations who in times to come
Must be her peoples!

Now the terror spread
Through all the army, and the favouring fates
Decreed for Caesar's triumph: and the war
Ceased in the wider plain, though still ablaze
Where stood the chosen of Pompeius' force,
Upholding yet the fight. Not here allies
Begged from some distant king to wield the sword:
Here were the Roman sons, the sires of Rome,
Here the last frenzy and the last despair:
Here, Caesar, was thy crime: and here shall stay
My Muse repelled: no poesy of mine
Shall tell the horrors of the final strife,
Nor for the coming ages paint the deeds

Which civil war permits. Be all obscured
In deepest darkness! Spare the useless tear
And vain lament, and let the deeds that fell
In that last fight of Rome remain unsung.

But Caesar adding fury to the breasts
Already flaming with the rage of war,
That each might bear his portion of the guilt
Which stained the host, unflinching through the ranks
Passed at his will. He looked upon the brands,
These reddened only at the point, and those
Streaming with blood and gory, to the hilt:
He marks the hand which trembling grasped the sword,
Or held it idle, and the cheek that grew
Pale at the blow, and that which at his words
Glowed with the joy of battle: midst the dead
He treads the plain and on each gaping wound
Presses his hand to keep the life within.
Thus Caesar passed: and where his footsteps fell
As when Bellona shakes her crimson lash,
Or Mavors scourges on the Thracian mares
When shunning the dread face on Pallas' shield,
He drives his chariot, there arose a night
Dark with huge slaughter and with crime, and groans
As of a voice immense, and sound of alms
As fell the wearer, and of sword on sword
Crashed into fragments. With a ready hand
Caesar supplies the weapon and bids strike
Full at the visage; and with lance reversed
Urges the flagging ranks and stirs the fight.
Where flows the nation's blood, where beats the heart,
Knowing, he bids them spare the common herd,
But seek the senators — thus Rome he strikes,
Thus the last hold of Freedom. In the fray,
Then fell the nobles with their mighty names
Of ancient prowess; there Metellus' sons,
Corvini, Lepidi, Torquati too,

Not once nor twice the conquerors of kings,
First of all men, Pompeius' name except,
Lay dead upon the field.

But, Brutus, where,
Where was thy sword? "Veiled by a common helm
Unknown thou wanderest. Thy country's pride,
Hope of the Senate, thou (for none besides);
Thou latest scion of that race of pride,
Whose fearless deeds the centuries record,
Tempt not the battle, nor provoke the doom!
Awaits thee on Philippi's fated field
Thy Thessaly. Not here shalt thou prevail
'Gainst Caesar's life. Not yet hath he surpassed
The height of power and deserved a death
Noble at Brutus' hands — then let him live,
Thy fated victim!

There upon the field
Lay all the honour of Rome; no common stream
Mixed with the purple tide. And yet of all
Who noble fell, one only now I sing,
Thee, brave Domitius. Whene'er the day
Was adverse to the fortunes of thy chief
Thine was the arm which vainly stayed the fight.
Vanquished so oft by Caesar, now 'twas thine
Yet free to perish. By a thousand wounds
Came welcome death, nor had thy conqueror power
Again to pardon. Caesar stood and saw
The dark blood welling forth and death at hand,
And thus in words of scorn: "And dost thou lie,
Domitius, there? And did Pompeius name
Thee his successor, thee? Why leavest thou then
His standards helpless?" But the parting life
Still faintly throbbed within Domitius' breast,
Thus finding utterance: "Yet thou hast not won
Thy hateful prize, for doubtful are the fates;

Nor thou the master, Caesar; free as yet,
With great Pompeius for my leader still,
Warring no more, I seek the silent shades,
Yet with this hope in death, that thou subdued
To Magnus and to me in grievous guise
May'st pay atonement." So he spake: no more;
Then closed his eyes in death.

‘Twere shame to shed,
When thus a world was perishing, the tear
Meet for each fate, or sing the wound that reft
Each life away. Through forehead and through throat
The pitiless weapon clove its deadly path,
Or forced the entrails forth: one fell to earth
Prone at the stroke; one stood though shorn of limb;
Glanced from this breast unharmed the quivering spear;
That it transfix'd to earth. Here from the veins
Spouted the life-blood, till the foeman's arms
Were crimsoned. One his brother slew, nor dared
To spoil the corse, till severed from the neck
He flung the head afar. Another dashed
Full in his father's teeth the fatal sword,
By murderous frenzy striving to disprove
His kinship with the slain. Yet for each death
We find no separate dirge, nor weep for men
When peoples fell. Thus, Rome, thy doom was wrought
At dread Pharsalus. Not, as in other fields,
By soldiers slain, or captains; here were swept
Whole nations to the death; Assyria here,
Achaia, Pontus; and the blood of Rome
Gushing in torrents forth, forbade the rest
To stagnate on the plain. Nor life was reft,
Nor safety only then; but reeled the world
And all her manifold peoples at the blow
In that day's battle dealt; nor only then
Felt, but in all the times that were to come.
Those swords gave servitude to every age

That shall be slavish; by our sires was shaped
For us our destiny, the despot yoke.
Yet have we trembled not, nor feared to bare
Our throats to slaughter, nor to face the foe:
We bear the penalty for others' shame.
Such be our doom; yet, Fortune, sharing not
In that last battle, 'twas our right to strike
One blow for freedom ere we served our lord.

Now saw Pompeius, grieving, that the gods
Had left his side, and knew the fates of Rome
Passed from his governance; yet all the blood
That filled the field scarce brought him to confess
His fortunes fled. A little hill he sought
Whence to descry the battle raging still
Upon the plain, which when he nearer stood
The warring ranks concealed. Thence did the chief
Gaze on unnumbered swords that flashed in air
And sought his ruin; and the tide of blood
In which his host had perished. Yet not as those
Who, prostrate fallen, would drag nations down
To share their evil fate, Pompeius did.
Still were the gods thought worthy of his prayers
To give him solace, in that after him
Might live his Romans. "Spare, ye gods," he said,
"Nor lay whole peoples low; my fall attained,
The world and Rome may stand. And if ye need
More bloodshed, here on me, my wife, and sons
Wreak out your vengeance — pledges to the fates
Such have we given. Too little for the war
Is our destruction? Doth the carnage fail,
The world escaping? Magnus' fortunes lost,
Why doom all else beside him?" Thus he cried,
And passed amid his standards, and recalled
His vanquished host that rushed on fate declared.
Not for his sake such carnage should be wrought.
So thought Pompeius; nor the foeman's sword

He feared, nor death; but lest upon his fall
To quit their chief his soldiers might refuse,
And o'er his prostrate corpse a world in arms
Might find its ruin: or perchance he wished
From Caesar's eager eyes to veil his death.
In vain, unhappy! for the fates decree
He shall behold, shorn from the bleeding trunk,
Again thy visage. And thou, too, his spouse,
Beloved Cornelia, didst cause his flight;
Thy longed-for features; yet he shall not die
When thou art present.

Then upon his steed,
Though fearing not the weapons at his back,
Pompeius fled, his mighty soul prepared
To meet his destinies. No groan nor tear,
But solemn grief as for the fates of Rome,
Was in his visage, and with mien unchanged
He saw Pharsalia's woes, above the frowns
Or smiles of Fortune; in triumphant days
And in his fall, her master. The burden laid
Of thine impending fate, thou partest free
To muse upon the happy days of yore.
Hope now has fled; but in the fleeting past
How wast thou great! Seek thou the wars no more,
And call the gods to witness that for thee
Henceforth dies no man. In the fights to come
On Afric's mournful shore, by Pharos' stream
And fateful Munda; in the final scene
Of dire Pharsalia's battle, not thy name
Doth stir the war and urge the foeman's arm,
But those great rivals bidding with us yet,
Caesar and Liberty; and not for thee
But for itself the dying Senate fought,
When thou had'st fled the combat.

Find'st thou not

Some solace thus in parting from the fight
Nor seeing all the horrors of its close?
Look back upon the dead that load the plain,
The rivers turbid with a crimson stream;
Then pity thou thy victor. How shall he
Enter the city, who on such a field
Finds happiness? Trust thou in Fortune yet,
Her favourite ever; and whate'er, alone
In lands unknown, an exile, be thy lot,
Whate'er thy sufferings 'neath the Pharian king,
'Twere worse to conquer. Then forbid the tear,
Cease, sounds of woe, and lamentation cease,
And let the world adore thee in defeat,
As in thy triumphs. With unfaltering gaze,
Look on the suppliant kings, thy subjects still;
Search out the realms and cities which they hold,
Thy gift, Pompeius; and a fitting place
Choose for thy death.

First witness of thy fall,
And of thy noble bearing in defeat,
Larissa. Weeping, yet with gifts of price
Fit for a victor, from her teeming gates
Poured forth her citizens, their homes and fanes
Flung open; wishing it had been their lot
With thee to share disaster. Of thy name
Still much survives, unto thy former self
Alone inferior, still could'st thou to arms
All nations call and challenge fate again.
But thus he spake: "To cities nor to men
Avails the conquered aught; then pledge your faith
To him who has the victory." Caesar trod
Pharsalia's slaughter, while his daughter's spouse
Thus gave him kingdoms; but Pompeius fled
'Mid sobs and groans and blaming of the gods
For this their fierce commandment; and he fled
Full of the fruits and knowledge of the love

The peoples bore him, which he knew not his
In times of happiness.

When Italian blood
Flowed deep enough upon the fatal field,
Caesar bade halt, and gave their lives to those
Whose death had been no gain. But that their camp
Might not recall the foe, nor calm of night
Banish their fears, he bids his cohorts dash,
While Fortune glowed and terror filled the plain,
Straight on the ramparts of the conquered foe.
Light was the task to urge them to the spoil;
“Soldiers,” he said, “the victory is ours,
Full and triumphant: there doth lie the prize
Which you have won, not Caesar; at your feet
Behold the booty of the hostile camp.
Snatched from Hesperian nations ruddy gold,
And all the riches of the Orient world,
Are piled within the tents. The wealth of kings
And of Pompeius here awaits its lords.
Haste, soldiers, and outstrip the flying foe;
E’en now the vanquished of Pharsalia’s field
Anticipate your spoils.” No more he said,
But drave them, blind with frenzy for the gold,
To spurn the bodies of their fallen sires,
And trample chiefs in dashing on their prey.
What rampart had restrained them as they rushed
To seize the prize for wickedness and war
And learn the price of guilt? And though they found
In ponderous masses heaped for need of war
The trophies of a world, yet were their minds
Unsatisfied, that asked for all. Whate’er
Iberian mines or Tagus bring to day,
Or Arimaspians from golden sands
May gather, had they seized; still had they thought
Their guilt too cheaply sold. When pledged to them
Was the Tarpeian rock, for victory won,

And all the spoils of Rome, by Caesar's word,
Shall camps suffice them?

Then plebeian limbs
On senators' turf took rest, on kingly couch
The meanest soldier; and the murderer lay
Where yesternight his brother or his sire.
In raving dreams within their waking brains
Yet raged the battle, and the guilty hand
Still wrought its deeds of blood, and restless sought
The absent sword-hilt. Thou had'st said that groans
Issued from all the plain, that parted souls
Had breathed a life into the guilty soil,
That earthly darkness teemed with gibbering ghosts
And Stygian terrors. Victory foully won
Thus claimed its punishment. The slumbering sense
Already heard the hiss of vengeful flames
As from the depths of Acheron. One saw
Deep in the trances of the night his sire
And one his brother slain. But all the dead
In long array were visioned to the eyes
Of Caesar dreaming. Not in other guise
Orestes saw the Furies ere he fled
To purge his sin within the Scythian bounds;
Nor in more fierce convulsions raged the soul
Of Pentheus raving; nor Agave's mind
When she had known her son. Before his gaze
Flashed all the javelins which Pharsalia saw,
Or that avenging day when drew their blades
The Roman senators; and on his couch,
Infernal monsters from the depths of hell
Scourged him in slumber. Thus his guilty mind
Brought retribution. Ere his rival died
The terrors that enfold the Stygian stream
And black Avernus, and the ghostly slain
Broke on his sleep.

Yet when the golden sun
Unveiled the butchery of Pharsalia's field
He shrank not from its horror, nor withdrew
His feasting gaze. There rolled the streams in flood
With crimson carnage; there a seething heap
Rose shrouding all the plain, now in decay
Slow settling down; there numbered he the host
Of Magnus slain; and for the morn's repast
That spot he chose whence he might watch the dead,
And feast his eyes upon Emathia's field
Concealed by corpses; of the bloody sight
Insatiate, he forbad the funeral pyre,
And cast Emathia in the face of heaven.
Nor by the Punic victor was he taught,
Who at the close of Cannae's fatal fight
Laid in the earth the Roman consul dead,
To find fit burial for his fallen foes;
For these were all his countrymen, nor yet
His ire by blood appeased. Yet ask we not
For separate pyres or sepulchres apart
Wherein to lay the ashes of the fallen:
Burn in one holocaust the nations slain;
Or should it please thy soul to torture more
Thy kinsman, pile on high from Oeta's slopes
And Pindus' top the woods: thus shall he see
While fugitive on the deep the blaze that marks
Thessalia. Yet by this idle rage
Nought dost thou profit; for these corporal frames
Bearing innate from birth the certain germs
Of dissolution, whether by decay
Or fire consumed, shall fall into the lap
Of all-embracing nature. Thus if now
Thou should'st deny the pyre, still in that flame
When all shall crumble, earth and rolling seas
And stars commingled with the bones of men,
These too shall perish. Where thy soul shall go
These shall companion thee; no higher flight

In airy realms is thine, nor smoother couch
Beneath the Stygian darkness; for the dead
No fortune favours, and our Mother Earth
All that is born from her receives again,
And he whose bones no tomb or urn protects
Yet sleeps beneath the canopy of heaven.
And thou, proud conqueror, who would'st deny
The rites of burial to thousands slain,
Why flee thy field of triumph? Why desert
This reeking plain? Drink, Caesar, of the streams,
Drink if thou can'st, and should it be thy wish
Breathe the Thessalian air; but from thy grasp
The earth is ravished, and th' unburied host,
Routing their victor, hold Pharsalia's field.

Then to the ghastly harvest of the war
Came all the beasts of earth whose facile sense
Of odour tracks the bodies of the slain.
Sped from his northern home the Thracian wolf;
Bears left their dens and lions from afar
Scenting the carnage; dogs obscene and foul
Their homes deserted: all the air was full
Of gathering fowl, who in their flight had long
Pursued the armies. Cranes who yearly change
The frosts of Thracia for the banks of Nile,
This year delayed their voyage. As ne'er before
The air grew dark with vultures' hovering wings,
Innumerable, for every grove and wood
Sent forth its denizens; on every tree
Dripped from their crimsoned beaks a gory dew.
Oft on the conquerors and their impious arms
Or purple rain of blood, or mouldering flesh
Fell from the lofty heaven; or limbs of men
From weary talons dropped. Yet even so
The peoples passed not all into the maw
Of ravening beast or fowl; the inmost flesh
Scarce did they touch, nor limbs — thus lay the dead

Scorned by the spoiler; and the Roman host
By sun and length of days, and rain from heaven,
At length was mingled with Emathia's plain.

Ill-starred Thessalia! By what hateful crime
Didst thou offend that thus on thee alone
Was laid such carnage? By what length of years
Shalt thou be cleansed from the curse of war?
When shall the harvest of thy fields arise
Free from their purple stain? And when the share
Cease to upturn the slaughtered hosts of Rome?
First shall the battle onset sound again,
Again shall flow upon thy fated earth
A crimson torrent. Thus may be o'erthrown
Our sires' memorials; those erected last,
Or those which pierced by ancient roots have spread
Through broken stones their sacred urns abroad.
Thus shall the ploughman of Haemonia gaze
On more abundant ashes, and the rake
Pass o'er more frequent bones. Wert, Thracia, thou.
Our only battlefield, no sailor's hand
Upon thy shore should make his cable fast;
No spade should turn, the husbandman should flee
Thy fields, the resting-place of Roman dead;
No lowing kine should graze, nor shepherd dare
To leave his fleecy charge to browse at will
On fields made fertile by our mouldering dust;
All bare and unexplored thy soil should lie,
As past man's footsteps, parched by cruel suns,
Or palled by snows unmelting! But, ye gods,
Give us to hate the lands which bear the guilt;
Let not all earth be cursed, though not all
Be blameless found.

'Twas thus that Munda's fight
And blood of Mutina, and Leucas' cape,
And sad Pachynus, made Philippi pure.

BOOK VIII

DEATH OF POMPEIUS.

Now through Alcides' pass and Tempe's groves
Pompeius, aiming for Haemonian glens
And forests lone, urged on his wearied steed
Scarce heeding now the spur; by devious tracks
Seeking to veil the footsteps of his flight:
The rustle of the foliage, and the noise
Of following comrades filled his anxious soul
With terrors, as he fancied at his side
Some ambushed enemy. Fallen from the height
Of former fortunes, still the chieftain knew
His life not worthless; mindful of the fates:
And 'gainst the price he set on Caesar's head,
He measures Caesar's value of his own.

Yet, as he rode, the features of the chief
Made known his ruin. Many as they sought
The camp Pharsalian, ere yet was spread
News of the battle, met the chief, amazed,
And wondered at the whirl of human things:
Nor held disaster sure, though Magnus' self
Told of his ruin. Every witness seen
Brought peril on his flight: 'twere better far
Safe in a name obscure, through all the world
To wander; but his ancient fame forbad.

Too long had great Pompeius from the height
Of human greatness, envied of mankind,
Looked on all others; nor for him henceforth
Could life be lowly. The honours of his youth
Too early thrust upon him, and the deeds
Which brought him triumph in the Sullan days,
His conquering navy and the Pontic war,

Made heavier now the burden of defeat,
And crushed his pondering soul. So length of days
Drags down the haughty spirit, and life prolonged
When power has perished. Fortune's latest hour,
Be the last hour of life! Nor let the wretch
Live on disgraced by memories of fame!
But for the boon of death, who'd dare the sea
Of prosperous chance?

Upon the ocean marge
By red Peneus blushing from the fray,
Borne in a sloop, to lightest wind and wave
Scarce equal, he, whose countless oars yet smote
Upon Coreyra's isle and Leucas point,
Lord of Cilicia and Liburnian lands,
Crept trembling to the sea. He bids them steer
For the sequestered shores of Lesbos isle;
For there wert thou, sharer of all his griefs,
Cornelia! Sadder far thy life apart
Than wert thou present in Thessalia's fields.
Racked is thy heart with presages of ill;
Pharsalia fills thy dreams; and when the shades
Give place to coming dawn, with hasty step
Thou tread'st some cliff sea-beaten, and with eyes
Gazing afar art first to mark the sail
Of each approaching bark: yet dar'st not ask
Aught of thy husband's fate.

Behold the boat
Whose bending canvas bears her to the shore:
She brings (unknown as yet) thy chiefest dread,
Rumour of evil, herald of defeat,
Magnus, thy conquered spouse. Fear then no more,
But give to grief thy moments. From the ship
He leaps to land; she marks the cruel doom
Wrought by the gods upon him: pale and wan
His weary features, by the hoary locks

Shaded; the dust of travel on his garb.
Dark on her soul a night of anguish fell;
Her trembling limbs no longer bore her frame:
Scarce throbbed her heart, and prone on earth she lay
Deceived in hope of death. The boat made fast,
Pompeius treading the lone waste of sand
Drew near; whom when Cornelia's maidens saw,
They stayed their weeping, yet with sighs subdued,
Reproached the fates; and tried in vain to raise
Their mistress' form, till Magnus to his breast
Drew her with cherishing arms; and at the touch
Of soothing hands the life-blood to her veins
Returned once more, and she could bear to look
Upon his features. He forbade despair,
Chiding her grief. "Not at the earliest blow
By Fortune dealt, inheritress of fame
Bequeathed by noble fathers, should thy strength
Thus fail and yield: renown shall yet be thine,
To last through ages; not of laws decreed
Nor conquests won; a gentler path to thee
As to thy sex, is given; thy husband's woe.
Let thine affection struggle with the fates,
And in his misery love thy lord the more.
I bring thee greater glory, for that gone
Is all the pomp of power and all the crowd
Of faithful senators and suppliant kings;
Now first Pompeius for himself alone
Tis thine to love. Curb this unbounded grief,
While yet I breathe, unseemly. O'er my tomb
Weep out thy full, the final pledge of faith.
Thou hast no loss, nor has the war destroyed
Aught save my fortune. If for that thy grief
That was thy love."

Roused by her husband's words,
Yet scarcely could she raise her trembling limbs,
Thus speaking through her sobs: "Would I had sought

Detested Caesar's couch, ill-omened wife
Of spouse unhappy; at my nuptials twice
A Fury has been bridesmaid, and the ghosts
Of slaughtered Crassi, with avenging shades
Brought by my wedlock to the doomed camp
The Parthian massacre. Twice my star has cursed
The world, and peoples have been hurled to death
In one red moment; and the gods through me
Have left the better cause. O, hero mine,
mightiest husband, wedded to a wife
Unworthy! 'Twas through her that Fortune gained
The right to strike thee. Wherefore did I wed
To bring thee misery? Mine, mine the guilt,
Mine be the penalty. And that the wave
May bear thee gently onwards, and the kings
May keep their faith to thee, and all the earth
Be ready to thy rule, me from thy side
Cast to the billows. Rather had I died
To bring thee victory; thy disasters thus,
Thus expiate. And, cruel Julia, thee,
Who by this war hast vengeance on our vows,
From thine abode I call: atonement find
In this thy rival's death, and spare at least
Thy Magnus." Then upon his breast she fell,
While all the concourse wept — e'en Magnus' self,
Who saw Thessalia's field without a tear.

But now upon the shore a numerous band
From Mitylene thus approached the chief:
"If 'tis our greatest glory to have kept
The pledge with us by such a husband placed,
Do thou one night within these friendly walls
We pray thee, stay; thus honouring the homes
Long since devoted, Magnus, to thy cause.
This spot in days to come the guest from Rome
For thee shall honour. Nowhere shalt thou find
A surer refuge in defeat. All else

May court the victor's favour; we long since
Have earned his chastisement. And though our isle
Rides on the deep, girt by the ocean wave,
No ships has Caesar: and to us shall come,
Be sure, thy captains, to our trusted shore,
The war renewing. Take, for all is thine,
The treasures of our temples and the gold,
Take all our youth by land or on the sea
To do thy bidding: Lesbos only asks
This from the chief who sought her in his pride,
Not in his fall to leave her." Pleased in soul
At such a love, and joyed that in the world
Some faith still lingered, thus Pompeius said:
"Earth has for me no dearer land than this.
Did I not trust it with so sweet a pledge
And find it faithful? Here was Rome for me,
Country and household gods. This shore I sought
Home of my wife, this Lesbos, which for her
Had merited remorseless Caesar's ire:
Nor was afraid to trust you with the means
To gain his mercy. But enough — through me
Your guilt was caused — I part, throughout the world
To prove my fate. Farewell thou happiest land!
Famous for ever, whether taught by thee
Some other kings and peoples may be pleased
To give me shelter; or should'st thou alone
Be faithful. And now seek I in what lands
Right may be found or wrong. My latest prayer
Receive, O deity, if still with me
Thou bidest, thus. May it be mine again,
Conquered, with hostile Caesar on my tracks
To find a Lesbos where to enter in
And whence to part, unhindered."

In the boat

He placed his spouse: while from the shore arose
Such lamentation, and such hands were raised

In ire against the gods, that thou had'st deemed
All left their kin for exile, and their homes.
And though for Magnus grieving in his fall
Yet for Cornelia chiefly did they mourn
Long since their gentle guest. For her had wept
The Lesbian matrons had she left to join
A victor husband: for she won their love,
By kindly modesty and gracious mien,
Ere yet her lord was conquered, while as yet
Their fortunes stood.

Now slowly to the deep
Sank fiery Titan; but not yet to those
He sought (if such there be), was shown his orb,
Though veiled from those he quitted. Magnus' mind,
Anxious with waking cares, sought through the kings
His subjects, and the cities leagued with Rome
In faith, and through the pathless tracts that lie
Beyond the southern bounds: until the toil
Of sorrowing thought upon the past, and dread
Of that which might be, made him cast afar
His wavering doubts, and from the captain seek
Some counsel on the heavens; how by the sky
He marked his track upon the deep; what star
Guided the path to Syria, and what points
Found in the Wain would pilot him aright
To shores of Libya. But thus replied
The well-skilled watcher of the silent skies:
"Not by the constellations moving ever
Across the heavens do we guide our barks;
For that were perilous; but by that star
Which never sinks nor dips below the wave,
Girt by the glittering groups men call the Bears.
When stands the pole-star clear before the mast,
Then to the Bosphorus look we, and the main
Which carves the coast of Scythia. But the more
Bootes dips, and nearer to the sea

Is Cynosura seen, so much the ship
Towards Syria tends, till bright Canopus shines,
In southern skies content to hold his course;
With him upon the left past Pharos borne
Straight for the Syrtes shalt thou plough the deep.
But whither now dost bid me shape the yards
And set the canvas?"

Magnus, doubting still;
"This only be thy care: from Thracia steer
The vessel onward; shun with all thy skill
Italia's distant shore: and for the rest
Trust to the winds for guidance. When I sought,
Pledged with the Lesbians, my spouse beloved,
My course was sure: now, Fortune, where thou wilt
Give me a refuge." These his answering words.

The pilot, as they hung from level yards
Shifted the sails; and hauling to the stern
One sheet, he slacked the other, to the left
Steering, where Samian rocks and Chian marred
The stillness of the waters; while the sea
Sent up in answer to the changing keel
A different murmur. Not so deftly turns
Curbing his steeds, his wain the Charioteer,
While glows his dexter wheel, and with the left
He almost touches, yet avoids the goal.

Now Titan veiled the stars and showed the shore;
When, following Magnus, came a scattered band
Saved from the Thracian storm. From Lesbos' port
His son; next, captains who preserved their faith;
For at his side, though vanquished in the field,
Cast down by fate, in exile, still there stood,
Lords of the earth and all her Orient realms,
The Kings, his ministers.

To the furthest lands
He bids Deiotarus: "O faithful friend,
Since in Emathia's battle-field was lost
The world, so far as Roman, it remains
To test the faith of peoples of the East
Who drink of Tigris and Euphrates' stream,
Secure as yet from Caesar. Be it thine
Far as the rising of the sun to trace
The fates that favour Magnus: to the courts
Of Median palaces, to Scythian steppes;
And to the son of haughty Arsaces,
To bear my message, 'Hold ye to the faith,
Pledged by your priests and by the Thunderer's name
Of Latium sworn? Then fill your quivers full,
Draw to its fullest span th' Armenian bow;
And, Getan archers, wing the fatal shaft.
And you, ye Parthians, if when I sought
The Caspian gates, and on th' Alaunian tribes
Fierce, ever-warring, pressed, I suffered you
In Persian tracts to wander, nor compelled
To seek for shelter Babylonian walls;
If beyond Cyrus' kingdom and the bounds
Of wide Chaldaea, where from Nysa's top
Pours down Hydaspes, and the Ganges flood
Foams to the ocean, nearer far I stood
Than Persia's bounds to Phoebus' rising fires;
If by my sufferance, Parthians, you alone
Decked not my triumphs, but in equal state
Sole of all Eastern princes, face to face
Met Magnus in his pride, nor only once
Through me were saved; (for after that dread day
Who but Pompeius soothed the kindling fires
Of Latium's anger?) — by my service paid
Come forth to victory: burst the ancient bounds
By Macedon's hero set: in Magnus' cause
March, Parthians, to Rome's conquest. Rome herself
Prays to be conquered.'"

Hard the task imposed;
Yet doffed his robe, and swift obeyed, the king
Wrapped in a servant's mantle. If a Prince
For safety play the boor, then happier, sure,
The peasant's lot than lordship of the world.

The king thus parted, past Icaria's rocks
Pompeius' vessel skirts the foamy crags
Of little Samos: Colophon's tranquil sea
And Ephesus lay behind him, and the air
Breathed freely on him from the Coan shore.
Cuidos he shunned, and, famous for its sun,
Rhodos, and steering for the middle deep
Escaped the windings of Telmessus' bay;
Till rose Pamphylian coasts before the bark,
And first the fallen chieftain dared to find
In small Phaseils shelter; for therein
Scarce was the husbandman, and empty homes
Forbad to fear. Next Taurus' heights he saw
And Dipsus falling from his lofty sides:
So sailed he onward.

Did Pompeius hope,
Thus severed by the billows from the foe,
To make his safety sure? His little boat
Flies unmolested past Cilician shores;
But to their exiled lord in chieftest part
The senate of Rome was drawn. Celendrae there
Received their fleet, where fair Selinus' stream
In spacious bay gives refuge from the main;
And to the gathered chiefs in mournful words
At length Pompeius thus resolved his thoughts:
"O faithful comrades mine in war and flight!
To me, my country! Though this barren shore
Our place of meeting, and no gathered host
Surrounds us, yet upon our changed estate
I seek your counsel. Rouse ye as of yore

With hearts of courage! Magnus on the field
Not all is perished, nor do fates forbid
But that I rise afresh with living hope
Of future victories, and spurn defeat.
From Libyan ruins did not Marius rise
Again recorded Consul on the page
Full of his honours? shall a lighter blow
Keep Magnus down, whose thousand chiefs and ships
Still plough the billows; by defeat his strength
Not whelmed but scattered? And the fame alone
Of our great deeds of glory in the past
Shall now protect us, and the world unchanged
Still love its hero.

“Weigh upon the scales
Ye chiefs, which best may help the needs of Rome,
In faith and armies; or the Parthian realm
Egypt or Libya. For myself, ye chiefs,
I veil no secret thoughts, but thus advise.
Place no reliance on the Pharian king;
His age forbids: nor on the cunning Moor,
Who vain of Punic ancestors, and vain
Of Carthaginian memories and descent
Supposed from Hannibal, and swollen with pride
At Varus’ supplication, sees in thought
Rome lie beneath him. Wherefore, comrades, seek
At speed, the Eastern world. Those mighty realms
Disjoins from us Euphrates, and the gates
Called Caspian; on another sky than ours
There day and night revolve; another sea
Of different hue is severed from our own.
Rule is their wish, nought else: and in their plains
Taller the war-horse, stronger twangs the bow;
There fails nor youth nor age to wing the shaft
Fatal in flight. Their archers first subdued
The lance of Macedon and Baetra’s walls,
Home of the Mede; and haughty Babylon

With all her storied towers: nor shall they dread
The Roman onset; trusting to the shafts
By which the host of fated Crassus fell.
Nor trust they only to the javelin blade
Untipped with poison: from the rancorous edge
The slightest wound deals death.

“Would that my lot
Forced me not thus to trust that savage race
Of Arsaces! Yet now their emulous fate
Contentends with Roman destinies: the gods
Smile favouring on their nation. Thence I’ll pour
On Caesar peoples from another earth
And all the Orient ravished from its home.
But should the East and barbarous treaties fail,
Fate, bear our shipwrecked fortunes past the bounds
Of earth, as known to men. The kings I made
I supplicate not, but in death shall take
To other spheres this solace: chief of all;
His hands, my kinsman’s, never shed my blood
Nor soothed me dying. Yet as my mind in turn
The varying fortunes of my life recalls,
How was I glorious in that Eastern world!
How great my name by far Maeotis marsh
And where swift Tanais flows! No other land
Has so resounded with my conquests won,
So sent me home triumphant. Rome, do thou
Approve my enterprise! What happier chance
Could favouring gods afford thee? Parthian hosts
Shall fight the civil wars of Rome, and share
Her ills, and fall enfeebled. When the arms
Of Caesar meet with Parthian in the fray,
Then must kind Fortune vindicate my lot
Or Crassus be avenged.”

But murmurs rose,
And Magnus speaking knew his words condemned.

Then Lentulus answered, with indignant soul,
Foremost to rouse their valour, thus in words
Worthy a Consul: "Have Thessalian woes
Broken thy spirit so? One day's defeat
Condemned the world to ruin? Is the cause
Lost in one battle and beyond recall?
Find we no cure for wounds? Does Fortune drive
Thee, Magnus, to the Parthians' feet alone?
And dost thou, fugitive, spurn the lands and skies
Known heretofore, and seek for other poles
And constellations, and Chaldaean gods,
And rites barbarian, servant of the realm Of
Parthia? But why then took we arms
For love of liberty? If thou canst slave
Thou hast deceived the world! Shall Parthia see
Thee at whose name, ruler of mighty Rome,
She trembled, at whose feet she captive saw
Hyrcanian kings and Indian princes kneel,
Now humbly suppliant, victim of the fates;
And at thy prayer her puny strength extol
In mad contention with the Western world?
Nor think, Pompeius, thou shalt plead thy cause
In that proud tongue unknown to Parthian ears
Of which thy fame is worthy; sobs and tears
He shall demand of thee. And has our shame
Brought us to this, that some barbarian foe
Shall venge Hesperia's wrongs ere Rome her own?
Thou wert our leader for the civil war:
Mid Scythia's peoples dost thou bruit abroad
Wounds and disasters which are ours alone?
Rome until now, though subject to the yoke
Of civic despots, yet within her walls
Has brooked no foreign lord. And art thou pleased
From all the world to summon to her gates
These savage peoples, while the standards lost
By far Euphrates when the Crassi fell
Shall lead thy columns? Shall the only king

Who failed Emathia, while the fates yet hid
Their favouring voices, brave the victor's power,
And join with thine his fortune? Nay, not so
This nation trusts itself. Each race that claims
A northern birth, unconquered in the fray
Claims but the warrior's death; but as the sky
Slopes towards the eastern tracts and gentler climes
So are the nations. There in flowing robes
And garments delicate are men arrayed.
True that the Parthian in Sarmatia's plains,
Where Tigris spreads across the level meads,
Contents invincible; for flight is his
Unbounded; but should uplands bar his path
He scales them not; nor through the night of war
Shall his weak bow uncertain in its aim
Repel the foeman; nor his strength of arm
The torrent stem; nor all a summer's day
In dust and blood bear up against the foe.
They fill no hostile trench, nor in their hands
Shall battering engine or machine of war
Dash down the rampart; and whate'er avails
To stop their arrows, battles like a wall.
Wide sweep their horsemen, fleeting in attack
And light in onset, and their troops shall yield
A camp, not take it: poisoned are their shafts;
Nor do they dare a combat hand to hand;
But as the winds may suffer, from afar
They draw their bows at venture. Brave men love
The sword which, wielded by a stalwart arm,
Drives home the blow and makes the battle sure.
Not such their weapons; and the first assault
Shall force the flying Mede with coward hand
And empty quiver from the field. His faith
In poisoned blades is placed; but trustest thou
Those who without such aid refuse the war?
For such alliance wilt thou risk a death,
With all the world between thee and thy home?

Shall some barbarian earth or lowly grave
Enclose thee perishing? E'en that were shame
While Crassus seeks a sepulchre in vain.
Thy lot is happy; death, unfear'd by men,
Is thy worst doom, Pompeius; but no death
Awaits Cornelia — such a fate for her
This king shall not reserve; for know not we
The hateful secrets of barbarian love,
Which, blind as that of beasts, the marriage bed
Pollutes with wives unnumbered? Nor the laws
By nature made respect they, nor of kin.
In ancient days the fable of the crime
By tyrant Oedipus unwitting wrought,
Brought hate upon his city; but how oft
Sits on the throne of Arsaces a prince
Of birth incestuous? This gracious dame
Born of Metellus, noblest blood of Rome,
Shall share the couch of the barbarian king
With thousand others: yet in savage joy,
Proud of her former husbands, he may grant
Some larger share of favour; and the fates
May seem to smile on Parthia; for the spouse
Of Crassus, captive, shall to him be brought
As spoil of former conquest. If the wound
Dealt in that fell defeat in eastern lands
Still stirs thy heart, then double is the shame
First to have waged the war upon ourselves,
Then ask the foe for succour. For what blame
Can rest on thee or Caesar, worse than this
That in the clash of conflict ye forgot
For Crassus' slaughtered troops the vengeance due?
First should united Rome upon the Mede
Have poured her captains, and the troops who guard
The northern frontier from the Dacian hordes;
And all her legions should have left the Rhine
Free to the Teuton, till the Parthian dead
Were piled in heaps upon the sands that hide

Our heroes slain; and haughty Babylon
Lay at her victor's feet. To this foul peace
We pray an end; and if Thessalia's day
Has closed our warfare, let the conqueror march
Straight on our Parthian foe. Then should this heart,
Then only, leap at Caesar's triumph won.
Go thou and pass Araxes' chilly stream
On this thine errand; and the fleeting ghost
Pierced by the Scythian shaft shall greet thee thus:
'Art thou not he to whom our wandering shades
Looked for their vengeance in the guise of war?
And dost thou sue for peace?' There shalt thou meet
Memorials of the dead. Red is yon wall
Where passed their headless trunks: Euphrates here
Engulfed them slain, or Tigris' winding stream
Cast on the shore to perish. Gaze on this,
And thou canst supplicate at Caesar's feet
In mid Thessalia seated. Nay, thy glance
Turn on the Roman world, and if thou fear'st
King Juba faithless and the southern realms,
Then seek we Pharos. Egypt on the west
Girt by the trackless Syrtes forces back
By sevenfold stream the ocean; rich in glebe
And gold and merchandise; and proud of Nile
Asks for no rain from heaven. Now holds this boy
Her sceptre, owed to thee; his guardian thou:
And who shall fear this shadow of a name?
Hope not from monarchs old, whose shame is fled,
Or laws or troth or honour of the gods:
New kings bring mildest sway."

His words prevailed
Upon his hearers. With what freedom speaks,
When states are trembling, patriot despair!
Pompeius' voice was quelled.

They hoist their sails

For Cyprus shaped, whose altars more than all
The goddess loves who from the Paphian wave
Sprang, mindful of her birth, if such be truth,
And gods have origin. Past the craggy isle
Pompeius sailing, left at length astern
Its southern cape, and struck across the main
With winds transverse and tides; nor reached the mount
Grateful to sailors for its nightly gleam:
But to the bounds of Egypt hardly won
With battling canvas, where divided Nile
Pours through the shallows his Pelusian stream.
Now was the season when the heavenly scale
Most nearly balances the varying hours,
Once only equal; for the wintry day
Repays to night her losses of the spring;
And Magnus learning that th' Egyptian king
Lay by Mount Casius, ere the sun was set
Or flagged his canvas, thither steered his ship.

Already had a horseman from the shore
In rapid gallop to the trembling court
Brought news their guest was come. Short was the time
For counsel given; but in haste were met
All who advised the base Pellaeian king,
Monsters, inhuman; there Achoreus sat
Less harsh in failing years, in Memphis born
Of empty rites, and guardian of the rise
Of fertilising Nile. While he was priest
Not only once had Apis lived the space
Marked by the crescent on his sacred brow.
First was his voice, for Magnus raised and troth
And for the pledges of the king deceased:
But, skilled in counsel meet for shameless minds
And tyrant hearts, Pothinus, dared to claim
Judgment of death on Magnus. "Laws and right
Make many guilty, Ptolemmus king.
And faith thus lauded brings its punishment

When it supports the fallen. To the fates
Yield thee, and to the gods; the wretched shun
But seek the happy. As the stars from earth
Differ, and fire from ocean, so from right
Expedience. The tyrant's shorn of strength
Who ponders justice; and regard for right
Bring's ruin on a throne. For lawless power
The best defence is crime, and cruel deeds
Find safety but in doing. He that aims
At piety must flee the regal hall;
Virtue's the bane of rule; he lives in dread
Who shrinks from cruelty. Nor let this chief
Unpunished scorn thy youth, who thinks that thou
Not even the conquered from our shore can'st bar.
Nor to a stranger, if thou would'st not reign,
Resign thy sceptre, for the ties of blood
Speak for thy banished sister. Let her rule
O'er Nile and Pharos: we shall at the least
Preserve our Egypt from the Latian arms.
What Magnus owned not ere the war was done,
No more shall Caesar. Driven from all the world,
Trusting no more to Fortune, now he seeks
Some foreign nation which may share his fate.
Shades of the slaughtered in the civil war
Compel him: nor from Caesar's arms alone
But from the Senate also does he fly,
Whose blood outpoured has gorged Thessalian fowl;
Monarchs he fears whose all he hath destroyed,
And nations piled in one ensanguined heap,
By him deserted. Victim of the blow
Thessalia dealt, refused in every land,
He asks for help from ours not yet betrayed.
But none than Egypt with this chief from Rome
Has juster quarrel; who has sought with arms
To stain our Pharos, distant from the strife
And peaceful ever, and to make our realm
Suspected by his victor. Why alone

Should this our country please thee in thy fall?
Why bringst thou here the burden of thy fates,
Pharsalia's curse? In Caesar's eyes long since
We have offence which by the sword alone
Can find its condonation, in that we
By thy persuasion from the Senate gained
This our dominion. By our prayers we helped
If not by arms thy cause. This sword, which fate
Bids us make ready, not for thee I hold
Prepared, but for the vanquished; and on thee
(Would it had been on Caesar) falls the stroke;
For we are borne. as all things, to his side.
And dost thou doubt, since thou art in my power,
Thou art my victim? By what trust in us
Cam'st thou, unhappy? Scarce our people tills
The fields, though softened by the reflux Nile:
Know well our strength, and know we can no more.
Rome 'neath the ruin of Pompeius lies:
Shalt thou, king, uphold him? Shalt thou dare
To stir Pharsalia's ashes and to call
War to thy kingdom? Ere the fight was fought
We joined not either army — shall we now
Make Magnus friend whom all the world deserts?
And fling a challenge to the conquering chief
And all his proud successes? Fair is help
Lent in disaster, yet reserved for those
Whom fortune favours. Faith her friends selects
Not from the wretched."

They decree the crime:
Proud is the boyish tyrant that so soon
His slaves permit him to so great a deed
To give his favouring voice; and for the work
They choose Achilles.

Where the treacherous shore
Runs out in sand below the Casian mount

And where the shallow waters of the sea
Attest the Syrtes near, in little boat
Achillas and his partners in the crime
With swords embark. Ye gods! and shall the Nile
And barbarous Memphis and th' effeminate crew
That throngs Pelusian Canopus raise
Its thoughts to such an enterprise? Do thus
Our fates press on the world? Is Rome thus fallen
That in our civil frays the Phaxian sword
Finds place, or Egypt? O, may civil war
Be thus far faithful that the hand which strikes
Be of our kindred; and the foreign fiend
Held worlds apart! Pompeius, great in soul,
Noble in spirit, had deserved a death
From Caesar's self. And, king, hast thou no fear
At such a ruin of so great a name?
And dost thou dare when heaven's high thunder rolls,
Thou, puny boy, to mingle with its tones
Thine impure utterance? Had he not won
A world by arms, and thrice in triumph scaled
The sacred Capitol, and vanquished kings,
And championed the Roman Senate's cause;
He, kinsman of the victor? 'Twas enough
To cause forbearance in a Pharian king,
That he was Roman. Wherefore with thy sword
Dost stab our breasts? Thou know'st not, impious boy,
How stand thy fortunes; now no more by right
Hast thou the sceptre of the land of Nile;
For prostrate, vanquished in the civil wars
Is he who gave it.

Furling now his sails,
Magnus with oars approached th' accursed land,
When in their little boat the murderous crew
Drew nigh, and feigning from th' Egyptian court
A ready welcome, blamed the double tides
Broken by shallows, and their scanty beach

Unfit for fleets; and bade him to their craft
Leaving his loftier ship. Had not the fates'
Eternal and unalterable laws
Called for their victim and decreed his end
Now near at hand, his comrades' warning voice
Yet might have stayed his course: for if the court
To Magnus, who bestowed the Pharian crown,
In truth were open, should not king and fleet
In pomp have come to greet him? But he yields:
The fates compel. Welcome to him was death
Rather than fear. But, rushing to the side,
His spouse would follow, for she dared not stay,
Fearing the guile. Then he, "Abide, my wife,
And son, I pray you; from the shore afar
Await my fortunes; mine shall be the life
To test their honour." But Cornelia still
Withstood his bidding, and with arms outspread
Frenzied she cried: "And whither without me,
Cruel, departest? Thou forbid'st me share
Thy risks Thessalian; dost again command
That I should part from thee? No happy star
Breaks on our sorrow. If from every land
Thou dost debar me, why didst turn aside
In flight to Lesbos? On the waves alone
Am I thy fit companion?" Thus in vain,
Leaning upon the bulwark, dazed with dread;
Nor could she turn her straining gaze aside,
Nor see her parting husband. All the fleet
Stood silent, anxious, waiting for the end:
Not that they feared the murder which befell,
But lest their leader might with humble prayer
Kneel to the king he made.

As Magnus passed,
A Roman soldier from the Pharian boat,
Septimius, salutes him. Gods of heaven!
There stood he, minion to a barbarous king,

Nor bearing still the javelin of Rome;
But vile in all his arms; giant in form
Fierce, brutal, thirsting as a beast may thirst
For carnage. Didst thou, Fortune, for the sake
Of nations, spare to dread Pharsalus field
This savage monster's blows? Or dost thou place
Throughout the world, for thy mysterious ends,
Some ministering swords for civil war?
Thus, to the shame of victors and of gods,
This story shall be told in days to come:
A Roman swordsman, once within thy ranks,
Slave to the orders of a puny prince,
Severed Pompeius' neck. And what shall be
Septimius' fame hereafter? By what name
This deed be called, if Brutus wrought a crime?

Now came the end, the latest hour of all:
Rapt to the boat was Magnus, of himself
No longer master, and the miscreant crew
Unsheathed their swords; which when the chieftain saw
He swathed his visage, for he scorned unveiled
To yield his life to fortune; closed his eyes
And held his breath within him, lest some word,
Or sob escaped, might mar the deathless fame
His deeds had won. And when within his side
Achillas plunged his blade, nor sound nor cry
He gave, but calm consented to the blow
And proved himself in dying; in his breast
These thoughts revolving: "In the years to come
Men shall make mention of our Roman toils,
Gaze on this boat, ponder the Pharian faith;
And think upon thy fame and all the years
While fortune smiled: but for the ills of life
How thou could'st bear them, this men shall not know
Save by thy death. Then weigh thou not the shame
That waits on thine undoing. Whose strikes,
The blow is Caesar's. Men may tear this frame

And cast it mangled to the winds of heaven;
Yet have I prospered, nor can all the gods
Call back my triumphs. Life may bring defeat,
But death no misery. If my spouse and son
Behold me murdered, silently the more
I suffer: admiration at my death
Shall prove their love." Thus did Pompeius die,
Guarding his thoughts.

But now Cornelia filled
The air with lamentations at the sight;
"O, husband, whom my wicked self hath slain!
That lonely isle apart thy bane hath been
And stayed thy coming. Caesar to the Nile
Has won before us; for what other hand
May do such work? But whosoe'er thou art
Sent from the gods with power, for Caesar's ire,
Or thine own sake, to slay, thou dost not know
Where lies the heart of Magnus. Haste and do!
Such were his prayer — no other punishment
Befits the conquered. Yet let him ere his end
See mine, Cornelia's. On me the blame
Of all these wars, who sole of Roman wives
Followed my spouse afield nor feared the fates;
And in disaster, when the kings refused,
Received and cherished him. Did I deserve
Thus to be left of thee, and didst thou seek
To spare me? And when rushing on thine end
Was I to live? Without the monarch's help
Death shall be mine, either by headlong leap
Beneath the waters; or some sailor's hand
Shall bind around this neck the fatal cord;
Or else some comrade, worthy of his chief,
Drive to my heart his blade for Magnus' sake,
And claim the service done to Ceasar's arms.
What! does your cruelty withhold my fate?
Ah! still he lives, nor is it mine as yet

To win this freedom; they forbid me death,
Kept for the victor's triumph." Thus she spake,
While friendly hands upheld her fainting form;
And sped the trembling vessel from the shore.

Men say that Magnus, when the deadly blows
Fell thick upon him, lost nor form divine,
Nor venerated mien; and as they gazed
Upon his lacerated head they marked
Still on his features anger with the gods.
Nor death could change his visage — for in act
Of striking, fierce Septimius' murderous hand
(Thus making worse his crime) severed the folds
That swathed the face, and seized the noble head
And drooping neck ere yet was fled the life:
Then placed upon the bench; and with his blade
Slow at its hideous task, and blows unskilled
Hacked through the flesh and brake the knotted bone:
For yet man had not learned by swoop of sword
Deftly to lop the neck. Achillas claimed
The gory head dissevered. What! shalt thou
A Roman soldier, while thy blade yet reeks
From Magnus' slaughter, play the second part
To this base varlet of the Pharian king?
Nor bear thyself the bleeding trophy home?
Then, that the impious boy (ah! shameful fate)
Might know the features of the hero slain,
Seized by the locks, the dread of kings, which waved
Upon his stately front, on Pharian pike
The head was lifted; while almost the life
Gave to the tongue its accents, and the eyes
Were yet scarce glazed: that head at whose command
Was peace or war, that tongue whose eloquent tones
Would move assemblies, and that noble brow
On which were showered the rewards of Rome.
Nor to the tyrant did the sight suffice
To prove the murder done. The perishing flesh,

The tissues, and the brain he bids remove
By art nefarious: the shrivelled skin
Draws tight upon the bone; and poisonous juice
Gives to the face its lineaments in death.

Last of thy race, thou base degenerate boy,
About to perish soon, and yield the throne
To thine incestuous sister; while the Prince
From Macedon here in consecrated vault
Now rests, and ashes of the kings are closed
In mighty pyramids, and lofty tombs
Of thine unworthy fathers mark the graves;
Shall Magnus' body hither and thither borne
Be battered, headless, by the ocean wave?
Too much it troubled thee to guard the corse
Unmutilated, for his kinsman's eye
To witness! Such the faith which Fortune kept
With prosperous Pompeius to the end.
'Twas not for him in evil days some ray
Of light to hope for. Shattered from the height
Of power in one short moment to his death!
Years of unbroken victories balanced down
By one day's carnage! In his happy time
Heaven did not harass him, nor did she spare
In misery. Long Fortune held the hand
That dashed him down. Now beaten by the sands,
Torn upon rocks, the sport of ocean's waves
Poured through its wounds, his headless carcase lies,
Save by the lacerated trunk unknown.

Yet ere the victor touched the Pharian sands
Some scanty rites to Magnus Fortune gave,
Lest he should want all burial. Pale with fear
Came Cordus, hasting from his hiding place;
Quaestor, he joined Pompeius on thy shore,
Idalian Cyprus, bringing in his train
A cloud of evils. Through the darkening shades

Love for the dead compelled his trembling steps,
Hard by the marin of the deep to search
And drag to land his master. Through the clouds
The moon shone sadly, and her rays were dim;
But by its hue upon the hoary main
He knew the body. In a fast embrace
He holds it, wrestling with the greedy sea,
And deftly watching for a refluent wave
Gains help to bring his burden to the land.
Then clinging to the loved remains, the wounds
Washed with his tears, thus to the gods he speaks,
And misty stars obscure: "Here, Fortune, lies
Pompeius, thine: no costly incense rare
Or pomp of funeral he dares to ask;
Nor that the smoke rise heavenward from his pyre
With eastern odours rich; nor that the necks
Of pious Romans bear him to the tomb,
Their parent; while the forums shall resound
With dirges; nor that triumphs won of yore
Be borne before him; nor for sorrowing hosts
To cast their weapons forth. Some little shell
He begs as for the meanest, laid in which
His mutilated corse may reach the flame.
Grudge not his misery the pile of wood
Lit by this menial hand. Is't not enough
That his Cornelia with dishevelled hair
Weeps not beside him at his obsequies,
Nor with a last embrace shall place the torch
Beneath her husband dead, but on the deep
Hard by still wanders?"

Burning from afar

He sees the pyre of some ignoble youth
Deserted of his own, with none to guard:
And quickly drawing from beneath the limbs
Some glowing logs, "Whoe'er thou art," he said
"Neglected shade, uncared for, dear to none,

Yet happier than Pompeius in thy death,
Pardon I ask that this my stranger hand
Should violate thy tomb. Yet if to shades
Be sense or memory, gladly shalt thou yield
This from thy pyre to Magnus. 'Twere thy shame,
Blessed with due burial, if his remains
Were homeless." Speaking thus, the wood aflame
Back to the headless trunk at speed he bore,
Which hanging on the margin of the deep,
Almost the sea had won. In sandy trench
The gathered fragments of a broken boat,
Trembling, he placed around the noble limbs.
No pile above the corpse nor under lay,
Nor was the fire beneath. Then as he crouched
Beside the blaze, "O, greatest chief," he cried,
Majestic champion of Hesperia's name,
If to be tossed unburied on the deep
Rather than these poor rites thy shade prefer,
From these mine offices thy mighty soul
Withdraw, Pompeius. Injuries dealt by fate
Command this duty, lest some bird or beast
Or ocean monster, or fierce Caesar's wrath
Should venture aught upon thee. Take the fire;
All that thou canst; by Roman hand at least
Enkindled. And should Fortune grant return
To loved Hesperia's land, not here shall rest
Thy sacred ashes; but within an urn
Cornelia, from this humble hand received,
Shall place them. Here upon a meagre stone
We draw the characters to mark thy tomb.
These letters reading may some kindly friend
Bring back thine head, dissevered, and may grant
Full funeral honours to thine earthly frame."

Then did he cherish the enfeebled fire
Till Magnus' body mingled with its flames.
But now the harbinger of coming dawn

Had paled the constellations: he in fear
Seeks for his hiding place. Whom dost thou dread,
Madman, what punishment for such a crime,
For which thy fame by rumour trumpet-tongued
Has been sent down to ages? Praise is thine
For this thy work, at impious Caesar's hands;
Sure of a pardon, go; confess thy task,
And beg the head dissevered. But his work
Was still unfinished, and with pious hand
(Fearing some foe) he seizes on the bones
Now half consumed, and sinews; and the wave
Pours in upon them, and in shallow trench
Commits them to the earth; and lest some breeze
Might bear away the ashes, or by chance
Some sailor's anchor might disturb the tomb,
A stone he places, and with stick half burned
Traces the sacred name: HERE MAGNUS LIES.

And art thou, Fortune, pleased that such a spot
Should be his tomb which even Caesar's self
Had chosen, rather than permit his corse
To rest unburied? Why, with thoughtless hand
Confine his shade within the narrow bounds
Of this poor sepulchre? Where the furthest sand
Hangs on the margin of the baffled deep
Cabined he lies; yet where the Roman name
Is known, and Empire, such in truth shall be
The boundless measure of his resting-place.
Blot out this stone, this proof against the gods!
Oeta finds room for Hercules alone,
And Nysa's mountain for the Bromian god;
Not all the lands of Egypt should suffice
For Magnus dead: and shall one Pharian stone
Mark his remains? Yet should no turf disclose
His title, peoples of the earth would fear
To spurn his ashes, and the sands of Nile
No foot would tread. But if the stone deserves

So great a name, then add his mighty deeds:
Write Lepidus conquered and the Alpine war,
And fierce Sertorius by his aiding arm
O'erthrown; the chariots which as knight he drove;
Cilician pirates driven from the main,
And Commerce safe to nations; Eastern kings
Defeated and the barbarous Northern tribes;
Write that from arms he ever sought the robe;
Write that content upon the Capitol
Thrice only triumphed he, nor asked his due.
What mausoleum were for such a chief
A fitting monument? This paltry stone
Records no syllable of the lengthy tale
Of honours: and the name which men have read
Upon the sacred temples of the gods,
And lofty arches built of hostile spoils,
On desolate sands here marks his lowly grave
With characters uncouth, such as the glance
Of passing traveller or Roman guest
Might pass unnoticed.

Thou Egyptian land
By destiny foredoomed to bear a part
In civil warfare, not unreasoning sang
High Cumae's prophetess, when she forbade
The stream Pelusian to the Roman arms,
And all the banks which in the summer-tide
Are covered by his flood. What grievous fate
Shall I call down upon thee? May the Nile
Turn back his water to his source, thy fields
Want for the winter rain, and all the land
Crumble to desert wastes! We in our fanes
Have known thine Isis and thy hideous gods,
Half hounds, half human, and the drum that bids
To sorrow, and Osiris, whom thy dirge
Proclaims for man. Thou, Egypt, in thy sand
Our dead containest. Nor, though her temples now

Serve a proud master, yet has Rome required
Pompeius' ashes: in a foreign land
Still lies her chief. But though men feared at first
The victor's vengeance, now at length receive
Thy Magnus' bones, if still the restless wave
Hath not prevailed upon that hated shore.
Shall men have fear of tombs and dread to move
The dust of those who should be with the gods?
O, may my country place the crime on me,
If crime it be, to violate such a tomb
Of such a hero, and to bear his dust
Home to Ausonia. Happy, happy he
Who bears such holy office in his trust!
Haply when famine rages in the land
Or burning southern winds, or fires abound
And earthquake shocks, and Rome shall pray an end
From angry heaven — by the gods' command,
In council given, shalt thou be transferred
To thine own city, and the priest shall bear
Thy sacred ashes to their last abode.

Who now may seek beneath the raging Crab
Or hot Syene's waste, or Thebes athirst
Under the rainy Pleiades, to gaze
On Nile's broad stream; or whose may exchange
On the Red Sea or in Arabian ports
Some Eastern merchandise, shall turn in awe
To view the venerable stone that marks
Thy grave, Pompeius; and shall worship more
Thy dust commingled with the arid sand,
Thy shade though exiled, than the fane upreared
On Casius' mount to Jove! In temples shrined
And gold, thy memory were viler deemed:
Fortune lies with thee in thy lowly tomb
And makes thee rival of Olympus' king.
More awful is that stone by Libyan seas
Lashed, than are Conquerors' altars. There in earth

A deity rests to whom all men shall bow
More than to gods Tarpeian: and his name
Shall shine the brighter in the days to come
For that no marble tomb about him stands
Nor lofty monument. That little dust
Time shall soon scatter and the tomb shall fall
And all the proofs shall perish of his death.
And happier days shall come when men shall gaze
Upon the stone, nor yet believe the tale:
And Egypt's fable, that she holds the grave
Of great Pompeius, be believed no more
Than Crete's which boasts the sepulchre of Jove.

BOOK IX

CATO

Yet in those ashes on the Pharian shore,
In that small heap of dust, was not confined
So great a shade; but from the limbs half burnt
And narrow cell sprang forth and sought the sky
Where dwells the Thunderer. Black the space of air
Upreaching to the poles that bear on high
The constellations in their nightly round;
There 'twixt the orbit of the moon and earth
Abide those lofty spirits, half divine,
Who by their blameless lives and fire of soul
Are fit to tolerate the pure expanse
That bounds the lower ether: there shall dwell,
Where nor the monument encased in gold,
Nor richest incense, shall suffice to bring
The buried dead, in union with the spheres,
Pompeius' spirit. When with heavenly light
His soul was filled, first on the wandering stars
And fixed orbs he bent his wondering gaze;
Then saw what darkness veils our earthly day
And scorned the insults heaped upon his corse.
Next o'er Emathian plains he winged his flight,
And ruthless Caesar's standards, and the fleet
Tossed on the deep: in Brutus' blameless breast
Tarried awhile, and roused his angered soul
To reap the vengeance; last possessed the mind
Of haughty Cato.

He while yet the scales
Were poised and balanced, nor the war had given
The world its master, hating both the chiefs,
Had followed Magnus for the Senate's cause
And for his country: since Pharsalia's field

Ran red with carnage, now was all his heart
Bound to Pompeius. Rome in him received
Her guardian; a people's trembling limbs
He cherished with new hope and weapons gave
Back to the craven hands that cast them forth.
Nor yet for empire did he wage the war
Nor fearing slavery: nor in arms achieved
Aught for himself: freedom, since Magnus fell,
The aim of all his host. And lest the foe
In rapid course triumphant should collect
His scattered bands, he sought Corcyra's gulfs
Concealed, and thence in ships unnumbered bore
The fragments of the ruin wrought in Thrace.
Who in such mighty armament had thought
A routed army sailed upon the main
Thronging the sea with keels? Round Malea's cape
And Taenarus open to the shades below
And fair Cythera's isle, th' advancing fleet
Sweeps o'er the yielding wave, by northern breeze
Borne past the Cretan shores. But Phycus dared
Refuse her harbour, and th' avenging hand
Left her in ruins. Thus with gentle airs
They glide along the main and reach the shore
From Palinurus named; for not alone
On seas Italian, Pilot of the deep,
Hast thou thy monument; and Libya too
Claims that her waters pleased thy soul of yore.
Then in the distance on the main arose
The shining canvas of a stranger fleet,
Or friend or foe they knew not. Yet they dread
In every keel the presence of that chief
Their fear-compelling conqueror. But in truth
That navy tears and sorrow bore, and woes
To make e'en Cato weep.

For when in vain
Cornelia prayed her stepson and the crew

To stay their flight, lest haply from the shore
Back to the sea might float the headless corse;
And when the flame arising marked the place
Of that unhallowed rite, "Fortune, didst thou
Judge me unfit," she cried, "to light the pyre
To cast myself upon the hero dead,
The lock to sever, and compose the limbs
Tossed by the cruel billows of the deep,
To shed a flood of tears upon his wounds,
And from the flickering flame to bear away
And place within the temples of the gods
All that I could, his dust? That pyre bestows
No honour, haply by some Pharian hand
Piled up in insult to his mighty shade.
Happy the Crassi lying on the waste
Unburied. To the greater shame of heaven
Pompeius has such funeral. And shall this
For ever be my lot? her husbands slain
Cornelia ne'er enclose within the tomb,
Nor shed the tear beside the urn that holds
The ashes of the loved? Yet for my grief
What boots or monument or ordered pomp?
Dost thou not, impious, upon thy heart
Pompeius' image, and upon thy soul
Bear ineffaceable? Dust closed in urns
Is for the wife who would survive her lord
Not such as thee, Cornelia! And yet
Yon scanty light that glimmers from afar
Upon the Pharian shore, somewhat of thee
Recalls, Pompeius! Now the flame sinks down
And smoke drifts up across the eastern sky
Bearing thine ashes, and the rising wind
Sighs hateful in the sail. To me no more
Dearer than this whatever land may yield
Pompeius' victory, nor the frequent car
That carried him in triumph to the hill;
Gone is that happy husband from my thoughts;

Here did I lose the hero whom I knew;
Here let me stay; his presence shall endear
The sands of Nile where fell the fatal blow.
Thou, Sextus, brave the chances of the war
And bear Pompeius' standard through the world.
For thus thy father spake within mine ear:
'When sounds my fatal hour let both my sons
Urge on the war; nor let some Caesar find
Room for an empire, while shall live on earth
Still one in whom Pompeius' blood shall run.
This your appointed task; all cities strong
In freedom of their own, all kingdoms urge
To join the combat; for Pompeius calls.
Nor shall a chieftain of that famous name
Ride on the seas and fail to find a fleet.
Urged by his sire's unconquerable will
And mindful of his rights, mine heir shall rouse
All nations to the conflict. One alone,
(Should he contend for freedom) may ye serve;
Cato, none else!' Thus have I kept the faith;
Thy plot prevailed upon me, and I lived
Thy mandate to discharge. Now through the void
Of space, and shades of Hell, if such there be,
I follow; yet how distant be my doom
I know not: first my spirit must endure
The punishment of life, which saw thine end
And could survive it; sighs shall break my heart,
Tears shall dissolve it: sword nor noose I need
Nor headlong plunge. 'Twere shameful since thy death,
Were aught but grief required to cause my own."

She seeks the cabin, veiled, in funeral garb,
In tears to find her solace, and to love
Grief in her husband's room; no prayers were hers
For life, as were the sailors'; nor their shout
Roused by the height of peril, moved her soul,
Nor angered waves: but sorrowing there she lay,

Resigned to death and welcoming the storm.

First reached they Cyprus on the foamy brine;
Then as the eastern breeze more gently held
The favouring deep, they touched the Libyan shore
Where stood the camp of Cato. Sad as one
Who deep in fear presages ills to come,
Cnaeus beheld his brother and his band
Of patriot comrades. Swift into the wave
He leaps and cries, "Where, brother, is our sire?
Still stands our country mistress of the world,
Or are we fallen, Rome with Magnus' death
Rapt to the shades?" Thus he: but Sextus said

"Oh happy thou who by report alone
Hear'st of the deed that chanced on yonder shore!
These eyes that saw, my brother, share the guilt.
Not Caesar wrought the murder of our sire,
Nor any captain worthy in the fray.
He fell beneath the orders of a king
Shameful and base, while trusting to the gods
Who shield the guest; a king who in that land
By his concession ruled: (this the reward
For favours erst bestowed). Within my sight
Pierced through with wounds our noble father fell:
Yet deeming not the petty prince of Nile
So fell a deed would dare, to Egypt's strand
I thought great Caesar come. But worse than all,
Worse than the wounds which gaped upon his frame
Struck me with horror to the inmost heart,
Our murdered father's head, shorn from the trunk
And borne aloft on javelin; this sight,
As rumour said, the cruel victor asked
To feast his eyes, and prove the bloody deed.
For whether ravenous birds and Pharian dogs
Have torn his corse asunder, or a fire
Consumed it, which with stealthy flame arose

Upon the shore, I know not. For the parts
Devoured by destiny I only blame
The gods: I weep the part preserved by men.”

Thus Sextus spake: and Cnaeus at the words
Flamed into fury for his father’s shame.
“Sailors, launch forth our navies, by your oars
Forced through the deep though wind and sea oppose:
Captains, lead on: for civil strife ne’er gave
So great a prize; to lay in earth the limbs
Of Magnus, and avenge him with the blood
Of that unmanly tyrant. Shall I spare
Great Alexander’s fort, nor sack the shrine
And plunge his body in the tideless marsh?
Nor drag Amasis from the Pyramids,
And all their ancient Kings, to swim the Nile?
Torn from his tomb, that god of all mankind
Isis, unburied, shall avenge thy shade;
And veiled Osiris shall I hurl abroad
In mutilated fragments; and the form
Of sacred Apis; and with these their gods
Shall light a furnace, that shall burn the head
They held in insult. Thus their land shall pay
The fullest penalty for the shameful deed.
No husbandman shall live to till the fields
Nor reap the benefit of brimming Nile.
Thou only, Father, gods and men alike
Fallen and perished, shalt possess the land.”

Such were the words he spake; and soon the fleet
Had dared the angry deep: but Cato’s voice
While praising, calmed the youthful chieftain’s rage.

Meanwhile, when Magnus’ fate was known, the air
Sounded with lamentations which the shore
Re-echoed; never through the ages past,
By history recorded, was it known

That thus a people mourned their ruler's death.
Yet more when worn with tears, her pallid cheek
Veiled by her loosened tresses, from the ship
Cornelia came, they wept and beat the breast.
The friendly land once gained, her husband's garb,
His arms and spoils, embroidered deep in gold,
Thrice worn of old upon the sacred hill
She placed upon the flame. Such were for her
The ashes of her spouse: and such the love
Which glowed in every heart, that soon the shore
Blazed with his obsequies. Thus at winter-tide
By frequent fires th' Apulian herdsman seeks
To render to the fields their verdant growth;
Till blaze Garganus' uplands and the meads
Of Vultur, and the pasture of the herds
By warm Matinum.

Yet Pompeius' shade
Nought else so gratified, not all the blame
The people dared to heap upon the gods,
For him their hero slain, as these few words
From Cato's noble breast instinct with truth:
"Gone is a citizen who though no peer
Of those who disciplined the state of yore
In due submission to the bounds of right,
Yet in this age irreverent of law
Has played a noble part. Great was his power,
But freedom safe: when all the plebs was prone
To be his slaves, he chose the private gown;
So that the Senate ruled the Roman state,
The Senate's ruler: nought by right of arms
He e'er demanded: willing took he gifts
Yet from a willing giver: wealth was his
Vast, yet the coffers of the State he filled
Beyond his own. He seized upon the sword,
Knew when to sheath it; war did he prefer
To arts of peace, yet armed loved peace the more.

Pleased took he power, pleased he laid it down:
Chaste was his home and simple, by his wealth
Untarnished. Mid the peoples great his name
And venerated: to his native Rome
He wrought much good. True faith in liberty
Long since with Marius and Sulla fled:
Now when Pompeius has been reft away
Its counterfeit has perished. Now unshamed
Shall seize the despot on Imperial power,
Unshamed shall cringe the Senate. Happy he
Who with disaster found his latest breath
And met the Pharian sword prepared to slay.
Life might have been his lot, in despot rule,
Prone at his kinsman's throne. Best gift of all
The knowledge how to die; next, death compelled.
If cruel Fortune doth reserve for me
An alien conqueror, may Juba be
As Ptolemaeus. So he take my head
My body grace his triumph, if he will."
More than had Rome resounded with his praise
Words such as these gave honour to the shade
Of that most noble dead.

Meanwhile the crowd
Weary of warfare, since Pompeius' fall,
Broke into discord, as their ancient chief
Cilician called them to desert the camp.
But Cato hailed them from the furthest beach:
"Untamed Cilician, is thy course now set
For Ocean theft again; Pompeius gone,
Once more a pirate?" Thus he spake, and gazed
At all the stirring throng; but one whose mind
Was fixed on flight, thus answered, "Pardon, chief,
'Twas love of Magnus, not of civil war,
That led us to the fight: his side was ours:
With him whom all the world preferred to peace,
Our cause is perished. Let us seek our homes

Long since unseen, our children and our wives.
If nor the rout nor dread Pharsalia's field
Nor yet Pompeius' death shall close the war,
Whence comes the end? The vigour of a life
For us is vanished: in our failing years
Give us at least some pious hand to speed
The parting soul, and light the funeral pyre.
Scarce even to its captains civil strife
Concedes due burial. Nor in our defeat
Does Fortune threaten us with the savage yoke
Of distant nations. In the garb of Rome
And with her rights, I leave thee. Who had been
Second to Magnus living, he shall be
My first hereafter: to that sacred shade
Be the prime honour. Chance of war appoints
My lord but not my leader. Thee alone
I followed, Magnus; after thee the fates.
Nor hope we now for victory, nor wish;
For all our Thracian army is fled
In Caesar's victory, whose potent star
Of fortune rules the world, and none but he
Has power to keep or save. That civil war
Which while Pompeius lived was loyalty
Is impious now. If in the public right
Thou, patriot Cato, find'st thy guide, we seek
The standards of the Consul." Thus he spake
And with him leaped into the ship a throng
Of eager comrades.

Then was Rome undone,
For all the shore was stirring with a crowd
Athirst for slavery. But burst these words
From Cato's blameless breast: "Then with like vows
As Caesar's rival host ye too did seek
A lord and master! not for Rome the fight,
But for Pompeius! For that now no more
Ye fight for tyranny, but for yourselves,

Not for some despot chief, ye live and die;
Since now 'tis safe to conquer and no lord
Shall rob you, victors, of a world subdued —
Ye flee the war, and on your abject necks
Feel for the absent yoke; nor can endure
Without a despot! Yet to men the prize
Were worth the danger. Magnus might have used
To evil ends your blood; refuse ye now,
With liberty so near, your country's call?
Now lives one tyrant only of the three;
Thus far in favour of the laws have wrought
The Pharian weapons and the Parthian bow;
Not you, degenerate! Begone, and spurn
This gift of Ptolemaeus. Who would think
Your hands were stained with blood? The foe will deem
That you upon that dread Thessalian day
First turned your backs. Then flee in safety, flee!
By neither battle nor blockade subdued
Caesar shall give you life! O slaves most base,
Your former master slain, ye seek his heir!
Why doth it please you not yet more to earn
Than life and pardon? Bear across the sea
Metellus' daughter, Magnus' weeping spouse,
And both his sons; outstrip the Pharian gift,
Nor spare this head, which, laid before the feet
Of that detested tyrant, shall deserve
A full reward. Thus, cowards, shall ye learn
In that ye followed me how great your gain.
Quick to your task and purchase thus with blood
Your claim on Caesar. Dastardly is flight
Which crime commends not."

Cato thus recalled
The parting vessels. So when bees in swarm
Desert their waxen cells, forget the hive
Ceasing to cling together, and with wings
Untrammelled seek the air, nor slothful light

On thyme to taste its bitterness — then rings
The Phrygian gong — at once they pause aloft
Astonied; and with love of toil resumed
Through all the flowers for their honey store
In ceaseless wanderings search; the shepherd joys,
Sure that th' Hyblæan mead for him has kept
His cottage store, the riches of his home.

Now in the active conduct of the war
Were brought to discipline their minds, untaught
To bear repose; first on the sandy shore
Toiling they learned fatigue: then stormed thy walls,
Cyrene; prizeless, for to Cato's mind
'Twas prize enough to conquer. Juba next
He bids attack, though Nature on the path
Had placed the Syrtes; which his sturdy heart
Aspired to conquer. Either at the first
When Nature gave the universe its form
She left this region neither land nor sea;
Not wholly shrunk, so that it should receive
The ocean flood; nor firm enough to stand
Against its buffets — all the pathless coast
Lies in uncertain shape; the land by earth
Is parted from the deep; on sandy banks
The seas are broken, and from shoal to shoal
The waves advance to sound upon the shore.
Nature, in spite, thus left her work undone,
Unfashioned to men's use — Or else of old
A foaming ocean filled the wide expanse,
But Titan feeding from the briny depths
His burning fires (near to the zone of heat)
Reduced the waters; and the sea still fights
With Phoebus' beams, which in the length of time
Drank deeper of its fountains.

When the main
Struck by the oars gave passage to the fleet,

Black from the sky rushed down a southern gale
Upon his realm, and from the watery plain
Drove back th' invading ships, and from the shoals
Compelled the billows, and in middle sea
Raised up a bank. Forth flew the bellying sails
Beyond the prows, despite the ropes that dared
Resist the tempest's fury; and for those
Who prescient housed their canvas to the storm,
Bare-masted they were driven from their course.
Best was their lot who gained the open waves
Of ocean; others lightened of their masts
Shook off the tempest; but a sweeping tide
Hurried them southwards, victor of the gale.
Some freed of shallows on a bank were forced
Which broke the deep: their ship in part was fast,
Part hanging on the sea; their fates in doubt.
Fierce rage the waves till hems them in the land;
Nor Auster's force in frequent buffets spent
Prevails upon the shore. High from the main
By seas inviolate one bank of sand,
Far from the coast arose; there watched in vain
The storm-tossed mariners, their keel aground,
No shore descrying. Thus in sea were lost
Some portion, but the major part by helm
And rudder guided, and by pilots' hands
Who knew the devious channels, safe at length
Floated the marsh of Triton loved (as saith
The fable) by that god, whose sounding shell
All seas and shores re-echo; and by her,
Pallas, who springing from her father's head
First lit on Libya, nearest land to heaven,
(As by its heat is proved); here on the brink
She stood, reflected in the placid wave
And called herself Tritonis. Lethe's flood
Flows silent near, in fable from a source
Infernal sprung, oblivion in his stream;
Here, too, that garden of the Hesperids

Where once the sleepless dragon held his watch,
Shorn of its leafy wealth. Shame be on him
Who calls upon the poet for the proof
Of that which in the ancient days befell;
But here were golden groves by yellow growth
Weighed down in richness, here a maiden band
Were guardians; and a serpent, on whose eyes
Sleep never fell, was coiled around the trees,
Whose branches bowed beneath their ruddy load.
But great Alcides stripped the bending boughs,
And bore their shining apples (thus his task
Accomplished) to the court of Argos' king.

Driven on the Libyan realms, more fruitful here,
Pompeius stayed the fleet, nor further dared
In Garamantian waves. But Cato's soul
Leaped in his breast, impatient of delay,
To pass the Syrtes by a landward march,
And trusting to their swords, 'gainst tribes unknown
To lead his legions. And the storm which closed
The main to navies gave them hope of rain;
Nor biting frosts they feared, in Libyan clime;
Nor suns too scorching in the falling year.

Thus ere they trod the deserts, Cato spake:
"Ye men of Rome, who through mine arms alone
Can find the death ye covet, and shall fall
With pride unbroken should the fates command,
Meet this your weighty task, your high emprise
With hearts resolved to conquer. For we march
On sterile wastes, burnt regions of the world;
Scarce are the wells, and Titan from the height
Burns pitiless, unclouded; and the slime
Of poisonous serpents fouls the dusty earth.
Yet shall men venture for the love of laws
And country perishing, upon the sands
Of trackless Libya; men who brave in soul

Rely not on the end, and in attempt
Will risk their all. 'Tis not in Cato's thoughts
On this our enterprise to lead a band
Blind to the truth, unwitting of the risk.
Nay, give me comrades for the danger's sake,
Whom I shall see for honour and for Rome
Bear up against the worst. But whose needs
A pledge of safety, to whom life is sweet,
Let him by fairer journey seek his lord.
First be my foot upon the sand; on me
First strike the burning sun; across my path
The serpent void his venom; by my fate
Know ye your perils. Let him only thirst
Who sees me at the spring: who sees me seek
The shade, alone sink fainting in the heat;
Or whoso sees me ride before the ranks
Plodding their weary march: such be the lot
Of each, who, toiling, finds in me a chief
And not a comrade. Snakes, thirst, burning sand
The brave man welcomes, and the patient breast
Finds happiness in labour. By its cost
Courage is sweeter; and this Libyan land
Such cloud of ills can furnish as might make
Men flee unshamed." 'Twas thus that Cato spake,
Kindling the torch of valour and the love
Of toil: then reckless of his fate he strode
The desert path from which was no return:
And Libya ruled his destinies, to shut
His sacred name within a narrow tomb.

One-third of all the world, if fame we trust,
Is Libya; yet by winds and sky she yields
Some part to Europe; for the shores of Nile
No more than Scythian Tanais are remote
From furthest Gades, where with bending coast,
Yielding a place to Ocean, Europe parts
From Afric shores. Yet falls the larger world

To Asia only. From the former two
Issues the Western wind; but Asia's right
Touches the Southern limits and her left
The Northern tempest's home; and of the East
She's mistress to the rising of the Sun.
All that is fertile of the Afric lands
Lies to the west, but even here abound
No wells of water: though the Northern wind,
Infrequent, leaving us with skies serene,
Falls there in showers. Not gold nor wealth of brass
It yields the seeker: pure and unalloyed
Down to its lowest depths is Libyan soil.
Yet citron forests to Maurusian tribes
Were riches, had they known; but they, content,
Lived 'neath the shady foliage, till gleamed
The axe of Rome amid the virgin grove,
To bring from furthest limits of the world
Our banquet tables and the fruit they bear.
But suns excessive and a scorching air
Burn all the glebe beside the shifting sands:
There die the harvests on the crumbling mould;
No root finds sustenance, nor kindly Jove
Makes rich the furrow nor matures the vine.
Sleep binds all nature and the tract of sand
Lies ever fruitless, save that by the shore
The hardy Nasamon plucks a scanty grass.
Unclothed their race, and living on the woes
Worked by the cruel Syrtes on mankind;
For spoilers are they of the luckless ships
Cast on the shoals: and with the world by wrecks
Their only commerce.

Here at Cato's word
His soldiers passed, in fancy from the winds
That sweep the sea secure: here on them fell
Smiting with greater strength upon the shore,
Than on the ocean, Auster's tempest force,

And yet more fraught with mischief: for no crags
Repelled his strength, nor lofty mountains tamed
His furious onset, nor in sturdy woods
He found a bar; but free from reining hand,
Raged at his will o'er the defenceless earth.
Nor did he mingle dust and clouds of rain
In whirling circles, but the earth was swept
And hung in air suspended, till amazed
The Nasamon saw his scanty field and home
Reft by the tempest, and the native huts
From roof to base were hurried on the blast.
Not higher, when some all-devouring flame
Has seized upon its prey, in volumes dense
Rolls up the smoke, and darkens all the air.
Then with fresh might he fell upon the host
Of marching Romans, snatching from their feet
The sand they trod. Had Auster been enclosed
In some vast cavernous vault with solid walls
And mighty barriers, he had moved the world
Upon its ancient base and made the lands
To tremble: but the facile Libyan soil
By not resisting stood, and blasts that whirled
The surface upwards left the depths unmoved.
Helmet and shield and spear were torn away
By his most violent breath, and borne aloft
Through all the regions of the boundless sky;
Perchance a wonder in some distant land,
Where men may fear the weapons from the heaven
There falling, as the armour of the gods,
Nor deem them ravished from a soldier's arm.
'Twas thus on Numa by the sacred fire
Those shields descended which our chosen priests
Bear on their shoulders; from some warlike race
By tempest rapt, to be the prize of Rome.

Fearing the storm prone fell the host to earth
Winding their garments tight, and with clenched hands

Gripping the earth: for not their weight alone
Withstood the tempest which upon their frames
Piled mighty heaps, and their recumbent limbs
Buried in sand. At length they struggling rose
Back to their feet, when lo! around them stood,
Forced by the storm, a growing bank of earth
Which held them motionless. And from afar
Where walls lay prostrate, mighty stones were hurled,
Thus piling ill on ill in wondrous form:
No dwellings had they seen, yet at their feet
Beheld the ruins. All the earth was hid
In vast envelopment, nor found they guide
Save from the stars, which as in middle deep
Flamed o'er them wandering: yet some were hid
Beneath the circle of the Libyan earth
Which tending downwards hid the Northern sky.

When warmth dispersed the tempest-driven air,
And rose upon the earth the flaming day,
Bathed were their limbs in sweat, but parched and dry
Their gaping lips; when to a scanty spring
Far off beheld they came, whose meagre drops
All gathered in the hollow of a helm
They offered to their chief. Caked were their throats
With dust, and panting; and one little drop
Had made him envied. "Wretch, and dost thou deem
Me wanting in a brave man's heart?" he cried,
"Me only in this throng? And have I seemed
Tender, unfit to bear the morning heat?
He who would quench his thirst 'mid such a host,
Doth most deserve its pangs." Then in his wrath
Dashed down the helmet, and the scanty spring,
Thus by their leader spurned, sufficed for all.

Now had they reached that temple which possess
Sole in all Libya, th' untutored tribes
Of Garamantians. Here holds his seat

(So saith the story) a prophetic Jove,
Wielding no thunderbolts, nor like to ours,
The Libyan Hammen of the curved horn.
No wealth adorns his fane by Afric tribes
Bestowed, nor glittering hoard of Eastern gems.
Though rich Arabians, Ind and Ethiop
Know him alone as Jove, still is he poor
Holding his shrine by riches undefiled
Through time, and god as of the olden days
Spurns all the wealth of Rome. That here some god
Dwells, witnesses the only grove
That buds in Libya — for that which grows
Upon the arid dust which Leptis parts
From Berenice, knows no leaves; alone
Hammon uprears a wood; a fount the cause
Which with its waters binds the crumbling soil.
Yet shall the Sun when poised upon the height
Strike through the foliage: hardly can the tree
Protect its trunk, and to a little space
His rays draw in the circle of the shade.
Here have men found the spot where that high band
Solstitial divides in middle sky
The zodiac stars: not here oblique their course,
Nor Scorpion rises straighter than the Bull,
Nor to the Scales does Ram give back his hours,
Nor does Astraea bid the Fishes sink
More slowly down: but watery Capricorn
Is equal with the Crab, and with the Twins
The Archer; neither does the Lion rise
Above Aquarius. But the race that dwells
Beyond the fervour of the Libyan fires
Sees to the South that shadow which with us
Falls to the North: slow Cynosure sinks
For them below the deep; and, dry with us,
The Wagon plunges; far from either pole,
No star they know that does not seek the main,
But all the constellations in their course

Whirl to their vision through the middle sky.

Before the doors the Eastern peoples stood
Seeking from horned Jove to know their fates:
Yet to the Roman chief they yielded place,
Whose comrades prayed him to entreat the gods
Famed through the Libyan world, and judge the voice
Renowned from distant ages. First of these
Was Labienus: "Chance," he said, "to us
The voice and counsel of this mighty god
Has offered as we march; from such a guide
To know the issues of the war, and learn
To track the Syrtes. For to whom on earth
If not to blameless Cato, shall the gods
Entrust their secrets? Faithful thou at least,
Their follower through all thy life hast been;
Now hast thou liberty to speak with Jove.
Ask impious Caesar's fates, and learn the laws
That wait our country in the future days:
Whether the people shall be free to use
Their rights and customs, or the civil war
For us is wasted. To thy sacred breast,
Lover of virtue, take the voice divine;
Demand what virtue is and guide thy steps
By heaven's high counsellor."

But Cato, full
Of godlike thoughts borne in his quiet breast,
This answer uttered, worthy of the shrines:
"What, Labienus, dost thou bid me ask?
Whether in arms and freedom I should wish
To perish, rather than endure a king?
Is longest life worth aught? And doth its term
Make difference? Can violence to the good
Do injury? Do Fortune's threats avail
Outweighed by virtue? Doth it not suffice
To aim at deeds of bravery? Can fame

Grow by achievement? Nay! No Hammen's voice
Shall teach us this more surely than we know.
Bound are we to the gods; no voice we need;
They live in all our acts, although the shrine
Be silent: at our birth and once for all
What may be known the author of our being
Revealed; nor Chose these thirsty sands to chaunt
To few his truth, whelmed in the dusty waste.
God has his dwelling in all things that be,
In earth and air and sea and starry vault,
In virtuous deeds; in all that thou can'st see,
In all thy thoughts contained. Why further, then,
Seek we our deities? Let those who doubt
And halting, tremble for their coming fates,
Go ask the oracles. No mystic words,
Make sure my heart, but surely-coming Death.
Coward alike and brave, we all must die.
Thus hath Jove spoken: seek to know no more."

Thus Cato spake, and faithful to his creed
He parted from the temple of the god
And left the oracle of Hammon dumb.

Bearing his javelin, as one of them
Before the troops he marched: no panting slave
With bending neck, no litter bore his form.
He bade them not, but showed them how to toil.
Spare in his sleep, the last to sip the spring
When at some rivulet to quench their thirst
The eager ranks pressed onward, he alone
Until the humblest follower might drink
Stood motionless. If for the truly good
Is fame, and virtue by the deed itself,
Not by successful issue, should be judged,
Yield, famous ancestors! Fortune, not worth
Gained you your glory. But such name as his
Who ever merited by successful war

Or slaughtered peoples? Rather would I lead
With him his triumph through the pathless sands
And Libya's bounds, than in Pompeius' car
Three times ascend the Capitol, or break
The proud Jugurtha. Rome! in him behold
His country's father, worthiest of thy vows;
A name by which men shall not blush to swear,
Whom, should'st thou break the fetters from thy neck,
Thou may'st in distant days decree divine.

Now was the heat more dense, and through that clime
Than which no further on the Southern side
The gods permit, they trod; and scarcer still
The water, till in middle sands they found
One bounteous spring which clustered serpents held
Though scarce the space sufficed. By thirsting snakes
The fount was thronged and asps pressed on the marge.
But when the chieftain saw that speedy fate
Was on the host, if they should leave the well
Untasted, "Vain," he cried, "your fear of death.
Drink, nor delay: 'tis from the threatening tooth
Men draw their deaths, and fatal from the fang
Issues the juice if mingled with the blood;
The cup is harmless." Then he sipped the fount,
Still doubting, and in all the Libyan waste
There only was he first to touch the stream.

Why fertile thus in death the pestilent air
Of Libya, what poison in her soil
Her several nature mixed, my care to know
Has not availed: but from the days of old
A fabled story has deceived the world.

Far on her limits, where the burning shore
Admits the ocean fervid from the sun
Plunged in its waters, lay Medusa's fields
Untilled; nor forests shaded, nor the plough

Furrowed the soil, which by its mistress' gaze
Was hardened into stone: Phorcus, her sire.
Malevolent nature from her body first
Drew forth these noisome pests; first from her jaws
Issued the sibilant rattle of serpent tongues;
Clustered around her head the poisonous brood
Like to a woman's hair, wreathed on her neck
Which gloried in their touch; their glittering heads
Advanced towards her; and her tresses kempt
Dripped down with viper's venom. This alone
Thou hast, accursed one, which men can see
Unharm'd; for who upon that gaping mouth
Looked and could dread? To whom who met her glance,
Was death permitted? Fate delayed no more.
But ere the victim feared had struck him down:
Perished the limbs while living, and the soul
Grew stiff and stark ere yet it fled the frame.
Men have been frenzied by the Furies' locks,
Not killed; and Cerberus at Orpheus' song
Ceased from his hissing, and Alcides saw
The Hydra ere he slew. This monster born
Brought horror with her birth upon her sire
Phorcus, in second order God of Waves,
And upon Ceto and the Gorgon brood,
Her sisters. She could threat the sea and sky
With deadly calm unknown, and from the world
Bid cease the soil. Borne down by instant weight
Fowls fell from air, and beasts were fixed in stone.
Whole Ethiop tribes who tilled the neighbouring lands
Rigid in marble stood. The Gorgon sight
No creature bore and even her serpents turned
Back from her visage. Atlas in his place
Beside the Western columns, by her look
Was turned to rocks; and when on snakes of old
Phlegraean giants stood and frightened heaven,
She made them mountains, and the Gorgon head
Borne on Athena's bosom closed the war.

Here born of Danae and the golden shower,
Floating on wings Parrhasian, by the god
Arcadian given, author of the lyre
And wrestling art, came Perseus, down from heaven
Swooping. Cyllenian Harp did he bear
Still crimson from another monster slain,
The guardian of the heifer loved by Jove.
This to her winged brother Pallas lent
Price of the monster's head: by her command
Upon the limits of the Libyan land
He sought the rising sun, with flight averse,
Poised o'er Medusa's realm; a burnished shield
Of yellow brass upon his other arm,
Her gift, he bore: in which she bade him see
The fatal face unscathed. Nor yet in sleep
Lay all the monster, for such total rest
To her were death — so fated: serpent locks
In vigilant watch, some reaching forth defend
Her head, while others lay upon her face
And slumbering eyes. Then hero Perseus shook
Though turned averse; trembled his dexter hand:
But Pallas held, and the descending blade
Shore the broad neck whence sprang the viper brood.
What visage bore the Gorgon as the steel
Thus reft her life! what poison from her throat
Breathed! from her eyes what venom of death distilled!
The goddess dared not look, and Perseus' face
Had frozen, averse, had not Athena veiled
With coils of writhing snakes the features dead.
Then with the Gorgon head the hero flew
Uplifted on his wings and sought the sky.
Shorter had been his voyage through the midst
Of Europe's cities; but Athena bade
To spare her peoples and their fruitful lands;
For who when such an airy courser passed
Had not looked up to heaven? Western winds
Now sped his pinions, and he took his course

O'er Libya's regions, from the stars and suns
Veiled by no culture. Phoebus' nearer track
There burns the soil, and loftiest on the sky
There fails the night, to shade the wandering moon,
If o'er forgetful of her course oblique,
Straight through the stars, nor bending to the North
Nor to the South, she hastens. Yet that earth,
In nothing fertile, void of fruitful yield,
Drank in the poison of Medusa's blood,
Dripping in dreadful dews upon the soil,
And in the crumbling sands by heat matured.

First from the dust was raised a gory clot
In guise of Asp, sleep-bringing, swollen of neck:
Full was the blood and thick the poison drop
That were its making; in no other snake
More copious held. Greedy of warmth it seeks
No frozen world itself, nor haunts the sands
Beyond the Nile; yet has our thirst of gain
No shame nor limit, and this Libyan death,
This fatal pest we purchase for our own.
Haemorrhoids huge spreads out his scaly coils,
Who suffers not his hapless victims' blood
To stay within their veins. Chersydros sprang
To life, to dwell within the doubtful marsh
Where land nor sea prevails. A cloud of spray
Marked fell Chelyder's track: and Cenchris rose
Straight gliding to his prey, his belly tinged
With various spots unnumbered, more than those
Which paint the Theban marble; horned snakes
With spines contorted: like to torrid sand
Ammodytes, of hue invisible:
Sole of all serpents Scytale to shed
In vernal frosts his slough; and thirsty Dipsas;
Dread Amphisbaena with his double head
Tapering; and Natrix who in bubbling fount
Fuses his venom. Greedy Prester swells

His foaming jaws; Pareas, head erect
Furrows with tail alone his sandy path;
Swift Jaculus there, and Seps whose poisonous juice
Makes putrid flesh and frame: and there upreared
His regal head, and frightened from his track
With sibilant terror all the subject swam,
Baneful ere darts his poison, Basilisk
In sands deserted king. Ye serpents too
Who in all other regions harmless glide
Adored as gods, and bright with golden scales,
In those hot wastes are deadly; poised in air
Whole herds of kine ye follow, and with coils
Encircling close, crush in the mighty bull.
Nor does the elephant in his giant bulk,
Nor aught, find safety; and ye need no fang
Nor poison, to compel the fatal end.

Amid these pests undaunted Cato urged
His desert journey on. His hardy troops
Beneath his eyes, pricked by a scanty wound,
In strangest forms of death unnumbered fall.
Tyrrhenian Aulus, bearer of a flag,
Trod on a Dipsas; quick with head reversed
The serpent struck; no mark betrayed the tooth:
The aspect of the wound nor threatened death,
Nor any evil; but the poison germ
In silence working as consuming fire
Absorbed the moisture of his inward frame,
Draining the natural juices that were spread
Around his vitals; in his arid jaws
Set flame upon his tongue: his wearied limbs
No sweat bedewed; dried up, the fount of tears
Fled from his eyelids. Tortured by the fire
Nor Cato's sternness, nor of his sacred charge
The honour could withhold him; but he dared
To dash his standard down, and through the plains
Raging, to seek for water that might slake

The fatal venom thirsting at his heart.
Plunge him in Tanais, in Rhone and Po,
Pour on his burning tongue the flood of Nile,
Yet were the fire unquenched. So fell the fang
Of Dipsas in the torrid Libyan lands;
In other climes less fatal. Next he seeks
Amid the sands, all barren to the depths,
For moisture: then returning to the shoals
Laps them with greed — in vain — the briny draught
Scarce quenched the thirst it made. Nor knowing yet
The poison in his frame, he steels himself
To rip his swollen veins and drink the gore.
Cato bids lift the standard, lest his troops
May find in thirst a pardon for the deed.

But on Sabellus' yet more piteous death
Their eyes were fastened. Clinging to his skin
A Seps with curving tooth, of little size,
He seized and tore away, and to the sands
Pierced with his javelin. Small the serpent's bulk;
None deals a death more horrible in form.
For swift the flesh dissolving round the wound
Bared the pale bone; swam all his limbs in blood;
Wasted the tissue of his calves and knees:
And all the muscles of his thighs were thawed
In black distilment, and file membrane sheath
Parted, that bound his vitals, which abroad
Flowed upon earth: yet seemed it not that all
His frame was loosed, for by the venomous drop
Were all the bands that held his muscles drawn
Down to a juice; the framework of his chest
Was bare, its cavity, and all the parts
Hid by the organs of life, that make the man.
So by unholy death there stood revealed
His inmost nature. Head and stalwart arms,
And neck and shoulders, from their solid mass
Melt in corruption. Not more swiftly flows

Wax at the sun's command, nor snow compelled
By southern breezes. Yet not all is said:
For so to noxious humours fire consumes
Our fleshly frame; but on the funeral pyre
What bones have perished? These dissolve no less
Than did the mouldered tissues, nor of death
Thus swift is left a trace. Of Afric pests
Thou bear'st the palm for hurtfulness: the life
They snatch away, thou only with the life
The clay that held it.

Lo! a different fate,
Not this by melting! for a Prester's fang
Nasidius struck, who erst in Marsian fields
Guided the ploughshare. Burned upon his face
A redness as of flame: swollen the skin,
His features hidden, swollen all his limbs
Till more than human: and his definite frame
One tumour huge concealed. A ghastly gore
Is puffed from inwards as the virulent juice
Courses through all his body; which, thus grown,
His corselet holds not. Not in caldron so
Boils up to mountainous height the steaming wave;
Nor in such bellying curves does canvas bend
To Eastern tempests. Now the ponderous bulk
Rejects the limbs, and as a shapeless trunk
Burdens the earth: and there, to beasts and birds
A fatal feast, his comrades left the corse
Nor dared to place, yet swelling, in the tomb.

But for their eyes the Libyan pests prepared
More dreadful sights. On Tullus great in heart,
And bound to Cato with admiring soul,
A fierce Haemorrhoids fixed. From every limb,
(As from a statue saffron spray is showered
In every part) there spouted forth for blood
A sable poison: from the natural pores

Of moisture, gore profuse; his mouth was filled
And gaping nostrils, and his tears were blood.
Brimmed full his veins; his very sweat was red;
All was one wound.

Then piteous Levus next
In sleep was victim, for around his heart
Stood still the blood congealed: no pain he felt
Of venomous tooth, but swift upon him fell
Death, and he sought the shades; more swift to kill
No draught in poisonous cups from ripened plants
Of direst growth Sabaean wizards brew.

Lo! Upon branchless trunk a serpent, named
By Libyans Jaculus, rose in coils to dart
His venom from afar. Through Paullus' brain
It rushed, nor stayed; for in the wound itself
Was death. Then did they know how slowly flies,
Flung from a sling, the stone; how gently speed
Through air the shafts of Scythia.

What availed,
Murrus, the lance by which thou didst transfix
A Basilisk? Swift through the weapon ran
The poison to his hand: he draws his sword
And severs arm and shoulder at a blow:
Then gazed secure upon his severed hand
Which perished as he looked. So had'st thou died,
And such had been thy fate!

Whoe'er had thought
A scorpion had strength o'er death or fate?
Yet with his threatening coils and barb erect
He won the glory of Orion slain;
So bear the stars their witness. And who would fear
Thy haunts, Salpuga? Yet the Stygian Maids
Have given thee power to snap the fatal threads.

Thus nor the day with brightness, nor the night
With darkness gave them peace. The very earth
On which they lay they feared; nor leaves nor straw
They piled for couches, but upon the ground
Unshielded from the fates they laid their limbs,
Cherished beneath whose warmth in chill of night
The frozen pests found shelter; in whose jaws
Harmless the while, the lurking venom slept.
Nor did they know the measure of their march
Accomplished, nor their path; the stars in heaven
Their only guide. "Return, ye gods," they cried,
In frequent wail, "the arms from which we fled.
Give back Thessalia. Sworn to meet the sword
Why, lingering, fall we thus? In Caesar's place
The thirsty Dipsas and the horned snake
Now wage the warfare. Rather let us seek
That region by the horses of the sun
Scorched, and the zone most torrid: let us fall
Slain by some heavenly cause, and from the sky
Descend our fate! Not, Africa, of thee
Complain we, nor of Nature. From mankind
Cut off, this quarter, teeming thus with pests
She gave to snakes, and to the barren fields
Denied the husbandman, nor wished that men
Should perish by their venom. To the realms
Of serpents have we come. Hater of men,
Receive thy vengeance, whoso of the gods
Severed this region upon either hand,
With death in middle space. Our march is set
Through thy sequestered kingdom, and the host
Which knows thy secret seeks the furthest world.
Perchance some greater wonders on our path
May still await us; in the waves be plunged
Heaven's constellations, and the lofty pole
Stoop from its height. By further space removed
No land, than Juba's realm; by rumour's voice
Drear, mournful. Haply for this serpent land

There may we long, where yet some living thing
Gives consolation. Not my native land
Nor European fields I hope for now
Lit by far other suns, nor Asia's plains.
But in what land, what region of the sky,
Where left we Africa? But now with frosts
Cyrene stiffened: have we changed the laws
Which rule the seasons, in this little space?
Cast from the world we know, 'neath other skies
And stars we tread; behind our backs the home
Of southern tempests: Rome herself perchance
Now lies beneath our feet. Yet for our fates
This solace pray we, that on this our track
Pursuing Caesar with his host may come."

Thus was their stubborn patience of its plaints
Disburdened. But the bravery of their chief
Forced them to bear their toils. Upon the sand,
All bare, he lies and dares at every hour
Fortune to strike: he only at the fate
Of each is present, flies to every call;
And greatest boon of all, greater than life,
Brought strength to die. To groan in death was shame
In such a presence. What power had all the ills
Possessed upon him? In another's breast
He conquers misery, teaching by his mien
That pain is powerless.

Hardly aid at length
Did Fortune, wearied of their perils, grant.
Alone unharmed of all who till the earth,
By deadly serpents, dwells the Psyllian race.
Potent as herbs their song; safe is their blood,
Nor gives admission to the poison germ
E'en when the chant has ceased. Their home itself
Placed in such venomous tract and serpent-thronged
Gained them this vantage, and a truce with death,

Else could they not have lived. Such is their trust
In purity of blood, that newly born
Each babe they prove by test of deadly asp
For foreign lineage. So the bird of Jove
Turns his new fledglings to the rising sun
And such as gaze upon the beams of day
With eyes unwavering, for the use of heaven
He rears; but such as blink at Phoebus' rays
Casts from the nest. Thus of unmixed descent
The babe who, dreading not the serpent touch,
Plays in his cradle with the deadly snake.
Nor with their own immunity from harm
Contented do they rest, but watch for guests
Who need their help against the noisome plague.

Now to the Roman standards are they come,
And when the chieftain bade the tents be fixed,
First all the sandy space within the lines
With song they purify and magic words
From which all serpents flee: next round the camp
In widest circuit from a kindled fire
Rise aromatic odours: danewort burns,
And juice distils from Syrian galbanum;
Then tamarisk and costum, Eastern herbs,
Strong panacea mixt with centaury
From Thrace, and leaves of fennel feed the flames,
And thapsus brought from Eryx: and they burn
Larch, southern-wood and antlers of a deer
Which lived afar. From these in densest fumes,
Deadly to snakes, a pungent smoke arose;
And thus in safety passed the night away.
But should some victim feel the fatal fang
Upon the march, then of this magic race
Were seen the wonders, for a mighty strife
Rose 'twixt the Psyllian and the poison germ.
First with saliva they anoint the limbs
That held the venomous juice within the wound;

Nor suffer it to spread. From foaming mouth
Next with continuous cadence would they pour
Unceasing chants — nor breathing space nor pause —
Else spreads the poison: nor does fate permit
A moment's silence. Oft from the black flesh
Flies forth the pest beneath the magic song:
But should it linger nor obey the voice,
Repugnant to the summons, on the wound
Prostrate they lay their lips and from the depths
Now paling draw the venom. In their mouths,
Sucked from the freezing flesh, they hold the death,
Then spew it forth; and from the taste shall know
The snake they conquer.

Aided thus at length
Wanders the Roman host in better guise
Upon the barren fields in lengthy march.
Twice veiled the moon her light and twice renewed;
Yet still, with waning or with growing orb
Saw Cato's steps upon the sandy waste.
But more and more beneath their feet the dust
Began to harden, till the Libyan tracts
Once more were earth, and in the distance rose
Some groves of scanty foliage, and huts
Of plastered straw unfashioned: and their hearts
Leaped at the prospect of a better land.
How fled their sorrow! how with growing joy
They met the savage lion in the path!
In tranquil Leptis first they found retreat:
And passed a winter free from heat and rain.

When Caesar sated with Emathia's slain
Forsook the battlefield, all other cares
Neglected, he pursued his kinsman fled,
On him alone intent: by land his steps
He traced in vain; then, rumour for his guide,
He crossed the sea and reached the Thracian strait

For love renowned; where on the mournful shore
Rose Hero's tower, and Helle born of cloud
Took from the rolling waves their former name.
Nowhere with shorter space the sea divides
Europe from Asia; though Pontus parts
By scant division from Byzantium's hold
Chalcedon oyster-rich: and small the strait
Through which Propontis pours the Euxine wave.
Then marvelling at their ancient fame, he seeks
Sigeum's sandy beach and Simois' stream,
Rhoeteum noble for its Grecian tomb,
And all the hero's shades, the theme of song.
Next by the town of Troy burnt down of old
Now but a memorable name, he turns
His steps, and searches for the mighty stones
Relics of Phoebus' wall. But bare with age
Forests of trees and hollow mouldering trunks
Pressed down Assaracus' palace, and with roots
Wearied, possessed the temples of the gods.
All Pergamus with densest brake was veiled
And even her stones were perished. He beheld
Thy rock, Hesione; the hidden grove,
Anchises' nuptial chamber; and the cave
Where sat the arbiter; the spot from which
Was snatched the beauteous youth; the mountain lawn
Where played Oenone. Not a stone but told
The story of the past. A little stream
Scarce trickling through the arid plain he passed,
Nor knew 'twas Xanthus: deep in grass he placed,
Careless, his footstep; but the herdsman cried
"Thou tread'st the dust of Hector." Stones confused
Lay at his feet in sacred shape no more:
"Look on the altar of Jove," thus spake the guide,
"God of the household, guardian of the home."

O sacred task of poets, toil supreme,
Which rescuing all things from allotted fate

Dost give eternity to mortal men!
Grudge not the glory, Caesar, of such fame.
For if the Latian Muse may promise aught,
Long as the heroes of the Trojan time
Shall live upon the page of Smyrna's bard,
So long shall future races read of thee
In this my poem; and Pharsalia's song
Live unforgotten in the age to come.

When by the ancient grandeur of the place
The chieftain's sight was filled, of gathered turf
Altars he raised: and as the sacred flame
Cast forth its odours, these not idle vows
Gave to the gods, "Ye deities of the dead,
Who watch o'er Phrygian ruins: ye who now
Lavinia's homes inhabit, and Alba's height:
Gods of my sire Aeneas, in whose fanes
The Trojan fire still burns: pledge of the past
Mysterious Pallas, of the inmost shrine,
Unseen of men! here in your ancient seat,
Most famous offspring of Iulus' race,
I call upon you and with pious hand
Burn frequent offerings. To my emprise
Give prosperous ending! Here shall I replace
The Phrygian peoples, here with glad return
Italia's sons shall build another Troy,
Here rise a Roman Pergamus."

This said,
He seeks his fleet, and eager to regain
Time spent at Ilium, to the favouring breeze
Spreads all his canvas. Past rich Asia borne,
Rhodes soon he left while foamed the sparkling main
Beneath his keels; nor ceased the wind to stretch
His bending sails, till on the seventh night
The Pharian beam proclaimed Egyptian shores.
But day arose, and veiled the nightly lamp

Ere rode his barks on waters safe from storm.
Then Caesar saw that tumult held the shore,
And mingled voices of uncertain sound
Struck on his ear: and trusting not himself
To doubtful kingdoms, of uncertain troth,
He kept his ships from land.

But from the king
Came his vile minion forth upon the wave,
Bearing his dreadful gift, Pompeius' head,
Wrapped in a covering of Pharian wool.
First took he speech and thus in shameless words
Commends the murder: "Conqueror of the world,
First of the Roman race, and, what as yet
Thou dost not know, safe by thy kinsman slain;
This gift receive from the Pellaeon king,
Sole trophy absent from the Thracian field,
To crown thy toils on lands and on the deep.
Here in thine absence have we placed for thee
An end upon the war. Here Magnus came
To mend his fallen fortunes; on our swords
Here met his death. With such a pledge of faith
Here have we bought thee, Caesar; with his blood
Seal we this treaty. Take the Pharian realm
Sought by no bloodshed, take the rule of Nile,
Take all that thou would'st give for Magnus' life:
And hold him vassal worthy of thy camp
To whom the fates against thy son-in-law
Such power entrusted; nor hold thou the deed
Lightly accomplished by the swordsman's stroke,
And so the merit. Guest ancestral he
Who was its victim; who, his sire expelled,
Gave back to him the sceptre. For a deed
So great, thou'lt find a name — or ask the world.
If 'twas a crime, thou must confess the debt
To us the greater, for that from thy hand
We took the doing."

Then he held and showed
Unveiled the head. Now had the hand of death
Passed with its changing touch upon the face:
Nor at first sight did Caesar on the gift
Pass condemnation; nor avert his gaze,
But dwelt upon the features till he knew
The crime accomplished. Then when truth was sure
The loving father rose, and tears he shed
Which flowed at his command, and glad in heart
Forced from his breast a groan: thus by the flow
Of feigned tears and grief he hoped to hide
His joy else manifest: and the ghastly boon
Sent by the king disparaging, professed
Rather to mourn his son's dissevered head,
Than count it for a debt. For thee alone,
Magnus, he durst not fail to find a tear:
He, Caesar, who with mien unaltered spurned
The Roman Senate, and with eyes undimmed
Looked on Pharsalia's field. O fate most hard!
Didst thou with impious war pursue the man
Whom 'twas thy lot to mourn? No kindred ties
No memory of thy daughter and her son
Touch on thy heart. Didst think perchance that grief
Might help thy cause 'mid lovers of his name?
Or haply, moved by envy of the king,
Griev'st that to other hands than thine was given
To shed the captive's life-blood? and complain'st
Thy vengeance perished and the conquered chief
Snatched from thy haughty hand? Whate'er the cause
That urged thy grief, 'twas far removed from love.
Was this forsooth the object of thy toil
O'er lands and oceans, that without thy ken
He should not perish? Nay! but well was reft
From thine arbitrament his fate. What crime
Did cruel Fortune spare, what depth of shame
To Roman honour! since she suffered not,
Perfidious traitor, while yet Magnus lived,

That thou should'st pity him!

Thus by words he dared,
To gain their credence in his ssembled grief:
“Hence from my sight with thy detested gift,
Thou minion, to thy King. Worse does your crime
Deserve from Caesar than from Magnus’ hands.
The only prize that civil war affords
Thus have we lost — to bid the conquered live.
If but the sister of this Pharian king
Were not by him detested, by the head
Of Cleopatra had I paid this gift.
Such were the fit return. Why did he draw
His separate sword, and in the toil that’s ours
Mingle his weapons? In Thessalia’s field
Gave we such right to the Pellaeon blade?
Magnus as partner in the rule of Rome
I had not brooked; and shall I tolerate
Thee, Ptolemaeus? In vain with civil wars
Thus have we roused the nations, if there be
Now any might but Caesar’s. If one land
Yet owned two masters, I had turned from yours
The prows of Latium; but fame forbids,
Lest men should whisper that I did not damn
This deed of blood, but feared the Pharian land.
Nor think ye to deceive; victorious here
I stand: else had my welcome at your hands
Been that of Magnus; and that neck were mine
But for Pharsalia’s chance. At greater risk
So seems it, than we dreamed of, took we arms;
Exile, and Magnus’ threats, and Rome I knew,
Not Ptolemaeus. But we spare the boy:
Pass by the murder. Let the princeling know
We give no more than pardon for his crime.
And now in honour of the mighty dead,
Not merely that the earth may hide your guilt,
Lay ye the chieftain’s head within the tomb;

With proper sepulture appease his shade
And place his scattered ashes in an urn.
Thus may he know my coming, and may hear
Affection's accents, and my fond complaints.
Me sought he not, but rather, for his life,
This Pharian vassal; snatching from mankind
The happy morning which had shown the world
A peace between us. But my prayers to heaven
No favouring answer found; that arms laid down
In happy victory, Magnus, once again
I might embrace thee, begging thee to grant
Thine ancient love to Caesar, and thy life.
Thus for my labours with a worthy prize
Content, thine equal, bound in faithful peace,
I might have brought thee to forgive the gods
For thy disaster; thou had'st gained for me
From Rome forgiveness."

Thus he spake, but found
No comrade in his tears; nor did the host
Give credit to his grief. Deep in their breasts
They hide their groans, and gaze with joyful front
(O famous Freedom!) on the deed of blood:
And dare to laugh when mighty Caesar wept.

BOOK X

CAESAR IN EGYPT

When Caesar, following those who bore the head,
First trod the shore accursed, with Egypt's fates
His fortunes battled, whether Rome should pass
In crimson conquest o'er the guilty land,
Or Memphis' arms should ravish from the world
Victor and vanquished: and the warning shade
Of Magnus saved his kinsman from the sword.

First, by the crime assured, his standards borne
Before, he marched upon the Pharian town;
But when the people, jealous of their laws,
Murmured against the fasces, Caesar knew
Their minds were adverse, and that not for him
Was Magnus' murder wrought. And yet with brow
Dissembling fear, intrepid, through the shrines
Of Egypt's gods he strode, and round the fane
Of ancient Isis; bearing witness all
To Macedon's vigour in the days of old.
Yet did nor gold nor ornament restrain
His hasting steps, nor worship of the gods,
Nor city ramparts: but in greed of gain
He sought the cave dug out amid the tombs.
The madman offspring there of Philip lies
The famed Pellaeon robber, fortune's friend,
Snatched off by fate, avenging so the world.
In sacred sepulchre the hero's limbs,
Which should be scattered o'er the earth, repose,
Still spared by Fortune to these tyrant days:
For in a world to freedom once recalled,
All men had mocked the dust of him who set
The baneful lesson that so many lands
Can serve one master. Macedon he left

His home obscure; Athena he despised
The conquest of his sire, and spurred by fate
Through Asia rushed with havoc of mankind,
Plunging his sword through peoples; streams unknown
Ran red with Persian and with Indian blood.
Curse of all earth and thunderbolt of ill
To every nation! On the outer sea
He launched his fleet to sail the ocean wave:
Nor flame nor flood nor sterile Libyan sands
Stayed back his course, nor Hammon's pathless shoals;
Far to the west, where downward slopes the world
He would have led his armies, and the poles
Had compassed, and had drunk the fount of Nile:
But came his latest day; such end alone
Could nature place upon the madman king,
Who jealous in death as when he won the world
His empire with him took, nor left an heir.
Thus every city to the spoiler's hand
Was victim made: Yet in his fall was his
Babylon; and Parthia feared him. Shame on us
That eastern nations dreaded more the lance
Of Macedon than now the Roman spear.
True that we rule beyond where takes its rise
The burning southern breeze, beyond the homes
Of western winds, and to the northern star;
But towards the rising of the sun, we yield
To him who kept the Arsacids in awe;
And puny Pella held as province sure
The Parthia fatal to our Roman arms.

Now from the stream Pelusian of the Nile,
Was come the boyish king, taming the rage
Of his effeminate people: pledge of peace;
And Caesar safely trod Pellaeon halls;
When Cleopatra bribed her guard to break
The harbour chains, and borne in little boat
Within the Macedonian palace gates,

Caesar unknowing, entered: Egypt's shame;
Fury of Latium; to the bane of Rome
Unchaste. For as the Spartan queen of yore
By fatal beauty Argos urged to strife
And Ilium's homes, so Cleopatra roused
Italia's frenzy. By her drum she called
Down on the Capitol terror (if to speak
Such word be lawful); mixed with Roman arms
Coward Canopus, hoping she might lead
A Pharian triumph, Caesar in her train;
And 'twas in doubt upon Leucadian waves
Whether a woman, not of Roman blood,
Should hold the world in awe. Such lofty thoughts
Seized on her soul upon that night in which
The wanton daughter of Pellaean kings
First shared our leaders' couches. Who shall blame
Antonius for the madness of his love,
When Caesar's haughty breast drew in the flame?
Who red with carnage, 'mid the clash of arms,
In palace haunted by Pompeius' shade,
Gave place to love; and in adulterous bed,
Magnus forgotten, from the Queen impure,
To Julia gave a brother: on the bounds,
Of furthest Libya permitting thus
His foe to gather: he in dalliance base
Waited upon his mistress, and to her
Pharos would give, for her would conquer all.

Then Cleopatra, trusting to her charms,
Tearless approached him, though in form of grief;
Her tresses loose as though in sorrow torn,
So best becoming her; and thus began:
"If, mighty Caesar, aught to noble birth
Be due, give ear. Of Lagian race am I
Offspring illustrious; from my father's throne
Cast forth to banishment; unless thy hand
Restore to me the sceptre: then a Queen

Falls at thy feet embracing. To our race
Bright star of justice thou! Nor first shall I
As woman rule the cities of the Nile;
For, neither sex preferring, Pharos bows
To queenly governance. Of my parted sire
Read the last words, by which 'tis mine to share
With equal rights the kingdom and the bed.
And loves the boy his sister, were he free;
But his affections and his sword alike
Pothinus orders. Nor wish I myself
To wield my father's power; but this my prayer:
Save from this foul disgrace our royal house,
Bid that the king shall reign, and from the court
Remove this hateful varlet, and his arms.
How swells his bosom for that his the hand
That shore Pompeius' head! And now he threats
Thee, Caesar, also; which the Fates avert!
'Twas shame enough upon the earth and thee
That of Pothinus Magnus should have been
The guilt or merit."

Caesar's ears in vain
Had she implored, but aided by her charms
The wanton's prayers prevailed, and by a night
Of shame ineffable, passed with her judge,
She won his favour.

When between the pair
Caesar had made a peace, by costliest gifts
Purchased, a banquet of such glad event
Made fit memorial; and with pomp the Queen
Displayed her luxuries, as yet unknown
To Roman fashions. First uprose the hall
Like to a fane which this corrupted age
Could scarcely rear: the lofty ceiling shone
With richest tracery, the beams were bound
In golden coverings; no scant veneer

Lay on its walls, but built in solid blocks
Of marble, gleamed the palace. Agate stood
In sturdy columns, bearing up the roof;
Onyx and porphyry on the spacious floor
Were trodden 'neath the foot; the mighty gates
Of Maroe's throughout were formed,
He mere adornment; ivory clothed the hall,
And fixed upon the doors with labour rare
Shells of the tortoise gleamed, from Indian seas,
With frequent emeralds studded. Gems of price
And yellow jasper on the couches shone.
Lustrous the coverlets; the major part
Dipped more than once within the vats of Tyre
Had drunk their juice: part feathered as with gold;
Part crimson dyed, in manner as are passed
Through Pharian leash the threads. There waited slaves
In number as a people, some in ranks
By different blood distinguished, some by age;
This band with Libyan, that with auburn hair
Red so that Caesar on the banks of Rhine
None such had witnessed; some with features scorched
By torrid suns, their locks in twisted coils
Drawn from their foreheads. Eunuchs too were there,
Unhappy race; and on the other side
Men of full age whose cheeks with growth of hair
Were hardly darkened.

 Upon either hand
Lay kings, and Caesar in the midst supreme.
There in her fatal beauty lay the Queen
Thick daubed with unguents, nor with throne content
Nor with her brother spouse; laden she lay
On neck and hair with all the Red Sea spoils,
And faint beneath the weight of gems and gold.
Her snowy breast shone through Sidonian lawn
Which woven close by shuttles of the east
The art of Nile had loosened. Ivory feet

Bore citron tables brought from woods that wave
On Atlas, such as Caesar never saw
When Juba was his captive. Blind in soul
By madness of ambition, thus to fire
By such profusion of her wealth, the mind
Of Caesar armed, her guest in civil war!
Not though he aimed with pitiless hand to grasp
The riches of a world; not though were here
Those ancient leaders of the simple age,
Fabricius or Curius stern of soul,
Or he who, Consul, left in sordid garb
His Tuscan plough, could all their several hopes
Have risen to such spoil. On plates of gold
They piled the banquet sought in earth and air
And from the deepest seas and Nilus' waves,
Through all the world; in craving for display,
No hunger urging. Frequent birds and beasts,
Egypt's high gods, they placed upon the board:
In crystal goblets water of the Nile
They handed, and in massive cups of price
Was poured the wine; no juice of Mareot grape
But noble vintage of Falernian growth
Which in few years in Meroe's vats had foamed,
(For such the clime) to ripeness. On their brows
Chaplets were placed of roses ever young
With glistening nard entwined; and in their locks
Was cinnamon infused, not yet in air
Its fragrance perished, nor in foreign climes;
And rich amomum from the neighbouring fields.
Thus Caesar learned the booty of a world
To lavish, and his breast was shamed of war
Waged with his son-in-law for meagre spoil,
And with the Pharian realm he longed to find
A cause of battle.

When of wine and feast
They wearied and their pleasure found an end,

Caesar drew out in colloquy the night
Thus with Achoreus, on the highest couch
With linen ephod as a priest begirt:
“O thou devoted to all sacred rites,
Loved by the gods, as proves thy length of days,
Tell, if thou wilt, whence sprang the Pharian race;
How lie their lands, the manners of their tribes,
The form and worship of their deities.
Expound the sculptures on your ancient fanes:
Reveal your gods if willing to be known:
If to th’ Athenian sage your fathers taught
Their mysteries, who worthier than I
To bear in trust the secrets of the world?
True, by the rumour of my kinsman’s flight
Here was I drawn; yet also by your fame:
And even in the midst of war’s alarms
The stars and heavenly spaces have I conned;
Nor shall Eudoxus’ year excel mine own.
But though such ardour burns within my breast,
Such zeal to know the truth, yet my chief wish
To learn the source of your mysterious flood
Through ages hidden: give me certain hope
To see the fount of Nile — and civil war
Then shall I leave.”

He spake, and then the priest:
“The secrets, Caesar, of our mighty sires
Kept from the common people until now
I hold it right to utter. Some may deem
That silence on these wonders of the earth
Were greater piety. But to the gods
I hold it grateful that their handiwork
And sacred edicts should be known to men.

“A different power by the primal law,
Each star possesses: these alone control
The movement of the sky, with adverse force

Opposing: while the sun divides the year,
And day from night, and by his potent rays
Forbids the stars to pass their stated course.
The moon by her alternate phases sets
The varying limits of the sea and shore.
‘Neath Saturn’s sway the zone of ice and snow
Has passed; while Mars in lightning’s fitful flames
And winds abounds’ beneath high Jupiter
Unvexed by storms abides a temperate air;
And fruitful Venus’ star contains the seeds
Of all things. Ruler of the boundless deep
The god Cyllenian: whene’er he holds
That part of heaven where the Lion dwells
With neighbouring Cancer joined, and Sirius star
Flames in its fury; where the circular path
(Which marks the changes of the varying year)
Gives to hot Cancer and to Capricorn
Their several stations, under which doth lie
The fount of Nile, he, master of the waves,
Strikes with his beam the waters. Forth the stream
Brimms from his fount, as Ocean when the moon
Commands an increase; nor shall curb his flow
Till night wins back her losses from the sun.

“Vain is the ancient faith that Ethiop snows
Send Nile abundant forth upon the lands.
Those mountains know nor northern wind nor star.
Of this are proof the breezes of the South,
Fraught with warm vapours, and the people’s hue
Burned dark by suns: and ’tis in time of spring,
When first are thawed the snows, that ice-fed streams
In swollen torrents tumble; but the Nile
Nor lifts his wave before the Dog star burns;
Nor seeks again his banks, until the sun
In equal balance measures night and day.
Nor are the laws that govern other streams
Obeyed by Nile. For in the wintry year

Were he in flood, when distant far the sun,
His waters lacked their office; but he leaves
His channel when the summer is at height,
Tempering the torrid heat of Egypt's clime.
Such is the task of Nile; thus in the world
He finds his purpose, lest exceeding heat
Consume the lands: and rising thus to meet
Enkindled Lion, to Syene's prayers
By Cancer burnt gives ear; nor curbs his wave
Till the slant sun and Meroe's lengthening shades
Proclaim the autumn. Who shall give the cause?
'Twas Parent Nature's self which gave command
Thus for the needs of earth should flow the Nile.

"Vain too the fable that the western winds
Control his current, in continuous course
At stated seasons governing the air;
Or hurrying from Occident to South
Clouds without number which in misty folds
Press on the waters; or by constant blast,
Forcing his current back whose several mouths
Burst on the sea; — so, forced by seas and wind,
Men say, his billows pour upon the land.
Some speak of hollow caverns, breathing holes
Deep in the earth, within whose mighty jaws
Waters in noiseless current underneath
From northern cold to southern climes are drawn:
And when hot Meroe pants beneath the sun,
Then, say they, Ganges through the silent depths
And Padus pass: and from a single fount
The Nile arising not in single streams
Pours all the rivers forth. And rumour says
That when the sea which girdles in the world
O'erflows, thence rushes Nile, by lengthy course,
Softening his saltness. More, if it be true
That ocean feeds the sun and heavenly fires,
Then Phoebus journeying by the burning Crab

Sucks from its waters more than air can hold
Upon his passage — this the cool of night
Pours on the Nile.

“If, Caesar, ’tis my part
To judge such difference, ’twould seem that since
Creation’s age has passed, earth’s veins by chance
Some waters hold, and shaken cast them forth:
But others took when first the globe was formed
A sure abode; by Him who framed the world
Fixed with the Universe.

“And, Roman, thou,
In thirsting thus to know the source of Nile
Dost as the Pharian and Persian kings
And those of Macedon; nor any age
Refused the secret, but the place prevailed
Remote by nature. Greatest of the kings
By Memphis worshipped, Alexander grudged
To Nile its mystery, and to furthest earth
Sent chosen Ethiops whom the crimson zone
Stayed in their further march, while flowed his stream
Warm at their feet. Sesostris westward far
Reached, to the ends of earth; and necks of kings
Bent ‘neath his chariot yoke: but of the springs
Which fill your rivers, Rhone and Po, he drank.
Not of the fount of Nile. Cambyzes king
In madman quest led forth his host to where
The long-lived races dwell: then famine struck,
Ate of his dead and, Nile unknown, returned.
No lying rumour of thy hidden source
Has e’er made mention; wheresoe’er thou art
Yet art thou sought, nor yet has nation claimed
In pride of place thy river as its own.
Yet shall I tell, so far as has the god,
Who veils thy fountain, given me to know.
Thy progress. Daring to upraise thy banks

'Gainst fiery Cancer's heat, thou tak'st thy rise
Beneath the zenith: straight towards the north
And mid Bootes flowing; to the couch
Bending, or to the risings, of the sun
In sinuous bends alternate; just alike
To Araby's peoples and to Libyan sands.
By Seres first beheld, yet know they not

Whence art thou come; and with no native stream
Strik'st thou the Ethiop fields. Nor knows the world
To whom it owes thee. Nature ne'er revealed
Thy secret origin, removed afar.
Nor did she wish thee to be seen of men
While still a tiny rivulet, but preferred
Their wonder to their knowledge. Where the sun
Stays at his limit, dost thou rise in flood
Untimely; such try right: to other lands
Bearing try winter: and by both the poles
Thou only wanderest. Here men ask thy rise
And there thine ending. Meroe rich in soil
And tilled by swarthy husbandmen divides
Thy broad expanse, rejoicing in the leaves
Of groves of ebony, which though spreading far
Their branching foliage, by no breadth of shade
Soften the summer sun — whose rays direct
Pass from the Lion to the fervid earth.
Next dost thou journey onwards past the realm
Of burning Phoebus, and the sterile sands,
With equal volume; now with all thy strength
Gathered in one, and now in devious streams
Parting the bank that crumbles at thy touch.
Then by our kingdom's gates, where Philae parts
Arabian peoples from Egyptian fields
The sluggish bosom of thy flood recalls
Try wandering currents, which through desert wastes
Flow gently on to where the merchant track
Divides the Red Sea waters from our own.

Who, gazing, Nile, upon thy tranquil flow,
Could picture how in wild array of foam
(Where shelves the earth) thy billows shall be plunged
Down the steep cataracts, in fuming wrath
That rocks should bar the passage of thy stream
Free from its source? For whirled on high the spray
Aims at the stars, and trembles all the air
With rush of waters; and with sounding roar
The foaming mass down from the summit pours
In hoary waves victorious. Next an isle
In all our ancient lore “untrodden” named
Stems firm thy torrent; and the rocks we call
Springs of the river, for that here are marked
The earliest tokens of the coming flood.
With mountain shores now nature hems thee in
And shuts thy waves from Libya; in the midst
Hence do thy waters run, till Memphis first
Forbids the barrier placed upon thy stream
And gives thee access to the open fields.”

Thus did they pass, as though in peace profound,
The nightly watches. But Pothinus’ mind,
Once with accursed butchery imbued,
Was frenzied still; since great Pompeius fell
No deed to him was crime; his rabid soul
Th’ avenging goddesses and Magnus’ shade
Stirred to fresh horrors; and a Pharian hand
No less was worthy, as he deemed, to shed
That blood which Fortune purposed should bedew
The conquered fathers: and the fell revenge
Due to the senate for the civil war
This hireling almost snatched. Avert, ye fates,
Far hence the shame that not by Brutus’ hand
This blow be struck! Shall thus the tyrant’s fall
Just at our hands, become a Pharian crime,
Reft of example? To prepare a plan
(Fated to fail) he dares; nor veils in fraud

A plot for murder, but with open war
 Attacks th' unconquered chieftain: from his crimes
 He gained such courage as to send command
 To lop the head of Caesar, and to join
 In death the kinsmen chiefs.

These words by night
His faithful servants to Achillas bear,
His foul associate, whom the boy had made
Chief of his armies, and who ruled alone
O'er Egypt's land and o'er himself her king:
"Now lay thy limbs upon the sumptuous couch
And sleep in luxury, for the Queen hath seized
The palace; nor alone by her betrayed,
But Caesar's gift, is Pharos. Dost delay
Nor hasten to the chamber of thy Queen?
Thou only? Married to the Latian chief,
The impious sister now her brother weds
And hurrying from rival spouse to spouse
Hath Egypt won, and plays the bawd for Rome.
By amorous potions she has won the man:
Then trust the boy! Yet give him but a night
In her enfondling arms, and drunk with love
Thy life and mine he'll barter for a kiss.
We for his sister's charms by cross and flame
Shall pay the penalty: nor hope of aid;
Here stands adulterous Caesar, here the King
Her spouse: how hope we from so stern a judge
To gain acquittal? Shall she not condemn
Those who ne'er sought her favours? By the deed
We dared together and lost, by Magnus' blood
Which wrought the bond between us, be thou swift
With hasty tumult to arouse the war:
Dash in with nightly band, and mar with death
Their shameless nuptials: on the very bed
With either lover smite the ruthless Queen.
Nor let the fortunes of the Western chief

Make pause our enterprise. We share with him
The glory of his empire o'er the world.
Pompeius fallen makes us too sublime.
There lies the shore that bids us hope success:
Ask of our power from the polluted wave,
And gaze upon the scanty tomb which holds
Not all Pompeius' ashes. Peer to him
Was he whom now thou fearest. Noble blood
True, is not ours: what boots it? Nor are realms
Nor wealth of peoples given to our command.
Yet have we risen to a height of power
For deeds of blood, and Fortune to our hands
Attracts her victims. Lo! a nobler now
Lies in our compass, and a second death
Hesperia shall appease; for Caesar's blood,
Shed by these hands, shall give us this, that Rome
Shall love us, guilty of Pompeius' fall.
Why fear these titles, why this chieftain's strength?
For shorn of these, before your swords he lies
A common soldier. To the civil war
This night shall bring completion, and shall give
To peoples slain fit offerings, and send
That life the world demands beneath the shades.
Rise then in all your hardihood and smite
This Caesar down, and let the Roman youths
Strike for themselves, and Lagos for its King.
Nor do thou tarry: full of wine and feast
Thou'lt fall upon him in the lists of love;
Then dare the venture, and the heavenly gods
Shall grant of Cato's and of Brutus' prayers
To thee fulfilment."

Nor was Achillas slow
To hear the voice that counselled him to crime.
No sounding clarion summoned, as is wont,
His troops to arms; nor trumpet blare betrayed
Their nightly march: but rapidly he seized

All needed instruments of blood and war.
Of Latian race the most part of his train,
Yet to barbarian customs were their minds
By long forgetfulness of Rome debased:
Else had it shamed to serve the Pharian King;
But now his vassal and his minion's word
Compel obedience. Those who serve in camps
Lose faith and love of kin: their pittance earned
Makes just the deed: and for their sordid pay,
Not for themselves, they threaten Caesar's life.
Where finds the piteous destiny of the realm
Rome with herself at peace? The host withdrawn
From dread Thessalia raves on Nilus' banks
As all the race of Rome. What more had dared,
With Magnus welcomed, the Laguean house?
Each hand must render to the gods their due,
Nor son of Rome may cease from civil war;
By Heaven's command our state was rent in twain;
Nor love for husband nor regard for sire
Parted our peoples. 'Twas a slave who stirred
Afresh the conflict, and Achillas grasped
In turn the sword of Rome: nay more, had won,
Had not the fates adverse restrained his hand
From Caesar's slaughter.

For the murderous pair
Ripe for their plot were met; the spacious hall
Still busied with the feast. So might have flowed
Into the kingly cups a stream of gore,
And in mid banquet fallen Caesar's head.
Yet did they fear lest in the nightly strife
(The fates permitting) some incautious hand —
So did they trust the sword — might slay the King.
Thus stayed the deed, for in the minds of slaves
The chance of doing Caesar to the death
Might bear postponement: when the day arose
Then should he suffer; and a night of life

Thus by Pothinus was to Caesar given.

Now from the Casian rock looked forth the Sun
Flooding the land of Egypt with a day
Warm from its earliest dawn, when from the walls
Not wandering in disorder are they seen,
But drown in close array, as though to meet
A foe opposing; ready to receive
Or give the battle. Caesar, in the town
Placing no trust, within the palace courts
Lay in ignoble hiding place, the gates
Close barred: nor all the kingly rooms possessed,
But in the narrowest portion of the space
He drew his band together. There in arms
They stood, with dread and fury in their souls.
He feared attack, indignant at his fear.
Thus will a noble beast in little cage
Imprisoned, fume, and break upon the bars
His teeth in frenzied wrath; nor more would rage
The flames of Vulcan in Sicilian depths
Should Etna's top be closed. He who but now
By Haemus' mount against Pompeius chief,
Italia's leaders and the Senate line,
His cause forbidding hope, looked at the fates
He knew were hostile, with unfaltering gaze,
Now fears before the crime of hireling slaves,
And in mid palace trembles at the blow:
He whom nor Scythian nor Alaun had dared
To violate, nor the Moor who aims the dart
Upon his victim slain, to prove his skill.
The Roman world but now did not suffice
To hold him, nor the realms from furthest Ind
To Tyrian Gades. Now, as puny boy,
Or woman, trembling when a town is sacked,
Within the narrow corners of a house
He seeks for safety; on the portals closed
His hope of life; and with uncertain gait

He treads the hails; yet not without the King;
In purpose, Ptolemaeus, that thy life
For his shall give atonement; and to hurl
Thy severed head among the servant throng
Should darts and torches fail. So story tells
The Colchian princess with sword in hand,
And with her brother's neck bared to the blow,
Waited her sire, avenger of his realm
Despoiled, and of her flight. In the imminent risk
Caesar, in hopes of peace, an envoy sent
To the fierce vassals, from their absent lord
Bearing a message, thus: "At whose command
Wage ye the war?" But not the laws which bind
All nations upon earth, nor sacred rights,
Availed to save or messenger of peace,
Or King's ambassador; or thee from crime
Such as befitted thee, thou land of Nile
Fruitful in monstrous deeds: not Juba's realm
Vast though it be, nor Pontus, nor the land
Thessalian, nor the arms of Pharnaces,
Nor yet the tracts which chill Iberus girds,
Nor Libyan coasts such wickedness have dared,
As thou, with all thy luxuries. Closer now
War hemmed them in, and weapons in the courts,
Shaking the innermost recesses, fell.
Yet did no ram, fatal with single stroke,
Assail the portal, nor machine of war;
Nor flame they called in aid; but blind of plan
They wander purposeless, in separate bands
Around the circuit, nor at any spot
With strength combined attempt to breach the wall.
The fates forbad, and Fortune from their hands
Held fast the palace as a battlement.
Nor failed they to attack from ships of war
The regal dwelling, where its frontage bold
Made stand apart the waters of the deep:
There, too, was Caesar's all-protecting arm;

For these at point of sword, and those with fire
He forces back, and though besieged he dares
To storm th' assailants: and as lay the ships
Joined rank to rank, bids drop upon their sides
Lamps drenched with reeking tar. Nor slow the fire
To seize the hempen cables and the decks
Oozing with melting pitch; the oarsman's bench
All in one moment, and the topmost yards
Burst into flame: half merged the vessels lay
While swam the foemen, all in arms, the wave;
Nor fell the blaze upon the ships alone,
But seized with writhing tongues the neighbouring homes,
And fanned to fury by the Southern breeze
Tempestuous, it leaped from roof to roof;
Not otherwise than on its heavenly track,
Unfed by matter, glides the ball of light,
By air alone aflame.

 This pest recalled
Some of the forces to the city's aid
From the besieged halls. Nor Caesar gave
To sleep its season; swifter than all else
To seize the crucial moment of the war.
Quick in the darkest watches of the night
He leaped upon his ships, and Pharos seized,
Gate of the main; an island in the days
Of Proteus seer, now bordering the walls
Of Alexander's city. Thus he gained
A double vantage, for his foes were pent
Within the narrow entrance, which for him
And for his aids gave access to the sea.

Nor longer was Pothinus' doom delayed,
Yet not with cross or flame, nor with the wrath
His crime demanded; nor by savage beasts
Torn, did he suffer; but by Magnus' death,
Alas the shame! he fell; his head by sword

Hacked from his shoulders. Next by frauds prepared
By Ganymede her base attendant, fled
Arsinoe from the Court to Caesar's foes;
There in the absence of the King she ruled
As of Lagoon blood: there at her hands,
The savage minion of the tyrant boy,
Achillas, fell by just avenging sword.
Thus did another victim to thy shade
Atone, Pompeius; but the gods forbid
That this be all thy vengeance! Not the king
Nor all the stock of Lagos for thy death
Would make fit sacrifice! So Fortune deemed;
And not till patriot swords shall drink the blood
Of Caesar, Magnus, shalt thou be appeased.
Still, though was slain the author of the strife,
Sank not their rage: with Ganymede for chief
Again they rush to arms; in deeds of fight
Again they conquer. So might that one day
Have witnessed Caesar's fate; so might its fame
Have lived through ages.

As the Roman Chief,
Crushed on the narrow surface of the mole,
Prepared to throw his troops upon the ships,
Sudden upon him the surrounding foes
With all their terrors came. In dense array
Their navy lined the shores, while on the rear
The footmen ceaseless charged. No hope was left,
For flight was not, nor could the brave man's arm
Achieve or safety or a glorious death.
Not now were needed for great Caesar's fall,
Caught in the toils of nature, routed host
Or mighty heaps of slain: his only doubt
To fear or hope for death: while on his brain
Brave Scaeva's image flashed, now vainly sought,
Who on the wall by Epidamnus' fields
Earned fame immortal, and with single arm

Drove back Pompeius as he trod the breach....

The Latin Text



Ancient Athens — Lucan grew up under the tutelage of his uncle, Seneca the Younger. Born into a wealthy family, he studied rhetoric at Athens and was most likely provided with a philosophical and Stoic education by his uncle.

DE BELLO CIVILI



In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Latin text of Lucan's epic poem. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

CONTENTS

[LIBER PRIMVS](#)
[LIBER SECVNDVS](#)
[LIBER TERTIVS](#)
[LIBER QVARTVS](#)
[LIBER QVINTVS](#)
[LIBER SEXTVS](#)
[LIBER SEPTIMVS](#)
[LIBER OCTAVVS](#)
[LIBER NONVS](#)
[LIBER DECIMVS](#)

LIBER PRIMVS

Bella per Emathios plus quam ciuilia campos
iusque datum sceleri canimus, populumque potentem
in sua uictrici conuersum uiscera dextra
cognatasque acies, et rupto foedere regni
certatum totis concussi uiribus orbis 5
in commune nefas, infestisque obuia signis
signa, pares aquilas et pila minantia pilis.

quis furor, o ciues, quae tanta licentia ferri?
gentibus inuisis Latium praebere cruorem
cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda tropaeis 10
Ausoniis umbraque erraret Crassus inulta
bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?
heu, quantum terrae potuit pelagique parari
hoc quem ciuiles hauserunt sanguine dextrae,
unde uenit Titan et nox ubi sidera condit 15
quaque dies medius flagrantibus aestuat horis
et qua bruma rigens ac nescia uere remitti
astringit Scythico glaciale frigore pontum!
sub iuga iam Seres, iam barbarus isset Araxes
et gens siqua iacet nascenti conscia Nilo. 20
tum, si tantus amor belli tibi, Roma, nefandi,
totum sub Latias leges cum miseris orbem,
in te uerte manus: nondum tibi defuit hostis.
at nunc semirutis pendent quod moenia tectis
urbibus Italiae lapsisque ingentia muris 25
saxa iacent nulloque domus custode tenentur
rarus et antiquis habitator in urbibus errat,
horrida quod dumis multosque inarata per annos
Hesperia est desuntque manus poscentibus aruis,
non tu, Pyrrhe ferox, nec tantis cladibus auctor 30
Poenus erit: nulli penitus descendere ferro
contigit; alta sedent ciuilis uolnera dextrae.

quod si non aliam uenturo fata Neroni
inuenere uiam magnoque aeterna parantur

regna deis caelumque suo seruire Tonanti 35
non nisi saeuorum potuit post bella gigantum,
iam nihil, o superi, querimur; scelera ipsa nefasque
hac mercede placent. diros Pharsalia campos
inpleat et Poeni saturentur sanguine manes,
ultima funesta concurrant proelia Munda, 40
his, Caesar, Perusina fames Mutinaeque labores
accedant fati et quas premit aspera classes
Leucas et ardenti seruilia bella sub Aetna,
multum Roma tamen debet ciuilibus armis
quod tibi res acta est. te, cum statione peracta 45
astra petes serus, praelati regia caeli
excipiet gaudente polo: seu sceptrata tenere
seu te flammigeros Phoebi conscendere currus
telluremque nihil mutato sole timentem
igne uago lustrare iuuat, tibi numine ab omni 50
cedetur, iurisque tui natura relinquet
quis deus esse uelis, ubi regnum ponere mundi.
sed neque in Arctoo sedem tibi legeris orbe
nec polus auersi calidus qua uergitur Austri,
unde tuam uideas obliquo sidere Romam. 55
aetheris inmensi partem si presseris unam,
sentiet axis onus. librati pondera caeli
orbe tene medio; pars aetheris illa sereni
tota uacet nullaeque obstant a Caesare nubes.
tum genus humanum positis sibi consulat armis 60
inque uicem gens omnis amet; pax missa per orbem
ferrea belligeri conpescat limina Iani.
sed mihi iam numen; nec, si te pectore uates
accipio, Cirrhaea uelim secreta mouentem
sollicitare deum Bacchumque auertere Nysa: 65
tu satis ad uires Romana in carmina dandas.

fert animus causas tantarum expromere rerum,
inmensumque aperitur opus, quid in arma furentem
inpulerit populum, quid pacem excusserit orbi.
inuida fatorum series summisque negatum 70
stare diu nimioque graues sub pondere lapsus

nec se Roma ferens. sic, cum conpage soluta
saecula tot mundi suprema coegerit hora
antiquum repetens iterum chaos, [omnia mixtis
sidera sideribus concurrent,] ignea pontum 75
astra petent, tellus extendere litora nolet
excutietque fretum, fratri contraria Phoebe
ibit et obliquum bigas agitare per orbem
indignata diem poscet sibi, totaque discors
machina diuolsi turbabit foedera mundi. 80
in se magna ruunt: laetis hunc numina rebus
crescendi posuere modum. nec gentibus ullis
commodat in populum terrae pelagique potentem
inuidiam Fortuna suam. tu causa malorum
facta tribus dominis communis, Roma, nec umquam 85
in turbam missi feralia foedera regni.
o male concordēs nimiaque cupidine caeci,
quid miscere iuuat uires orbemque tenere
in medio? dum terra fretum terramque leuabit
aer et longi uoluent Titana labores 90
noxque diem caelo totidem per signa sequetur,
nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
inpatiens consortis erit. nec gentibus ullis
credite nec longe fatorum exempla petantur:
fraterno primi maduerunt sanguine muri. 95
nec pretium tanti tellus pontusque furoris
tunc erat: exiguum dominos commisit asyllum.

temporis angusti mansit concordia discors
paxque fuit non sponte ducum; nam sola futuri
Crassus erat belli medius mora. qualiter undas 100
qui secat et geminum gracilis mare separat Isthmos
nec patitur conferre fretum, si terra recedat,
Ionium Aegaeo frangat mare, sic, ubi saeua
arma ducum dirimens miserando funere Crassus
Assyrias Latio maculauit sanguine Carrhas, 105
Parthica Romanos soluerunt damna furores.
plus illa uobis acie, quam creditis, actum est,
Arsacidae: bellum uictis ciuile dedistis.

diuiditur ferro regnum, populique potentis,
quae mare, quae terras, quae totum possidet orbem, 110
non cepit fortuna duos. nam pignora iuncti
sanguinis et diro ferales omine taedas
abstulit ad manes Parcarum Iulia saeua
intercepta manu. quod si tibi fata dedissent
maiores in luce moras, tu sola furem 115
inde uirum poteras atque hinc retinere parentem
armatasque manus excusso iungere ferro,
ut generos soceris mediae iunxere Sabinae.
morte tua discussa fides bellumque mouere
permissum ducibus. stimulos dedit aemula uirtus. 120
tu, noua ne ueteres obscurent acta triumphos
et uictis cedat piratica laurea Gallis,
Magne, times; te iam series ususque laborum
erigit inpatiensque loci fortuna secundi;
nec quemquam iam ferre potest Caesarue priorem 125
Pompeiusue parem. quis iustius induit arma
scire nefas: magno se iudice quisque tuetur;
uictrix causa deis placuit sed uicta Catoni.
nec coiere pares. alter uergentibus annis
in senium longoque togae tranquillior usu 130
dedidicit iam pace ducem, famaeque petitor
multa dare in uolgus, totus popularibus auris
inpelli plausuque sui gaudere theatri,
nec reparare nouas uires, multumque priori
credere fortunae. stat magni nominis umbra, 135
qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
exuias ueteris populi sacrataque gestans
dona ducum nec iam ualidis radicibus haerens
pondere fixa suo est, nudosque per aera ramos
effundens trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram, 140
et quamuis primo nutet casura sub Euro,
tot circum siluae firmo se robore tollant,
sola tamen colitur. sed non in Caesare tantum
nomen erat nec fama ducis, sed nescia uirtus
stare loco, solusque pudor non uincere bello. 145

acer et indomitus, quo spes quoque ira uocasset,
ferre manum et numquam temerando parcere ferro,
successus urgere suos, instare fauori
numinis, inpellens quidquid sibi summa petenti
obstaret gaudensque uiam fecisse ruina, 150
qualiter expressum uentis per nubila fulmen
aetheris impulsu sonitu mundique fragore
emicuit rupitque diem populosque pauentes
terrui obliqua praestringens lumina flamma:
in sua templa furit, nullaque exire uetante 155
materia magnamque cadens magnamque reuertens
dat stragem late sparsosque recolligit ignes.
hae ducibus causae; suberant sed publica belli
semina, quae populos semper mersere potentis.
namque, ut opes nimias mundo fortuna subacta 160
intulit et rebus mores cessere secundis
praedaeque et hostiles luxum suasere rapinae,
non auro tectisque modus, mensasque priores
aspernata fames; cultus gestare decoros
uix nuribus rapuere mares; fecunda uirorum 165
paupertas fugitur totoque accersitur orbe
quo gens quaeque perit; tum longos iungere fines
agrorum, et quondam duro sulcata Camilli
uomere et antiquos Curiorum passa ligones
longa sub ignotis extendere rura colonis. 170
non erat is populus quem pax tranquilla iuaret,
quem sua libertas inmotis pasceret armis.
inde irae faciles et, quod suasisset egestas,
uile nefas, magnumque decus ferroque petendum
plus patria potuisse sua, mensuraque iuris 175
uis erat: hinc leges et plebis scita coactae
et cum consulibus turbantes iura tribuni;
hinc rapti fasces pretio sectorque fauoris
ipse sui populus letalisque ambitus urbi
annua uenali referens certamina Campo; 180
hinc usura uorax auidumque in tempora fenus
et concussa fides et multis utile bellum.

iam gelidas Caesar cursu superauerat Alpes
ingentisque animo motus bellumque futurum
ceperat. ut uentum est parui Rubiconis ad undas, 185
ingens uisa duci patriae trepidantis imago
clara per obscuram uultu maestissima noctem
turrigero canos effundens uertice crines
caesarie lacera nudisque adstare lacertis
et gemitu permixta loqui: ‘quo tenditis ultra? 190
quo fertis mea signa, uiri? si iure uenitis,
si ciues, huc usque licet.’ tum perculit horror
membra ducis, riguere comae gressumque coercens
languor in extrema tenuit uestigia ripa.
mox ait ‘o magnae qui moenia prospicis urbis 195
Tarpeia de rupe Tonans Phrygiique penates
gentis Iuleae et rapti secreta Quirini
et residens celsa Latiaris Iuppiter Alba
Vestalesque foci summique o numinis instar
Roma, faue coeptis. non te furialibus armis 200
persequor: en, adsum uictor terraque marique
Caesar, ubique tuus (liceat modo, nunc quoque) miles.
ille erit ille nocens, qui me tibi fecerit hostem.’
inde moras soluit belli tumidumque per amnem
signa tulit propere: sicut squalentibus aruis 205
aestiferae Libyes uiso leo comminus hoste
subsedit dubius, totam dum colligit iram;
mox, ubi se saeuae stimulauit uerbere caudae
erexitque iubam et uasto graue murmur hiatu
infremuit, tum torta leuis si lancea Mauri 210
haereat aut latum subeant uenabula pectus,
per ferrum tanti securus uolneris exit.

fonte cadit modico paruisque inPELLITUR undis
puniceus Rubicon, cum feruida canduit aestas,
perque imas serpit ualles et Gallica certus 215
limes ab Ausoniis disternat arua colonis.
tum uires praebebat hiemps atque auxerat undas
tertia iam grauido pluuiialis Cynthia cornu
et madidis Euri resolutae flatibus Alpes.

primus in obliquum sonipes opponitur amnem 220
excepturus aquas; molli tum cetera rumpit
turba uado faciles iam fracti fluminis undas.
Caesar, ut aduersam superato gurgite ripam
attigit, Hesperiae uetitis et constitit aruis,
'hic' ait 'hic pacem temerataque iura relinquo; 225
te, Fortuna, sequor. procul hinc iam foedera sunt;
credidimus satis <his>, utendum est iudice bello.'
sic fatus noctis tenebris rapit agmina ductor
inpiger, et torto Balearis uerbere fundae
ocior et missa Parthi post terga sagitta, 230
uicinumque minax inuadit Ariminum, et ignes
solis Lucifero fugiebant astra relicto.
iamque dies primos belli uisura tumultus
exoritur; sed sponte deum, seu turbidus Auster
inpulerat, maestam tenuerunt nubila lucem. 235
constitit ut capto iussus deponere miles
signa foro, stridor lituum clangorque tubarum
non pia concinuit cum rauco classica cornu.
rupta quies populi, stratisque excita iuuentus
deripuit sacris adfixa penatibus arma 240
quae pax longa dabat: nuda iam crate fluentis
inuadunt clipeos curuataque cuspide pila
et scabros nigrae morsu robiginis enses.
ut notae fulsere aquilae Romanae signa
et celsus medio conspectus in agmine Caesar, 245
deriguere metu, gelidos pauor occupat artus,
et tacito mutos uoluunt in pectore questus.
'o male uicinis haec moenia condita Gallis,
o tristi damnata loco! pax alta per omnes
et tranquilla quies populos: nos praeda furentum 250
primaque castra sumus. melius, Fortuna, dedisses
orbe sub Eoo sedem gelidaque sub Arcto
errantisque domos, Latii quam claustra tueri.
nos primi Senonum motus Cimbrumque ruentem
uidimus et Martem Libyes cursumque furoris 255
Teutonici: quotiens Romam fortuna lacescit,

hac iter est bellis.' gemitu sic quisque latenti,
non ausus timuisse palam: uox nulla dolori
credita, sed quantum, uolucres cum bruma coercet,
rura silent, mediusque tacet sine murmure pontus, 260
tanta quies. noctis gelidas lux soluerat umbras:
ecce, faces belli dubiaeque in proelia menti
urguentes addunt stimulos cunctasque pudoris
rumpunt fata moras: iustos Fortuna laborat
esse ducis motus et causas inuenit armis. 265
expulit ancipiti discordes urbe tribunos
uicto iure minax iactatis curia Gracchis.
hos iam mota ducis uicinaque signa petentes
audax uenali comitatur Curio lingua,
uox quondam populi libertatemque tueri 270
ausus et armatos plebi miscere potentes.
utque ducem uarias uoluentem pectore curas
conspexit 'dum uoce tuae potuere iuuari,
Caesar,' ait 'partes, quamuis nolente senatu
traximus imperium, tum cum mihi rostra tenere 275
ius erat et dubios in te transferre Quirites.
at postquam leges bello siluere coactae
pellimur e patriis laribus patimurque uolentes
exilium: tua nos faciet uictoria ciues.
dum trepidant nullo firmatae robore partes, 280
tolle moras: semper nocuit differre paratis.
[par labor atque metus pretio maiore petuntur.]
bellantem geminis tenuit te Gallia lustris,
pars quota terrarum! facili si proelia pauca
gesseris euentu, tibi Roma subegerit orbem. 285
nunc neque te longi remeantem pompa triumphi
excipit aut sacras poscunt Capitolia laurus:
liuor edax tibi cuncta negat, gentesque subactas
uix inpune feres. socerum depellere regno
decretum genero est: partiri non potes orbem, 290
solus habere potes.' sic postquam fatus, et ipsi
in bellum prono tantum tamen addidit irae
accenditque ducem, quantum clamore iuuatur

Eleus sonipes, quamuis iam carcere clauso
inmineat foribus pronusque repagula laxet. 295
conuocat armatos extemplo ad signa maniplos,
utque satis trepidum turba coeunte tumultum
conposuit uoltu dextraque silentia iussit
‘bellorum o socii, qui mille pericula Martis
mecum’ ait ‘experti decimo iam uincitis anno, 300
hoc cruor Arctoïs meruit diffusus in aruis
uolneraque et mortes hiemesque sub Alpibus actae?
non secus ingenti bellorum Roma tumultu
concutitur, quam si Poenus transcenderit Alpes
Hannibal: inplentur ualidae tirone cohortes, 305
in classem cadit omne nemus, terraque marique
iussus Caesar agi. quid, si mihi signa iacerent
Marte sub aduerso ruerentque in terga feroces
Gallorum populi? nunc, cum fortuna secundis
mecum rebus agat superique ad summa uocantes, 310
temptamur. ueniat longa dux pace solutus
milite cum subito partesque in bella togatae
Marcellusque loquax et nomina uana Catones.
scilicet extremi Pompeium emptique clientes
continuo per tot satiabunt tempora regno? 315
ille reget currus nondum patientibus annis,
ille semel raptos numquam dimittet honores?
quid iam rura querar totum suppressa per orbem
ac iussam seruire famem? quis castra timenti
nescit mixta foro, gladii cum triste micantes 320
iudicium insolita trepidum cinxere corona
atque auso medias perrumpere milite leges
Pompeiana reum clausurunt signa Milonem?
nunc quoque, ne lassum teneat priuata senectus,
bella nefanda parat suetus ciuilibus armis 325
et docilis Sullam scelerum uicisse magistrum.
utque ferae tigres numquam posuere furorem,
quas, nemore Hyrcano matrum dum lustra secuntur,
altus caesorum pauit cruor armentorum,
sic et Sullanum solito tibi lambere ferrum 330

durat, magne, sitis. nullus semel ore receptus
pollutas patitur sanguis mansuescere fauces.
quem tamen inueniet tam longa potentia finem?
quis scelerum modus est? ex hoc iam te, inprobe, regno
ille tuus saltem doceat descendere Sulla. 335
post Cilicasne uagos et lassi Pontica regis
proelia barbarico uix consummata ueneno
ultima Pompeio dabitur prouincia Caesar,
quod non uictrices aquilas deponere iussus
paruerim? mihi si merces erepta laborum est, 340
his saltem longi non cum duce praemia belli
reddantur; miles sub quolibet iste triumphet.
conferet exanguis quo se post bella senectus?
quae sedes erit emeritis? quae rura dabuntur
quae noster ueteranus aret, quae moenia fessis? 345
an melius fient piratae, Magne, coloni?
tollite iam pridem uictricia tollite signa:
uiribus utendum est quas fecimus. arma tenenti
omnia dat, qui iusta negat. nec numina derunt;
nam neque praeda meis neque regnum quaeritur armis: 350
detrahimus dominos urbi seruire paratae.'

dixerat; at dubium non claro murmure uolgus
secum incerta fremit. pietas patriique penates
quamquam caede feras mentes animosque tumentes
frangunt; sed diro ferri reuocantur amore 355
ductorisque metu. summi tum munera pili
Laelius emeritique gerens insignia doni,
seruati ciuis referentem praemia quercum,
'si licet,' exclamat 'Romani maxime rector
nominis, et ius est ueras expromere uoces, 360
quod tam lenta tuas tenuit patientia uires
conquerimur. deratne tibi fiducia nostri?
dum mouet haec calidus spirantia corpora sanguis
et dum pila ualent fortes torquere lacerti,
degenerem patiēre togam regnumque senatus? 365
usque adeo miserum est ciuili uincere bello?
duc age per Scythiae populos, per inhospita Syrtis

litora, per calidas Libyae sitientis harenas:
haec manus, ut uictum post terga relinqueret orbem,
Oceani tumidas remo conpescuit undas 370
fregit et Arctoo spumantem uertice Rhenum:
iussa sequi tam posse mihi quam uelle necesse est.
nec cuius meus est, in quem tua classica, Caesar,
audiero. per signa decem felicia castris
perque tuos iuro quocumque ex hoste triumphos, 375
pectore si fratris gladium iuguloque parentis
condere me iubeas plenaque in uiscera partu
coniugis, inuita peragam tamen omnia dextra;
si spoliare deos ignemque inmittere templis,
numina miscebit castrensis flamma monetae; 380
castra super Tusci si ponere Thybridis undas,
Hesperios audax ueniam metator in agros.
tu quoscumque uoles in planum effundere muros,
his aries actus disperget saxa lacertis,
illa licet, penitus tolli quam iusseris urbem, 385
Roma sit.' his cunctae simul adsensere cohortes
elatasque alte, quaecumque ad bella uocaret,
promisere manus. it tantus ad aethera clamor,
quantus, piniferae Boreas cum Thracius Ossae
rupibus incubuit, curuato robore pressae 390
fit sonus aut rursus redeuntis in aethera siluae.

Caesar, ut acceptum tam prono milite bellum
fataque ferre uidet, nequo languore moretur
fortunam, sparsas per Gallica rura cohortes
euocat et Romam motis petit undique signis. 395
deseruere cauo tentoria fixa Lemanno
castraque quae Vosegi curuam super ardua ripam
pugnaces pictis cohibebant Lingonas armis.
hi uada liquerunt Isarae, qui, gurgite ductus
per tam multa suo, famae maioris in amnem 400
lapsus ad aequoreas nomen non pertulit undas.
soluuntur flauī longa statione Ruteni;
mitis Atax Latias gaudet non ferre carinas
finis et Hesperiae, promotō limite, Varus;

quaque sub Herculeo sacratus nomine portus 405
urguet rupe caua pelagus: non Corus in illum
ius habet aut Zephyrus, solus sua litora turbat
Circius et tuta prohibet statione Monoeci:
quaque iacet litus dubium quod terra fretumque
uindicat alternis uicibus, cum funditur ingens 410
Oceanus uel cum refugis se fluctibus aufert.
uentus ab extremo pelagus sic axe uoludet
destituatque ferens, an sidere mota secundo
Tethyos unda uagae lunaribus aestuet horis,
flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas, 415
erigat Oceanum fluctusque ad sidera ducat,
quaerite, quos agitat mundi labor; at mihi semper
tu, quaecumque moues tam crebros causa meatus,
ut superi uoluere, late. tum rura Nemetis
qui tenet et ripas Atyri, qua litore curuo 420
molliter admissum claudit Tarbellicus aequor,
signa mouet, gaudetque amoto Santonus hoste
et Biturix longisque leues Suessones in armis,
optimus excusso Leucus Remusque lacerto,
optima gens flexis in gyrum Sequana frenis, 425
et docilis rector monstrati Belga couinni,
Aruernique, ausi Latio se fingere fratres
sanguine ab Iliaco populi, nimiumque rebellis
Neruius et caesi pollutus foedere Cottae,
et qui te laxis imitantur, Sarmata, bracis 430
Vangiones, Batauique truces, quos aere recuruo
stridentes acuere tubae; qua Cinga pererrat
gurgite, qua Rhodanus raptum uelocibus undis
in mare fert Ararim, qua montibus ardua summis
gens habitat cana pendentes rupe Cebennas. 435
tu quoque laetatus conuerti proelia, Treuir, 441
et nunc tonse Ligur, quondam per colla decore
crinibus effusis toti praelate Comatae,
et quibus inmitis placatur sanguine diro
Teutates horrensque feris altaribus Esus 445
et Taranis Scythicae non mitior ara Dianae.

uos quoque, qui fortes animas belloque peremptas
laudibus in longum uates dimittitis aeuum,
plurima securi fudistis carmina, Bardi.
et uos barbaricos ritus moremque sinistrum 450
sacrorum, Dryadae, positis repetistis ab armis.
solis nosse deos et caeli numina uobis
aut solis nescire datum; nemora alta remotis
incolitis lucis; uobis auctoribus umbrae
non tacitas Erebi sedes Ditisque profundi 455
pallida regna petunt: regit idem spiritus artus
orbe alio; longae, canitis si cognita, uitae
mors media est. certe populi quos despicit Arctos
felices errore suo, quos ille timorum
maximus haut urguit leti metus. inde ruendi 460
in ferrum mens prona uiris animaeque capaces
mortis, et ignauum rediturae parcere uitae.
et uos, crinigeros Belgis arcere Caycos
oppositi, petitis Romam Rhenique feroces
deseritis ripas et apertum gentibus orbem. 465

Caesar, ut immensae conlecto robore uires
audendi maiora fidem fecere, per omnem
spargitur Italiam uicinaque moenia conplet.
uana quoque ad ueros accessit fama timores
inrupitque animos populi clademque futuram 470
intulit et uelox properantis nuntia belli
innumeras soluit falsa in praeconia linguas.
est qui tauriferis ubi se Meuania campis
explicat audaces ruere in certamina turmas
adferat, et qua Nar Tiberino inlabitur amni 475
barbaricas saeui discurrere Caesaris alas;
ipsum omnes aquilas conlataque signa ferentem
agmine non uno densisque incedere castris.
nec qualem meminere uident: maiorque ferusque
mentibus occurrit uictoque inmanior hoste. 480
hunc inter Rhenum populos Albimque iacentes
finibus Arctoïis patriaque a sede reuolsos
pone sequi, iussamque feris a gentibus urbem

Romano spectante rapi. sic quisque pauendo
dat uires famae, nulloque auctore malorum 485
quae finxere timent. nec solum uolgu inani
percussum terrore pauet, sed curia et ipsi
sedibus exiluire patres, inuisaque belli
consulibus fugiens mandat decreta senatus.
tum, quae tuta petant et quae metuenda relinquunt 490
incerti, quo quemque fugae tulit impetus urgent
praecipitem populum, serieque haerentia longa
agmina prorumpunt. credas aut tecta nefandas
corripuisse faces aut iam quatiente ruina
nutantes pendere domos, sic turba per urbem 495
praecipiti lymphata gradu, uelut unica rebus
spes foret adfflictis patrios excedere muros,
inconsulta ruit. qualis, cum turbidus Auster
reppulit a Libycis inmensum Syrtibus aequor
fractaque ueliferi sonuerunt pondera mali, 500
desilit in fluctus deserta puppe magister
nauitaeque et nondum sparsa conpage carinae
naufragium sibi quisque facit, sic urbe relicta
in bellum fugitur. nullum iam languidus aeuo
eualuit reuocare parens coniunxue maritum 505
fletibus, aut patrii, dubiae dum uota salutis
conciperent, tenuere lares; nec limine quisquam
haesit et extremo tunc forsitan urbis amatae
plenus abit uisu: ruit inreuocabile uolgu.
o faciles dare summa deos eademque tueri 510
difficiles! urbem populis uictisque frequentem
gentibus et generis, coeat si turba, capacem
humani facilem uenturo Caesare praedam
ignauae liquere manus. cum pressus ab hoste
clauditur externis miles Romanus in oris, 515
effugit exiguo nocturna pericula uallo,
et subitus rapti munimine caespitis agger
praebet securos intra tentoria somnos:
tu tantum audito bellorum nomine, Roma,
desereris; nox una tuis non credita muris. 520

danda tamen uenia est tantorum danda pauporum:
Pompeio fugiente timent. tum, nequa futuri
spes saltem trepidas mentes leuet, addita fati
peioris manifesta fides, superique minaces
prodigiis terras inplerunt, aethera, pontum. 525
ignota obscurae uiderunt sidera noctes
ardentemque polum flammis caeloque uolantes
obliquas per inane faces crinemque timendi
sideris et terris mutantem regna cometen.
fulgura fallaci micuerunt crebra sereno, 530
et uarias ignis denso dedit aere formas,
nunc iaculum longo, nunc sparso lumine lampas.
emicuit caelo tacitum sine nubibus ullis
fulmen et Arctois rapiens de partibus ignem
percussit Latiare caput, stellaeque minores 535
per uacuum solitae noctis decurrere tempus
in medium uenere diem, cornuque coacto
iam Phoebe toto fratrem cum redderet orbe
terrarum subita percussa expalluit umbra.
ipse caput medio Titan cum ferret Olympo 540
condidit ardentis atra caligine currus
inuoluitque orbem tenebris gentesque coegit
desperare diem; qualem fugiente per ortus
sole Thyesteae noctem duxere Mycenae.
ora ferox Siculae laxauit Mulciber Aetnae, 545
nec tulit in caelum flammam sed uertice prono
ignis in Hesperium cecidit latus. atra Charybdis
sanguineum fundo torsit mare; flebile saeui
latrauere canes. Vestali raptus ab ara
ignis, et ostendens confectas flamma Latinas 550
scinditur in partes geminoque cacumine surgit
Thebanos imitata rogos. tum cardine tellus
subsedit, ueteremque iugis nutantibus Alpes
discussere niuem. Tethys maioribus undis
Hesperiam Calpen summumque inpleuit Atlanta. 555
indigetes fleuisse deos, urbisque laborem
testatos sudore Lares, delapsaque templis

dona suis, dirasque diem foedasse uolucres
accipimus, silisque feras sub nocte relictis
audaces media posuisse cubilia Roma. 560
tum pecudum faciles humana ad murmura linguae,
monstrosique hominum partus numeroque modoque
membrorum, matremque suos conterruit infans;
diraque per populum Cumanae carmina uatis
uolgantur. tum, quos sectis Bellona lacertis 565
saeua mouet, cecinere deos, crinemque rotantes
sanguineum populis ulularunt tristia Galli.
conpositis plenae gemuerunt ossibus urnae.
tum fragor armorum magnaue per auia uoces
auditae nemorum et uenientes comminus umbrae. 570
quique colunt iunctos extremis moenibus agros
diffugiunt: ingens urbem cingebat Erinys
excutiens pronam flagranti uertice pinum
stridentisque comas, Thebanam qualis Agauen
inpulit aut saeui contorsit tela Lycurgi 575
Eumenis, aut qualem iussu Iunonis iniquae
horruit Alcides uiso iam Dite Megaeram.
insonuere tubae et, quanto clamore cohortes
miscentur, tantum nox atra silentibus auris
edidit. e medio uisi consurgere Campo 580
tristia Sullani cecinere oracula manes,
tollentemque caput gelidas Anienis ad undas
agricolae fracto Marium fugere sepulchro.

haec propter placuit Tuscos de more uetusto
acciri uates. quorum qui maximus aeuo 585
Arruns incoluit desertae moenia Lucae,
fulminis edoctus motus uenasque calentis
fibrarum et monitus errantis in aere pinnae,
monstra iubet primum quae nullo semine discors
protulerat natura rapi sterilique nefandos 590
ex utero fetus infaustis urere flammis.
mox iubet et totam pauidis a ciuibus urbem
ambiri et festo purgantes moenia lustris
longa per extremos pomeria cingere fines

pontifices, sacri quibus est permissa potestas. 595
turba minor ritu sequitur succincta Gabino,
Vestalemque chorum ducit uittata sacerdos
Troianam soli cui fas uidisse Mineruam.
tum, qui fata deum secretaque carmina seruant
et lotam paruo reuocant Almone Cybeben, 600
et doctus uolucres augur seruare sinistras
septemuirque epulis festus Titique sodales
et Salius laeto portans ancilia collo
et tollens apicem generoso uertice flamen.
dumque illi effusam longis anfractibus urbem 605
circumeunt Arruns dispersos fulminis ignes
colligit et terrae maesto cum murmure condit
datque locis numen; sacris tunc admouet aris
electa ceruice marem. iam fundere Bacchum
coeperat obliquoque molas inducere cultro, 610
inpatiensque diu non grati uictima sacri,
cornua succincti premerent cum torua ministri,
deposito uictum praebibat poplite collum.
nec cruor emicuit solitus, sed uolnere laxo
diffusum rutilo dirum pro sanguine uirus. 615
palluit attonitus sacris feralibus Arruns
atque iram superum raptis quaesiuit in extis.
terrui ipse color uatem; nam pallida taetris
uiscera tincta notis gelidoque infecta cruore
plurimus asperso uariabat sanguine liuor. 620
cernit tabe iecur madidum, uenasque minaces
hostili de parte uidet. pulmonis anhelii
fibra latet, paruusque secat uitalia limes.
cor iacet, et saniem per hiantis uiscera rimas
emittunt, produntque suas omenta latebras. 625
quodque nefas nullis inpune apparuit extis,
ecce, uidet capiti fibrarum increscere molem
alterius capitis. pars aegra et marcida pendet,
pars micat et celeri uenas mouet inproba pulsu.
his ubi concepit magnorum fata malorum 630
exclamat 'uix fas, superi, quaecumque mouetis,

prodere me populis; nec enim tibi, summe, litauī,
Iuppiter, hoc sacrum, caesique in pectora tauri
infernī uenere dei. non fanda timemus,
sed uenient maiora metu. di uisa secudent, 635
et fibris sit nulla fides, sed conditor artis
finxerit ista Tages.' flexa sic omina Tuscus
inuoluens multaque tegens ambage canebat.

at Figulus, cui cura deos secretaque caeli
nosse fuit, quem non stellarum Aegyptia Memphis 640
aequaret uisu numerisque <seque>ntibus astra,
'aut hic errat' ait 'nulla cum lege per aeuum
mundus et incerto discurrunt sidera motu,
aut, si fata mouent, urbi generique paratur
humano matura lues. terraene dehiscunt 645
subsidentque urbes, an tollet feruidus aer
temperiem? segetes tellus infida negabit,
omnis an infusis miscebitur unda uenenis?
quod cladis genus, o superi, qua peste paratis
saeuitiam? extremi multorum tempus in unum 650
conuenere dies. summo si frigida caelo
stella nocens nigros Saturni accenderet ignis,
Deucalioneos fudisset Aquarius imbres
totaque diffuso latuisset in aequore tellus.
si saeuum radiis Nemeaeum, Phoebe, Leonem 655
nunc premeres, toto fluerent incendia mundo
succensusque tuis flagrasset curribus aether.
hi cessant ignes. tu, qui flagrante minacem
Scorpion incendis cauda chelasque peruris,
quid tantum, Gradiue, paras? nam mitis in alto 660
Iuppiter occasu premitur, Venerisque salubre
sidus hebet, motuque celer Cyllenius haeret,
et caelum Mars solus habet. cur signa meatus
deseruere suos mundoque obscura feruntur,
ensiferi nimium fulget latus Orionis? 665
inminet armorum rabies, ferrique potestas
confundet ius omne manu, scelerique nefando
nomen erit uirtus, multosque exhibit in annos

hic furor. et superos quid prodest poscere finem?
cum domino pax ista uenit. duc, Roma, malorum 670
continuam seriem clademque in tempora multa
extrahe ciuili tantum iam libera bello.’

terruerant satis haec pauidam praesagia plebem,
sed maiora premunt. nam, qualis uertice Pindi
Edonis Ogygio decurrit plena Lyaeo, 675
talis et attonitam rapitur matrona per urbem
uocibus his prodens urgentem pectora Phoebum:
‘quo feror, o Paeon? qua me super aethera raptam
constituis terra? uideo Pangaea niuosus
cana iugis latosque Haemi sub rupe Philippos. 680
quis furor hic, o Phoebe, doce, quo tela manusque
Romanae miscent acies bellumque sine hoste est.
quo diuersa feror? primos me ducis in ortus,
qua mare Lagei mutatur gurgite Nili:
hunc ego, flumine deformis truncus harena 685
qui iacet, agnosco. dubiam super aequora Syrtim
arentemque feror Libyen, quo tristis Enyo
transtulit Emathias acies. nunc desuper Alpīs
nubiferae colles atque aeriam Pyrenen
abripimur. patriae sedes remeamus in urbis, 690
inpiaque in medio peraguntur bella senatu.
consurgunt partes iterum, totumque per orbem
rursus eo. noua da mihi cernere litora ponti
telluremque nouam: uidi iam, Phoebe, Philippos.’
haec ait, et lasso iacuit deserta furore.

LIBER SECVNDVS

Iamque irae patuere deum manifestaue belli
signa dedit mundus legesque et foedera rerum
praescia monstriifero uertit natura tumultu
indixitque nefas. cur hanc tibi, rector Olympi,
sollicitis uisum mortalibus addere curam, 5
noscant uenturas ut dira per omina clades?
siue parens rerum, cum primum informia regna
materiamque rudem flamma cedente recepit,
fixit in aeternum causas, qua cuncta coercent
se quoque lege tenens, et saecula iussa ferentem 10
fatorum inmoto diuisit limite mundum,
siue nihil positum est, sed fors incerta uagatur
fertque refertque uices et habet mortalia casus,
sit subitum quodcumque paras; sit caeca futuri
mens hominum fati; liceat sperare timenti. 15

ergo, ubi concipiunt quantis sit cladibus orbi
constatura fides superum, ferale per urbem
iustitium; latuit plebeio tectus amictu
omnis honos, nullos comitata est purpura fascēs.
tum questus tenere suos magnusque per omnis 20
errauit sine uoce dolor. sic funere primo
attonitae tacuere domus, cum corpora nondum
conclamata iacent nec mater crine soluto
exigit ad saeuos famularum bracchia planctus,
sed cum membra premit fugiente rigentia uita 25
uoltusque exanimes oculosque in morte minaces,
necdum est ille dolor nec iam metus: incubat amens
miraturque malum. cultus matrona priores
deposuit maestaeque tenent delubra cateruae:
hae lacrimis sparsere deos, hae pectora duro 30
adfligere solo, lacerasque in limine sacro
attonitae fudere comas uotisque uocari
adsuetas crebris feriunt ululatibus aures.
nec cunctae summi templo iacere Tonantis:

diuisere deos, et nullis defuit aris 35
inuidiam factura parens. quarum una madentis
scissa genas, planctu liuentis atra lacertos,
‘nunc’, ait ‘o miserae, contundite pectora, matres,
nunc laniate comas neue hunc differte dolorem
et summis seruate malis. nunc flere potestas 40
dum pendet fortuna ducum: cum uicerit alter
gaudendum est.’ his se stimulis dolor ipse lacessit.
nec non bella uiri diuersaque castra petentes
effundunt iustas in numina saeua querellas.
‘o miserae sortis, quod non in Punica nati 45
tempora Cannarum fuimus Trebiaeque iuuentus.
non pacem petimus, superi: date gentibus iras,
nunc urbes excite feras; coniuret in arma
mundus, Achaemeniis decurrant Medica Susis
agmina, Massageten Scythicus non adliget Hister, 50
fundat ab extremo flauos Aquilone Suebos
Albis et indomitum Rheni caput; omnibus hostes
reddite nos populis: ciuile auertite bellum.
hinc Dacus, premat inde Getes; occurrat Hiberis
alter, ad Eoas hic uertat signa pharetras; 55
nulla uacet tibi, Roma, manus. uel, perdere nomen
si placet Hesperium, superi, conlatus in ignes
plurimus ad terram per fulmina decidat aether.
saeue parens, utrasque simul partesque ducesque,
dum nondum meruere, feri. tantone nouorum 60
prouentu scelerum quaerunt uter imperet urbi?
uix tanti fuerat ciuilia bella mouere
ut neuter.’ talis pietas peritura querellas
egerit. at miseros angit sua cura parentes,
oderuntque grauis uiuacia fata senectae 65
seruatosque iterum bellis ciuilibus annos.
atque aliquis magno quaerens exempla timori
‘non alios’ inquit ‘motus tum fata parabant
cum post Teutonicos uictor Libycosque triumphos
exul limosa Marius caput abdidit ulua. 70
stagna auidi texere soli laxaeque paludes

depositum, Fortuna, tuum; mox uincula ferri
exedere senem longusque in carcere paedor.
consul et euersa felix moriturus in urbe
poenas ante dabat scelerum. mors ipsa refugit 75
saepe uirum, frustra que hosti concessa potestas
sanguinis inuisi, primo qui caedis in actu
deriguit ferrumque manu torpente remisit.
uiderat inmensam tenebroso in carcere lucem
terribilisque deos scelerum Mariumque futurum, 80
audieratque pauens “fas haec contingere non est
colla tibi; debet multas hic legibus aevi
ante suam mortes: uanum deponere furorem.”
si libet ulcisci deletae funera gentis,
hunc, Cimbri, seruare senem. non ille fauore 85
numinis, ingenti superum protectus ab ira,
uir ferus et Romam cupienti perdere fato
sufficiens. idem pelago delatus iniquo
hostilem in terram uacuisque mapalibus actus
nuda triumphati iacuit per regna Iugurthae 90
et Poenos pressit cineres. solacia fati
Carthago Mariusque tulit, pariterque iacentes
ignouere deis. Libycas ibi colligit iras.
ut primum fortuna reddit, seruilia soluit
agmina, conflato saeuas ergastula ferro 95
exerere manus. nulli gestanda dabantur
signa ducis, nisi qui scelerum iam fecerat usum
adtuleratque in castra nefas. pro fata, quis ille,
quis fuit ille dies, Marius quo moenia uictor
corripuit, quantoque gradu mors saeua cucurrit! 100
nobilitas cum plebe perit, lateque uagatus
ensis, et a nullo reuocatum pectore ferrum.
stat cruor in templis multaque rubentia caede
lubrica saxa madent. nulli sua profuit aetas:
non senis extremum piguit uergentibus annis 105
praecepisse diem, nec primo in limine uitae
infantis miseri nascentia rumpere fata.
crimine quo parui caedem potuere mereri?

sed satis est iam posse mori. trahit ipse furoris
impetus, et uisum lenti quaesisse nocentem. 110
in numerum pars magna perit, rapuitque cruentus
uictor ab ignota uoltus ceruice recisos
dum uacua pudet ire manu. spes una salutis
oscula pollutae fixisse trementia dextrae.
mille licet gladii mortis noua signa sequantur, 115
degener o populus, uix saecula longa decorum
sic meruisse uiris, nedum breue dedecus aeu
et uitam dum Sulla redit. cui funera uolgi
flere uacet? uix te sparsum per viscera, Baebi,
innumeras inter carpentis membra coronae 120
discessisse manus, aut te, praesage malorum
Antoni, cuius laceris pendentia canis
ora ferens miles festae rorantia mensae
inposuit. truncos lacerauit Fimbria Crassos;
saeua tribunicio maduerunt robora tabo. 125
te quoque neclectum uiolatae, Scaeuola, Vestae
ante ipsum penetrale deae semperque calentis
mactauere focos; paruom set fessa senectus
sanguinis effudit iugulo flammisque pepercit.
septimus haec sequitur repetitis fascibus annus. 130
ille fuit uitae Mario modus, omnia passo
quae peior fortuna potest, atque omnibus uso
quae melior, mensoque hominis quid fata paterent.
iam quot apud Sacri cecidere cadauera Portum
aut Collina tulit stratas quot porta cateruas, 135
tum cum paene caput mundi rerumque potestas
mutauit translata locum, Romanaque Samnis
ultra Caudinas sperauit uolnera Furcas!
Sulla quoque inmensis accessit cladibus ultor.
ille quod exiguum restabat sanguinis urbi 140
hausit; dumque nimis iam putria membra recidit
excessit medicina modum, nimiumque secuta est,
qua morbi duxere, manus. periere nocentes,
sed cum iam soli possent superesse nocentes.
tum data libertas odiis, resolutaque legum 145

frenis ira ruit. non uni cuncta dabantur
sed fecit sibi quisque nefas: semel omnia uictor
iusserat. infandum domini per uiscera ferrum
exegit famulus, nati maduere paterno
sanguine, certatum est cui ceruix caesa parentis 150
cederet, in fratrum ceciderunt praemia fratres.
busta repleta fuga, permixtaque uiua sepultis
corpora, nec populum latebrae cepere ferarum.
hic laqueo fauces elisaque guttura fregit,
hic se praecipiti iaculatus pondere dura 155
dissiluit percussus humo, mortesque cruento
uictori rapuere suas; hic robora busti
exstruit ipse sui necdum omni sanguine fuso
desilit in flammis et, dum licet, occupat ignes.
colla ducum pilo trepidam gestata per urbem 160
et medio congesta foro: cognoscitur illic
quidquid ubique iacet. scelerum non Thracia tantum
uidit Bistonii stabulis pendere tyranni,
postibus Antaei Libye, nec Graecia maerens
tot laceros artus Pisaea fleuit in aula. 165
cum iam tabe fluunt confusaque tempore multo
amisere notas, miserorum dextra parentum
colligit et pauido subducit cognita furto.
meque ipsum memini, caesi deformia fratris
ora rogo cupidum uetitisque inponere flammis, 170
omnia Sullanae lustrasse cadauera pacis
perque omnis truncos, cum qua ceruice recisum
conueniat, quaesisse, caput. quid sanguine manes
placatos Catuli referam? cum uictima tristis
inferias Marius forsant nolitibus umbris 175
pendit inexploto non fanda piacula busto,
cum laceros artus aequataque uolnera membris
uidimus et toto quamuis in corpore caeso
nil animae letale datum, moremque nefandae
dirum saeuitiae, pereuntis parcere morti. 180
auolsae cecidere manus exsectaque lingua
palpitat et muto uacuum ferit aera motu.

hic aures, alius spiramina naris aduncae
amputat, ille cauis euoluit sedibus orbes
ultimaque effodit spectatis lumina membris. 185
uix erit ulla fides tam saeui criminis, unum
tot poenas cepisse caput. sic mole ruinae
fracta sub ingenti miscentur pondere membra,
nec magis informes ueniunt ad litora trunci
qui medio periire freto. quid perdere fructum 190
iuuit et, ut uilem, Marii confundere uoltum?
ut scelus hoc Sullae caedesque ostensa placeret
agnoscendus erat. uidit Fortuna colonos
Praenestina suos cunctos simul ense recepto
unius populum pereuntem tempore mortis. 195
tum flos Hesperiae, Latii iam sola iuuentus,
concidit et miserae maculauit ouilia Romae.
tot simul infesto iuuenes occumbere leto
saepe fames pelagique furor subitaeque ruinae
aut terrae caelique lues aut bellica clades, 200
numquam poena fuit. densi uix agmina uolgi
inter et exangues inmissa morte cateruas
uictores mouere manus; uix caede peracta
procumbunt, dubiaque labant ceruice; sed illos
magna premit strages peraguntque cadauera partem 205
caedis: uiua graues elidunt corpora trunci.
intrepidus tanti sedit securus ab alto
spectator sceleris: miseri tot milia uolgi
non timuit iussisse mori. congesta recepit
omnia Tyrrhenus Sullana cadauera gurgis. 210
in fluuium primi cecidere, in corpora summi.
praecipites haesere rates, et strage cruenta
interruptus aquae fluxit prior amnis in aequor,
ad molem stetit unda sequens. iam sanguinis alti
uis sibi fecit iter campumque effusa per omnem 215
praecipitique ruens Tiberina in flumina riuo
haerentis adiuuit aquas; nec iam alueus amnem
nec retinent ripae, redditque cadauera campo.
tandem Tyrrhenas uix eluctatus in undas

sanguine caeruleum torrenti diuidit aequor. 220
hisne salus rerum, felix his Sulla uocari,
his meruit tumulum medio sibi tollere Campo?
haec rursus patienda manent, hoc ordine belli
ibitur, hic stabit ciuilibus exitus armis.
quamquam agitant grauiora metus, multumque coitur 225
humani generis maiore in proelia damno.
exulibus Mariis bellorum maxima merces
Roma recepta fuit, nec plus uictoria Sullae
praestitit inuisas penitus quam tollere partes:
hos alio, Fortuna, uocas, olimque potentes 230
concurrunt. neuter ciuilia bella moueret
contentus quo Sulla fuit.' sic maesta senectus
praeteritique memor flebat metuensque futuri.
at non magnanimi percussit pectora Bruti
terror et in tanta pauidi formidine motus 235
pars populi lugentis erat, set nocte sopora,
Parrhasis obliquos Helice cum uerteret axes,
atria cognati pulsant non ampla Catonis.
inuenit insomni uoluentem publica cura
fata uirum casusque urbis cunctisque timentem 240
securumque sui, farique his uocibus orsus:
'omnibus expulsae terris olimque fugatae
uirtutis iam sola fides, quam turbine nullo
excutiet fortuna tibi, tu mente labantem
derige me, dubium certo tu robore firma. 245
namque alii Magnum uel Caesaris arma sequantur,
dux Bruto Cato solus erit. pacemne tueris
inconcussa tenens dubio uestigia mundo,
an placuit ducibus scelerum populique furentis
cladibus inmixtum ciuile absoluere bellum? 250
quemque suae rapiunt scelerata in proelia causae:
hos polluta domus legesque in pace timendae,
hos ferro fugienda fames mundique ruinae
permiscenda fides. nullum furor egit in arma;
castra petunt magna uicti mercede: tibi uni 255
per se bella placent? quid tot durare per annos

profuit immunem corrupti moribus aevi?
hoc solum longae pretium uirtutis habebis:
accipient alios, facient te bella nocentem.
ne tantum, o superi, liceat feralibus armis, 260
has etiam mouisse manus. nec pila lacertis
missa tuis caeca telorum in nube ferentur:
ne tanta in cassum uirtus eat, ingeret omnis
se belli fortuna tibi. quis nolet in isto
ense mori, quamuis alieno uolnere labens, 265
et scelus esse tuum? melius tranquilla sine armis
otia solus ages, sicut caelestia semper
inconcussa suo uoluuntur sidera lapsu.
fulminibus propior terrae succenditur aer,
imaeque telluris uentos tractusque coruscus 270
flammarum accipiunt; nubes excedit Olympus.
lege deum minimas rerum discordia turbat,
pacem magna tenent. quam laetae Caesaris aures
accipient tantum uenisse in proelia ciuem!
nam praelata suis numquam diuersa dolebit 275
castra ducis Magni. nimium placet ipse Catoni,
si bellum ciuile placet. pars magna senatus
et duce priuato gesturus proelia consul
sollicitant proceresque alii; quibus adde Catonem
sub iuga Pompei, toto iam liber in orbe 280
solus Caesar erit. quod si pro legibus arma
ferre iuuat patriis libertatemque tueri
nunc neque Pompei Brutum neque Caesaris hostem,
post bellum uictoris habes.' sic fatur; at illi
arcano sacras reddit Cato pectore uoces. 285
'summum, Brute, nefas ciuilia bella fatemur,
sed quo fata trahunt uirtus secura sequetur.
crimen erit superis et me fecisse nocentem.
sidera quis mundumque uelit spectare cadentem
expers ipse metus? quis, cum ruat arduus aether, 290
terra labet mixto coeuntis pondere mundi,
complossas tenuisse manus? gentesne furorem
Hesperium ignotae Romanaque bella sequentur

diductique fretis alio sub sidere reges,
otia solus agam? procul hunc arcete furorem, 295
o superi, motura Dahas ut clade Getasque
seculo me Roma cadat. ceu morte parentem
natorum orbatum longum producere funus
ad tumulos iubet ipse dolor, iuuat ignibus atris
inseruisse manus constructoque aggere busti 300
ipsum atras tenuisse faces, non ante reuellar
exanimem quam te conplectar, Roma; tuumque
nomen, Libertas, et inanem persequar umbram.
sic eat: inmites Romana piacula diui
plena ferant, nullo fraudemus sanguine bellum. 305
o utinam caelique deis Erebike liceret
hoc caput in cunctas damnatum exponere poenas!
deutum hostiles Decium pressere cateruae:
me geminae figant acies, me barbara telis
Rheni turba petat, cunctis ego peruius hastis 310
excipiam medius totius uolnera belli.
hic redimat sanguis populos, hac caede luatur
quidquid Romani meruerunt pendere mores.
ad iuga cur faciles populi, cur saeua uolentes
regna pati pereunt? me solum inuadite ferro, 315
me frustra leges et inania iura tuentem.
hic dabit hic pacem iugulus finemque malorum
gentibus Hesperiiis: post me regnare uolenti
non opus est bello. quin publica signa ducemque
Pompeium sequimur? nec, si fortuna fauebit, 320
hunc quoque totius sibi ius promittere mundi
non bene conpertum est: ideo me milite uincat
ne sibi se uicisse putet.' sic fatur, et acris
irarum mouit stimulos iuuenisque calorem
excitat in nimios belli ciuilis amores, 325
interea Phoebos gelidas pellente tenebras
pulsatae sonuere fores, quas sancta relicto
Hortensi maerens inrupit Marcia busto.
quondam uirgo toris melioris iuncta mariti,
mox, ubi conubii pretium mercesque soluta est 330

tertia iam suboles, alios fecunda penates
inpletura datur geminas et sanguine matris
permixtura domos; sed, postquam condidit urna
supremos cineres, miserando concita uoltu,
effusas laniata comas contusaque pectus 335
uerberibus crebris cineresque ingesta sepulchri,
non aliter placitura uiro, sic maesta profatur:
‘dum sanguis inerat, dum uis materna, peregi
iussa, Cato, et geminos excepi feta maritos:
uisceribus lassis partuque exhausta reuertor 340
iam nulli tradenda uiro. da foedera prisci
inlibata tori, da tantum nomen inane
conubii; liceat tumulo scripsisse “Catonis
Marcia”, nec dubium longo quaeratur in aeuo
mutarim primas expulsa an tradita taedas. 345
non me laetorum sociam rebusque secundis
accipis: in curas uenio partemque laborum.
da mihi castra sequi: cur tuta in pace relinquar
et sit ciuili propior Cornelia bello?’

hae flexere uirum uoces, et, tempora quamquam 350
sint aliena toris iam fato in bella uocante,
foedera sola tamen uanaque carentia pompa
iura placent sacrisque deos admittere testes.
festa coronato non pendent limine sarta,
infulaque in geminos discurrit candida postes, 355
legitimaeque faces, gradibusque adclinis eburnis
stat torus et picto uestes discriminat auro,
turritaque premens frontem matrona corona
translata uitat contingere limina planta;
non timidum nuptae leuiter tectura pudorem 360
lutea demissos uelarent flammae uoltus,
balteus aut fluxos gemmis astrinxit amictus,
colla monile decens umerisque haerentia primis
suppara nudatos cingunt angusta lacertos.
sicut erat, maesti seruat lugubria cultus 365
quoque modo natos hoc est amplexa maritum.
obsita funerea celatur purpura lana,

non soliti lusere sales, nec more Sabino
excepit tristis conuicia festa maritus.
pignora nulla domus, nulli coiere propinqui: 370
iunguntur taciti contentique auspice Bruto.
ille nec horrificam sancto dimouit ab ore
caesariem duroque admisit gaudia uoltu
(ut primum tolli feralia uiderat arma,
intonsos rigidam in frontem descendere canos 375
passus erat maestamque genis increscere barbam:
uni quippe uacat studiis odiisque carenti
humanum lugere genus), nec foedera prisci
sunt temptata tori: iusto quoque robur amori
restitit. hi mores, haec duri inmota Catonis 380
secta fuit, seruare modum finemque tenere
naturamque sequi patriaeque inpendere uitam
nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere mundo.
huic epulae uicisse famem, magnique penates
summouisse hiemem tecto, pretiosaque uestis 385
hirtam membra super Romani more Quiritis
induxisse togam, Venerisque hic us usus,
progenies: urbi pater est urbique maritus,
iustitiae cultor, rigidi seruator honesti,
in commune bonus; nullosque Catonis in actus 390
subrepsit partemque tulit sibi nata uoluptas.

interea trepido discedens agmine Magnus
moenia Dardanii tenuit Campana coloni.
haec placuit belli sedes, hinc summa mouentem
hostis in occursum sparsas extendere partis, 395
umbrosis mediam qua collibus Appenninus
erigit Italiam nulloque a uertice tellus
altius intumuit propiusque accessit Olympo.
mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
infernus superique maris, collesque coercent 400
hinc Tyrrhena uado frangentes aequora Pisae,
illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
fontibus hic uastis immensos concipit amnes
fluminaque in gemini spargit diuortia ponti

(in laeuum cecidere latus ueloxque Metaurus 405
Crustumiumque rapax et iuncto Sapis Isauro
Senaque et Hadriacas qui uerberat Aufidus undas;
quoque magis nullum tellus se soluit in amnem
Eridanus fractas deuoluit in aequora siluas
Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis. hunc fabula primum 410
populea fluuium ripas umbrasse corona,
cumque diem pronum transuerso limite ducens
succendit Phaethon flagrantibus aethera loris,
gurgitibus raptis penitus tellure perusta,
hunc habuisse pares Phoebeis ignibus undas. 415
non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana iacentis
Aegypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret harenas;
non minor hic Histro, nisi quod, dum permeat orbem,
Hister casuros in quaelibet aequora fontes
accipit et Scythicas exit non solus in undas. 420
dexteriora petens montis decliua Thybrim
unda facit Rutubamque cauum. delabitur inde
Vulturnusque celer nocturnaeque editor aurae
Sarnus et umbrosae Liris per regna Maricae
Vestinis impulsus aquis radensque Salerni 425
tesca Siler nullasque uado qui Macra moratus
alnos uicinae procurrit in aequora Lunae).
longior educto qua surgit in aera dorso,
Gallica rura uidet deuexasque excipit Alpes.
tunc Vmbris Marsisque ferax domitusque Sabello 430
uomere, piniferis amplexus rupibus omnis
indigenas Latii populos, non deserit ante
Hesperiam, quam cum Scyllaeis clauditur undis,
extenditque suas in templa Lacinia rupes,
longior Italia, donec confinia pontus 435
solueret incumbens terrasque repelleret aequor,
at, postquam gemino tellus elisa profundo est,
extremi colles Siculo cessere Peloro.

Caesar in arma furens nullas nisi sanguine fuso
gaudet habere uias, quod non terat hoste uacantis 440
Hesperiae fines uacuosque inrumpat in agros

atque ipsum non perdat iter consertaque bellis
bella gerat. non tam portas intrare patentis
quam fregisse iuuat, nec tam patiente colono
arua premi quam si ferro populetur et igni. 445
concessa pudet ire uia ciuemque uideri.
tunc urbes Latii dubiae uarioque fauore
ancipites, quamquam primo terrore ruentis
cessurae belli, denso tamen aggere firmant
moenia et abrupto circumdant undique uallo, 450
saxorumque orbes et quae super eminus hostem
tela petant altis murorum turribus aptant.
pronior in Magnum populus, pugnatque minaci
cum terrore fides, ut, cum mare possidet Auster
flatibus horrisonis, hunc aequora tota secuntur, 455
si rursus tellus pulsu laxata tridentis
Aeolii tumidis inmittat fluctibus Eurum,
quamuis icta nouo, uentum tenere priorem
aequora, nubiferoque polus cum cesserit Euro
uindicat unda Notum. facilis sed uertere mentes 460
terror erat, dubiamque fidem fortuna ferebat.

gens Etrusca fuga trepidi nudata Libonis,
iusque sui pulso iam perdidit Vmbria Thermo.
nec gerit auspiciis ciuilia bella paternis
Caesaris audito conuersus nomine Sulla. 465
Varus, ut admotae pulsarunt Auximon alae,
per diuersa ruens neclecto moenia tergo,
qua siluae, qua saxa, fugit. depellitur arce
Lentulus Asculea; uictor cedentibus instat
deuertitque acies, solusque ex agmine tanto 470
dux fugit et nullas ducentia signa cohortes.
tu quoque nudatam commissae deseris arcem,
Scipio, Nuceriae, quamquam firmissima pubes
his sedeat castris, iam pridem Caesaris armis
Parthorum seducta metu, qua Gallica damna 475
suppleuit Magnus, dumque ipse ad bella uocaret
donauit socero Romani sanguinis usum.

at te Corfini ualidis circumdata muris

tecta tenent, pugnax Domiti; tua classica seruat
oppositus quondam polluto tiro Miloni. 480
ut procul inmensam campo consurgere nubem
ardentisque acies percussis sole corusco
conspexit telis, 'socii, decurrite' dixit
'fluminis ad ripas undaeque inmergite pontem.
et tu montanis totus nunc fontibus exi 485
atque omnis trahe, gurges, aquas, ut spumeus alnos
discussa conpage feras. hoc limite bellum
haereat, hac hostis lentus terat otia ripa.
praecipitem cohibete ducem: uictoria nobis
hic primum stans Caesar erit.' nec plura locutus 490
deuoluit rapidum nequiquam moenibus agmen.
nam prior e campis ut conspicit amne soluto
rumpi Caesar iter calida prolat ab ira
'non satis est muris latebras quaesisse pauori?
obstruitis campos fluuiisque arcere paratis, 495
ignauis? non, si tumido me gurgite Ganges
summoueat, stabit iam flumine Caesar in ullo
post Rubiconis aquas. equitum properate cateruae,
ite simul pedites, ruiturum ascendite pontem.'
haec ubi dicta, leuis totas accepit habenas 500
in campum sonipes, crebroque simillima nimbo
trans ripam ualidi torserunt tela lacerti.
ingreditur pulsa fluuium statione uacantem
Caesar, et ad tutas hostis conpellitur arces.
et iam moturas ingentia pondera turris 505
erigit, et mediis subrepat uinea muris:
ecce, nefas belli, reseratis agmina portis
captiuum traxere ducem, cuiusque superbi
constitit ante pedes. uultu tamen alta minaci
nobilitas recta ferrum ceruice poposcit. 510
scit Caesar poenamque peti ueniamque timeri.
'uiue, licet nolis, et nostro munere' dixit
'cerne diem. uictis iam spes bona partibus esto
exemplumque mei. uel, si libet, arma retempta,
et nihil hac uenia, si uiceris, ipse paciscor.' 515

fatur et astrictis laxari uincula palmis
imperat. heu, quanto melius uel caede peracta
parcere Romano potuit fortuna pudori!
poenarum extremum ciui, quod castra secutus
sit patriae Magnumque ducem totumque senatum, 520
ignosci. premit ille grauis interritus iras,
et secum ‘Romamne petes pacisque recessus
degener? in medios belli non ire furores
iam dudum moriture paras? rue certus et omnis
lucis rumpe moras et Caesaris effuge munus.’ 525

nescius interea capti ducis arma parabat
Magnus, ut inmixto firmaret robore partis.
iamque secuturo iussurus classica Phoebō
temptandasque ratus moturi militis iras
adloquitur tacitas ueneranda uoce cohortes. 530
‘o scelerum ultores melioraque signa secuti,
o uere Romana manus, quibus arma senatus
non priuata dedit, uotis deposcite pugnam,
ardent Hesperii saeuis populatibus agri,
Gallica per gelidas rabies ecfunditur Alpes, 535
iam tetigit sanguis pollutos Caesaris enses.
di melius, belli tulimus quod damna priores:
coeperit inde nefas, iam iam me praeside Roma
supplicium poenamque petat. neque enim ista uocari
proelia iusta decet, patriae sed uindictis iram; 540
nec magis hoc bellum est, quam quom Catilina parauit
arsuras in tecta faces sociusque furoris
Lentulus exertique manus uaesana Cethegi.
o rabies miseranda ducis! cum fata Camillis
te, Caesar, magnisque uelint miscere Metellis, 545
ad Cinnas Mariosque uenis. sternere profecto
ut Catulo iacuit Lepidus, nostrasque securis
passus Sicanio tegitur qui Carbo sepulchro,
quique feros mouit Sertorius exul Hiberos.
quamquam, siqua fides, his te quoque iungere, Caesar, 550
inuideo nostrasque manus quod Roma furenti
opposuit. Parthorum utinam post proelia sospes

et Scythicis Crassus uictor remeasset ab oris,
ut simili causa caderes, quoi Spartacus, hosti.
te quoque si superi titulis accedere nostris 555
iusserunt, ualet, en, torquendo dextera pilo,
feruidus haec iterum circa praecordia sanguis
incaluit; disces non esse ad bella fugaces
qui pacem potuere pati. licet ille solutum
defectumque uocet, ne uos mea terreat aetas: 560
dux sit in his castris senior, dum miles in illis.
quo potuit ciuem populus perducere liber
ascendi, supraque nihil nisi regna reliqui.
non priuata cupis, Romana quisquis in urbe
Pompeium transire paras. hinc consul uterque, 565
hinc acies statura ducum est. Caesarne senatus
uictor erit? non tam caeco trahis omnia cursu
teque nihil, Fortuna, pudet. multisne rebellis
Gallia iam lustris aetasque inpensa labori
dant animos? Rheni gelidis quod fugit ab undis 570
Oceanumque uocans incerti stagna profundi
territa quaesitis ostendit terga Britannis?
an uanae tumuere minae quod fama furoris
expulit armatam patriis e sedibus urbem?
heu demens, non te fugiunt, me cuncta secuntur. 575
qui cum signa tuli toto fulgentia ponto,
ante bis exactum quam Cynthia conderet orbem,
omne fretum metuens pelagi pirata reliquit
angustaque domum terrarum in sede poposcit.
idem per Scythici profugum diuortia ponti 580
indomitum regem Romanaque fata morantem
ad mortem Sulla feliciore ire coegi.
pars mundi mihi nulla uacat, sed tota tenetur
terra meis, quocumque iacet sub sole, tropaeis:
hinc me uictorem gelidas ad Phasidos undas 585
Arctos habet, calida medius mihi cognitus axis
Aegypto atque umbras nusquam flectente Syene,
occasus mea iura timent Tethynque fugacem
qui ferit Hesperius post omnia flumina Baetis,

me domitus cognouit Arabs, me Marte feroces 590
Heniochi notique erepto uellere Colchi,
Cappadoces mea signa timent et dedita sacris
incerti Iudaea dei mollisque Sophene,
Armenios Cilicasque feros Taurumque subegi:
quod socero bellum praeter ciuile reliqui?' 595

uerba ducis nullo partes clamore secuntur
nec matura petunt promissae classica pugnae.
sensit et ipse metum Magnus, placuitque referri
signa nec in tantae discrimina mittere pugnae
iam uictum fama non uisi Caesaris agmen. 600
pulsus ut armentis primo certamine taurus
siluarum secreta petit uacuosque per agros
exul in aduersis explorat cornua truncis
nec redit in pastus, nisi cum ceruice recepta
excussi placuere tori, mox reddita uictor 605
quoslibet in saltus comitantibus agmina tauris
inuito pastore trahit, sic uiribus impar
tradidit Hesperiam profugusque per Apula rura
Brundisii tutas concessit Magnus in arces.

urbs est Dictaeis olim possessa colonis, 610
quos Creta profugos uexere per aequora puppes
Cecropiae uictum mentitis Thesea uelis.
hinc latus angustum iam se cogentis in artum
Hesperiae tenuem producit in aequora linguam,
Hadriacas flexis claudit quae cornibus undas. 615
nec tamen hoc artis inmissum faucibus aequor
portus erat, si non uiolentos insula Coros
exciperet saxis lassasque refunderet undas.
hinc illinc montes scopulosae rupis aperto
opposuit natura mari flatusque remouit, 620
ut tremulo starent contentae fune carinae.
hinc late patet omne fretum, seu uela ferantur
in portus, Corcyra, tuos, seu laeua petatur
Illyris Ionias uergens Epidamnos in undas.
hoc fuga nautarum, cum totas Hadria uires 625
mouit et in nubes abiere Ceraunia cumque

spumoso Calaber perfunditur aequore Sason.

ergo, ubi nulla fides rebus post terga relictis
nec licet ad duros Martem conuertere Hiberos,
cum mediae iaceant immensis tractibus Alpes, 630
tum subole e tanta natum cui firmior aetas
adfatur. 'mundi iubeo temptare recessus:
Euphraten Nilumque moue, quo nominis usque
nostri fama uenit, quas est uolgata per urbes
post me Roma ducem. sparsos per rura colonos 635
redde mari Cilicas; Pharios hinc concute reges
Tigranemque meum; nec Pharnacis arma relinquant
admoneo nec tu populos utraque uagantis
Armenia Pontique feras per litora gentis
Riphaeasque manus et quas tenet aequore denso 640
pigra palus Scythici patiens Maeotia plaustrum
et — quid plura moror? totos mea, nate, per ortus
bella feres totoque urbes agitabis in orbe
perdomitas; omnes redeant in castra triumphum.
at uos, qui Latios signatis nomine fastos, 645
primus in Epirum Boreas agat; inde per arua
Graiorum Macetumque nouas adquirite uires
dum paci dat tempus hiemps.' sic fatur, et omnes
iussa gerunt soluuntque cauas a litore puppes.

at numquam patiens pacis longaeque quietis 650
armorum, nequid fatis mutare liceret,
adsequitur generique premit uestigia Caesar.
sufficerent aliis primo tot moenia cursu
rapta, tot oppressae depulsis hostibus arces,
ipsa, caput mundi, bellorum maxima merces, 655
Roma capi facilis; sed Caesar in omnia praeceps,
nil actum credens cum quid superesset agendum,
instat atrox et adhuc, quamuis possederit omnem
Italiam, extremo sedeat quod litore Magnus,
communem tamen esse dolet; nec rursus aperto 660
uult hostes errare freto, sed molibus undas
obstruit et latum deiectis rupibus aequor.
cedit in immensum cassus labor; omnia pontus

haurit saxa uorax montesque inmiscet harenis,
ut, maris Aeolii medias si celsus in undas 665
depellatur Eryx, nullae tamen aequore rupes
emineant, uel si conuolso uertice Gaurus
decidat in fundum penitus stagnantis Auerni.
ergo, ubi nulla uado tenuit sua pondera moles,
tunc placuit caesis innectere uincula siluis 670
roboraque immensis late religare catenis.
talīs fama canit tumidum super aequora Persen
construxisse uias, multum cum pontibus ausis
Europamque Asiae Sestonque admouit Abydo
incessitque fretum rapidi super Hellesponti, 675
non Eurum Zephyrumque timens, cum uela ratisque
in medium deferret Athon. sic ora profundi
artantur casu nemorum; tunc aggere multo
surgit opus longaeque tremunt super aequora turres.

Pompeius tellure noua conpressa profundi 680
ora uidens curis animum mordacibus angit,
ut reseret pelagus spargatque per aequora bellum.
saepe Noto plenae tensisque rudentibus actae
ipsa maris per claustra rates fastigia molis
discussere salo spatiumque dedere carinis 685
tortaque per tenebras ualidis ballista lacertis
multifidas iaculata faces. ut tempora tandem
furtiuae placuere fugae, ne litora clamor
nauticus exagitet neu bucina diuidat horas
neu tuba praemonitos perducatur ad aequora nautas 690
praecepit sociis. iam coeperat ultima Virgo
Phoebum laturas ortu praecedere Chelas,
cum tacitas soluere rates. non anchora uoces
mouit, dum spissis auellitur uncus harenis;
dum iuga curuantur mali dumque ardua pinus 695
erigitur, pauidi classis siluere magistri,
strictaque pendentē deducunt carbasa nautae
nec quatunt ualidos, ne sibilet aura, rudentes.
dux etiam uotis hoc te, Fortuna, precatur,
quam retinere uetas, liceat sibi perdere saltem 700

Italiam. uix fata sinunt; nam murmure uasto
inpulsum rostris sonuit mare, fluctuat unda,
totque carinarum permixtis aequora sulcis
<Eruta feruescunt litusque frementia pulsant.> 703a

ergo hostes portis, quas omnis soluerat urbis
cum fato conuersa fides, murisque recepti
praecipiti cursu flexi per cornua portus
ora petunt pelagusque dolent contingere classi.
heu pudor, exigua est fugiens uictoria Magnus.
angustus puppes mittebat in aequora limes
artior Euboica, qua Chalcida uerberat, unda. 710
hic haesere rates geminae, classique paratae
excepere manus, tractoque in litora bello
hic primum rubuit ciuili sanguine Nereus,
cetera classis abit summis spoliata carinis:
ut, Pagasaea ratis peteret cum Phasidos undas, 715
Cyaneas tellus emisit in aequora cautes;
rapta puppe minor subducta est montibus Argo
uanaque percussit pontum Symplegas inanem
et statura redit. iam Phoebum urguere monebat
non idem Eoi color aetheris, albaque nondum 720
lux rubet et flammas propioribus eripit astris,
et iam Plias hebet, flexi iam plaustra Bootae
in faciem puri redeunt languentia caeli,
maioresque latent stellae, calidumque refugit
Lucifer ipse diem. pelagus iam, Magne, tenebas 725
non ea fata ferens quae cum super aequora toto
praedonem sequerere mari: lassata triumphis
desciuit Fortuna tuis. cum coniuge pulsus
et natis totosque trahens in bella penates
uadis adhuc ingens populis comitantibus exul. 730
quaeritur indignae sedes longinqua ruinae.
non quia te superi patrio priuare sepulchro
maluerint Phariae busto damnantur harenae:
parcitur Hesperiae. procul hoc et in orbe remoto
abscondat Fortuna nefas, Romanaque tellus 735
inmaculata sui seruetur sanguine Magni.

LIBER TERTIVS

Propulit ut classem uelis cedentibus Auster
incumbens mediumque rates mouere profundum,
omnis in Ionios spectabat nauita fluctus:
solus ab Hesperia non flexit lumina terra
Magnus, dum patrios portus, dum litora numquam 5
ad uisus reditura suos tectumque cacumen
nubibus et dubios cernit uanescere montis.
inde soporifero cesserunt languida somno
membra ducis; diri tum plena horroris imago
uisa caput maestum per hiantis Iulia terras 10
tollere et accenso furialis stare sepulchro.
'sedibus Elysiis campoque expulsa piorum
ad Stygias' inquit 'tenebras manesque nocentis
post bellum ciuile trahor. uidi ipsa tenentis
Eumenidas quaterent quas uestris lampadas armis; 15
praeparat innumeras puppes Acherontis adusti
portitor; in multas laxantur Tartara poenas;
uix operi cunctae dextra properante sorores
sufficiunt, lassant rumpentis stamina Parcas.
coniuge me laetos duxisti, Magne, triumphos: 20
fortuna est mutata toris, semperque potentis
detrahere in cladem fato damnata maritos
innupsit tepido paelex Cornelia busto.
haereat illa tuis per bella per aequora signis,
dum non securos liceat mihi rumpere somnos 25
et nullum uestro uacuum sit tempus amoris
sed teneat Caesarque dies et Iulia noctes.
me non Lethaeae, coniunx, obliuia ripae
inmemorem fecere tui, regesque silentum
permisere sequi. ueniam te bella gerente 30
in medias acies. numquam tibi, Magne, per umbras
perque meos manes genero non esse licebit;
abscidis frustra ferro tua pignora: bellum
te faciet ciuile meum.' sic fata refugit

umbra per amplexus trepidi dilapsa mariti. 35

ille, dei quamuis cladem manesque minentur,
maior in arma ruit certa cum mente malorum,
et 'quid' ait 'uani tremur imagine uisus?
aut nihil est sensus animis a morte relictum
aut mors ipsa nihil.' Titan iam pronus in undas 40
ibat et igniferi tantum demerserat orbis
quantum desse solet lunae, seu plena futura est
seu iam plena fuit: tunc obtulit hospita tellus
puppibus accessus faciles; legere rudentes
et posito remis petierunt litora malo. 45

Caesar, ut emissas uenti rapuere carinas,
absconditque fretum classes, et litore solus
dux stetit Hesperio, non illum gloria pulsi
laetificat Magni: queritur quod tuta per aequor
terga ferant hostes. neque enim iam sufficit ulla 50
praecipiti fortuna uiro, nec uincere tanti,
ut bellum differret, erat. tum pectore curas
expulit armorum pacique intentus agebat
quoque modo uanos populi conciret amores,
gnarus et irarum causas et summa fauoris 55
annona momenta trahi. namque adserit urbes
sola fames, emiturque metus, cum segne potentes
uolgus alunt: nescit plebes ieiuna timere.
Curio Sicanias transcendere iussus in urbes,
qua mare tellurem subitis aut obruit undis 60
aut scidit, et medias fecit sibi litora terras:
uis illic ingens pelagi, semperque laborant
aequora ne rupti repetant confinia montes.
bellaque Sardoas etiam sparguntur in oras.
utraque frugiferis est insula nobilis aruis, 65
nec prius Hesperiam longinquis messibus ullae
nec Romana magis conplerunt horrea terrae.
ubere uix glaebae superat, cessantibus Austris
cum medium nubes Borea cogente sub axem
effusis magnum Libye tulit imbribus annum. 70

haec ubi sunt prouisa duci, tunc agmina uictor

non armata trahens sed pacis habentia uoltum
tecta petit patriae. pro, si remeasset in urbem
Gallorum tantum populis Arctoque subacta,
quam seriem rerum longa praemittere pompa, 75
quas potuit belli facies! ut uincula Rheno
Oceanoque daret, celsos ut Gallia currus
nobilis et flauis sequeretur mixta Britannis.
perdidit o qualem uincendo plura triumphum!
non illum laetis uadentem coetibus urbes 80
sed tacitae uidere metu, nec constitit usquam
obuia turba duci. gaudet tamen esse timori
tam magno populis et se non mallet amari.

iamque et praecipitis superauerat Anxuris arces,
et qua Pomptinas uia diuidit uda paludes, 85
qua sublime nemus, Scythicae qua regna Dianae,
quaque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam;
excelsa de rupe procul iam conspicit urbem
Arctoi toto non uisam tempore belli
miratusque suae sic fatur moenia Romae: 90
'tene, deum sedes, non ullo Marte coacti
deseruere uiri? pro qua pugnabitur urbe?
di melius, quod non Latias Eous in oras
nunc furor incubuit nec iuncto Sarmata uelox
Pannonio Dacisque Getes admixtus: habenti 95
tam pauidum tibi, Roma, ducem fortuna pepercit,
quod bellum ciuile fuit.' sic fatur et urbem
attonitam terrore subit. namque ignibus atris
creditur, ut captae, rapturus moenia Romae
sparsurusque deos. fuit haec mensura timoris: 100
uelle putant quodcumque potest. non omina festa,
non fictas laeto uoces simulare tumultu,
uix odisse uacat. Phoebea Palatia conplet
turba patrum nullo cogendi iure senatus
e latebris educta suis; non consule sacrae 105
fulserunt sedes, non, proxima lege potestas,
praetor adest, uacuaeque loco cessere curules.
omnia Caesar erat: priuatae curia uocis

testis adest. sedere patres censere parati,
si regnum, si templa sibi iugulumque senatus 110
exiliumque petat. melius, quod plura iubere
erubuit quam Roma pati. tamen exit in iram,
uiribus an possint obsistere iura, per unum
Libertas experta uirum; pugnaxque Metellus,
ut uidet ingenti Saturnia templa reuelli 115
mole, rapit gressus et Caesaris agmina rumpens
ante fores nondum reseratae constitit aedis
(usque adeo solus ferrum mortemque timere
auri nescit amor, pereunt discrimine nullo
amissae leges set, pars uilissima rerum, 120
certamen mouistis, opes), prohibensque rapina
uictorem clara testatur uoce tribunus.
'non nisi per nostrum uobis percussa patebunt
templa latus, nullasque feres nisi sanguine sacro
sparsas, raptor, opes. certe uiolata potestas 125
inuenit ista deos; Crassumque in bella secutae
saeua tribuniciae uouerunt proelia dirae.
detege iam ferrum; neque enim tibi turba uerenda est
spectatrix scelerum: deserta stamus in urbe.
non feret e nostro sceleratus praemia miles: 130
sunt quos prosternas populi, quae moenia dones.
pacis ad exutae spoliū non cogit egestas:
bellum, Caesar, habes.' his magnam uictor in iram
uocibus accensus 'uanam spem mortis honestae
concupis: haud' inquit 'iugulo se polluet isto 135
nostra, Metelle, manus; dignum te Caesaris ira
nullus honor faciet. te uindice tuta relicta est
libertas? non usque adeo permiscuit imis
longus summa dies ut non, si uoce Metelli
seruantur leges, malint a Caesare tolli.' 140
dixerat, et nondum foribus cedente tribuno
acrior ira subit: saeuos circumspicit enses
oblitus simulare togam; cum Cotta Metellum
conpulit audaci nimium desistere coepit.
'libertas' inquit 'populi quem regna coercent 145

libertate perit; cuius seruaueris umbram,
si quidquid iubeare uelis. tot rebus iniquis
paruimus uicti; uenia est haec sola pudoris
degenerisque metus, nullam potuisse negari.
ocius auertat diri mala semina belli. 150
damna mouent populos siquos sua iura tuentur:
non sibi sed domino grauis est quae seruit egestas.’
protinus abducto patuerunt templa Metello.
tunc rupes Tarpeia sonat magnoque reclusas
testatur stridore fores; tum conditus imo 155
eruitur templo multis non tactus ab annis
Romani census populi, quem Punica bella,
quem dederat Perses, quem uicti praeda Philippi,
quod tibi, Roma, fuga illis trepidante reliquit,
quo te Fabricius regi non uendidit auro, 160
quidquid parcorum mores seruastis auorum,
quod dites Asiae populi misere tributum
uictorique dedit Minoia Creta Metello,
quod Cato longinqua uexit super aequora Cypro.
tunc Orientis opes captorumque ultima regum 165
quae Pompeianis praelata est gaza triumphis
egeritur; tristi spoliantur templa rapina,
pauperiorque fuit tum primum Caesare Roma.

interea totum Magni fortuna per orbem
secum casuras in proelia mouerat urbes. 170
proxima uicino uires dat Graecia bello.
Phocaicas Amphissa manus scopulosaque Cirrha
Parnasosque iugo misit desertus utroque.
Boeoti coiere duces, quos inpiger ambit
fatidica Cephisos aqua Cadmeaque Dirce, 175
Pisaeaeque manus populisque per aequora mittens
Sicaniis Alpheos aquas. tum Maenala liquit
Arcas et Herculeam miles Trachinius Oeten.
Thesproti Dryopesque ruunt, quercusque silentis
Chaonio ueteres liquerunt uertice Selloe. 180
exhausit totas quamuis dilectus Athenas,
exiguae Phoebea tenent naualia puppes

tresque petunt ueram credi Salamina carinae.
iam dilecta Ioui centenis uenit in arma
Creta uetus populis Cnososque agitare pharetras 185
docta nec Eois peior Gortyna sagittis;
tunc qui Dardanium tenet Oricon et uagus altis
dispersus siluis Athaman et nomine prisco
Encheliae uersi testantes funera Cadmi,
Colchis et Hadriaca spumans Apsyrτος in unda; 190
Penei qui rura colunt, quorumque labore
Thessalus Haemoniam uomer proscindit Iolcon.
inde lacessitum primo mare, cum rudis Argo
miscuit ignotas temerato litore gentes
primaque cum uentis pelagique furentibus undis 195
conposuit mortale genus, fatisque per illam
accessit mors una ratem. tum linquitur Haemus
Thracius et populum Pholoe mentita biformem.
deseritur Strymon tepido committere Nilo
Bistonias consuetus aues et barbara Cone, 200
Sarmaticas ubi perdit aquas sparsamque profundo
multifidi Peucen unum caput adluit Histri,
Mysiaque et gelido tellus perfusa Caico
Idalis et nimium glaebis exilis Arisbe,
quique colunt Pitanen, et quae tua munera, Pallas, 205
lugent damnatae Phoebō uictore Celaenae,
qua celer et rectis descendens Marsya ripis
errantem Maeandron adit mixtusque refertur,
passaque ab auriferis tellus exire metallis
Pactolon, qua culta secāt non uilior Hermus. 210
Iliacae quoque signa manus perituraque castra
ominibus petiere suis, nec fabula Troiae
continuit Phrygiique ferens se Caesar Iuli.
accedunt Syriae populi; desertus Orontes
et felix, sic fama, Ninos, uentosa Damascos 215
Gazaque et arbusto palmarum diues Idume
et Tyros in stabilis pretiosaque murice Sidon.
has ad bella rates non flexo limite ponti
certior haud ullis duxit Cynosura carinis.

(Phoenices primi, famae si creditur, ausi 220
mansuram rudibus uocem signare figuris:
nondum flumineas Memphis contexere biblos
nouerat, et saxis tantum uolucresque feraeque
sculptaque seruabant magicas animalia linguas.)
deseritur Taurique nemus Perseaeque Tarsos 225
Coryciumque patens exesis rupibus antrum;
Mallos et extremae resonant naualibus Aegae,
itque Cilix iusta iam non pirata carina.

mouit et Eoos bellorum fama recessus,
qua colitur Ganges, toto qui solus in orbe 230
ostia nascenti contraria soluere Phoebos
audet et aduersum fluctus inpellit in Eurum,
hic ubi Pellaeus post Tethyos aequora ductor
constitit et magno uinci se fassus ab orbe est;
quaque ferens rapidum diuiso gurgite fontem 235
uastis Indus aquis mixtum non sentit Hydaspen;
quique bibunt tenera dulcis ab harundine sucos,
et qui tingentes croceo medicamine crinem
fluxa coloratis astringunt carbasa gemmis,
quique suas struxere pyras uiuique calentis 240
conscendere rogos. pro, quanta est gloria genti
iniecissem manum fatis uitaeque repletos
quod superest donasse deis! uenere feroces
Cappadoces, duri populus non cultor Amani,
Armeniusque tenens uoluentem saxa Niphaten. 245
aethera tangentis siluas liquere Choatrae.
ignotum uobis, Arabes, uenistis in orbem
umbras mirati nemorum non ire sinistras.
tum furor extremos mouit Romanus Orestas
Carmanosque duces, quorum iam flexus in Austrum 250
aether non totam mergi tamen aspicit Arcton
lucet et exigua uelox ibi nocte Bootes,
Aethiopumque solum, quod non premeretur ab ulla
signiferi regione poli, nisi poplite lapso
ultima curuati procederet ungula Tauri, 255
quaque caput rapido tollit cum Tigride magnus

Euphrates, quos non diuersis fontibus edit
Persis, et incertum, tellus si misceat amnes,
quod potius sit nomen aquis. sed sparsus in agros
fertilis Euphrates Phariae uice fungitur undae; 260
at Tigrim subito tellus absorbet hiatu
occultosque tegit cursus rursusque renatum
fonte nouo flumen pelagi non abnegat undis.
inter Caesareas acies diuersaque signa
pugnaces dubium Parthi tenuere fauorem 265
contenti fecisse duos. tinxere sagittas
errantes Scythiae populi, quos gurgite Bactros
includit gelido uastisque Hyrcania siluis;
hinc Lacedaemonii, moto gens aspera freno,
Heniochi saeuisque adfinis Sarmata Moschis; 270
Colchorum qua rura secat ditissima Phasis,
qua Croeso fatalis Halys, qua uertice lapsus
Riphaeo Tanais diuersi nomina mundi
inposuit ripis Asiaeque et terminus idem
Europae, mediae dirimens confinia terrae, 275
nunc hunc nunc illum, qua flectitur, ampliat orbem;
quaque, fretum torrens, Maeotidos egerit undas
Pontus, et Herculeis aufertur gloria metis,
Oceanumque negant solas admittere Gadis;
hinc Essedoniae gentes auroque ligatas 280
substringens Arimaspe comas; hinc fortis Arius
longaque Sarmatici soluens ieiunia belli
Massagetes, quo fugit, equo uolucresque Geloni.
non, cum Memnoniis deducens agmina regnis
Cyrus et effusis numerato milite telis 285
descendit Perses, fraternique ultor amoris
aequora cum tantis percussit classibus, unum
tot reges habuere ducem, coiere nec umquam
tam uariae cultu gentes, tam dissona uolgi
ora. tot inmensae comites missura ruinae 290
exciuit populos et dignas funere Magni
exequias Fortuna dedit. non corniger Hammon
mittere Marmaricas cessauit in arma cateruas,

quidquid ab occiduis Libye patet arida Mauris
usque Paraetonias Eoa ad litora Syrtis. 295
acciperet felix ne non semel omnia Caesar,
uincendum pariter Pharsalia praestitit orbem.

ille ubi deseruit trepidantis moenia Romae
agmine nubiferam raptō super euolat Alpem;
cumque alii famae populi terrore pauerent 300
Phocais in dubiis ausa est seruare iuuentus
non Graia leuitate fidem signataque iura,
et causas, non fata, sequi. tamen ante furem
indomitum duramque uiri deflectere mentem
pacifico sermone parant hostemque propinquum 305
orant Cecropiae praelata fronde Mineruae.

‘semper in externis populo communia uestro
Massiliam bellis testatur fata tulisse
conpressa est Latiis quaecumque annalibus aetas.
et nunc, ignoto siquos petis orbe triumphos, 310
accipe deuotas externa in proelia dextras.
at, si funestas acies, si dira paratis
proelia discordes, lacrimas ciuilibus armis
secretumque damus. tractentur uolnera nulla
sacra manu. si caelicolis furor arma dedisset 315
aut si terrigenae temptarent astra gigantes,
non tamen auderet pietas humana uel armis
uel uotis prodesse Ioui, sortisque deorum
ignarum mortale genus per fulmina tantum
sciret adhuc caelo solum regnare Tonantem. 320
adde quod innumerae concurrunt undique gentes,
nec sic horret iners scelerum contagia mundus
ut gladiis egeant ciuilia bella coactis.
sit mens ista quidem cunctis, ut uestra recusent
fata, nec haec alius committat proelia miles. 325
cui non conspecto languebit dextra parente
telaque diuersi prohibebunt spargere fratres?
finis adest elerum, si non committitis ullis
arma quibus fas est. nobis haec summa precandi:
terribilis aquilas infestaque signa relinquo 330

urbe procul nostrisque uelis te credere muris
excludique sinas admisso Caesare bellum.
sit locus exceptus sceleri, Magnoque tibi
tutus, ut, inuictae fatum si consulat urbi,
foedera si placeant, sit quo ueniatis inermes. 335
uel, cum tanta uocent discrimina Martis Hiberi,
quid rapidum deflectis iter? non pondera rerum
nec momenta sumus, numquam felicibus armis
usa manus, patriae primis a sedibus exul,
et post translatae exustae Phocidos arces 340
moenibus exiguis alieno in litore tuti,
inlustrat quos sola fides. si claudere muros
obsidione paras et ui perfringere portas,
excepisse faces tectis et tela parati,
undarum raptos auersis fontibus haustus 345
quaerere et effossam sitientes lambere terram
et, desit si larga Ceres, tunc horrida cerni
foedaque contingi maculato attingere morsu.
nec pauet hic populus pro libertate subire
obsessum Poeno gessit quae Marte Saguntum. 350
pectoribus rapti matrum frustra trahentes
ubera sicca fame medios mittentur in ignis
uxor et a caro poscet sibi fata marito,
uolnera miscebunt fratres bellumque coacti
hoc potius ciuile gerent.' sic Graia iuuentus 355
finierat, cum turbato iam prodita uultu
ira ducis tandem testata est uoce dolorem.

‘uana mouet Graios nostri fiducia cursus.
quamuis Hesperium mundi properemus ad axem
Massiliam delere uacat. gaudete, cohortes: 360
obuia praebentur fatorum munere bella.
uentus ut amittit uires, nisi robore densae
occurrunt siluae, spatio diffusus inani,
utque perit magnus nullis obstantibus ignis,
sic hostes mihi desse nocet, damnumque putamus 365
armorum, nisi qui uinci potuere rebellant.
sed, si solus eam dimissis degener armis,

tunc mihi tecta patent. iam non excludere tantum,
inclusisse uolunt. at enim contagia belli
dira fugant. dabit poenas pro pace petita, 370
et nihil esse meo discetis tutius aevo
quam duce me bellum.' sic postquam fatus, ad urbem
haud trepidam conuertit iter; cum moenia clausa
conspicit et densa iuuenum uallata corona.

haut procul a muris tumulus surgentis in altum 375
telluris paruum diffuso uertice campum
explicat: haec patiens longo munimine cingi
uisa duci rupes tutisque aptissima castris.
proxima pars urbis celsam consurgit in arcem
par tumulo, mediisque sedent conuallibus arua. 380
tunc res inmenso placuit statura labore,
aggere diuersos uasto committere colles.
sed prius, ut totam, qua terra cingitur, urbem
clauderet, a summis perduxit ad aequora castris
longum Caesar opus, fontesque et pabula campi 385
amplexus fossa densas tollentia pinnas
caespitibus crudaque extruxit bracchia terra.

iam satis hoc Graiae memorandum contigit urbi
aeternumque decus, quod non impulsa nec ipso
strata metu tenuit flagrantis in omnia belli 390
praecipitem cursum, raptisque a Caesare cunctis
uincitur una mora. quantum est quod fata tenentur
quodque uirum toti properans inponere mundo
hos perdit Fortuna dies! tunc omnia late
procumbunt nemora et spoliantur robore siluae, 395
ut, cum terra leuis mediam uirgultaque molem
suspendant, structa laterum conpage ligatam
artet humum, pressus ne cedat turribus agger.

lucus erat longo numquam uiolatus ab aevo
obscurum cingens conexis aera ramis 400
et gelidas alte summotis solibus umbras.
hunc non ruricolae Panes nemorumque potentes
Siluani Nymphaeque tenent, sed barbara ritu
sacra deum; structae diris altaribus arae

omnisque humanis lustrata cruoribus arbor. 405
siqua fidem meruit superos mirata uetustas,
illis et uolucres metuunt insistere ramis
et lustris recubare ferae; nec uentus in illas
incubuit siluas excussaue nubibus atris
fulgura: non ulli frondem praebentibus aurae 410
arboribus suos horror inest. tum plurima nigris
fontibus unda cadit, simulacraque maesta deorum
arte carent caesisque extant informia truncis.
ipse situs putrique facit iam robore pallor
attonitos; non uolgatis sacrata figuris 415
numina sic metuunt: tantum terroribus addit,
quos timeant, non nosse, deos. iam fama ferebat
saepe cauas motu terrae mugire cauernas,
et procumbentis iterum consurgere taxos,
et non ardentis fulgere incendia siluae, 420
roboraque amplexos circum fluxisse dracones.
non illum cultu populi propiore frequentant
sed cessere deis. medio cum Phoebus in axe est
aut caelum nox atra tenet, pauet ipse sacerdos
accessus dominumque timet deprendere luci. 425

hanc iubet inmisso siluam procumbere ferro;
nam uicina operi belloque intacta priore
inter nudatos stabat densissima montis.
sed fortes tremuere manus, motique uerenda
maiestate loci, si robora sacra ferirent, 430
in sua credebant redituras membra securis.
inplicitas magno Caesar torpore cohortes
ut uidit, primus raptam librare bipennem
ausus et aeriam ferro proscindere quercum
effatur merso uiolata in robora ferro 435
‘iam nequis uestrum dubitet subuertere siluam
credite me fecisse nefas’. tum paruit omnis
imperiis non sublato securae pauore
turba, sed expensa superiorum et Caesaris ira.
procumbunt orni, nodosa inpellitur ilex, 440
siluaque Dodones et fluctibus aptior alnus

et non plebeios luctus testata cupressus
tum primum posuere comas et fronde carentes
admisere diem, propulsaque robore denso
sustinuit se silua cadens. gemuere uidentes 445
Gallorum populi, muris sed clausa iuuentus
exultat; quis enim laesos inpune putaret
esse deos? seruat multos fortuna nocentis
et tantum miseris irasci numina possunt.
utque satis caesi nemoris, quaesita per agros 450
plaustra ferunt, curuoque soli cessantis aratro
agricolae raptis annum fleuere iuuentis.

dux tamen inpatiens haesuri ad moenia Martis
uersus ad Hispanas acies extremaque mundi
iussit bella geri. stellatis axibus agger 455
erigitur geminasque aequantis moenia turris
accipit; hae nullo fixerunt robore terram
sed per iter longum causa repserunt latenti.
cum tantum nutaret onus, telluris inanis
concussisse sinus quaerentem erumpere uentum 460
credidit et muros mirata est stare iuuentus.
illinc tela cadunt excelsas urbis in arces.
sed maior Graio Romana in corpora ferro
uis inerat. neque enim solis excussa lacertis
lancea, sed tenso ballistae turbine rapta, 465
haut unum contenta latus transire quiescit,
sed pandens perque arma uiam perque ossa relictam
morte fugit: superest telo post uulnera cursus.
at saxum quotiens ingenti uerberis actu
excutitur, qualis rupes quam uertice montis 470
abscidit impulsu uentorum adiuta uetustas,
frangit cuncta ruens, nec tantum corpora pressa
exanimat, totos cum sanguine dissipat artus.
ut tamen hostiles densa testudine muros
tectam subit uirtus, armisque innexa priores 475
arma ferunt, galeamque extensus protegit umbo,
quae prius ex longo nocuerunt missa recessu
iam post terga cadunt. nec Grai flectere iactum

aut facilis labor est longinqua ad tela parati
tormenti mutare modum; sed pondere solo 480
contenti nudis euoluunt saxa lacertis.
dum fuit armorum series, ut grandine tecta
innocua percussa sonant, sic omnia tela
respuit; at postquam uirtus incerta uirorum
perpetuam rupit defesso milite cratem 485
singula continuis cesserunt ictibus arma.
tunc adoperta leui procedit uinea terra,
sub cuius pluteis et tecta fronte latentes
moliri nunc iam parant et uertere ferro
moenia; nunc aries suspenso fortior ictu 490
incussus densi compagem soluere muri
temptat et inpositis unum subducere saxis.
sed super et flammis et magnae fragmine molis
et sudibus crebris et adusti roboris ictu
percussae cedunt crates, frustra que labore 495
exhausto fessus repetit tentoria miles.

summa fuit Graiis, starent ut moenia, uoti:
ultra acies inferre parant, armisque coruscas
nocturni texere faces, audaxque iuuentus
erupit. non hasta uiris, non letifer arcus, 500
telum flamma fuit, rapiensque incendia uentus
per Romana tulit celeri munimina cursu.
nec, quamuis uiridi luctetur robore, lentas
ignis agit uires, taeda sed raptus ab omni
consequitur nigri spatiosa uolumina fumi, 505
nec solum siluas sed saxa ingentia soluit,
et crudae putri fluxerunt puluere cautes.
procubuit maiorque iacens apparuit agger.

spes uictis telluris abit, placuitque profundo
fortunam temptare maris. non robore picto 510
ornatas decuit fulgens tutela carinas,
sed rudis et qualis procumbit montibus arbor
conseritur, stabilis naualibus area bellis.
et iam turrigeram Bruti comitata carinam
uenerat in fluctus Rhodani cum gurgite classis 515

Stoechados arua tenens. nec non et Graia iuuentus
omne suum fatis uoluit committere robur
grandaeuosque senes mixtis armauit ephebis.
accepit non sola uiros, quae stabat in undis,
classis: et emeritas repetunt naualibus alnos. 520
ut matutinos spargens super aequora Phoebus
fregit aquis radios et liber nubibus aether
et posito Borea pacemque tenentibus Austris
seruatum bello iacuit mare, mouit ab omni
quisque suam statione ratem, paribusque lacertis 525
Caesaris hinc puppes, hinc Graio remige classis
tollitur: impulsae tonsis tremuere carinae
crebraque sublimes conuellunt uerbera puppes.
cornua Romanae classis ualidaeque triremes
quasque quater surgens extructi remigis ordo 530
commouet et plures quae mergunt aequore pinus
multiplices cinxere rates. hoc robur aperto
oppositum pelago: lunata classe recedunt
ordine contentae gemino creuisse Liburnae.
celsior at cunctis Bruti praetoria puppis 535
uerberibus senis agitur molemque profundo
inuehit et summis longe petit aequora remis.

ut tantum medii fuerat maris, utraque classis
quod semel excussis posset transcurrere tonsis,
innumerae uasto miscentur in aethere uoces, 540
remorumque sonus premitur clamore, nec ullae
audiri potuere tubae. tum caerula uerrunt
atque in transtra cadunt et remis pectora pulsan.
ut primum rostris crepuerunt obuia rostra,
in puppem rediere rates, emissaque tela 545
aera texerunt uacuumque cadentia pontum.
et iam diductis extendunt cornua proris
diuersaeque rates laxata classe receptae.
ut, quotiens aestus Zephyris Eurisque repugnat,
huc abeunt fluctus, illo mare, sic, ubi puppes 550
sulcato uarios duxerunt gurgite tractus,
quod tulit illa ratis remis, haec rettulit aequor.

sed Grai habiles pugnamque lacessere pinus
et temptare fugam nec longo frangere gyro
cursum nec tarde flectenti cedere clauo; 555
at Romana ratis stabilem praebere carinam
certior et terrae similem bellantibus usum.
tunc in signifera residenti puppe magistro
Brutus ait 'paterisne acies errare profundo
artibus et certas pelagi? iam consere bellum, 560
Phocaicis medias rostris oppone carinas.'
paruit, obliquas et praebuit hostibus alnos.
tum quaecumque ratis temptauit robora Bruti
ictu uicta suo percussae capta cohaesit;
ast alias manicaeque ligant teretesque catenae, 565
seque tenent remis: tecto stetit aequore bellum.

iam non excussis torquentur tela lacertis
nec longinqua cadunt iaculato uolnera ferro,
miscenturque manus. nauali plurima bello
ensis agit. stat quisque suae de robore puppis 570
pronus in aduersos ictus, nullique perempti
in ratibus cecidere suis. cruor altus in unda
spumat, et obducti concreto sanguine fluctus.
et, quas inmissi traxerunt uincula ferri,
has prohibent iungi conferta cadauera puppes. 575
semianimes alii uastum subiere profundum
hauseruntque suo permixtum sanguine pontum;
hi luctantem animam lenta cum morte trahentes
fractarum subita ratium periire ruina.
inrita tela suas peragunt in gurgite caedes, 580
et quodcumque cadit frustrato pondere ferrum
exceptum mediis inuenit uolnus in undis.

Phocaicis Romana ratis uallata carinis
robore diducto dextrum laeuumque tuetur
aequo Marte latus; cuius dum pugnat ab alta 585
puppe Catus Graiumque audax aplustre retentat,
terga simul pariter missis et pectora telis
transigitur: medio concurrat corpore ferrum,
et stetit incertus, flueret quo uolnere, sanguis,

donec utrasque simul largus cruor expulit hastas 590
diuisitque animam sparsitque in uolnera letum.
derigit huc puppem miseri quoque dextra Telonis,
qua nullam melius pelago turbante carinae
audiuere manum, nec lux est notior ulli
crastina, seu Phoebum uideat seu cornua lunae, 595
semper uenturis componere carbasa uentis.
hic Latiae rostro conpagem ruperat alni,
pila sed in medium uenere trementia pectus
auertitque ratem morientis dextra magistri.
dum cupit in sociam Gyareus erepere puppem, 600
excipit inmissum suspensa per ilia ferrum
adfixusque rati telo retinente pependit.

stant gemini fratres, fecundae gloria matris,
quos eadem uariis genuerunt uiscera fatis:
discreuit mors saeua uiros, unumque relictum 605
agnorunt miseri sublato errore parentes,
aeternis causam lacrimis; tenet ille dolorem
semper et amissum fratrem lugentibus offert.
quorum alter mixtis obliquo pectine remis
ausus Romanae Graia de puppe carinae 610
iniectare manum; sed eam grauis insuper ictus
amputat; illa tamen nisu, quo prenderat, haesit
deriguitque tenens strictis inmortua neruis.
creuit in aduersis uirtus: plus nobilis irae
truncus habet fortique instaurat proelia laeua 615
rapturusque suam procumbit in aequora dextram.
haec quoque cum toto manus est abscisa lacerto.
iam clipeo telisque carens, non conditus ima
puppe sed expositus fraternaue pectore nudo
arma tegens, crebra confixus cuspide perstat 620
telaque multorum leto casura suorum
emerita iam morte tenet. tum uolnere multo
effugientem animam lassos collegit in artus
membraque contendit toto, quicumque manebat,
sanguine et hostilem defectis robore neruis 625
insiluit solo nociturus pondere puppem.

strage uirum cumulata ratis multoque cruore
plena per obliquum crebros latus accipit ictus
et, postquam ruptis pelagus conpagibus hausit,
ad summos repleta foros descendit in undas 630
uicinum inuoluens contorto uertice pontum.
aequora discedunt mersa diducta carina
inque locum puppis cecidit mare. multaque ponto
praebuit ille dies uarii miracula fati.

ferrea dum puppi rapidos manus inserit uncus 635
adfixit Lycidan. mersus foret ille profundo,
sed prohibent socii suspensaque crura retentant.
scinditur auolsus, nec, sicut uolnere, sanguis
emicuit lentus: ruptis cadit undique uenis,
discursusque animae diuersa in membra meantis 640
interceptus aquis. nullius uita perempti
est tanta dimissa uia. pars ultima trunci
tradidit in letum uacuos uitalibus artus;
at tumidus qua pulmo iacet, qua uiscera feruent,
haeserunt ibi fata diu, luctataque multum 645
hac cum parte uiri uix omnia membra tulerunt.

dum nimium pugnax unius turba carinae
incumbit prono lateri uacuamque relinquit,
qua caret hoste, ratem, congesto pondere puppis
uersa caua textit pelagus nautasque carina, 650
bracchia nec licuit uasto iactare profundo
sed clauso periere mari. tunc unica diri
conspecta est leti facies, cum forte natantem
diuersae rostris iuuenem fixere carinae.
discessit medium tam uastos pectus ad ictus, 655
nec prohibere ualent obtritis ossibus artus
quo minus aera sonent; eliso uentre per ora
eiectat saniem permixtus uiscere sanguis.
postquam inhihent remis puppes ac rostra reducant,
deiectum in pelagus perfosso pectore corpus 660
uolneribus transmisit aquas. pars maxima turbae
naufraga iactatis morti obluctata lacertis
puppis ad auxilium sociae concurrit; at illis,

robora cum uetitis prensarent altius ulnis
nutaretque ratis populo peritura recepto, 665
in pia turba super medios ferit ense lacertos.
bracchia linquentes Graia pendentia puppe
a manibus cecidere suis: non amplius undae
sustinuere graues in summo gurgite truncos.

iamque omni fuis nudato milite telis 670
inuenit arma furor: remum contorsit in hostem
alter, at hi totum ualidis aplustre lacertis
auolsasque rotant expulso remige sedes.
in pugnam fregere rates. sidentia pessus
corpora caesa tenent spoliantque cadauera ferro. 675
multi inopes teli iaculum letale reuolsum
uolneribus traxere suis et uiscera laeua
oppressere manu, ualidos dum praebat ictus
sanguis et, hostilem cum torserit, exeat, hastam.

nulla tamen plures hoc edidit aequore clades 680
quam pelago diuersa lues. nam pinguibus ignis
adfixus taedis et tecto sulphure uiuax
spargitur; at faciles praebere alimenta carinae
nunc pice, nunc liquida rapuere incendia cera.
nec flammis superant undae, sparsisque per aequor 685
iam ratibus fragmenta ferus sibi uindicat ignis.
hic recipit fluctus, extinguat ut aequore flammis,
hi, ne mergantur, tabulis ardentibus haerent.
mille modos inter leti mors una timori est
qua coepere mori. nec cessat naufraga uirtus: 690
tela legunt deiecta mari ratibusque ministrant
incertasque manus ictu languente per undas
exercent; nunc, rara datur si copia ferri,
utuntur pelago: saeuus conplectitur hostem
hostis, et implicitis gaudent subsidere membris 695
mergentesque mori. pugna fuit unus in illa
eximius Phoeus animam seruare sub undis
scrutarique fretum, siquid mersisset harenis,
et nimis adfixos unci conuellere morsus,
adductum quotiens non senserat anchora funem. 700

hic, ubi conpresum penitus deduxerat hostem,
uictor et incolumis summas remeabat in undas;
sed, se per uacuos credit dum surgere fluctus,
puppibus occurrit tandemque sub aequore mansit.
hi super hostiles iecerunt bracchia remos 705
et ratium tenuere fugam. non perdere letum
maxima cura fuit: multus sua uulnera puppi
adfixit moriens et rostris abstulit ictus.

stantem sublimi Tyrrhenum culmine prorae
Lygdamus excussa Balearis tortor habenae 710
glande petens solido fregit caua tempora plumbo.
sedibus expulsi, postquam cruor omnia rupit
uincula, procurrunt oculi; stat lumine raptio
attonitus mortisque illas putat esse tenebras.
at postquam membris sensit constare uigorem 715
'uos', ait 'o socii, sicut tormenta soletis,
me quoque mittendis rectum componite telis.
egere quod superest animae, Tyrrhene, per omnis
bellorum casus. ingentem militis usum
hoc habet ex magna defunctum parte cadauer: 720
uiuientis feriere loco.' sic fatus in hostem
caeca tela manu sed non tamen inrita mittit.
excipit haec iuuenis generosi sanguinis Argus
qua iam non medius descendit in ilia uenter,
adiuuatque suo procumbens pondere ferrum. 725
stabat diuersa uictae iam parte carinae
infelix Argi genitor, non ille iuuentae
tempore Phocaicis ulli cessurus in armis:
uictum aeuo robur cecidit, fessusque senecta
exemplum, non miles erat; qui funere uiso 730
saepe cadens longae senior per transtra carinae
peruenit ad puppim spirantisque inuenit artus.
non lacrimae cecidere genis, non pectora tundit,
distentis toto riguit sed corpore palmis.
nox subit atque oculos uastae obduxere tenebrae, 735
et miserum cernens agnoscere desinit Argum.
ille caput labens et iam languentia colla

uiso patre leuat; uox faucis nulla solutas
prosequitur, tacito tantum petit oscula uoltu
inuitatque patris claudenda ad lumina dextram. 740
ut torpore senex caruit uiresque cruentus
coepit habere dolor, 'non perdam tempora' dixit
'a saeuis permissa deis, iugulumque senilem
confodiam. ueniam misero concede parenti,
Arge, quod amplexus, extrema quod oscula fugi. 745
nondum destituit calidus tua uolnera sanguis,
semianimisque iaces et adhuc potes esse superstes.'
sic fatus, quamuis capulum per uiscera missi
polluerit gladii, tamen alta sub aequora tendit
praecipiti saltu: letum praecedere nati 750
festinantem animam morti non credidit uni.

inclinant iam fata ducum, nec iam amplius anceps
belli casus erat. Graiae pars maxima classis
mergitur, ast aliae mutato remige puppes
uictores uexere suos; naualia paucae 755
praecipiti tenuere fuga. quis in urbe parentum
fletus erat, quanti matrum per litora planctus!
coniunx saepe sui confusis uoltibus unda
credidit ora uiri Romanum amplexa cadauer,
accensisque rogis miseri de corpore trunco 760
certauere patres. at Brutus in aequore uictor
primus Caesareis pelagi decus addidit armis.

LIBER QVARTVS

At procul extremis terrarum Caesar in oris
Martem saeuus agit non multa caede nocentem
maxima sed fati ducibus momenta daturum.
iure pari rector castris Afranius illis
ac Petreius erat; concordia duxit in aequas 5
imperium commune uices, tutelaque ualli
peruigil alterno paret custodia signo.
his praeter Latias acies erat inpiger Astur
Vettonesque leues profugique a gente uetusta
Gallorum Celtae miscentes nomen Hiberis. 10

colle tumet modico lenique excreuit in altum
pingue solum tumulo; super hunc fundata uetusta
surgit Ilerda manu; placidis praelabitur undis
Hesperios inter Sicoris non ultimus amnis,
saxeus ingenti quem pons amplexitur arcu 15
hibernas passurus aquas. at proxima rupes
signa tenet Magni, nec Caesar colle minore
castra leuat; medius dirimit tentoria gurgis.
explicat hinc tellus campos effusa patentis
uix oculo prendente modum, camposque coerces, 20
Cinga rapax, uetitus fluctus et litora cursu
Oceani pepulisse tuo; nam gurgite mixto
qui praestat terris aufert tibi nomen Hiberus.

prima dies belli cessauit Marte cruento
spectandasque ducum uires numerosaque signa 25
exposuit. piguit sceleris; pudor arma furentum
continuit, patriaeque et ruptis legibus unum
donauere diem; prono cum Caesar Olympo
in noctem subita circumdedit agmina fossa,
dum primae perstant acies, hostemque fefellit 30
et prope consortis obduxit castra manipulis.
luce noua collem subito conscendere cursu,
qui medius tutam castris dirimebat Ilerdam,
imperat. huc hostem pariter terrorque pudorque

inpulit, et rapto tumulum prior agmine cepit. 35
his uirtus ferrumque locum promittit, at illis
ipse locus. miles rupes oneratus in altas
nititur, aduersoque acies in monte supina
haeret et in tergum casura umbone sequentis
erigitur. nulli telum uibrare uacauit, 40
dum labat et fixo firmat uestigia pilo,
dum scopulos stirpesque tenent atque hoste relicto
caedunt ense uiam. uidit lapsura ruina
agmina dux equitemque iubet succedere bello
munitumque latus laeue praeducere gyro. 45
sic pedes ex facili nulloque urgente receptus,
inritus et uictor subducto Marte pependit.

hactenus armorum discrimina: cetera bello
fata dedit uariis incertus motibus aer.
pigro bruma gelu siccisque Aquilonibus haerens 50
aethere constricto pluuias in nube tenebat.
urebant montana niues camposque iacentis
non duraturae conspecto sole pruinae,
atque omnis propior mergenti sidera caelo
aruerat tellus hiberno dura sereno. 55
sed postquam uernus calidum Titana recepit
sidera respiciens delapsae portitor Helles,
atque iterum aequatis ad iustae pondera Librae
temporibus uicere dies, tum sole relicto
Cynthia, quo primum cornu dubitanda refulsit, 60
exclusit Borean flammasque accepit in Euro.
ille suo nubes quascumque inuenit in axe
torsit in occiduum Nabataeis flatibus orbem,
et quas sentit Arabs et quas Gangetica tellus
exhalat nebulas, quidquid concrebrescere primus 65
sol patitur, quidquid caeli fuscator Eoi
inpulerat Corus, quidquid defenderat Indos.
incendere diem nubes oriente remotae
nec medio potuere graues incumbere mundo
sed nimbos rapuere fuga. uacat imbribus Arctos 70
et Notos, in solam Calpen fluit umidus aer.

hic, ubi iam Zephyri fines, et summus Olympi
cardo tenet Tethyn, uetitae transcurrere densos
inuoluere globos, congestumque aeris atri
uix recipit spatium quod separat aethere terram. 75
iamque polo pressae largos densantur in imbres
spissataeque fluunt; nec seruant fulmina flammās
quamuis crebra micent: extinguunt fulgura nimbi.
hinc imperfecto conplectitur aera gyro
arcus uix ulla uariatus luce colorem 80
Oceanumque bibit raptosque ad nubila fluctus
pertulit et caelo defusum reddidit aequor.
iamque Pyrenaeae, quas numquam soluere Titan
eualuit, fluxere niues, fractoque madescunt
saxa gelu. tum quae solitis e fontibus exit 85
non habet unda uias, tam largas alueus omnis
a ripis accepit aquas. iam naufraga campo
Caesaris arma natant, impulsaque gurgite multo
castra labant; alto restagnant flumina uallo.
non pecorum raptus faciles, non pabula mersi 90
ulla ferunt sulci; tectarum errore uiarum
fallitur occultis sparsus populator in agris.
iamque comes semper magnorum prima malorum
saeua fames aderat, nulloque obsessus ab hoste
miles eget: toto censu non prodigus emit 95
exiguam Cererem. pro lucri pallida tabes!
non dest prolato ieiunus uenditor auro.
iam tumuli collesque latent, iam flumina cuncta
condidit una palus uastaque uoragine mersit,
absorpsit penitus rupes ac tecta ferarum 100
detulit atque ipsas hausit, subitisque frementis
uerticibus contorsit aquas et reppulit aestus
fortior Oceani. nec Phoebum surgere sentit
nox subtexta polo: rerum discrimina miscet
deformis caeli facies iunctaeque tenebrae. 105
sic mundi pars ima iacet, quam zona nivalis
perpetuaeque premunt hiemes: non sidera caelo
ulla uidet, sterili non quicquam frigore gignit

sed glacie medios signorum temperat ignes.
sic, o summe parens mundi, sic, sorte secunda 110
aequorei rector, facias, Neptune tridentis,
et tu perpetuis inpendas aera nimbis,
tu remeare uetes quoscumque emiseric aestus.
non habeant amnes decliuem ad litora cursum
sed pelagi referantur aquis, concussaue tellus 115
laxet iter fluuiis: hos campos Rhenus inundet,
hos Rhodanus; uastos obliquent flumina fontes.
Riphaeas huc solue niues, huc stagna lacusque
et pigras, ubicumque iacent, effunde paludes
et miseras bellis ciuilibus eripe terras. 120

sed paruo Fortuna uiri contenta pauore
plena redit, solitoque magis fauere secundi
et ueniam meruere dei. iam rarior aer,
et par Phoebus aquis densas in uellera nubes
sparserat, et noctes uentura luce rubebant, 125
seruatoque loco rerum discessit ab astris
umor, et ima petit quidquid pendebat aquarum.
tollere silua comas, stagnis emergere colles
incipiunt uisoque die durescere ualles.
utque habuit ripas Sicoris camposque reliquit 130
primum cana salix madefacto uimine paruam
textitur in puppem caesoque inducta iuueno
uectoris patiens tumidum super emicat amnem.
sic Venetus stagnante Pado fusoque Britannus
nauigat Oceano; sic, cum tenet omnia Nilus, 135
conseritur bibula Memphitis cumba papyro.
his ratibus traiecta manus festinat utrimque
succisum curuare nemus, fluuiique ferocis
incrementa timens non primis robora ripis
inposuit, medios pontem distendit in agros. 140
ac, nequid Sicoris repetitis audeat undis,
spargitur in sulcos et scisso gurgite riuus
dat poenas maioris aquae. postquam omnia fatis
Caesaris ire uidet, celsam Petreius Ilerdam
deserit et noti diffusus uiribus orbis 145

indomitos quaerit populos et semper in arma
mortis amore feros et tendit in ultima mundi.

nudatos Caesar colles desertaque castra
conspiciens capere arma iubet nec quaerere pontem
nec uada, sed duris fluuium superare lacertis. 150
paretur, rapuitque ruens in proelia miles
quod fugiens timuisset iter. mox uda receptis
membra fouent armis gelidosque a gurgite cursu
restituunt artus, donec decresceret umbra
in medium surgente die; iamque agmina summa 155
carpit eques, dubiique fugae pugnaeque tenentur.

attollunt campo geminae iuga saxea rupes
ualle caua media; tellus hinc ardua celsos
continuat colles, tutae quos inter opaco
anfractu latuere uiae; quibus hoste potito 160
faucibus emitti terrarum in deuia Martem
inque feras gentes Caesar uidet. 'ite sine ullo
ordine' ait 'raptumque fuga conuertite bellum
et faciem pugnae uoltusque inferte minaces;
nec liceat pauidis ignaua occumbere morte: 165
excipiant recto fugientes pectore ferrum.'
dixit et ad montis tendentem praeuenit hostem.
illic exiguo paulum distantia uallo
castra locant. postquam spatio languentia nullo
mutua conspicuos habuerunt lumina uoltus, 170
[hic fratres natosque suos uidere patresque]
deprensus est ciuile nefas. tenuere parumper
ora metu, tantum nutu motoque salutant
ense suos. mox, ut stimulis maioribus ardens
rupit amor leges, audet transcendere uallum 175
miles, in amplexus effusas tendere palmas.
hospitis ille ciet nomen, uocat ille propinquum,
admonet hunc studiis consors puerilibus aetas;
nec Romanus erat, qui non agnouerat hostem.
arma rigant lacrimis, singultibus oscula rumpunt, 180
et quamuis nullo maculatus sanguine miles
quae potuit fecisse timet. quid pectora pulsas?

quid, uaesane, gemis? fletus quid fundis inanis
nec te sponte tua sceleri parere fateris?
usque adeone times quem tu facis ipse timendum? 185
classica det bello, saeuos tu neclege cantus;
signa ferat, cessa: iam iam ciuilis Erinyes
concidet et Caesar generum priuatus amabit.

nunc ades, aeterno conplectens omnia nexu,
o rerum mixtique salus Concordia mundi 190
et sacer orbis amor: magnum nunc saecula nostra
uenturi discrimen habent. periire latebrae
tot scelerum, populo uenia est erepta nocenti:
agnouere suos. pro numine fata sinistro
exigua requie tantas augentia clades! 195
pax erat, et castris miles permixtus utrisque
errabat; duro concordēs caespīte mensas
instituunt et permixto libamina Baccho;
graminei luxere foci, iunctoque cubili
extrahit insomnis bellorum fabula noctes, 200
quo primum steterint campo, qua lancea dextra
exierit. dum quae gesserunt fortia iactant
et dum multa negant, quod solum fata petebant,
est miseris renouata fides, atque omne futurum
creuit amore nefas. nam postquam foedera pacis 205
cognita Petreio, seque et sua tradita uenum
castra uidet, famulas scelerata ad proelia dextras
excitat atque hostis turba stipatus inermis
praecipitat castris iunctosque amplexibus ense
separat et multo disturbat sanguine pacem. 210
addidit ira ferox moturas proelia uoces.
‘inmemor o patriae, signorum obliorum,
non potes hoc causae, miles, praestare, senatus
adsertor uicto redeas ut Caesare? certe,
ut uincare, potes. dum ferrum, incertaque fata, 215
quique fluat multo non derit uolnere sanguis,
ibitis ad dominum damnataque signa feretis,
utque habeat famulos nullo discrimine Caesar
exorandus erit? ducibus quoque uita petita est?

numquam nostra salus pretium mercesque nefandae 220
proditionis erit: non hoc ciuilia bella,
ut uiuamus, agunt. trahimur sub nomine pacis.
non chalybem gentes penitus fugiente metallo
eruerent, nulli uallarent oppida muri,
non sonipes in bella ferox, non iret in aequor 225
turrigeras classis pelago sparsura carinas,
si bene libertas umquam pro pace daretur.
hostes nempe meos sceleri iurata nefando
sacramenta tenent; at uobis uilior hoc est
uestra fides, quod pro causa pugnantibus aequa 230
et ueniam sperare licet. pro dira pudoris
funera! nunc toto fatorum ignarus in orbe,
Magne, paras acies mundique extrema tenentis
sollicitas reges, cum forsán foedere nostro
iam tibi sit promissa salus.' sic fatur et omnis 235
concussit mentes scelerumque reduxit amorem.
sic, ubi desuetae siluis in carcere clauso
mansueuere ferae et uoltus posuere minaces
atque hominem didicere pati, si torrida paruos
uenit in ora cruor, redeunt rabiesque furorque 240
admonitaeque tument gustato sanguine fauces;
feruet et a trepido uix abstinet ira magistro.
itur in omne nefas, et, quae fortuna deorum
inuidia caeca bellorum in nocte tulisset,
fecit monstra fides. inter mensasque torosque 245
quae modo complexu fouerunt pectora caedunt;
et quamuis primo ferrum strinxere gementes,
ut dextrae iusti gladius dissuasor adhaesit,
dum feriunt, odere suos, animosque labantis
confirmant ictu. feruent iam castra tumultu, 250
ac, uelut occultum pereat scelus, omnia monstra 252
in facie posuere ducum: iuuat esse nocentis.

tu, Caesar, quamuis spoliatus milite multo,
agnoscis superos; neque enim tibi maior in aruis 255
Emathiis fortuna fuit nec Phocidos undis
Massiliae, Phario nec tantum est aequare gestum,

hoc siquidem solo ciuilis crimine belli
dux causae melioris eris. polluta nefanda
agmina caede duces iunctis committere castris 260
non audent, altaeque ad moenia rursus Ilerdae
intendere fugam. campos eques obuius omnis
abstulit et siccis inclusit collibus hostem.
tunc inopes undae praerupta cingere fossa
Caesar auet nec castra pati contingere ripas 265
aut circum largos curuari bracchia fontes.

ut leti uidere uiam, conuersus in iram
praecipitem timor est. miles non utile clausis
auxilium mactauit equos, tandemque coactus
spe posita damnare fugam casurus in hostes 270
fertur. ut effuso Caesar decurrere passu
uidit et ad certam deuotos tendere mortem,
'tela tene iam, miles', ait 'ferrumque ruenti
subtrahe: non ullo constet mihi sanguine bellum.
uincitur haut gratis iugulo qui prouocat hostem. 275
en, sibi uilis adest inuisa luce iuuentus
iam damno peritura meo; non sentiet ictus,
incumbet gladiis, gaudebit sanguine fuso.
deserat hic feruor mentes, cadat impetus amens,
perdant uelle mori.' sic deflagrare minaces 280
in cassum et uetito passus languescere bello,
substituit merso dum nox sua lumina Phoebos.
inde, ubi nulla data est miscendae copia mortis,
paulatim cadit ira ferox mentesque tepescunt,
saucia maiores animos ut pectora gestant, 285
dum dolor est ictusque recens et mobile neruis
conamen calidus praebet cruor ossaque nondum
adduxere cutem: si conscius ensis adacti
stat uictor tenuitque manus, tum frigidus artus
alligat atque animum subducto robore torpor, 290
postquam sicca rigens astrinxit uolnera sanguis.
iamque inopes undae primum tellure refossa
occultos latices abstrusaque flumina quaerunt;
nec solum rastris durisque ligonibus arua

sed gladiis fodere suis, puteusque cauati 295
montis ad inrigui premitur fastigia campi.
non se tam penitus, tam longe luce relictā
merserit Astyrici scrutator pallidus auri.
non tamen aut tectis sonuerunt cursibus amnes
aut micuere noui percusso pumice fontes, 300
antra nec exiguo stillant sudantia rore
aut impulsā leui turbatur glarea uena.
tunc exhausta super multo sudore iuuentus
extrahitur duris silicū lassata metallis;
quoque minus possent siccos tolerare uapores 305
quaesitae fecistis aquae. nec languida fessi
corpora sustentant epulis, mensasque perosi
auxilium fecere famem. si mollius aruum
prodidit umorem, pinguis manus utraque glaebas
exprimit ora super; nigro si turbida limo 310
conluies inmotā iacet, cadit omnis in haustus
certatim obscaenos miles moriensque recepit
quas nollet uicturus aquas; rituque ferarum
distentas siccant pecudes, et lacte negato
sordidus exhausto sorbetur ab ubere sanguis. 315
tunc herbas frondesque terunt, et rore madentis
destringunt ramos et siquos palmitē crudo
arboris aut tenera sucos pressere medulla.

o fortunati, fugiens quos barbarus hostis
fontibus inmixto strauit per rura ueneno. 320
hos licet in fluuios saniem tabemque ferarum,
pallida Dictaeis, Caesar, nascentia saxis
infundas aconita palam, Romana iuuentus
non decepta bibet. torrentur uiscera flamma
oraeque sicca rigent squamosis aspera linguis; 325
iam marcent uenae, nulloque umore rigatus
aeris alternos angustat pulmo meatus,
rescisoque nocent suspiria dura palato;
pandunt ora tamen nociturumque aera captant.
expectant imbres, quorum modo cuncta natabant 330
impulsu, et siccis uoltus in nubibus haerent.

quoque magis miseros undae ieiunia soluant
non super arentem Meroen Cancrique sub axe,
qua nudi Garamantes arant, sedere, sed inter
stagnantem Sicorim et rapidum depensus Hiberum 335
spectat uicinos sitiens exercitus amnes.

iam domiti cessere duces, pacisque petendae
auctor damnatis supplex Afranius armis
semianimes in castra trahens hostilia turmas
uictoris stetit ante pedes. seruata precanti 340
maiestas non fracta malis, interque priorem
fortunam casusque nouos gerit omnia uicti,
sed ducis, et ueniam securo pectore poscit.
'si me degeneri strauissent fata sub hoste,
non derat fortis rapiendo dextera leto; 345
at nunc causa mihi est orandae sola salutis
dignum donanda, Caesar, te credere uita.
non partis studiis agimur nec sumpsimus arma
consiliis inimica tuis. nos denique bellum
inuenit ciuile duces, causaeque priori, 350
dum potuit, seruata fides. nil fata moramur:
tradimus Hesperias gentes, aperimus Eoas,
securumque orbis patimur post terga relictis.
nec cruor effusus campis tibi bella peregit
nec ferrum lassaeque manus: hoc hostibus unum, 355
quod uincas, ignosce tuis. nec magna petuntur:
otia des fessis, uitam patiaris inermis
degere quam tribuis. campis prostrata iacere
agmina nostra putes; nec enim felicibus armis
misceri damnata decet, partemque triumphis 360
captos ferre tui: turba haec sua fata peregit.
hoc petimus, uictos ne tecum uincere cogas.'

dixerat; at Caesar facilis uoltuque serenus
flectitur atque usus belli poenamque remittit.
ut primum iustae placuerunt foedera pacis, 365
incustoditos decurrit miles ad amnes,
incumbit ripis permissaque flumina turbat.
continuus multis subitarum tractus aquarum

aera non passus uacuis discurrere uenis
artauit clausitque animam; nec feruida pestis 370
cedit adhuc, sed morbus egens iam gurgite plenis
uisceribus sibi poscit aquas. mox robora neruis
et uires rediere uiris. o prodiga rerum
luxuries numquam paruo contenta paratis
et quaesitorum terra pelagoque ciborum 375
ambitiosa fames et laetae gloria mensae,
discite quam paruo liceat producere uitam
et quantum natura petat. non erigit aegros
nobilis ignoto diffusus consule Bacchus,
non auro murraque bibunt, sed gurgite puro 380
uita reddit. satis est populis fluuiusque Ceresque.

heu miseri qui bella gerunt! tunc arma relinquens
uictori miles spoliato pectore tutus
innocuusque suas curarum liber in urbes
spargitur. o quantum donata pace potitos 385
excussis umquam ferrum uibrasse lacertis
paenituit, tolerasse sitim frustra que rogasse
prospera bella deos! nempe usis Marte secundo
tot dubiae restant acies, tot in orbe labores;
ut numquam fortuna labet successibus anceps, 390
uincendum totiens; terras fundendus in omnis
est cruor et Caesar per tot sua fata sequendus.
felix qui potuit mundi nutante ruina
quo iaceat iam scire loco. non proelia fessos
ulla uocant, certos non rumpunt classica somnos. 395
iam coniunx natique rudes et sordida tecta
et non deductos recipit sua terra colonos.
hoc quoque securis oneris fortuna remisit,
sollicitus menti quod abest fauor: ille salutis
est auctor, dux ille fuit. sic proelia soli 400
felices nullo spectant ciuilia uoto.

non eadem belli totum fortuna per orbem
constitit, in partes aliquid sed Caesaris ausa est.
qua maris Hadriaci longas ferit unda Salonas
et tepidum in molles Zephyros excurrit Iader, 405

illic bellaci confisus gente Curictum,
quos alit Hadriaco tellus circumflua ponto,
clauditur extrema residens Antonius ora
cautus ab incursu belli, si sola recedat,
expugnat quae tuta, fames. non pabula tellus 410
pascendis summittit equis, non proserit ullam
flaua Ceres segetem; spoliarat gramine campum
miles et attonso miseris iam dentibus aruo
castrorum siccas de caespite uolserat herbas.
ut primum aduersae socios in litore terrae 415
et Basilum uidere ducem, noua furta per aequor
exquisita fugae. neque enim de more carinas
extendunt puppesque leuant, sed firma gerendis
molibus insolito contexunt robora ductu.
namque ratem uacuae sustentant undique cupae 420
quarum porrectis series constricta catenis
ordinibus geminis obliquas excipit alnos;
nec gerit expositum telis in fronte patenti
remigium, sed, quod trabibus circumdedit aequor,
hoc ferit et taciti praebet miracula cursus, 425
quod nec uela ferat nec apertas uerberet undas.
tum freta seruantur, dum se declinibus undis
aestus agat refluoque mari nudentur harenae.
iamque relabenti crescebant litora ponto:
missa ratis prono defertur lapsa profundo 430
et geminae comites. cunctas super ardua turris
eminet et tremulis tabulata minantia pinnis.
noluit Illyricae custos Octavius undae
confestim temptare ratem, celeresque carinas
continuit, cursu crescat dum praeda secundo, 435
et temere ingressos repetendum inuitat ad aequor
pace maris. sic, dum pauidos formidine ceruos
claudat odoratae metuentis aera pinnae
aut dum dispositis attollat retia uaris,
uenator tenet ora leuis clamosa Molossi, 440
Spartanos Cretasque ligat, nec creditur ulli
silua canis, nisi qui presso uestigia rostro

colligit et praeda nescit latrare reperta
contentus tremulo monstrasse cubilia loro.
nec mora, conplentur moles, auideque petitis 445
insula deseritur ratibus, quo tempore primas
inpedi ad noctem iam lux extrema tenebras.
at Pompeianus fraudes innectere ponto
antiqua parat arte Cilix, passusque uacare
summa freti medio suspendit uincula ponto 450
et laxa fluitare sinit, religatque catenas
rupis ab Illyricae scopulis. nec prima nec illam
quae sequitur tardata ratis, sed tertia moles
haesit et ad cautes adducto fune secuta est.
inpendent caua saxa mari, ruituraque semper 455
stat, mirum, moles et siluis aequor inumbrat.
huc fractas Aquilone rates summersaque pontus
corpora saepe tulit caecisque abscondit in antris;
restituit raptus tectum mare, cumque cauernae
euomuere fretum contorti uerticis undae 460
Tauromenitanam uincunt feruore Charybdim.
hic Opiterginis moles onerata colonis
constitit; hanc omni puppes statione solutae
circumeunt, alii rupes ac litora conplent.
Vulteius tacitas sensit sub gurgite fraudes 465
(dux erat ille ratis); frustra qui uincula ferro
rumpere conatus poscit spe proelia nulla
incertus qua terga daret, qua pectora bello.
hoc tamen in casu quantum deprensa ualebat
effecit uirtus: inter tot milia captae 470
circumfusa rati et plenam uix inde cohortem
pugna fuit, non longa quidem; nam condidit umbra
nox lucem dubiam pacemque habuere tenebrae.

tum sic attonitam uenturaque fata pauentem
rexit magnanima Vulteius uoce cohortem: 475
‘libera non ultra parua quam nocte iuuentus,
consulite extremis angusto in tempore rebus.
uita breuis nulli superest qui tempus in illa
quaerendae sibi mortis habet; nec gloria leti

inferior, iuuenes, admoto occurrere fato. 480
omnibus incerto uenturae tempore uitae
par animi laus est et, quos speraueris, annos
perdere et extremae momentum abrumpere lucis,
accersas dum fata manu: non cogitur ullus
uelle mori. fuga nulla patet, stant undique nostris 485
intenti ciues iugulis: decernite letum,
et metus omnis abest. cupias quodcumque necesse est.
non tamen in caeca bellorum nube cadendum est
aut cum permixtas acies sua tela tenebris
inuoluent. conferta iacent cum corpora campo, 490
in medium mors omnis abit, perit obruta uirtus:
nos in conspicua sociis hostique carina
constituere dei; praebebunt aequora testes,
praebebunt terrae, summis dabit insula saxis,
spectabunt geminae diuerso litore partes. 495
nescio quod nostris magnum et memorabile fatis
exemplum, Fortuna, paras. quaecumque per aeuum
exhibuit monimenta fides seruataque ferro
militiae pietas, transisset nostra iuuentus.
namque suis pro te gladiis incumbere, Caesar, 500
esse parum scimus; sed non maiora supersunt
obsessis tanti quae pignora demus amoris.
abscidit nostrae multum fors inuida laudi,
quod non cum senibus capti natisque tenemur.
indomitos sciat esse uiros timeatque furentis 505
et morti faciles animos et gaudeat hostis
non plures haesisse rates. temptare parabunt
foederibus turpique uolent corrumpere uita.
o utinam, quo plus habeat mors unica famae,
promittant ueniam, iubeant sperare salutem, 510
ne nos, cum calido fodiemus uiscera ferro,
desperasse putent. magna uirtute merendum est,
Caesar ut amissis inter tot milia paucis
hoc damnum clademque uocet. dent fata recessum
emittantque licet, uitare instantia nolim. 515
proieci uitam, comites, totusque futurae

mortis agor stimulis: furor est. agnoscere solis
permissum, quos iam tangit uicinia fati,
uicturosque dei celant, ut uiuere durent,
felix esse mori.' sic cunctas sustulit ardor 520
mobilium mentes iuuenum. cum sidera caeli
ante ducis uoces oculis umentibus omnes
aspicerent flexoque Vrsae temone pauerent,
idem, cum fortes animos praecepta subissent,
optauere diem. nec segnis uergere ponto 525
tunc erat astra polus; nam sol Ledaean tenebat
sidera, uicino cum lux altissima Cancro est;
nox tum Thessalicas urgebat parua sagittas.

detegit orta dies stantis in rupibus Histros
pugnacesque mari Graia cum classe Liburnos. 530
temptauere prius suspensio uincere bello
foederibus, fieret captis si dulcior ipsa
mortis uita mora. stabat deuota iuuentus
damnata iam luce ferox securaque pugnae
promisso sibi fine manu, nullique tumultus 535
excussere uiris mentes ad summa paratas;
innumerasque simul pauci terraque marique
sustinuere manus: tanta est fiducia mortis.
utque satis bello uisum est fluxisse cruoris
uersus ab hoste furor. primus dux ipse carinae 540
Vulteius iugulo poscens iam fata relecto
'ecquis' ait 'iuuenum est cuius sit dextra cruore
digna meo certaue fide per uulnera nostra
testetur se uelle mori?' nec plura locuto
uiscera non unus iam dudum transigit ensis. 545
conlaudat cunctos, sed eum cui uulnera prima
debebat grato moriens interficit ictu.
concurrunt alii totumque in partibus unis
bellorum fecere nefas. sic semine Cadmi
emicuit Dircaea cohors ceciditque suorum 550
uulneribus, dirum Thebanis fratribus omen;
Phasidos et campis insomnia dente creati
terrigenae missa magicis e cantibus ira

cognato tantos inplerunt sanguine sulcos,
ipsaque inexpertis quod primum fecerat herbis 555
expauit Medea nefas. sic mutua pacti
fata cadunt iuuenes, minimumque in morte uirorum
mors uirtutis habet. pariter sternuntque caduntque
uolnere letali, nec quemquam dextra fefellit
cum feriat moriente manu. nec uolnus adactis 560
debetur gladiis: percussum est pectore ferrum
et iuguli pressere manum. cum sorte cruenta
fratribus incurrunt fratres natusque parenti,
haud trepidante tamen toto cum pondere dextra
exegere enses. pietas ferientibus una 565
non repetisse fuit. iam latis uiscera lapsa
semianimes traxere foris multumque cruorem
infudere mari. despectam cernere lucem
uictoresque suos uoltu spectare superbo
et mortem sentire iuuat. iam strage cruenta 570
conspicitur cumulata ratis, bustisque remittunt
corpora uictores, ducibus mirantibus ulli
esse ducem tanti. nullam maiore locuta est
ore ratem totum discurrens Fama per orbem.
non tamen ignauae post haec exempla uirorum 575
percipient gentes quam sit non ardua uirtus
seruitium fugisse manu, sed regna timentur
ob ferrum et saeuis libertas uritur armis,
ignorantque datos, ne quisquam seruiat, enses.
mors, utinam pauidos uitae subducere nolles, 580
sed uirtus te sola daret.

non segnior illo

Marte fuit, qui tum Libycis exarsit in aruis.
namque rates audax Lilybaeo litore soluit
Curio, nec forti uelis Aquilone recepto
inter semirutas magnae Carthagini arces 585
et Clipeam tenuit stationis litora notae,
primaque castra locat cano procul aequore, qua se
Bagrada lentus agit siccae sulcator harenae.
inde petit tumulos exesasque undique rupes,

Antaei quas regna uocat non uana uetustas. 590
nominis antiqui cupientem noscere causas
cognita per multos docuit rudis incola patres.

‘nondum post genitos Tellus ecfeta gigantas
terribilem Libycis partum concepit in antris.
nec tam iusta fuit terrarum gloria Typhon 595
aut Tityos Briareusque ferox; caeloque pepercit
quod non Phlegraeis Antaeum sustulit aruis.
hoc quoque tam uastas cumulauit munere uires
Terra sui fetus, quod, cum tetigere parentem,
iam defecta uigent renouato robore membra. 600
haec illi spelunca domus; latuisse sub alta
rupe ferunt, epulas raptos habuisse leones;
ad somnos non terga ferae praebere cubile
adsuerunt, non silua torum, uiresque resumit
in nuda tellure iacens. periire coloni 605
aruorum Libyae, pereunt quos appulit aequor;
auxilioque diu uirtus non usa cadendi
terrae spernit opes: inuictus robore cunctis,
quamuis staret, erat. tandem uolgata cruenti
fama mali terras monstris aequorque leuantem 610
magnanimum Alciden Libycas exciuit in oras.
ille Cleonaei proiecit terga leonis,
Antaeus Libyci; perfudit membra liquore
hospes Olympiacae seruato more palaestrae,
ille parum fidens pedibus contingere matrem 615
auxilium membris calidas infudit harenas.
conseruere manus et multo bracchia nexu;
colla diu grauibus frustra temptata lacertis,
inmotumque caput fixa cum fronte tenetur,
miranturque habuisse parem. nec uiribus uti 620
Alcides primo uoluit certamine totis,
exhausitque uirum, quod creber anhelitus illi
prodidit et gelidus fesso de corpore sudor.
tum ceruix lassata quati, tum pectore pectus
urgueri, tunc obliqua percussa labare 625
crura manu. iam terga uiri cedentia uictor

alligat et medium conpressis ilibus artat
inguinaque insertis pedibus distendit et omnem
explicuit per membra uirum. rapit arida tellus
sudorem; calido conplentur sanguine uenae, 630
intumueret tori, totosque induruit artus
Herculeosque nouo laxauit corpore nodos.
constitit Alcides stupefactus robore tanto,
nec sic Inachiis, quamuis rudis esset, in undis
desectam timuit reparatis anguibus hydram. 635
confluxere pares, Telluris uiribus ille,
ille suis. numquam saeuae sperare nouercae
plus licuit: uidet exhaustos sudoribus artus
ceruicemque uiri, siccam cum ferret Olympum.
utque iterum fessis iniecit bracchia membris 640
non expectatis Antaeus uiribus hostis
sponte cadit maiorque accepto robore surgit.
quisquis inest terris in fessos spiritus artus
egeritur, Tellusque uiro luctante laborat.
ut tandem auxilium tactae prodesse parentis 645
Alcides sensit, 'standum est tibi,' dixit 'et ultra
non credere solo, sternique uetabere terra.
haerebis pressis intra mea pectora membris:
huc, Antae, cades.' sic fatus sustulit alte
nitentem in terras iuuenem. morientis in artus 650
non potuit nati Tellus permittere uires:
Alcides medio tenuit iam pectora pigro
stricta gelu terrisque diu non credidit hostem.
hinc, aevi ueteris custos, famosa uetustas,
miratrixque sui, signauit nomine terras. 655
sed maiora dedit cognomina collibus istis
Poenum qui Latiis reuocauit ab arcibus hostem
Scipio; nam sedes Libyca tellure potito
haec fuit. en, ueteris cernis uestigia ualli.
Romana hos primum tenuit uictoria campos.' 660

Curio laetatus, tamquam fortuna locorum
bella gerat seruetque ducum sibi fata priorum,
felici non fausta loco tentoria ponens

indulsit castris et collibus abstulit omen
sollicitatque feros non aequis uiribus hostis. 665

omnis Romanis quae cesserat Africa signis
tum Vari sub iure fuit; qui robore quamquam
confisus Latio regis tamen undique uires
exciuit, Libycas gentis, extremaque mundi
signa suum comitata Iubam. non fusior ulli 670
terra fuit domino: qua sunt longissima, regna
cardine ab occiduo uicinus Gadibus Atlans
terminat, a medio confinis Syrtibus Hammon;
at, qua lata iacet, uasti plaga feruida regni
distinet Oceanum zonaeque exusta calentis. 675
sufficiunt spatio populi: tot castra secuntur,
Autololes Numidaeque uagi semperque paratus
inculto Gaetulus equo, tum concolor Indo
Maurus, inops Nasamon, mixti Garamante perusto
Marmaridae uolucres, aequaturusque sagittas 680
Medorum, tremulum cum torsit missile, Mazax,
et gens quae nudo residens Massylia dorso
ora leui flectit frenorum nescia uirga,
et solitus uacuis errare mapalibus Afer
uenator ferrique simul fiducia non est 685
uestibus iratos laxis operire leones.
nec solum studiis ciuilibus arma parabat
priuatae sed bella dabat Iuba concitus irae.
hunc quoque quo superos humanaque polluit anno
lege tribunicia solio depellere auorum 690
Curio temptarat, Libyamque auferre tyranno
dum regnum te, Roma, facit. memor ille doloris
hoc bellum sceptri fructum putat esse retenti.
hac igitur regis trepidat iam Curio fama
et quod Caesareis numquam deuota iuuentus 695
illa nimis castris nec Rheni miles in undis
exploratus erat, Corfini captus in arce,
infidusque nouis ducibus dubiusque priori
fas utrumque putat. sed, postquam languida segni
cernit cuncta metu nocturnaque munera ualli 700

desolata fuga, trepida sic mente profatur:

‘audendo magnus tegitur timor; arma capessam

ipse prior. campum miles descendat in aequum

dum meus est; uariam semper dant otia mentem.

eripe consilium pugna: cum dira uoluptas 705

ense subit presso, galeae texere pudorem,

quis conferre duces meminit, quis pendere causas?

qua stetit inde fauet; ueluti fatalis harenae

muneribus non ira uetus concurrere cogit

productos, odere pares.’ sic fatus apertis 710

instruxit campis acies; quem blanda futuris

deceptura malis belli fortuna recepit.

nam pepulit Varum campo nudataque foeda

terga fuga, donec uetuerunt castra, cecidit.

tristia sed postquam superati proelia Vari 715

sunt audita Iubae, laetus quod gloria belli

sit rebus seruata suis, rapit agmina furtim,

obscuratque suam per iussa silentia famam

hoc solum incauto metuentis ab hoste, timeri.

mittitur, exigua qui proelia prima lacesat 720

eliciatque manu, Numidis a rege secundus,

ut sibi commissi simulator Sabbura belli;

ipse caua regni uires in ualle retentat:

aspidas ut Pharias cauda sollertior hostis

ludit et iratas incerta prouocat umbra 725

obliquusque caput uanas serpentis in auras

effusae tuto comprehendit guttura morsu

letiferam citra saniem; tunc inrita pestis

exprimitur faucesque fluunt pereunte ueneno.

fraudibus euentum dederat fortuna, feroxque 730

non exploratis occulti uiribus hostis

Curio nocturnum castris erumpere cogit

ignotisque equitem late decurrere campis.

ipse sub aurorae primos excedere motus

signa iubet castris, multum frustra rogatus 735

ut Libycas metuat fraudes infectaque semper

Punica bella dolis. leti fortuna propinqui

tradiderat fatis iuuenem, bellumque trahebat
auctorem ciuile suum. super ardua ducit
saxa, super cautes, abrupto limite signa; 740
cum procul e summis conspecti collibus hostes
fraude sua cessere parum, dum colle relicto
effusam patulis aciem committeret aruis.
ille fugam credens simulatae nescius artis,
ut uictor, mersos aciem deiecit in agros. 745
ut primum patuere doli, Numidaeque fugaces
undique completis clausurunt montibus agmen,
obstupuit dux ipse simul perituraque turba.
non timidi petiere fugam, non proelia fortes,
quippe ubi non sonipes motus clangore tubarum 750
saxa quatit pulsu rigidos uexantia frenos
ora terens spargitque iubas et subrigit auris
incertoque pedum pugnat non stare tumultu:
fessa iacet ceruix, fumant sudoribus artus
oraeque proiecta squalent arentia lingua, 755
pectora rauca gemunt, quae creber anhelitus urget,
et defecta grauis longe trahit ilia pulsus
siccaeque sanguineis durescit spuma lupatis.
iamque gradum neque uerberibus stimulisque coacti
nec quamuis crebris iussi calcaribus addunt: 760
uolneribus coguntur equi; nec profuit ulli
cornipedis rupisse moras, neque enim impetus ille
incursusque fuit: tantum perfertur ad hostis
et spatium iaculis oblato uolnere donat.
at, uagus Afer equos ut primum emisit in agmen, 765
tum campi tremuere sono, terraque soluta,
quantus Bistonio torquetur turbine, puluis
aera nube sua texit traxitque tenebras.
ut uero in pedites fatum miserabile belli
incubuit, nullo dubii discrimine Martis 770
incipites steterunt casus, set tempora pugnae
mors tenuit; neque enim licuit procurrere contra
et miscere manus. sic undique saepta iuuentus
comminus obliquis et rectis eminus hastis

obruitur, non uolneribus nec sanguine solum, 775
telorum nimbo peritura et pondere ferri.
ergo acies tantae paruū spissantur in orbem,
ac, si quis metuens medium correpsit in agmen,
uix inpune suos inter conuertitur enses;
densaturque globus, quantum pede prima relato 780
constrinxit gyros acies. non arma mouendi
iam locus est pressis, stipataque membra teruntur;
frangitur armatum conliso pectore pectus.
non tam laeta tulit uictor spectacula Maurus
quam Fortuna dabat; fluuios non ille cruoris 785
membrorumque uidet lapsum et ferientia terram
corpora: compressum turba stetit omne cadauer.

excitet inuisas dirae Carthaginis umbras
inferiis fortuna nouis, ferat ista cruentus
Hannibal et Poeni tam dira piacula manes. 790
Romanam, superi, Libyca tellure ruinam
Pompeio prodesse nefas uotisque senatus.
Africa nos potius uincat sibi. Curio, fusas
ut uidit campis acies et cernere tantas
permisit clades compressus sanguine puluis, 795
non tulit adflictis animam producere rebus
aut sperare fugam, ceciditque in strage suorum
inpiger ad letum et fortis uirtute coacta.

quid nunc rostra tibi prosunt turbata forumque
unde tribunicia plebeius signifer arce 800
arma dabas populis? quid prodita iura senatus
et gener atque socer bello concurrere iussi?
ante iaces quam dira duces Pharsalia confert,
spectandumque tibi bellum ciuile negatum est.
has urbi miserae uestro de sanguine poenas 805
ferre datis, luitis iugulo sic arma, potentes.
felix Roma quidem ciuisque habitura beatos,
si libertatis superis tam cura placeret
quam uindicta placet. Libycas, en, nobile corpus,
pascit aues nullo contactus Curio busto. 810
at tibi nos, quando non proderit ista silere

a quibus omne aeui senium sua fama repellit,
digna damus, iuuenis, merita praekoniam uitae.
haut alium tanta ciuem tulit indole Roma
aut cui plus leges deberent recta sequenti; 815
perdita tunc urbi nocuerunt saecula, postquam
ambitus et luxus et opum metuenda facultas
transuerso mentem dubiam torrente tulerunt,
momentumque fuit mutatus Curio rerum
Gallorum captus spoliis et Caesaris auro. 820
ius licet in iugulos nostros sibi fecerit ensis
Sulla potens Mariusque ferox et Cinna cruentus
Caesareaeque domus series, cui tanta potestas
concessa est? emere omnes, hic uendidit urbem.

LIBER QVINTVS

Sic alterna duces bellorum uolnera passos
in Macetum terras miscens aduersa secundis
seruauit fortuna pares. iam sparserat Haemo
bruma niues gelidoque cadens Atlantis Olympe,
instabatque dies qui dat noua nomina fastis 5
quique colit primus ducentem tempora Ianum.
dum tamen emeriti remanet pars ultima iuris
consul uterque uagos belli per munia patres
elicit Epirum. peregrina ac sordida sedes
Romanos cepit procures, secretaque rerum 10
hospes in externis audiuit curia tectis.
nam quis castra uocet tot strictas iure securis,
tot fasces? docuit populos uenerabilis ordo
non Magni partes sed Magnum in partibus esse.

ut primum maestum tenuere silentia coetum, 15
Lentulus e celsa sublimis sede profatur.
‘indole si dignum Latia, si sanguine prisco
robur inest animis, non qua tellure coacti
quamque procul tectis captae sedeamus ab urbis
cernite, sed uestrae faciem cognoscite turbae, 20
cunctaque iussuri primum hoc decernite, patres,
quod regnis populisque liquet, nos esse senatum.
nam uel Hyperboreae plastrum glaciale sub Vrsae
uel plaga qua torrens claususque uaporibus axis
nec patitur noctes nec iniquos crescere soles, 25
si fortuna ferat, rerum nos summa sequetur
imperiumque comes. Tarpeia sede perusta
Gallorum facibus Veiosque habitante Camillo
illic Roma fuit. non umquam perdidit ordo
mutato sua iura solo. maerentia tecta 30
Caesar habet uacuasque domos legesque silentis
clausaque iustitio tristi fora; curia solos
illa uidet patres plena quos urbe fugauit:
ordine de tanto quisquis non exulat hic est.

ignaros scelerum longaue in pace quietos 35
bellorum primus sparsit furor: omnia rursus
membra loco redeunt. en, totis uiribus orbis
Hesperiam pensant superi: iacet hostis in undis
obrutus Illyricis, Libyae squalentibus aruis
Curio Caesarei cecidit pars magna senatus. 40
tollite signa, duces, fatorum inpellite cursum,
spem uestram praestate deis, fortunaque tantos
det uobis animos quantos fugientibus hostem
causa dabat. nostrum exhausto ius clauditur anno:
uos, quorum finem non est sensura potestas, 45
consulite in medium, patres, Magnumque iubete
esse ducem.' laeto nomen clamore senatus
excipit et Magno fatum patriaeque suumque
inposuit. tunc in reges populosque merentis
sparsus honor, pelagique potens Phoebeia donis 50
exornata Rhodos gelidique inculta iuuentus
Taygeti, fama ueteres laudantur Athenae,
Massiliaeque suae donatur libera Phocis;
tum Sadalam fortemque Cotyn fidumque per arma
Deiotarum et gelidae dominum Rhascypolin orae 55
conlaudent, Libyamque iubent auctore senatu
sceptrihero parere Iubae. pro tristia fata!
et tibi, non fidae gentis dignissime regno,
fortunae, Ptolemaee, pudor crimenque deorum,
cingere Pellaeo pressos diademate crinis 60
permissum. saeuum in populos puer accipis ense,
atque utinam in populos! donata est regia Lagi,
accessit Magni iugulus, regnumque sorori
ereptum est soceroque nefas. iam turba soluto
arma petit coetu; quae cum populique ducesque 65
casibus incertis et caeca sorte parent,
solus in ancipites metuit descendere Martis
Appius euentus, finemque expromere rerum
sollicitat superos multosque obducta per annos
Delphica fatidici reserat penetralia Phoebi. 70
Hesperio tantum quantum summotus Eoo

cardine Parnasos gemino petit aethera colle,
mons Phoebus Bromioque sacer, cui numine mixto
Delphica Thebaeae referunt trieterica Bacchae.
hoc solum fluctu terras mergente cacumen 75
eminuit pontoque fuit discrimen et astris.
tu quoque uix summam, seductus ab aequore, rupem
extuleras, unoque iugo, Parnase, latebas.
ultor ibi expulsa, premeret cum uiscera partus,
matris adhuc rudibus Paeon Pythona sagittis 80
explicuit, cum regna Themis tripodasque teneret.
ut uidit Paeon uastos telluris hiatus
diuinam spirare fidem uentosque loquaces
exhalare solum, sacris se condidit antris,
incubuitque adyto uates ibi factus Apollo. 85
quis latet hic superum? quod numen ab aethere pressum
dignatur caecas inclusum habitare cauernas?
quis terram caeli patitur deus, omnia cursus
aeterni secreta tenens mundoque futuri
consciis, ac populis sese proferre paratus 90
contactumque ferens hominis, magnusque potensque,
siue canit fatum seu, quod iubet ille canendo,
fit fatum? forsitan, terris inserta regendis
aere libratum uacuo quae sustinet orbem,
totius pars magna Iouis Cirrhaea per antra 95
exit et aetherio trahitur conexa Tonanti.
hoc ubi uirgineo conceptum est pectore numen,
humanam feriens animam sonat oraque uatis
soluit, ceu Siculo flammis urgentibus Aetnam
undat apex, Campana fremens ceu saxa uaporat 100
conditus Inarimes aeterna mole Typhoeus.
hoc tamen expositum cunctis nullique negatum
numen ab hominis solum se labe furoris
uindicat. haud illic tacito mala uota susurro
conciunt, nam fixa canens mutandaque nulli 105
mortales optare uetat; iustisque benignis
saepe dedit sedem totas mutantibus urbes,
ut Tyriis, dedit ille minas impellere belli,

ut Salaminia cum meminit mare; sustulit iras
telluris sterilis monstrato fine, resoluunt 110
aera tabificum. non ullo saecula dono
nostra carent maiore deum, quam Delphica sedes
quod siluit, postquam reges timere futura
et superos uetere loqui. nec uoce negata
Cirrhaeae maerent uates, templique fruuntur 115
iustitio. nam, si qua deus sub pectora uenit,
numinis aut poena est mors inmatura recepti
aut pretium; quippe stimulo fluctuque furoris
conpages humana labat, pulsusque deorum
concutiunt fragiles animas. sic tempore longo 120
inmotos tripodas uastaeque silentia rupis
Appius Hesperii scrutator ad ultima fati
sollicitat. iussus sedes laxare uerendas
antistes pauidamque deis inmittere uatem
Castalios circum latices nemorumque recessus 125
Phemonoen errore uagam curisque uacantem
corripuit cogitque fores inrumpere templi.
limine terrifico metuens consistere Phoebas
absterrere ducem noscendi ardore futura
cassa fraude parat. 'quid spes' ait 'inproba ueri 130
te, Romane, trahit? muto Parnasos hiatu
conticuit pressitque deum, seu spiritus istas
destituit fauces mundique in deum uersum
duxit iter, seu, barbarica cum lampade Python
arsit, in immensas cineres abiire cauernas 135
et Phoebi tenere uiam, seu sponte deorum
Cirrha silet farique sat est arcana futuri
carmina longaeuae uobis conmissa Sibyllae,
seu Paeon solitus templis arcere nocentis,
ora quibus soluat, nostro non inuenit aeuo.' 140

uirginei patuere doli, fecitque negatis
numinibus metus ipse fidem. tum torta priores
stringit uitta comas, crinesque in terga solutos
candida Phocaica conplectitur infula lauro.
haerentem dubiamque premens in templa sacerdos 145

inpulit. illa pauens adyti penetrare remoti
fatidicum prima templorum in parte resistit
atque deum simulans sub pectore ficta quieto
uerba refert, nullo confusae murmure uocis
instinctam sacro mentem testata furore, 150
haud aequae laesura ducem cui falsa canebat
quam tripodas Phoebique fidem. non rupta trementi
uerba sono nec uox antri conplere capacis
sufficiens spatium nulloque horrore comarum
excussae laurus innotaque limina templi 155
securumque nemus ueritam se credere Phoebo
prodiderant. sensit tripodas cessare furensque
Appius ‘et nobis meritas dabis, impia, poenas
et superis, quos fingis,’ ait ‘nisi mergeris antris
deque orbis trepidi tanto consulta tumultu 160
desinis ipsa loqui’. tandem conterrita uirgo
confugit ad tripodas uastisque adducta cauernis
haesit et insueto concepit pectore numen,
quod non exhaustae per tot iam saecula rupis
spiritus ingessit uati; tandemque potitus 165
pectore Cirrhaeo non umquam plenior artus
Phoebados inrupit Paeon mentemque priorem
expulit atque hominem toto sibi cedere iussit
pectore. bacchatur demens aliena per antrum
colla ferens, uittasque dei Phoebeaque sarta 170
erectis discussa comis per inania templi
ancipiti ceruice rotat spargitque uaganti
obstantis tripodas magnoque exaestuat igne
iratum te, Phoebe, ferens. nec uerbere solo
uteris et stimulis flammisque in uiscera mergis: 175
accipit et frenos, nec tantum prodere uati
quantum scire licet. uenit aetas omnis in unam
congeriem, miserumque premunt tot saecula pectus,
tanta patet rerum series, atque omne futurum
nititur in lucem, uocemque petentia fata 180
luctantur; non prima dies, non ultima mundi,
non modus Oceani, numerus non derat harenae.

qualis in Euboico uates Cumana recessu
indignata suum multis seruire furorem
gentibus ex tanta fatorum strage superba 185
excerpsit Romana manu, sic plena laborat
Phemonoe Phoebo, dum te, consultor operi
Castalia tellure dei, uix inuenit, Appi,
inter fata diu quaerens tam magna latentem.
spumea tum primum rabies uaesana per ora 190
effluit et gemitus et anhelus clara meatu
murmura, tum maestus uastis ululatus in antris
extremaeque sonant domita iam uirgine uoces:
'effugis ingentes, tanti discriminis expers,
bellorum, Romane, minas, solusque quietem 195
Euboici uasta lateris conualle tenebis'.
cetera suppressit faucesque obstruxit Apollo.

custodes tripodes fatorum arcanaque mundi
tuque, potens ueri Paeon nullumque futuri
a superis celate diem, suprema ruentis 200
imperii caesosque duces et funera regum
et tot in Hesperio conlapsas sanguine gentis
cur aperire times? an nondum numina tantum
decreuere nefas et adhuc dubitantibus astris
Pompei damnare caput tot fata tenentur? 205
uindicis an gladii facinus poenasque furorum
regnaque ad ultores iterum redeuntia Brutos,
ut peragat fortuna, taces? tum pectore uatis
inpactae cessere fores, expulsaque templis
prosiluit; perstat rabies, nec cuncta locutae 210
quem non emisit, superest deus. illa feroces
torquet adhuc oculos totoque uagantia caelo
lumina, nunc uultu pauido, nunc torua minaci;
stat numquam facies; rubor igneus inficit ora
liuentisque genas; nec, qui solet esse timenti, 215
terribilis sed pallor inest; nec fessa quiescunt
corda, sed, ut tumidus Boreae post flamina pontus
rauca gemit, sic muta leuant suspiria uatem.
dumque a luce sacra, qua uidit fata, refertur

ad uolgare iubar mediae uenere tenebrae. 220
inmisit Stygiam Paeon in uiscera Lethen,
quae raperet secreta deum. tum pectore uerum
fugit et ad Phoebi tripodas rediere futura,
uixque refecta cadit. nec te uicinia leti
territat ambiguis frustratum sortibus, Appi; 225
iure sed incerto mundi subsidere regnum
Chalcidos Euboicae uana spe rapte parabas.
heu demens, nullum belli sentire fragorem,
tot mundi caruisse malis, praestare deorum
excepta quis Morte potest? secreta tenebis 230
litoris Euboici memorando condite busto,
qua maris angustat fauces saxosa Carystos
et, tumidis infesta colit quae numina, Rhamnus,
artatus rapido feruet qua gurgite pontus
Euripusque trahit, cursum mutantibus undis, 235
Chalcidicas puppes ad iniquam classibus Aulin.

interea domitis Caesar remeabat Hiberis
uictrices aquilas alium laturus in orbem,
cum prope fatorum tantos per prospera cursus
auertere dei. nullo nam Marte subactus 240
intra castrorum timuit tentoria ductor
perdere successus scelerum, cum paene fideles
per tot bella manus satiatæ sanguine tandem
destituere ducem, seu maestis classica paulum
intermissa sono claususque et frigidus ensis 245
expulerat belli furias, seu, praemia miles
dum maiora petit, damnat causamque ducemque
et scelere inbutos etiamnunc uenditat enses.
haud magis expertus discrimine Caesar in ullo est
quam non e stabili tremulo sed culmine cuncta 250
despiceret staretque super titubantia fultus.
tot raptis truncus manibus gladioque relictus
paene suo, qui tot gentis in bella trahebat,
scit non esse ducis strictos sed militis enses.
non pauidum iam murmur erat nec pectore tecto 255
ira latens; nam quae dubias constringere mentes

causa solet, dum quisque pauet, quibus ipse timori est,
seque putat solum regnorum iniusta grauari,
haud retinet. quippe ipsa metus exsoluerat audax
turba suos: quidquid multis peccatur inultum est. 260
effudere minas. 'liceat discedere, Caesar,
a rabie scelerum. quaeris terraque marique
his ferrum iugulis animasque effundere uiles
quolibet hoste paras; partem tibi Gallia nostri
eripuit, partem duris Hispania bellis, 265
pars iacet Hesperia, totoque exercitus orbe
te uincente perit. terris fudisse cruorem
quid iuuat Arctois Rhodano Rhenoque subactis?
tot mihi pro bellis bellum ciuile dedisti.
cepimus expulso patriae cum tecta senatu, 270
quos hominum uel quos licuit spoliare deorum?
imus in omne nefas manibus ferroque nocentes,
paupertate pii. finis quis quaeritur armis?
quid satis est, si Roma parum est? iam respice canos
inualidasque manus et inanis cerne lacertos. 275
usus abit uitae, bellis consumpsimus aeuum:
ad mortem dimitte senes. en improba uota:
non duro liceat morientia caespite membra
ponere, non anima galeam fugiente ferire
atque oculos morti clausuram quaerere dextram, 280
coniugis inlabi lacrimis, unique paratum
scire rogam; liceat morbis finire senectam;
sit praeter gladios aliquod sub Caesare fatum.
quid uelut ignaros ad quae portenta paremur
spe trahis? usque adeo soli ciuilibus armis 285
nescimus cuius sceleris sit maxima merces?
nil actum est bellis, si nondum conperit istas
omnia posse manus. nec fas nec uincula iuris
hoc audere uetant: Rheni mihi Caesar in undis
dux erat, hic socius; facinus quos inquinat aequat. 290
adde quod ingrato meritorum iudice uirtus
nostra perit: quidquid gerimus fortuna uocatur.
nos fatum sciat esse suum. licet omne deorum

obsequium speres, irato milite, Caesar,
pax erit.' haec fatus totis discurrere castris 295
coeperat infestoque ducem deposcere uoltu.
sic eat, o superi: quando pietasque fidesque
destituunt moresque malos sperare relictum est,
finem ciuili faciat discordia bello.

quem non ille ducem potuit terrere tumultus? 300
fata sed in praeceps solitus demittere Caesar
fortunamque suam per summa pericula gaudens
exercere uenit; nec dum desaeuiat ira
expectat: medios properat temptare furores.
non illis urbes spoliandaque templa negasset 305
Tarpeiamque Iouis sedem matresque senatus
passurasque infanda nurus. uult omnia certe
a se saeua peti, uult praemia Martis amari;
militis indomiti tantum mens sana timetur.
non pudet, heu, Caesar, soli tibi bella placere 310
iam manibus damnata tuis? hos ante pigebit
sanguinis? his ferri graue ius erit, ipse per omne
fasque nefasque rues? lassare et disce sine armis
posse pati; liceat scelerum tibi ponere finem.
saeue, quid insequeris? quid iam nolentibus instas? 315
bellum te ciuile fugit. stetit aggere fulti
caespitis intrepidus uoltu meruitque timeri
non metuens, atque haec ira dictante profatur:
'qui modo in absentem uoltu dextraque furebas,
miles, habes nudum promptumque ad uolnera pectus. 320
hic fuge, si belli finis placet, ense relicto.
detegit inbelles animas nil fortiter ausa
seditio tantumque fugam meditata iuuentus
ac ducis inuicti rebus lassata secundis.
uadite meque meis ad bella relinquitte fatis. 325
inuenient haec arma manus, uobisque repulsis
tot reddet Fortuna uiros quot tela uacabunt.
anne fugam Magni tanta cum classe secuntur
Hesperiae gentes, nobis uictoria turbam
non dabit, impulsus tantum quae praemia belli 330

auferat et uestri rapta mercede laboris
lauriferos nullo comitetur uolnere currus?
uos despecta senes exhaustaque sanguine turba
cernetis nostros iam plebs Romana triumphos.
Caesaris an cursus uestrae sentire putatis 335
damnum posse fugae? ueluti, si cuncta minentur
flumina quos miscent pelago subducere fontes,
non magis ablatiis umquam descenderit aequor,
quam nunc crescit, aquis. an uos momenta putatis
ulla dedisse mihi? numquam sic cura deorum 340
se premet, ut uestrae morti uestraeque saluti
fata uacent: procerum motus haec cuncta secuntur;
humanum paucis uiuit genus. orbis Hiberi
horror et Arctoi nostro sub nomine miles
Pompeio certe fugeres duce. fortis in armis 345
Caesareis Labienus erat: nunc transfuga uilis
cum duce praelato terras atque aequora lustrat.
nec melior mihi uestra fides, si bella nec hoste
nec duce me geritis. quisquis mea signa relinquens
non Pompeianis tradit sua partibus arma, 350
hic numquam uult esse meus. sunt ista profecto
curae castra deis, qui me committere tantis
non nisi mutato uoluerunt milite bellis.
heu, quantum Fortuna umeris iam pondere fessis
amolitur onus! sperantis omnia dextras 355
exarmare datur, quibus hic non sufficit orbis:
iam certe mihi bella geram. discedite castris,
tradite nostra uiris ignaui signa Quirites.
at paucos, quibus haec rabies auctoribus arsit,
non Caesar sed poena tenet. procumbite terra 360
infidumque caput feriendaque tendite colla.
et tu, quo solo stabunt iam robore castra,
tiro rudis, specta poenas et disce ferire,
disce mori.' tremuit saeua sub uoce minantis
uolgus iners, unumque caput tam magna iuuentus 365
priuatum factura timet, uelut ensibus ipsis
imperet inuito moturus milite ferrum.

ipse pauet ne tela sibi dextraeque negentur
ad scelus hoc Caesar: uicit patientia saeui
spem ducis, et iugulos, non tantum praestitit ensis. 370
nil magis adsuetas sceleri quam perdere mentis
atque perire tenet. tam diri foederis ictu
parta quies, poenaeque redit placata iuuentus.

Brundisium decumis iubet hanc attingere castris
et cunctas reuocare rates quas auius Hydrus 375
antiquosque Taras secretaque litora Leucae,
quas recipit Salpina palus et subdita Sipus
montibus, Ausoniam qua torquens frugifer oram
Delmatico Boreae Calabroque obnoxius Austro
Apulus Hadriacas exit Garganus in undas. 380
ipse petit trepidam tutus sine milite Romam
iam doctam seruire togae, populoque precanti
scilicet indulgens summo dictator honori
contigit et laetos fecit se consule fastos.
namque omnis uoces, per quas iam tempore tanto 385
mentimur dominis, haec primum repperit aetas
qua, sibi ne ferri ius ullum, Caesar, abesset,
Ausonias uoluit gladiis miscere secures
addidit et fasces aquilis et nomen inane
imperii rapiens signauit tempora digna 390
maesta nota; nam quo melius Pharsalicus annus
consule notus erit? fingit sollemnia Campus
et non admissae dirimit suffragia plebis
decantatque tribus et uana uersat in urna.
nec caelum seruare licet: tonat augure surdo, 395
et laetae iurantur aues bubone sinistro.
inde perit primum quondam ueneranda potestas
iuris inops; tantum careat ne nomine tempus
menstruus in fastos distinguit saecula consul.
nec non Iliacae numen quod praesidet Albae, 400
haud meritum Latio sollemnia sacra subacto,
uidit flammifera confectas nocte Latinas.

inde rapit cursus et, quae piger Apulus arua
deseruit rastris et inertis tradidit herbae,

ocior et caeli flammis et tigride feta 405
 transcurrit, curuique tenens Minoia tecta
 Brundisii clausas uentis brumalibus undas
 inuenit et pauidas hiberno sidere classes.
 turpe duci uisum rapiendi tempora belli
 in segnes exisse moras, portuque teneri 410
 dum pateat tutum uel non felicibus aequor.
 expertis animos pelagi sic robore conplet:
 ‘fortius hiberni flatus caelumque fretumque,
 cum cepere, tenent, quam quos incumbere certos
 perfida nubiferi uetat inconstantia ueris. 415
 nec maris anfractus lustrandaque litora nobis,
 sed recti fluctus soloque Aquilone secandi.
 hic utinam summi curuet carchesia mali
 incumbatque furens et Graia ad moenia perflēt,
 ne Pompeiani Phaeacum e litore toto 420
 languida iactatis comprehendant carbasa remis.
 rumpite quae retinent felices uincula proras:
 iam dudum nubes et saeuas perdimus undas.’
 sidera prima poli Phoebo labente sub undas
 exierant et luna suas iam fecerat umbras, 425
 cum pariter soluere rates, totosque rudentes
 laxauere sinus et flexo nauita cornu
 obliquat laeuo pede carbasa summaque pandens
 sipara uelorum perituras colligit auras.
 uix primum leuior propellere lintea uentus 430
 incipit exiguumque tument, et reddita malo
 in mediam cecidere ratem, terraque relictā
 non ualet ipsa sequi puppes quae uexerat aura.
 aequora lenta iacent, alto torpore ligatae
 pigrius inmotis haesere paludibus undae. 435
 sic stat iners Scythicas astringens Bosporos undas,
 cum glacie retinente fretum non inpulit Hister,
 inmensumque gelu tegitur mare; conprimit unda
 deprendit quascumque rates, nec peruia uelis
 aequora frangit eques, fluctuque latente sonantem 440
 orbita migrantis scindit Maeotida Bessi.

saeua quies pelagi, maestoque ignaua profundo
stagna iacentis aquae; ueluti deserta regente
aequora natura cessant, pontusque uetustas
oblitus seruare uices non commeat aestu, 445
non horrore tremit, non solis imagine uibrat.
casibus innumeris fixae patuere carinae.
illinc infestae classes et inertia tonsis
aequora moturae, grauis hinc languore profundi
obsessis uentura fames. noua uota timori 450
sunt inuenta nouo, fluctus nimiasque precari
uentorum uires, dum se torpentibus unda
excuiat stagnis et sit mare. nubila nusquam
undarumque minae; caelo languente fretoque
naufragii spes omnis abit. sed nocte fugata 455
laesum nube dies iubar extulit imaque sensim
concussit pelagi mouitque Ceraunia nautis.
inde rapi coepere rates atque aequora classem
curua sequi, quae iam uento fluctuque secundo
lapsa Palaestinas uncis confixit harenas. 460

prima duces iunctis uidit consistere castris
tellus, quam uolucer Genusus, quam mollior Hapsus
circumeunt ripis. Hapso gestare carinas
causa palus, leni quam fallens egerit unda;
at Genusum nunc sole niues nunc imbre solutae 465
praecipitant. neuter longo se gurgite lassat,
sed minimum terrae uicino litore nouit.
hoc fortuna loco tantae duo nomina famae
conposuit, miserique fuit spes inrita mundi
posse duces parua campi statione diremptos 470
admotum damnare nefas; nam cernere uoltus
et uoces audire datur, multosque per annos
dilectus tibi, Magne, socer post pignora tanta,
sanguinis infausti subolem mortemque nepotum,
te nisi Niliaca propius non uidit harena. 475

Caesaris attonitam miscenda ad proelia mentem
ferre moras scelerum partes iussere relictas.
ductor erat cunctis audax Antonius armis

iam tum ciuili meditatus Leucada bello.
illum saepe minis Caesar precibusque morantem 480
euocat. 'o mundi tantorum causa laborum,
quid superos et fata tenes? sunt cetera cursu
acta meo, summam rapti per prospera belli
te poscit fortuna manum. non rupta uadosis
Syrtribus incerto Libye nos diuidit aestu. 485
numquid inexperto tua credimus arma profundo
inque nouos traheris casus? ignaue, uenire
te Caesar, non ire iubet. prior ipse per hostes
percussi medios alieni iuris harenas:
tu mea castra times? pereuntia tempora fati 490
conqueror, in uentos inpendo uota fretumque.
ne retine dubium cupientis ire per aequor:
si bene nota mihi est, ad Caesaris arma iuuentus
naufragio uenisse uolet. iam uoce doloris
utendum est: non ex aequo diuisimus orbem; 495
Epirum Caesarque tenet totusque senatus,
Ausoniam tu solus habes.' his terque quaterque
uocibus excitum postquam cessare uidebat,
dum se desse deis ac non sibi numina credit,
sponte per incautas audet temptare tenebras 500
quod iussi timuere fretum, temeraria prono
expertus cessisse deo, fluctusque uerendos
classibus exigua sperat superare carina.

soluerat armorum fessas nox languida curas,
parua quies miseris, in quorum pectora somno 505
dat uires fortuna minor; iam castra silebant,
tertia iam uigiles commouerat hora secundos:
Caesar sollicito per uasta silentia gressu
uix famulis audenda parat, cunctisque relictis
sola placet Fortuna comes. tentoria postquam 510
egressus uigilum somno cedentia membra
transsiluit questus tacite, quod fallere posset,
litora curua legit, primisque inuenit in undis
rupibus exesis haerentem fune carinam.
rectorem dominumque ratis secunda tenebat 515

haud procul inde domus, non ullo robore fulta
sed sterili iunco cannaque intexta palustri
et latus inuersa nudum munita phaselo.
haec Caesar bis terque manu quassantia tectum
limina commouit. molli consurgit Amyclas 520
quem dabat alga toro. ‘quisnam mea naufragus’ inquit
‘tectata petit, aut quem nostrae fortuna coegit
auxilium sperare casae?’ sic fatus ab alto
aggere iam tepidae sublato fune fauillae
scintillam tenuem commotos pauit in ignes, 525
securus belli: praedam ciuilibus armis
scit non esse casas. o uitae tuta facultas
pauperis angustique lares! o munera nondum
intellecta deum! quibus hoc contingere templis
aut potuit muris, nullo trepidare tumultu 530
Caesarea pulsante manu? tum poste recluso
dux ait ‘expecta uotis maiora modestis
spesque tuas laxa, iuuenis: si iussa secutus
me uehis Hesperiam, non ultra cuncta carinae
debebis manibusque <inportunamue fereris 535
pauperiem deflens> inopem duxisse senectam. 535a
ne cessa praebere deo tua fata uolenti
angustos opibus subitis implere penates.’
sic fatur, quamquam plebeio tectus amictu,
indocilis priuata loqui. tum pauper Amyclas
‘multa quidem prohibent nocturno credere ponto. 540
nam sol non rutilas deduxit in aequora nubes
concordesque tulit radios: Noton altera Phoebi,
altera pars Borean diducta luce uocabat.
orbe quoque exhaustus medio languensque recessit
spectantis oculos infirmo lumine passus. 545
lunaque non gracili surrexit lucida cornu
aut orbis medii puros exesa recessus,
nec duxit recto tenuata cacumina cornu,
uentorumque notam rubuit; tum lurida pallens
ora tulit uoltu sub nubem tristis ituro. 550
sed mihi nec motus nemorum nec litoris ictus

nec placet incertus qui prouocat aequora delphin,
aut siccum quod mergus amat, quodque ausa uolare
ardea sublimis pinnae confisa natanti,
quodque caput spargens undis, uelut occupet imbrem, 555
instabili gressu metitur litora cornix.

sed, si magnarum poscunt discrimina rerum,
haud dubitem praebere manus: uel litora tangam
iussa, uel hoc potius pelagus flatusque negabunt.’
haec fatur, soluensque ratem dat carbasa uentis; 560
ad quorum motus non solum lapsa per altum
aera dispersos traxere cadentia sulcos
sidera, sed summis etiam quae fixa tenentur
astra polis sunt uisa quati. niger inficit horror
terga maris, longo per multa uolumina tractu 565
aestuat unda minax, flatusque incerta futuri
turbida testantur conceptos aequora uentos.
tum rector trepidae fatur ratis ‘aspice saeuum
quanta paret pelagus: Zephyros intendat an Austros
incertum est; puppem dubius ferit undique pontus. 570
nubibus et caelo Notus est; si murmura ponti
consulimus, Cori ueniet mare. gurgite tanto
nec ratis Hesperias tanget nec naufragus oras:
desperare uiam et uetitos conuertere cursus
sola salus. liceat uexata litora puppe 575
prendere, ne longe nimium sit proxima tellus.’

 fisis cuncta sibi cessura pericula Caesar
‘sperne minas’ inquit ‘pelagi uentoque furenti
trade sinum. Italiam si caelo auctore recusas
me pete. sola tibi causa est haec iusta timoris, 580
uectorem non nosse tuum, quem numina numquam
destituunt, de quo male tunc fortuna meretur
cum post uota uenit. medias perrumpe procellas
tutela secure mea. caeli iste fretique,
non puppis nostrae labor est: hanc Caesare pressam 585
a fluctu defendet onus. nec longa furori
uentorum saeuo dabitur mora: proderit undis
ista ratis. ne flecte manum, fuge proxima uelis

litora; tum Calabro portu te crede potitum
cum iam non poterit puppi nostraeque saluti 590
altera terra dari. quid tanta strage paretur
ignoras: quaerit pelagi caelique tumultu
quod praestet Fortuna mihi.' non plura locuto
auolsit laceros percussa puppe rudentis
turbo rapax fragilemque super uolitantia malum 595
uela tulit; sonuit uictis conpagibus alnus.

inde ruunt toto concita pericula mundo.
primus ab oceano caput exeris Atlanteo,
Core, mouens aestus. iam te tollente furebat
pontus et in scopulos totas erexerat undas: 600
occurrit gelidus Boreas pelagusque retundit,
et dubium pendet, uento cui concidat, aequor.
sed Scythici uicit rabies Aquilonis et undas
torsit et abstrusas penitus uada fecit harenas.
nec perfert pontum Boreas ad saxa, suumque 605
in fluctus Cori frangit mare, motaque possunt
aequora subductis etiam concurrere uentis.
non Euri cessasse minas, non imbris atrum
Aeolii iacuisse Notum sub carcere saxi
crediderim; cunctos solita de parte ruentis 610
defendisse suas uiolento turbine terras,
sic pelagus mansisse loco. nam priua procellis
aequora rapta ferunt; Aegaeas transit in undas
Tyrrhenum, sonat Ionio uagus Hadria ponto.
a quotiens frustra pulsatos aequore montis 615
obruit ille dies! quam celsa cacumina pessum
tellus uicta dedit! non ullo litore surgunt
tam ualidi fluctus, alioque ex orbe uoluti
a magno uenere mari, mundumque coercens
monstriferos agit unda sinus. sic rector Olympi 620
cuspidem fraterna lassatum in saecula fulmen
adiuuat, regnoque accessit terra secundo,
cum mare conuoluit gentes, cum litora Tethys
noluit ulla pati caelo contenta teneri.
tum quoque tanta maris moles creuisset in astra 625

ni superum rector pressisset nubibus undas.
non caeli nox illa fuit: latet obsitus aer
infernae pallore domus nimbisque grauatus
deprimitur, fluctusque in nubibus accipit imbrem.
lux etiam metuenda perit, nec fulgura currunt 630
clara, sed obscurum nimbosus dissilit aer.
tum superum conuexa tremunt atque arduus axis
intonuit motaque poli conpage laborant.
extimuit natura chaos; rupisse uidentur
concordes elementa moras rursusque redire 635
nox manes mixtura deis. spes una salutis,
quod tanta mundi nondum periire ruina.
quantum Leucadio placidus de uertice pontus
despicitur, tantum nautae uidere trementes
fluctibus e summis praeceps mare; cumque tumentes 640
rursus hiant undae uix eminet aequore malus.
nubila tanguntur uelis et terra carina.
nam pelagus, qua parte sedet, non celat harenas
exhaustum in cumulos, omnisque in fluctibus unda est.
artis opem uicere metus, nescitque magister 645
quam frangat, cui cedat aquae. discordia ponti
succurrit miseris, fluctusque euertere puppem
non ualet in fluctum: uictum latus unda repellens
erigit, atque omni surgit ratis ardua uento.
non humilem Sasona uadis [non litora curuae 650
Thessaliae saxosa pauent] oraeque malignos
Ambraciae portus, scopulosa Ceraunia nautae
summa timent. credit iam digna pericula Caesar
fatis esse suis. ‘quantusne euertere’ dixit
‘me superis labor est, parua quem puppe sedentem 655
tam magno petiere mari! si gloria leti
est pelago donata mei bellisque negamur,
intrepidus quamcumque datis mihi, numina, mortem
accipiam. licet ingentis abruperit actus
festinata dies fatis, sat magna peregi. 660
Arctoas domui gentes, inimica subegi
arma metu, uidit Magnum mihi Roma secundum,

iussa plebe tuli fasces per bella negatos;
nulla meis aberit titulis Romana potestas,
nec sciet hoc quisquam nisi tu, quae sola meorum 665
conscia uotorum es, me, quamuis plenus honorum
et dictator eam Stygias et consul ad umbras,
priuatum, Fortuna, mori. mihi funere nullo
est opus, o superi: lacerum retinete cadauer
fluctibus in mediis, desint mihi busta rogosque, 670
dum metuar semper terraque expecter ab omni.’
haec fatum decumus, dictu mirabile, fluctus
inualida cum puppe leuat, nec rursus ab alto
aggere deiecit pelagi sed pertulit unda
scruposisque angusta uacant ubi litora saxis 675
inposuit terrae. pariter tot regna, tot urbes
fortunamque suam tacta tellure recepit.

sed non tam remeans Caesar iam luce propinqua
quam tacita sua castra fuga comitesque fefellit.
circumfusa duci fleuit gemituque suorum 680
et non ingratis incessit turba querellis.
‘quo te, dure, tulit uirtus temeraria, Caesar,
aut quae nos uiles animas in fata relinquens
inuitis spargenda dabas tua membra procellis?
cum tot in hac anima populorum uita salusque 685
pendeat et tantus caput hoc sibi fecerit orbis,
saeuitia est uoluisse mori. nullusne tuorum
emeruit comitum fatis non posse superstes
esse tuis? cum te raperet mare, corpora segnis
nostra sopor tenuit. pudet, heu! tibi causa petendae 690
haec fuit Hesperiae, uisum est quod mittere quemquam
tam saeuo crudele mari. sors ultima rerum
in dubios casus et prona pericula morti
praecipitare solet: mundi iam summa tenentem
permisisse mari tantum! quid numina lassas? 695
sufficit ad fatum belli fauor iste laborque
Fortunae, quod te nostris inpegit harenis?
hine usus placuere deum, non rector ut orbis
nec dominus rerum, sed felix naufragus esses?’

talia iactantis discussa nocte serenus 700
oppressit cum sole dies, fessumque tumentis
composuit pelagus uentis patientibus undas.

nec non Hesperii lassatum fluctibus aequor
ut uidere duces, purumque insurgere caelo
fracturum pelagus Borean, soluere carinas. 705
quas uentus doctaeque pari moderamine dextrae
permixtas habuere diu, latumque per aequor,
ut terrestre, coit consertis puppibus agmen.
sed nox saeua modum uenti uelique tenorem
eripuit nautis excussitque ordine puppes. 710
Strymona sic gelidum bruma pellente relinquunt
poturae te, Nile, grues, primoque uolatu
effingunt uarias casu monstrante figuras;
mox, ubi percussit tensas Notus altior alas,
confusos temere inmixtae glomerantur in orbes, 715
et turbata perit dispersis littera pinnis.
cum primum redeunte die uiolentior aer
puppibus incubuit Phoebeo concitus ortu,
praetereunt frustra temptati litora Lissi
Nymphaeumque tenent: nudas Aquilonibus undas 720
succedens Boreae iam portum fecerat Auster.

undique conlatis in robur Caesaris armis
summa uidens duri Magnus discrimina Martis
iam castris instare suis seponere tutum
coniugii decreuit onus Lesboque remota 725
te procul a saeui strepitu, Cornelia, belli
occulere. heu, quantum mentes dominatur in aequas
iusta Venus! dubium trepidumque ad proelia, Magne,
te quoque fecit amor; quod nolles stare sub ictu
fortunae quo mundus erat Romanaque fata, 730
coniunx sola fuit. mentem iam uerba paratam
destituunt, blandaeque iuuat uentura trahentem
indulgere morae et tempus subducere fati.
nocte sub extrema pulso torpore quietis
dum fouet amplexu grauidum Cornelia curis 735
pectus et auersi petit oscula grata mariti,

umentis mirata genas percussaue caeco
uolnere non audet flentem deprendere Magnum.
ille gemens 'non nunc uita mihi dulcior,' inquit
'cum taedet uitae, laeto sed tempore, coniunx, 740
uenit maesta dies et quam nimiumque parumque
distulimus; iam totus adest in proelia Caesar.
cedendum est bellis, quorum tibi tuta latebra
Lesbos erit. desiste preces temptare: negaui
iam mihi. non longos a me patiere recessus; 745
praecipites aderunt casus: properante ruina
summa cadunt. satis est audisse pericula Magni;
meque tuus decepit amor, ciuilia bella
si spectare potes. nam me iam Marte parato
securus cepisse pudet cum coniuge somnos, 750
eque tuo, quatiunt miserum cum classica mundum,
surrexisse sinu. uereor ciuilibus armis
Pompeium nullo tristem committere damno.
tutior interea populis et tutior omni
rege late, positamque procul fortuna mariti 755
non tota te mole premat. si numina nostras
inpulerint acies, maneat pars optima Magni,
sitque mihi, si fata prement uictorque cruentus,
quo fugisse uelim.' uix tantum infirma dolorem
cepit, et attonito cesserunt pectore sensus. 760
tandem uox maestas potuit proferre querellas.
'nil mihi de fatis thalami superisque relictum est,
Magne, queri: nostros non rumpit funus amores
nec diri fax summa rogi, sed sorte frequenti
plebeiaue nimis careo dimissa marito. 765
hostis ad aduentum rumpamus foedera taedae,
placemus socerum. sic est tibi cognita, Magne,
nostra fides? credisne aliquid mihi tutius esse
quam tibi? non olim casu pendemus ab uno?
fulminibus me, saeue, iubes tantaeque ruinae 770
absentem praestare caput? securus uidetur
sors tibi, cum facias etiamnunc uota, perisse?
ut nolim seruire malis sed morte parata

te sequar ad manes, feriat dum maesta remotas
fama procul terras, uiuam tibi nempe superstes. 775
adde quod adsuescis fatis tantumque dolorem,
crudelis, me ferre doces. ignosce fatenti,
posse pati timeo. quod si sunt uota, deisque
audior, euentus rerum sciet ultima coniunx.
sollicitam rupes iam te uictore tenebunt, 780
et puppem quae fata feret tam laeta timebo.
nec soluent audita metus mihi prospera belli,
cum uacuis proiecta locis a Caesare possim
uel fugiente capi. notescent litora clari
nominis exilio, positaque ibi coniuge Magni 785
quis Mytilenaeas poterit nescire latebras?
hoc precor extremum: si nil tibi uicta relinquent
tutius arma fuga, cum te commiseris undis,
quolibet infaustam potius deflecte carinam:
litoribus quaerere meis.' sic fata relictis 790
exiluit stratis amens tormentaue nulla
uult differre mora. non maesti pectora Magni
sustinet amplexu dulci, non colla tenere,
extremusque perit tam longi fructus amoris,
praecipitantque suos luctus, neuterque recedens 795
sustinuit dixisse uale, uitamque per omnem
nulla fuit tam maesta dies; nam cetera damna
durata iam mente malis firmaque tulerunt.

labitur infelix manibusque excepta suorum
fertur ad aequoreas, ac se prosternit, harenas, 800
litoraue ipsa tenet, tandemque inlata carinaest.
non sic infelix patriam portusque reliquit
Hesperios, saeui premerent cum Caesaris arma.
fida comes Magni uadit duce sola relicto
Pompeiumque fugit. quae nox tibi proxima uenit, 805
insomnis; uiduo tum primum frigida lecto
atque insueta quies uni, nudumque marito
non haerente latus. somno quam saepe grauata
deceptis uacuum manibus complexa cubile est
atque oblita fugae quaesiuit nocte maritum! 810

nam quamuis flamma tacitas urente medullas
non iuuat in toto corpus iactae cubili:
seruatur pars illa tori. caruisse timebat
Pompeio; sed non superi tam laeta parabant:
instabat miserae, Magnum quae redderet, hora.

LIBER SEXTVS

Postquam castra duces pugnae iam mente propinquis
inposuere iugis admotaque comminus arma
parque suum uidere dei, capere omnia Caesar
moenia Graiorum spernit Martemque secundum
iam nisi de genero fatis debere recusat. 5
funestam mundo uotis petit omnibus horam
in casum quae cuncta ferat; placet alea fati
alterutrum mersura caput. ter collibus omnis
explicuit turmas et signa minantia pugnam
testatus numquam Latiae se desse ruinae. 10
ut uidet ad nullos exciri posse tumultus
in pugnam generum sed clauso fidere uallo,
signa mouet tectusque uia dumosa per arua
Dyrrachii praeceps rapiendas tendit ad arcis.
hoc iter aequoreo praecepit limite Magnus, 15
quemque uocat collem Taulantius incola Petram
insedit castris Ephyraeaeque moenia seruat
defendens tutam uel solis turribus urbem.
non opus hanc ueterum nec moles structa tuetur
humanusque labor facilis, licet ardua tollat, 20
cedere uel bellis uel cuncta mouentibus annis,
sed munimen habet nullo quassabile ferro
naturam sedemque loci; nam clausa profundo
undique praecipiti scopulisque uomentibus aequor
exiguo debet, quod non est insula, colli. 25
terribiles ratibus sustentant moenia cautes,
Ioniumque furens, rapido cum tollitur Austro,
templa domosque quatit, spumatque in culmina pontus.
hic auidam belli rapuit spes inproba mentem
Caesaris, ut uastis diffusum collibus hostem 30
cingeret ignarum ducto procul aggere ualli.
metatur terras oculis, nec caespitem tantum
contentus fragili subitos attollere muros
ingentis cautes auolsaque saxa metallis

Graiorumque domos direptaque moenia transfert. 35
extruitur quod non aries inpellere saeuus,
quod non ulla queat uiolenti machina belli.
franguntur montes, planumque per ardua Caesar
ducit opus; pandit fossas turritaque summis
disponit castella iugis magnoque recessu 40
amplexus fines saltus nemorosaque tesqua
et siluas uastaque feras indagine claudit.
non desunt campi, non desunt pabula Magno,
castraque Caesareo circumdatus aggere mutat:
flumina tot cursus illic exorta fatigant, 45
illic mersa suos; operumque ut summa reuisat
defessus Caesar mediis intermanet agris.

nunc uetus Iliacos attollat fabula muros
ascribatque deis; fragili circumdata testa
moenia mirentur refugi Babylonia Parthi. 50
en, quantum Tigris, quantum celer ambit Orontes,
Assyriis quantum populis telluris Eoae
sufficit in regnum, subitum bellicque tumultu
raptum clausit opus. tanti periere labores.
tot potuere manus aut iungere Seston Abydo 55
ingestoque solo Phrixum elidere pontum,
aut Pelopis latis Ephyren abrumpere regnis
et ratibus longae flexus donare Maleae,
aut aliquem mundi, quamuis natura negasset,
in melius mutare locum. coit area belli: 60
hic alitur sanguis terras fluxurus in omnis,
hic et Thessalicae clades Libycaeque tenentur;
aestuatur angusta rabies ciuilis harena.

prima quidem surgens operum structura fefellit
Pompeium, ueluti mediae qui tutus in aruis 65
Sicaniae rabidum nescit latrare Pelorum,
aut, uaga cum Tethys Rutupinaque litora feruent,
unda Caledonios fallit turbata Britannos.
ut primum uasto saeptas uidet aggere terras,
ipse quoque a tuta deducens agmina Petra 70
diuersis spargit tumulis, ut Caesaris arma

laxet et effuso claudentem milite tendat;
ac tantum saepti uallo sibi uindicat agri,
parua Mycenaeae quantum sacrata Dianae
distat ab excelsa nemoralis Aricia Roma, 75
quoque modo terrae praelapsus moenia Thybris
in mare descendit, si nusquam torqueat amnem.
classica nulla sonant iniussaue tela uagantur
et fit saepe nefas iaculum temptante lacerto.
maior cura duces miscendis abstrahit armis: 80
Pompeium exhaustae praebenda ad gramina terrae,
quae currens obtruiuit eques gradibusque citatis
ungula frondentem discussit cornea campum.
belliger attonsis sonipes defessus in aruis,
aductos cum plena ferant praesepia culmos, 85
ore nouas poscens moribundus labitur herbas
et tremulo medios abrumpit poplite gyros.
corpora dum soluit tabes et digerit artus,
traxit iners caelum fluuidae contagia pestis
obscuram in nubem. tali spiramine Nesis 90
emittit Stygium nebulosis aera saxis
antraque letiferi rabiem Typhonis anhelant.
inde labant populi, caeloque paratior unda
omne pati uirus durauit uiscera caeno.
iam riget arta cutis distentaue lumina rumpit, 95
igneaque in uoltus et sacro feruida morbo
pestis abit, fessumque caput se ferre recusat.
iam magis atque magis praeceps agit omnia fatum,
nec medii dirimunt morbi uitamque necemque,
sed languor cum morte uenit; turbaque cadentum 100
aucta lues, dum mixta iacent incondita uiuis
corpora; nam miseros ultra tentoria ciues
spargere funus erat. tamen hos minuere labores
a tergo pelagus pulsusque Aquilonibus aer
litoraue et plenae peregrina messe carinae. 105
at liber terrae spatiosis collibus hostis
aere non pigro nec inertibus angitur undis,
sed patitur saeuam, ueluti circumdatus arta

opsidione, famem. nondum turgentibus altam
in segetem culmis cernit miserabile uolguſ 110
in pecudum cecidiſſe cibos et carpere dumos
et foliis ſpoliare nemus letumque minantis
uellere ab ignotis dubias radicibus herbas.
quae mollire queunt flamma, quae frangere morſu,
quaeque per abraſas utero demittere fauces, 115
plurimaque humanis ante hoc incognita menſis
diripiens miles ſaturum tamen obſidet hoſtem.

ut primum libuit ruptis euadere clauſtris
Pompeio cunctasque ſibi permittere terras,
non obſcura petit latebroſae tempora noctis, 120
et raptum furto ſoceri ceſſantibus armis
dedignatur iter: latis exire ruinis
quaerit, et in pulſo turres confringere uallo,
perque omnis gladios et qua uia caede paranda eſt.
opportuna tamen ualli pars uiſa propinqui, 125
qua Minici caſtella uacant, et confraga denſis
arboribus dumeta tegunt. hic puluere nullo
proditus agmen agit ſubitusque in moenia uenit.
tot ſimul e campis Latiae fulſere uolucres,
tot cecinere tubae. nequid uictoria ferro 130
deberet, pauor attonitos confecerat hoſtes.
quod ſolum ualuit uirtus, iacuere perempti
debuerant quo ſtare loco. qui uolnera ferrent
iam derant, et nimbus agens tot tela peribat.
tum piceos uoluunt inmiſſae lampades ignes, 135
tum quassae nutant turres lapſumque minantur,
roboris inſacti crebros gemit agger ad ictus.
iam Pompeianae celsi ſuper ardua ualli
exierant aquilae, iam mundi iura patebant:
quem non mille ſimul turmis nec Caesare toto 140
auferret Fortuna locum uictoribus unus
eripuit uetuitque capi, ſequae arma tenente
ac nondum ſtrato Magnum uiciſſe negauit.
Scaeuā uiro nomen: caſtrorum in plebe merebat
ante ſeras Rhodani gentes; ibi ſanguine multo 145

promotus Latiam longo gerit ordine uitem,
pronus ad omne nefas et qui nesciret in armis
quam magnum uirtus crimen ciuilibus esset.
hic ubi quaerentis socios iam Marte relicto
tuta fugae cernit, 'quo uos pauor' inquit 'adegit 150
inpius et cunctis ignotus Caesaris armis?
terga datis morti? cumulo uos desse uirorum 153
non pudet et bustis interque cadauera quaeri?
non ira saltem, iuuenes, pietate remota
stabitis? e cunctis, per quos erumperet hostis,
nos sumus electi. non paruo sanguine Magni
iste dies ierit. peterem felicior umbras
Caesaris in uoltu: testem hunc fortuna negauit:
Pompeio laudante cadam. confringite tela 160
pectoris impulsu iugulisque retundite ferrum.
iam longinqua petit puluis sonitusque ruinae,
securasque fragor concussit Caesaris aures.
uincimus, o socii: ueniet qui uindictet arces
dum morimur.' mouit tantum uox illa furorem, 165
quantum non primo succendunt classica cantu,
mirantesque uirum atque auidi spectare secuntur
scituri iuuenes, numero deprensa locoque
an plus quam mortem uirtus daret. ille ruenti
aggere consistit, primumque cadauera plenis 170
turribus euoluit subeuntisque obruit hostis
corporibus, totaeque uiro dant tela ruinae,
roboraque et moles hosti seque ipse minatur.
nunc sude nunc duro contraria pectora conto
detrudit muris, et ualli summa tenentis 175
amputat ense manus; caput obterit ossaque saxo
ac male defensum fragili conpage cerebrum
dissipat; alterius flamma crinesque genasque
succendit, strident oculis ardentibus ignes.

ut primum cumulo crescente cadauera murum 180
admouere solo, non segnior extulit illum
saltus et in medias iecit super arma cateruas,
quam per summa rapit celerem uenabula pardum.

tunc densos inter cuneos conpressus et omni
uallatus bello uincit, quem respicit, hostem. 185
iamque hebes et crasso non asper sanguine mucro
[percussum Scaeuae frangit, non uolnerat, hostem;]
perdidit ensis opus, frangit sine uolnere membra.
illum tota premit moles, illum omnia tela,
nulla fuit non certa manus, non lancea felix; 190
parque nouum Fortuna uidet concurrere, bellum
atque uirum. fortis crebris sonat ictibus umbo,
et galeae fragmenta cauae conpressa perurunt
tempora, nec quicquam nudis uitalibus obstat
iam praeter stantis in summis ossibus hastas. 195

quid nunc, uaesani, iaculis leuibusue sagittis
perditis haesuros numquam uitalibus ictus?
hunc aut tortilibus uibrata falarica neruis
obruat aut uasti muralia pondera saxi,
hunc aries ferro ballistae limine portae 200
promoueat. stat non fragilis pro Caesare murus
Pompeiumque tenet. iam pectora non tegit armis,
ac ueritus credi clipeo laeuaque uacasse
aut culpa uixisse sua tot uolnera belli
solus obit densamque ferens in pectore siluam 205
iam gradibus fessis, in quem cadat, eligit hostem.
[par pelagi monstribus Libycae sic belua terrae]
sic Libycus densis elephans oppressus ab armis
omne percussus squalenti missile tergo
frangit et haerentis mota cute discutit hastas: 210
uiscera tuta latent penitus, citraque cruorem
confixae stant tela ferae: tot facta sagittis,
tot iaculis unam non explent uolnera mortem.
Dictaea procul, ecce, manu Gortynis harundo
tenditur in Scaeuam, quae uoto certior omni 215
in caput atque oculi laeuom descendit in orbem.
ille moras ferri neruorum et uincula rumpit
adfixam uellens oculo pendente sagittam
intrepidus, telumque suo cum lumine calcatur.
Pannonis haud aliter post ictum saeuior ursa, 220

cum iaculum parua Libys ammentauit habena,
se rotat in uolnus telumque irata receptum
inpetit et secum fugientem circumit hastam.
perdiderat uoltum rabies, stetit imbre cruento
informis facies. laetus fragor aethera pulsat 225
uictorum: maiora uiris e sanguine paruo
gaudia non faceret conspectum in Caesare uolnus.
ille tegens alta suppressum mente furorem,
mitis et a uoltu penitus uirtute remota,
'parcite', ait 'ciues; procul hinc auertite ferrum. 230
conlatura meae nil sunt iam uolnera morti:
non eget ingestis sed uolsis pectore telis.
tollite et in Magni uiuentem ponite castris.
hoc uestro praestate duci: sit Scaeuia relictis
Caesaris exemplum potius quam mortis honestae.' 235
credidit infelix simulatis uocibus Aulus
nec uidit recto gladium mucrone tenentem,
membraque captiui pariter laturus et arma
fulmineum mediis excepit faucibus ensem.
incaluit uirtus, atque una caede reffectus 240
'soluat' ait 'poenas, Scaeuam quicumque subactum
sperauit. pacem gladio si quaerit ab isto
Magnus, adorato summittat Caesare signa.
an similem uestri segnemque ad fata putatis?
Pompei uobis minor est causaeque senatus 245
quam mihi mortis amor.' simul haec effatur, et altus
Caesareas puluis testatur adesse cohortes.
dedecus hic belli Magno crimenque remisit,
ne solum totae fugerent, te Scaeuia, cateruae.
subducto qui Marte ruis; nam sanguine fuso 250
uires pugna dabat. labentem turba suorum
excipit atque umeris defectum inponere gaudet;
ac uelut inclusum perfosso in pectore numen
et uiuam magnae speciem Virtutis adorant;
telaque confixis certant euellere membris, 255
exornantque deos ac nudum pectore Martem
armis, Scaeuia, tuis: felix hoc nomine famae,

si tibi durus Hiber aut si tibi terga dedisset
Cantaber exiguis aut longis Teutonus armis.
non tu bellorum spoliis ornare Tonantis 260
templa potes, non tu laetis ululare triumphis.
infelix, quanta dominum uirtute parasti!

nec magis hac Magnus castrorum parte repulsus
intra claustra piger dilato Marte quieuit,
quam mare lassatur, cum se tollentibus Euris 265
frangentem fluctus scopulum ferit aut latus alti
montis adest seramque sibi parat unda ruinam.
hinc uicina petens placido castella profundo
incurso gemini Martis rapit, armaque late
spargit et effuso laxat tentoria campo, 270
mutandaeque iuuat permissa licentia terrae.
sic pleno Padus ore tumens super aggere tutas
excurrit ripas et totos concutit agros;
succubuit siqua tellus cumuloque furentem
undarum non passa ruit, tum flumine toto 275
transit et ignotos operit sibi gurgite campos:
illos terra fugit dominos, his rura colonis
accedunt donante Pado. uix proelia Caesar
senserat, elatus specula quae prodidit ignis:
inuenit impulsos presso iam puluere muros, 280
frigidaque, ut ueteris, deprendit signa ruinae.
accendit pax ipsa loci, mouitque furorem
Pompeiana quies et uicto Caesare somnus.
ire uel in clades properat dum gaudia turbet.
Torquato ruit inde minax, qui Caesaris arma 285
segnius haud uidit, quam malo nauta tremante
omnia subducit Circaeae uela procellae;
agminaque interius muro breuiore recepit,
densius ut parua disponderet arma corona.
transierat primi Caesar munimina ualli, 290
cum super e totis immisit collibus arma
effuditque acies obsaeptum Magnus in hostem.
non sic Hennaeis habitans in uallibus horret
Enceladum spirante Noto, cum tota cauernas

egerit et torrens in campos defluit Aetna, 295
Caesaris ut miles glomerato puluere uictus
ante aciem caeci trepidus sub nube timoris
hostibus occurrit fugiens inque ipsa pauendo
fata ruit. totus mitti ciuilibus armis
usque uel in pacem potuit cruor: ipse furentis 300
dux tenuit gladios. felix ac libera regum,
Roma, fores iurisque tui, uicisset in illo
si tibi Sulla loco. dolet, heu, semperque dolebit
quod scelerum, Caesar, prodest tibi summa tuorum,
cum genero pugnasse pio. pro tristia fata! 305
non Vticae Libye clades, Hispania Mundae
flesset et infando pollutus sanguine Nilus
nobilius Phario gestasset rege cadauer,
nec Iuba Marmaricas nudus pressisset harenas
Poenorumque umbras placasset sanguine fuso 310
Scipio, nec sancto caruisset uita Catone.
ultimus esse dies potuit tibi Roma malorum,
exire e mediis potuit Pharsalia fatis.

deserit auerso possessam numine sedem
Caesar et Emathias lacero petit agmine terras. 315
arma secuturum soceri, quacumque fugasset,
temptauere suo comites deuertere Magnum
hortatu, patrias sedes atque hoste carentem
Ausoniam peteret. 'numquam me Caesaris' inquit
'exemplo reddam patriae, numquamque uidebit 320
me nisi dimisso redeuntem milite Roma.
Hesperiam potui motu surgente tenere,
si uellem patriis aciem committere templis
ac medio pugnare foro. dum bella relegem,
extremum Scythici transcendam frigoris orbem 325
ardentisque plagas. uictor tibi, Roma, quietem
eripiam, qui, ne premerent te proelia, fugi?
a potius, nequid bello patiaris in isto,
te Caesar putet esse suam.' sic fatus in ortus
Phoebeos condixit iter, terraeque secutus 330
deuia, qua uastos aperit Candauia saltus,

contigit Emathiam, bello quam fata parabant.

Thessaliam, qua parte diem brumalibus horis
attollit Titan, rupes Ossaea coercet;
cum per summa poli Phoebum trahit altior aestas, 335
Pelion opponit radiis nascentibus umbras;
at medios ignes caeli rapidique Leonis
solstitiale caput nemorosus summovet Othrys.
excipit aduersos Zephyros et Iapyga Pindus
et maturato praecidit uestpere lucem; 340
nec metuens imi Borean habitator Olympi
lucentem totis ignorat noctibus Arcton.
hos inter montis media qui ualle premuntur,
perpetuis quondam latuere paludibus agri,
flumina dum campi retinent nec peruia Tempe 345
dant aditus pelagi, stagnumque inplentibus unum
crescere cursus erat. postquam discessit Olympo
Herculea grauis Ossa manu subitaeque ruinam
sensit aquae Nereus, melius mansura sub undis
Emathis aequorei regnum Pharsalos Achillis 350
eminet et, prima Rhoeteia litora pinu
quae tetigit, Phylace Pteleosque et Dorion ira
flebile Pieridum; Trachin pretioque nefandae
lampados Herculeis fortis Meliboea pharetris
atque olim Larisa potens; ubi nobile quondam 355
nunc super Argos arant, ueteres ubi fabula Thebas
monstrat Echionias, ubi quondam Pentheos exul
colla caputque ferens supremo tradidit igni
questa quod hoc solum nato rapuisset Agaue.
ergo abrupta palus multos discessit in amnes. 360
purus in occasus, parui sed gurgitis, Aeus
Ionio fluit inde mari, nec fortior undis
labitur auectae pater Isidis, et tuus, Oeneu,
paene gener crassis oblimat Echinadas undis,
et Meleagream maculatus sanguine Nessi 365
Euhenos Calydonia secatur. ferit amne citato
Maliacas Spercheos aquas, et flumine puro
inrigat Amphrysos famulantis pascua Phoebi.

accipit Asopos cursus Phoenixque Melasque 374
quique nec umentis nebulas nec rore madentem 369
aera nec tenues uentos suspirat Anauros,
et quisquis pelago per se non cognitus amnis
Peneo donauit aquas: it gurgite raptō
Apidanos numquamque celer nisi mixtus Enipeus;
solus, in alterius nomen cum uenerit undae, 375
defendit Titaresos aquas lapsusque superne
gurgite Penei pro siccis utitur aruis.
hunc fama est Stygiis manare paludibus amnem
et capitis memorem fluuii contagia uilis
nolle pati superumque sibi seruare timorem. 380

ut primum emissis patuerunt amnibus arua,
pinguis Bebrycio discessit uomere sulcus;
mox Lelegum dextra pressum descendit aratrum,
Aeolidae Dolopesque solum fregere coloni
et Magnetes equis, Minyae gens cognita remis. 385
illic semiferos Ixionidas Centauros
feta Pelethroniis nubes effudit in antris:
aspera te Pholoes frangentem, Monyche, saxa,
teque sub Oetaeo torquentem uertice uolsas,
Rhoece ferox, quas uix Boreas inuerteret ornos, 390
hospes et Alcidae magni Phole, teque, per amnem
inprobe Lernaean uector passure sagittas,
teque, senex Chiron, gelido qui sidere fulgens
inpetis Haemonio maiorem Scorpion arcu.

hac tellure feri micuerunt semina Martis. 395
primus ab aequorea percussis cuspide saxis
Thessalicus sonipes, bellis feralibus omen,
exiluit, primus chalybem frenosque momordit
spumauitque nouis Lapithae domitoris habenis.
prima fretum scindens Pagasaeo litore pinus 400
terrenum ignotas hominem proiecit in undas.
primus Thessalicae rector telluris Ionos
in formam calidae percussit pondera massae
fudit et argentum flammis aurumque moneta
fregit et immensis coxit fornacibus aera. 405

illic, quod populos scelerata inpegit in arma,
diuitias numerare datum est. hinc maxima serpens
descendit Python Cirrhaeae fluxit in arua,
unde et Thessalicae ueniunt ad Pythia laurus.
inpius hinc prolem superis inmisit Aloeus, 410
inseruit celsis prope se cum Pelion astris
sideribusque uias incurrens abstulit Ossa.

hac ubi damnata fatis tellure locarunt
castra duces, cunctos belli praesaga futuri
mens agitat, summique grauem discriminis horam 415
aduentare palam est, propius iam fata moueri.
degeneres trepidant animi peioraque uersant;
ad dubios pauci praesumpto robore casus
spemque metumque ferunt. turbae sed mixtus inertis
Sextus erat, Magno proles indigna parente, 420
cui mox Scyllaeis exul grassatus in undis
polluit aequoreos Siculus pirata triumphos.
qui stimulante metu fati praenosceret cursus,
inpatiensque morae uenturisque omnibus aeger,
non tripodas Deli, non Pythia consulit antra, 425
nec quaesisse libet primis quid frugibus altrix
aere Iouis Dodona sonet, quis noscere fibra
fata queat, quis prodat aues, quis fulgura caeli
seruet et Assyria scrutetur sidera cura,
aut siquid tacitum sed fas erat. ille supernis 430
detestanda deis saeuorum arcana magorum
nouerat et tristis sacris feralibus aras,
umbrarum Ditisque fidem, miseroque liquebat
scire parum superos. uanum saeuumque furorem
adiuuat ipse locus uicinaque moenia castris 435
Haemonidum, ficti quas nulla licentia monstri
transierit, quarum quidquid non creditur ars est.
Thessala quin etiam tellus herbasque nocentes
rupibus ingenuit sensuraque saxa canentes
arcanum feralis magos. ibi plurima surgunt 440
uim factura deis, et terris hospita Colchis
legit in Haemoniis quas non aduexerat herbas.

in pia tot populis, tot surdas gentibus aures
caelicolum dirae conuertunt carmina gentis.
una per aetherios exit uox illa recessus 445
uerbaque ad inuitum perfert cogentia numen,
quod non cura poli caelique uolubilis umquam
auocat. infandum tetigit cum sidera murmur,
tum, Babylon Persea licet secretaque Memphis
omne uetustorum soluat penetrabile magorum, 450
abducet superos alienis Thessalis aris.
carmine Thessalidum dura in praecordia fluxit
non fatis adductus amor, flammisque seueri
inlicitis arsere senes. nec noxia tantum
pocula proficiunt aut cum turgentia suco 455
frontis amaturae subducunt pignora fetae:
mens hausti nulla sanie polluta ueneni
excantata perit. quos non concordia mixti
alligat ulla tori blandaque potentia formae
traxerunt torti magica uertigine fili. 460
cessauere uices rerum, dilataque longa
haesit nocte dies. legi non paruit aether,
torpuit et praeceptis audito carmine mundus,
axibus et rapidis impulsos Iuppiter urguens
miratur non ire polos. nunc omnia complent 465
imbribus et calido praeducunt nubila Phoebus,
et tonat ignaro caelum Ioue: uocibus isdem
umentis late nebulas nimbosque solutis
excussere comis. uentis cessantibus aequor
intumuit, rursus uetitum sentire procillas 470
conticuit turbante Noto; puppemque ferentes
in uentum tumuere sinus. de rupe pependit
abscisa fixus torrens, amnisque cucurrit
non qua pronus erat. Nilum non extulit aestas,
Maeander derexit aquas, Rhodanumque morantem 475
praecipitauit Arar. summisso uertice montes
explicuere iugum, nubes suspexit Olympus,
solibus et nullis Scythicae, cum bruma rigeret,
dimaduere niues. impulsam sidere Tethyn

reppulit Haemonium defenso litore carmen. 480
terra quoque inmoti concussit ponderis axes,
et medium uergens titubauit nisus in orbem.
tantae molis onus percussum uoce recessit
perspectumque dedit circum labentis Olympi.
omne potens animal leti genitumque nocere 485
et pauet Haemonias et mortibus instruit artes.
has auidae tigres et nobilis ira leonum
ore fouent blando; gelidos his explicat orbis
inque pruinoso coluber distenditur aruo;
uiperei coeunt abrupto corpore nodi, 490
humanoque cadit serpens adflata ueneno.
quis labor hic superis cantus herbasque sequendi
spernendique timor? cuius commercia pacti
obstrictos habuere deos? parere necesse est,
an iuuat? ignota tantum pietate merentur, 495
an tacitis ualuere minis? hoc iuris in omnis
est illis superos, an habent haec carmina certum
imperiosa deum, qui mundum cogere quidquid
cogitur ipse potest? illis et sidera primum
praecipiti deducta polo, Phoebeque serena 500
non aliter diris uerborum obsessa uenenis
palluit et nigris terrenisque ignibus arsit,
quam si fraterna prohiberet imagine tellus
inserireretque suas flammis caelestibus umbras;
et patitur tantos cantu depressa labores 505
donec suppositas propior despumet in herbas.

hos scelerum ritus, haec dirae crimina gentis
effera damnarat nimiae pietatis Erictho
inque nouos ritus pollutam duxerat artem.
illi namque nefas urbis summittere tecto 510
aut laribus ferale caput, desertaque busta
incolit et tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris
grata deis Erebi. coetus audire silentum,
nosse domos Stygias arcanaque Ditis operti
non superi, non uita uetat. tenet ora profanae 515
foeda situ macies, caeloque ignota sereno

terribilis Stygio facies pallore grauatur
inplexis onerata comis: si nimbus et atrae
sidera subducunt nubes, tunc Thessala nudis
egreditur bustis nocturnaue fulmina captat. 520
semina fecundae segetis calcata perussit
et non letiferas spirando perdidit auras.
nec superos orat nec cantu supplice numen
auxiliare uocat nec fibras illa litantis
nouit: funereas aris inponere flammās 525
gaudet et accenso rapuit quae tura sepulchro.
omne nefas superi prima iam uoce precantis
concedunt carmenque timent audire secundum.
uiuentis animas et adhuc sua membra regentis
infodit busto, fatis debentibus annos 530
mors inuita subit; peruersa funera pompa
rettulit a tumulis, fugere cadauera letum.
fumantis iuuenum cineres ardentiaque ossa
e mediis rapit illa rogis ipsamque parentes
quam tenere facem, nigroque uolantia fumo 535
feralis fragmenta tori uestesque fluentis
colligit in cineres et olentis membra fauillas.
ast, ubi seruantur saxis, quibus intimus umor
ducitur, et tracta durescunt tabe medullae
corpora, tunc omnis auide desaeuit in artus 540
inmergitque manus oculis gaudetque gelatos
effodisse orbes et siccae pallida rodit
excrementa manus. laqueum nodosque nocentis
ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit
abrasitque cruces percussaue uiscera nimbis 545
uolsit et incoctas admisso sole medullas.
insertum manibus chalybem nigramque per artus
stintis tabi saniem uirusque coactum
sustulit et neruo morsus retinente pependit.
et, quodcumque iacet nuda tellure cadauer, 550
ante feras uolucresque sedet; nec carpere membra
uolt ferro manibusque suis, morsusque luporum
expectat siccis raptura e faucibus artus.

nec cessant a caede manus, si sanguine uiuo
est opus, erumpat iugulo qui primus aperto, 555
[nec refugit caedes, uiuum si sacra cruorem]
extaque funerae poscunt trepidantia mensae.
uolnere sic uentris, non qua natura uocabat,
extrahitur partus calidis ponendus in aris;
et quotiens saeuus opus est ac fortibus umbris 560
ipsa facit manes. hominum mors omnis in usu est.
illa genae florem primaueo corpore uolsit,
illa comam laeua morienti abscidit ephabo.
saepe etiam caris cognato in funere dira
Thessalis incubuit membris atque oscula figens 565
truncauitque caput compressaque dentibus ora
laxauit siccoque haerentem gutture linguam
praemordens gelidis infudit murmura labris
arcanumque nefas Stygias mandauit ad umbras.

hanc ut fama loci Pompeio prodidit, alta 570
nocte poli, Titan medium quo tempore ducit
sub nostra tellure diem, deserta per arua
carpit iter. fidi scelerum suetique ministri
effractos circum tumulos ac busta uagati
conspexere procul praerupta in caute sedentem, 575
qua iuga deuexus Pharsalica porrigit Haemus.
illa magis magicisque deis incognita uerba
temptabat carmenque nouos fingebat in usus.
namque timens, ne Mars alium uagus iret in orbem
Emathis et tellus tam multa caede careret, 580
pollutos cantu dirisque uenefica sucis
conspersos uetuit transmittersse bella Philippos,
tot mortes habitura suas usuraque mundi
sanguine: caesorum truncare cadauera regum
sperat et Hesperiae cineres auertere gentis 585
ossaque nobilium tantosque adquirere manes.
hic ardor solusque labor, quid corpore Magni
proiecto rapiat, quos Caesaris inuolet artus.
quam prior adfatur Pompei ignaua propago.
'o decus Haemonidum, populis quae pandere fata 590

quaeque suo uentura potes deuertere cursu,
te precor ut certum liceat mihi noscere finem
quem belli fortuna paret. non ultima turbae
pars ego Romanae, Magni clarissima proles,
uel dominus rerum uel tanti funeris heres. 595
mens dubiis perculsa pauet rursusque parata est
certos ferre metus: hoc casibus eripe iuris,
ne subiti caecique ruant. uel numina torque
uel tu parce deis et manibus exprime uerum.
Elysias resera sedes ipsamque uocatam, 600
quos petat e nobis, Mortem mihi coge fateri.
non humilis labor est: dignum, quod quaerere cures
uel tibi, quo tanti praeponderet alea fati.’
in pia laetatur uulgato nomine famae
Thessalis, et contra ‘si fata minora moueres, 605
prorum erat, o iuuenis, quos uelles’ inquit ‘in actus
inuitos praebere deos. conceditur arti,
unam cum radiis presserunt sidera mortem,
inseruisse moras; et, quamuis fecerit omnis
stella senem, medios herbis abrumpimus annos. 610
at, simul a prima descendit origine mundi
causarum series, atque omnia fata laborant
si quicquam mutare uelis, unoque sub ictu
stat genus humanum, tum, Thessala turba fatemur,
plus Fortuna potest. sed, si praenoscere casus 615
contentus, facilesque aditus multique patebunt
ad uerum: tellus nobis aetherque chaosque
aequoraque et campi Rhodopaeaque saxa loquentur.
sed prorum, cum tanta nouae sit copia mortis,
Emathiis unum campis attollere corpus, 620
ut modo defuncti tepidique cadaueris ora
plena uoce sonent, nec membris sole perustis
auribus incertum feralis strideat umbra.’

dixerat, et noctis geminatis arte tenebris
maestum tecta caput squalenti nube pererrat 625
corpora caesorum tumulis proiecta negatis.
continuo fugere lupi, fugere reuolsis

unguibus inpastae uolucres, dum Thessala uatem
eligit et gelidas leto scrutata medullas
pulmonis rigidi stantis sine uolnere fibras 630
inuenit et uocem defuncto in corpore quaerit.
fata peremptorum pendent iam multa uirorum,
quem superis reuocasse uelit. si tollere totas
temptasset campis acies et reddere bello,
cessissent leges Erebi, monstroque potenti 635
extractus Stygio populus pugnasset Auerno.
electum tandem traiecto gutture corpus
ducit, et inserto laqueis feralibus unco
per scopulos miserum trahitur per saxa cadauer
uicturum, montisque caui, quem tristis Erictho 640
damnarat sacris, alta sub rupe locatur.

haud procul a Ditis caecis depressa cauernis
in praeceps subsedit humus, quam pallida pronis
urguet silua comis et nullo uertice caelum
suspiciens Phoebus non peruia taxus opacat. 645
marcentes intus tenebrae pallensque sub antris
longa nocte situs numquam nisi carmine factum
lumen habet. non Taenariis sic faucibus aer
sedit iners, maestum mundi confine latens
ac nostri, quo non metuant admittere manes 650
Tartarei reges. nam, quamuis Thessala uates
uim faciat fati, dubium est, quod traxerit illuc
aspiciat Stygias an quod descenderit umbras.
discolor et uario furialis cultus amictu
induitur, uoltusque aperitur crine remoto, 655
et coma uipereis substringitur horrida sertis.
ut pauidos iuuenis comites ipsumque trementem
conspicit exanimi defixum lumina uoltu,
‘ponite’ ait ‘trepida conceptos mente timores:
iam noua, iam uera reddetur uita figura, 660
ut quamuis pauidi possint audire loquentem.
si uero Stygiosque lacus ripamque sonantem
ignibus ostendam, si me praebente uideri
Eumenides possint uillosaque colla colubris

Cerberus excutiens et uincti terga gigantes, 665
quis timor, ignaui, metuentis cernere manes?’

pectora tum primum feruenti sanguine supplet
uolneribus laxata nouis taboque medullas
abluit et uirus large lunare ministrat.
huc quidquid fetu genuit natura sinistro 670
miscetur: non spuma canum quibus unda timori est,
uiscera non lyncis, non durae nodus hyaenae
defuit et cerui pastae serpente medullae,
non puppem retinens Euro tendente rudentis
in mediis echenais aquis oculique draconum 675
quaeque sonant feta tepefacta sub alite saxa,
non Arabum uolucer serpens innataque rubris
aequoribus custos pretiosae uipera conchae
aut uiuentis adhuc Libyci membrana cerastae
aut cinis Eoa positi phoenicis in ara. 680
quo postquam uiles et habentis nomina pestis
contulit, infando saturatas carmine frondis
et, quibus os dirum nascentibus inspuit, herbas
addidit et quidquid mundo dedit ipsa ueneni.
tum uox Lethaeos cunctis pollentior herbis 685
excantare deos confundit murmura primum
dissona et humanae multum discordia linguae.
latratus habet illa canum gemitusque luporum,
quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur,
quod strident ululantque ferae, quod sibilat anguis; 690
exprimit et planctus inlissae cautibus undae
siluarumque sonum fractaeque tonitrua nubis:
tot rerum uox una fuit. mox cetera cantu
explicat Haemonio penetratque in Tartara lingua.
‘Eumenides Stygiumque nefas Poenaeque nocentum 695
et Chaos innumeros auidum confundere mundos
et rector terrae, quem longa in saecula torquet
mors dilata deum; Styx et quos nulla meretur
Thessalis Elysios; caelum matremque perosa
Persephone, nostraeque Hecates pars ultima, per quam 700
manibus et mihi sunt tacitae commercia linguae,

ianitor et sedis laxae, qui uiscera saeuo
spargis nostra cani, repetitaque fila sorores
tracturae, tuque o flagrantis portitor undae,
iam lassate senex ad me redeuntibus umbris, 705
exaudite preces. si uos satis ore nefando
pollutoque uoco, si numquam haec carmina fibris
humanis ieiuna cano, si pectora plena
saepe deo laui calido prosecta cerebro,
si quisquis uestris caput extaque lancibus infans 710
inposuit uicturus erat, parete precanti.
non in Tartareo latitantem poscimus antro
adsuetamque diu tenebris, modo luce fugata
descendentem animam; primo pallentis hiatu
haeret adhuc Orci, licet has exaudiat herbas, 715
ad manes uentura semel. ducis omnia nato
Pompeiana canat nostri modo militis umbra,
si bene de uobis ciuilia bella merentur.’

haec ubi fata caput spumantiaque ora leuauit,
aspicit astantem proiecti corporis umbram, 720
exanimis artus inuisaque claustra timentem
carceris antiqui. pauet ire in pectus apertum
uisceraque et ruptas letali uolnere fibras.
a miser, extremum cui mortis munus inique
eripitur, non posse mori. miratur Erictho 725
has fatis licuisse moras, irataque morti
uerberat inmotum uiuo serpente cadauer,
perque cauas terrae, quas egit carmine, rimas
manibus inlatrat regnique silentia rumpit.
’Tisiphone uocisque meae secura Megaera, 730
non agitis saeuis Erebi per inane flagellis
infelicem animam? iam uos ego nomine uero
eliciam Stygiasque canes in luce superna
destituiam; per busta sequar per funera custos,
expellam tumulis, abigam uos omnibus urnis. 735
teque deis, ad quos alio procedere uoltu
ficta soles, Hecate pallenti tabida forma,
ostendam faciemque Erebi mutare uetabo.

eloquar inmenso terrae sub pondere quae te
contineant, Hennaëa, dapes, quo foedere maestum 740
regem noctis ames, quae te contagia passam
noluerit reuocare Ceres. tibi, pessime mundi
arbiter, inmittam ruptis Titana cauernis,
et subito feriere die. paretis, an ille
conpellendus erit, quo numquam terra uocato 745
non concussa tremit, qui Gorgona cernit apertam
uerberibusque suis trepidam castigat Erinyn,
indespecta tenet uobis qui Tartara, cuius
uos estis superi, Stygias qui perierat undas?’
protinus astrictus caluit cruor atraque fouit 750
uolnera et in uenas extremaque membra cucurrit.
percussae gelido trepidant sub pectore fibrae,
et noua desuetis subrepens uita medullis
miscetur morti. tunc omnis palpitat artus,
tenduntur nerui; nec se tellure cadauer 755
paulatim per membra leuat, terraque repulsum est
erectumque semel. distento lumina rictu
nudantur. nondum facies uiuentis in illo,
iam morientis erat: remanet pallorque rigorque,
et stupet inlatus mundo. set murmure nullo 760
ora astricta sonant: uox illi linguaque tantum
responsura datur. ‘dic’ inquit Thessala ‘magna,
quod iubeo, mercede mihi; nam uera locutum
inmunem toto mundi praestabimus aeuo
artibus Haemoniis: tali tua membra sepulchro, 765
talibus exuram Stygio cum carmine siluis,
ut nullos cantata magos exaudiat umbra.
sit tanti uixisse iterum: nec uerba nec herbae
audebunt longae somnum tibi soluere Lethes
a me morte data. tripodas uatesque deorum 770
sors obscura decet: certus discedat, ab umbris
quisquis uera petit duraeque oracula mortis
fortis adit. ne parce, precor: da nomina rebus,
da loca; da uocem qua mecum fata loquantur.’
addidit et carmen, quo, quidquid consulit, umbram 775

scire dedit. maestum fletu manante cadauer
'tristia non equidem Parcarum stamina' dixit
'aspexi tacitae reuocatus ab aggere ripae;
quod tamen e cunctis mihi noscere contigit umbris
effera Romanos agitat discordia manes 780
inpiaque infernam ruperunt arma quietem;
Elysias Latii sedes ac Tartara maesta
diuersi liquere duces. quid fata pararent
hi fecere palam. tristis felicibus umbris
uoltus erat: uidi Decios natumque patremque, 785
lustrales bellis animas, flentemque Camillum
et Curios, Sullam de te, Fortuna, querentem;
deplorat Libycis perituram Scipio terris
infaustam subolem; maior Carthaginis hostis
non seruituri maeret Cato fata nepotis: 790
solum te, consul depulsis prime tyrannis
Brute, pias inter gaudentem uidimus umbras.
abruptis Catilina minax fractisque catenis
exultat Mariique truces nudique Cethegi;
uidi ego laetantis, popularia nomina, Drusos 795
legibus inmodicos ausosque ingentia Gracchos;
aeternis chalybis nodis et carcere Ditis
constrictae plausere manus, camposque piorum
poscit turba nocens. regni possessor inertis
pallentis aperit sedes, abruptaque saxa 800
asperat et durum uinclis adamanta, paratque
poenam uictori. refer haec solacia tecum,
o iuuenis, placido manes patremque domumque
expectare sinu regnique in parte serena
Pompeis seruare locum. nec gloria paruae 805
sollicitet uitae: ueniet quae misceat omnis
hora duces. properate mori, magnoque superbi
quamuis e paruis animo descendite bustis
et Romanorum manes calcate deorum.
quem tumulum Nili, quem Thybridis adluat unda 810
quaeritur, et ducibus tantum de funere pugna est.
tu fatum ne quaere tuum: cognoscere Parcae

me reticente dabunt; tibi certior omnia uates
ipse canet Siculis genitor Pompeius in aruis,
ille quoque incertus quo te uocet, unde repellat, 815
quas iubeat uitare plagas, quae sidera mundi.
Europam, miseri, Libyamque Asiamque timete:
distribuit tumulos uestris fortuna triumphis.
o miseranda domus, toto nil orbe uidebis
tutius Emathia.' sic postquam fata peregit, 820
stat uoltu maestus tacito mortemque reposcit.
carminibus magicis opus est herbisque, cadauer
ut cadat, et nequeunt animam sibi reddere fata
consumpto iam iure semel. tunc robore multo
extruit illa rogum; uenit defunctus ad ignes. 825
accensa iuuenem positum strue liquit Erictho
tandem passa mori, Sextoque ad castra parentis
it comes; et caelo lucis ducente colorem,
dum ferrent tutos intra tentoria gressus,
iussa tenere diem densas nox praestitit umbras. 830

LIBER SEPTIMVS

Segnior, Oceano quam lex aeterna uocabat,
luctificus Titan numquam magis aethera contra
egit equos cursumque polo rapiente retorsit,
defectusque pati uoluit raptaeque labores
lucis, et attraxit nubes, non pabula flammis 5
sed ne Thessalico purus luceret in orbe.

at nox felicitis Magno pars ultima uitae
sollicitos uana decepit imagine somnos.
nam Pompeiani uisus sibi sede theatri
innumeram effigiem Romanae cernere plebis 10
attollique suum laetis ad sidera nomen
uocibus et plausu cuneos certare sonantes;
qualis erat populi facies clamorque fauentis
olim, cum iuuenis primique aetate triumphi,
post domitas gentes quas torrens ambit Hiberus 15
et quaecumque fugax Sertorius inpulit arma,
Vespere pacato, pura uenerabilis aequae
quam currus ornante toga, plaudente senatu
sedit adhuc Romanus eques; seu fine bonorum
anxia mens curis ad tempora laeta refugit, 20
siue per ambages solitas contraria uisis
uaticinata quies magni tulit omina planctus,
seu uetito patrias ultra tibi cernere sedes
sic Romam Fortuna dedit. ne rumpite somnos,
castrorum uigiles, nullas tuba uerberet aures. 25
crastina dira quies et imagine maesta diurna
undique funestas acies feret, undique bellum.
unde pares somnos populi noctemque beatam?
o felix, si te uel sic tua Roma uideret!
donassent utinam superi patriaeque tibi 30
unum, Magne, diem, quo fati certus uterque
extremum tanti fructum raperetis amoris.
tu uelut Ausonia uadis moriturus in urbe,
illa rati semper de te sibi conscia uoti

hoc scelus haud umquam fatis haerere putauit, 35
sic se dilecti tumulum quoque perdere Magni.
te mixto flesset luctu iuuenisque senexque
iniussusque puer; lacerasset crine soluto
pectora femineum ceu Bruti funere uolgens.
nunc quoque, tela licet paueant uictoris iniqui, 40
nuntiet ipse licet Caesar tua funera, flebunt,
sed dum tura ferunt, dum laurea sarta Tonanti.
o miseri, quorum gemitus edere dolorem,
qui te non pleno pariter planxere theatro.

uicerat astra iubar, cum mixto murmure turba 45
castrorum fremuit fatisque trahentibus orbem
signa petit pugnae. miseri pars maxima uolgi
non totum uisura diem tentoria circum
ipsa ducis queritur magnoque accensa tumultu
mortis uicinae properantis admouet horas. 50
dira subit rabies: sua quisque ac publica fata
praecipitare cupit; segnis pauidusque uocatur
ac nimium patiens soceri Pompeius, et orbis
indulgens regno, qui tot simul undique gentis
iuris habere sui uellet pacemque timeret. 55
nec non et reges populique queruntur Eoi
bella trahi patriaque procul tellure teneri.
hoc placet, o superi, cum uobis uertere cuncta
propositum, nostris erroribus addere crimen?
cladibus inruimus nocituraque poscimus arma; 60
in Pompeianis uotum est Pharsalia castris.
cunctorum uoces Romani maximus auctor
Tullius eloquii, cuius sub iure togaque
pacificas saeuos tremuit Catilina securis,
pertulit iratus bellis, cum rostra forumque 65
optaret passus tam longa silentia miles.
addidit inualidae robur facundia causae.

‘hoc pro tot meritis solum te, Magne, precatur
uti se Fortuna uelis, procuresque tuorum
castrorum regesque tui cum supplice mundo 70
adfusi uinci socerum patiare rogamus.

humani generis tam longo tempore bellum
Caesar erit? merito Pompeium uincere lente
gentibus indignum est a transcurrente subactis.
quo tibi feruor abit aut quo fiducia fati? 75
de superis, ingratis, times causamque senatus
credere dis dubitas? ipsae tua signa reuellent
prosiliensque acies: pudeat uicisse coactum.
si duce te iusso, si nobis bella geruntur,
sit iuris, quocumque uelint, concurrere campo. 80
quid mundi gladios a sanguine Caesaris arces?
uibrant tela manus, uix signa morantia quisquam
expectat: propera, ne te tua classica linquant.
scire senatus auet, miles te, Magne, sequatur
an comes.' ingemuit rector sensitque deorum 85
esse dolos et fata suae contraria menti.
'si placet hoc' inquit 'cunctis, si milite Magno,
non duce tempus eget, nil ultra fata morabor:
inuoluat populos una fortuna ruina
sitque hominum magnae lux ista nouissima parti. 90
testor, Roma, tamen Magnum quo cuncta perirent
accepisse diem. potuit tibi uolnere nullo
stare labor belli; potui sine caede subactum
captiuumque ducem uiolatae tradere paci.
quis furor, o caeci, scelerum? ciuilia bella 95
gesturi metuunt ne non cum sanguine uincant.
abstulimus terras, exclusimus aequore toto,
ad praematuras segetum ieiuna rapinas
agmina conpulimus, uotumque effecimus hosti
ut mallet sterni gladiis mortemque suorum 100
permiscere meis. belli pars magna peracta est
his, quibus effectum est ne pugnam tiro paueret,
si modo uirtutis stimulis iraeque calore
signa petunt. multos in summa pericula misit
uenturi timor ipse mali. fortissimus ille est 105
qui, promptus metuenda pati, si comminus instent,
et differre potest. placet haec tam prospera rerum
tradere fortunae, gladio permittere mundi

discrimen; pugnare ducem quam uincere malunt.
res mihi Romanas dederas, Fortuna, regendas: 110
accipe maiores et caeco in Marte tuere.
Pompei nec crimen erit nec gloria bellum.
uincis apud superos uotis me, Caesar, iniquis:
pugnatur. quantum scelerum quantumque malorum
in populos lux ista feret! quot regna iacebunt! 115
sanguine Romano quam turbidus ibit Enipeus!
prima uelim caput hoc funesti lancea belli,
si sine momento rerum partisque ruina
casurum est, feriat; neque enim uictoria Magno
laetior. aut populis inuisum hac clade peracta 120
aut hodie Pompeius erit miserabile nomen:
omne malum uicti, quod sors feret ultima rerum,
omne nefas uictoris erit.' sic fatur et arma
permittit populis frenosque furentibus ira
laxat et ut uictus uiolento nauita Coro 125
dat regimen uentis ignauumque arte relict
puppis onus trahitur. trepido confusa tumultu
castra fremunt, animique truces sua pectora pulsant
ictibus incertis. multorum pallor in ore
mortis uenturae faciesque simillima fato. 130
aduenisse diem qui fatum rebus in aeuum
conderet humanis, et quaeri, Roma quid esset,
illo Marte, palam est. sua quisque pericula nescit
attonitus maiore metu. quis litora ponto
obruta, quis summis cernens in montibus aequor 135
aetheraque in terras deiecto sole cadentem,
tot rerum finem, timeat sibi? non uacat ullos
pro se ferre metus: urbi Magnoque timetur.
nec gladiis habuere fidem, nisi cautibus asper
exarsit mucro; tunc omnis lancea saxo 140
erigitur, tendunt neruis melioribus arcus,
cura fuit lectis pharetras implere sagittis,
auget eques stimulos frenorumque artat habenas.
si liceat superis hominum conferre labores,
non aliter Phlegra rabidos tollente gigantas 145

Martius incaluit Siculis incudibus ensis
et rubuit flammis iterum Neptunia cuspis
spiculaque extenso Paeon Pythone recoxit,
Pallas Gorgoneos diffudit in aegida crines,
Pallenaëa Ioui mutauit fulmina Cyclops. 150

non tamen abstinuit uenturos prodere casus
per uarias Fortuna notas. nam, Thessala rura
cum peterent, totus uenientibus obstitit aether
[inque oculis hominum fregerunt fulmina nubes]
aduersasque faces inmensoque igne columnas 155
et trabibus mixtis auidos typhonas aquarum
detulit atque oculos ingesto fulgure clausit;
excussit cristas galeis capulosque solutis
perfudit gladiis ereptaque pila liquauit,
aetherioque nocens fumauit sulphure ferrum; 160
[nec non innumero cooperta examine signa]
uixque reuolsa solo maiori pondere pressum
signiferi mersere caput rorantia fletu
usque ad Thessaliam Romana et publica signa.
admotus superis discussa fugit ab ara 165
taurus et Emathios praeceps se iecit in agros,
nullaque funestis inuenta est uictima sacris.
(at tu quos scelerum superos, quas rite uocasti
Eumenidas, Caesar? Stygii quae numina regni
infernumque nefas et mersos nocte furores 170
in pia tam saeue gesturus bella litasti?)
iam (dubium, monstribusne deum, nimione pauore
crediderint) multis concurrere uisus Olympo
Pindus et abruptis mergi conuallibus Haemus,
edere nocturnas belli Pharsalia uoces, 175
ire per Ossaeam rapidus Boebeida sanguis;
inque uicem uultus tenebris mirantur opertos
et pallere diem galeisque incumbere noctem
defunctosque patres et iuncti sanguinis umbras
ante oculos uolitare suos. sed mentibus unum 180
hoc solamen erat, quod uoti turba nefandi
conscia, quae patrum iugulos, quae pectora fratrum

sperabat, gaudet monstribus, mentisque tumultum
atque omen scelerum subitos putat esse furores.

quid mirum populos quos lux extrema manebat 185

lymphato trepidasse metu, praesaga malorum
si data mens homini est? Tyriis qui Gadibus hospes
adiacet Armeniumque bibit Romanus Araxen,
sub quocumque die, quocumque est sidere mundi,
maeret et ignorat causas animumque dolentem 190
corripit, Emathiis quid perdat nescius aruis.

Euganeo, si uera fides memorantibus, augur
colle sedens, Aponus terris ubi fumifer exit
atque Antenorei dispergitur unda Timaui,
'uenit summa dies, geritur res maxima,' dixit 195
'incipia concurrunt Pompei et Caesaris arma',
seu tonitrus ac tela Iouis praesaga notauit,
aethera seu totum discordi obsistere caelo
perspexitque polos, seu numen in aethere maestum
solis in obscuro pugnam pallore notauit. 200

dissimilem certe cunctis quos explicat egit
Thessalicum natura diem: si cuncta perito
augure mens hominum caeli noua signa notasset,
spectari toto potuit Pharsalia mundo.

o summos hominum, quorum fortuna per orbem 205
signa dedit, quorum fatibus caelum omne uacauit!
haec et apud seras gentes populosque nepotum,
siue sua tantum uenient in saecula fama
siue aliquid magnis nostri quoque cura laboris
nominibus prodesse potest, cum bella legentur, 210
spesque metusque simul perituraque uota mouebunt,
attonitique omnes ueluti uenientia fata,
non transmissa, legent et adhuc tibi, Magne, fauebunt.

miles, ut aduerso Phoebi radiatus ab ictu
descendens totos perfudit lumine colles, 215
non temere inmissus campis: stetit ordine certo
infelix acies. cornus tibi cura sinistri,
Lentule, cum prima, quae tum fuit optima bello,
et quarta legione datur. tibi, numine pugna

aduerso Domiti, dextri frons tradita Martis. 220
at medii robur belli fortissima densant
agmina, quae Cilicum terris deducta tenebat
Scipio, miles in hoc, Libyco dux primus in orbe.
at iuxta fluuios et stagna undantis Enipei
Cappadocum montana cohors et largus habenae 225
Ponticus ibat eques. sicci sed plurima campi
tetrarchae regesque tenent magnique tyranni
atque omnis Latio quae seruit purpura ferro.
illuc et Libye Numidas et Creta Cydonas
misit, Itryaeis cursus fuit inde sagittis, 230
inde, truces Galli, solitum prodistis in hostem,
illic pugnaces commouit Hiberia caetras.
eripe uictori gentis et sanguine mundi
fuso, Magne, semel totos consume triumphos.
illo forte die Caesar statione relicta 235
ad segetum raptus moturus signa repente
conspicit in planos hostem descendere campos,
oblatumque uidet uotis sibi mille petitem
tempus, in extremos quo mitteret omnia casus.
aeger quippe morae flagransque cupidine regni 240
coeperat exiguo tractu ciuilia bella
ut lentum damnare nefas. discrimina postquam
aduentare ducum supremaque proelia uidit
casuram <et> fatis sensit nutare ruinam,
illa quoque in ferrum rabies promptissima paulum 245
languit, et casus audax spondere secundos
mens stetit in dubio, quam nec sua fata timere
nec Magni sperare sinunt. formidine mersa
prosilit hortando melior fiducia uolgo.
'o domitor mundi, rerum fortuna mearum, 250
miles, adest totiens optatae copia pugnae.
nil opus est uotis, iam fatum accersite ferro.
in manibus uestris, quantus sit Caesar, habetis.
haec est illa dies mihi quam Rubiconis ad undas
promissam memini, cuius spe mouimus arma, 255
in quam distulimus uetitos remeare triumphos,

[haec eadem est hodie quae pignora quaeque penates
reddat et emerito faciat uos Marte colonos]
haec, fato quae teste probet, quis iustius arma
sumpserit; haec acies uictum factura nocentem est. 260
si pro me patriam ferro flammisque petistis,
nunc pugnate truces gladioque exsoluite culpam:
nulla manus, belli mutato iudice, pura est.
non mihi res agitur, sed, uos ut libera sitis
turba, precor gentes ut ius habeatis in omnes. 265
ipse ego priuatae cupidus me reddere uitae
plebeiaque toga modicum componere ciuem,
omnia dum uobis liceant, nihil esse recuso.
inuidia regnate mea. nec sanguine multo
spem mundi petitis: Grais delecta iuuentus 270
gymnasiis aderit studioque ignaua palaestrae
et uix arma ferens, aut mixtae dissona turbae
barbaries, non illa tubas, non agmine moto
clamorem latura suum. ciuilia paucae
bella manus facient: pugnae pars magna leuabit 275
his orbem populis Romanumque obteret hostem.
ite per ignauas gentes famosaque regna
et primo ferri motu prosternite mundum;
sitque palam, quas tot duxit Pompeius in urbem
curribus, unius gentes non esse triumphi. 280
Armeniosne mouet Romana potentia cuius
sit ducis, aut emptum minimo uolt sanguine quisquam
barbarus Hesperiiis Magnum praeponere rebus?
Romanos odere omnes, dominosque grauantur,
quos nouere, magis. sed me fortuna meorum 285
commisit manibus, quarum me Gallia testem
tot fecit bellis. cuius non militis ense
agnoscam? caelumque tremens cum lancea transit
dicere non fallar quo sit uibrata lacerto.
quod si, signa ducem numquam fallentia uestrum, 290
conspicio faciesque truces oculosque minaces,
uicistis. uideor fluuios spectare cruoris
calcatosque simul reges sparsumque senatus

corpus et inmensa populos in caede natantis.
sed mea fata moror, qui uos in tela furentis 295
uocibus his teneo. ueniam date bella trahenti:
spe trepido; haud umquam uidi tam magna daturos
tam prope me superos; camporum limite paruo
absumus a uotis. ego sum cui Marte peracto
quae populi regesque tenent donare licebit. 300
quone poli motu, quo caeli sidere uerso
Thessalicae tantum, superi, permittitis orae?
aut merces hodie bellorum aut poena parata.
Caesareas spectate cruces, spectate catenas,
et caput hoc positum rostris effusaque membra 305
Saeptorumque nefas et clausi proelia Campi.
cum duce Sullano gerimus ciuilia bella.
uestri cura mouet; nam me secura manebit
sors quaesita manu: fodientem uiscera cernet
me mea qui nondum uicto respexerit hoste. 310
di, quorum curas abduxit ab aethere tellus
Romanusque labor, uincat quicumque necesse
non putat in uictos saeuum destringere ferrum
quique suos ciues, quod signa aduersa tulerunt,
non credit fecisse nefas. Pompeius in arto 315
agmina uestra loco uetita uirtute moueri
cum tenuit, quanto satiauit sanguine ferrum!
uos tamen hoc oro, iuuenes, ne caedere quisquam
hostis terga uelit: ciuis qui fugerit esto.
sed, dum tela micant, non uos pietatis imago 320
ulla nec aduersa conspecti fronte parentes
commoueant; uoltus gladio turbate uerendos.
siue quis infesto cognata in pectora ferro
ibit, seu nullum uiolarit uolnere pignus,
ignoti iugulum tamquam scelus inputet hostis. 325
sternite iam uallum fossasque inplete ruina,
exeat ut plenis acies non sparsa manipulis.
parcite ne castris: uallo tendetis in illo
unde acies peritura uenit.' uix cuncta locuto
Caesare quemque suum munus trahit, armaque raptim 330

sumpta Ceresque uiris. capiunt praesagia belli
calcatisque ruunt castris; stant ordine nullo,
arte ducis nulla, permittuntque omnia fati.
si totidem Magni soceros totidemque petentis
urbis regna suae funesto in Marte locasses, 335
non tam praecipiti ruerent in proelia cursu.

uidit ut hostiles in rectum exire cateruas
Pompeius nullasque moras permittere bello
sed superis placuisse diem, stat corde gelato
attonitus; tantoque duci sic arma timere 340
omen erat. premit inde metus, totumque per agmen
sublimi praeuectus equo ‘quem flagitat’ inquit
‘uestra diem uirtus, finis ciuilibus armis,
quem quaesistis, adest. totas effundite uires:
extremum ferri superest opus, unaque gentis 345
hora trahit. quisquis patriam carosque penates,
qui subolem ac thalamos desertaque pignora quaerit,
ense petat: medio posuit deus omnia campo.
causa iubet melior superos sperare secundos:
ipsi tela regent per uiscera Caesaris, ipsi 350
Romanas sancire uolent hoc sanguine leges.
si socero dare regna meo mundumque pararent,
praecipitare meam fati potuere senectam:
non iratorum populis urbiue deorum est
Pompeium seruare ducem. quae uincere possent 355
omnia contulimus. subiere pericula clari
sponte uiri sacraque antiquus imagine miles.
si Curios his fata darent reducesque Camillos
temporibus Deciosque caput fatale uouentis,
hinc starent. primo gentes oriente coactae 360
innumeraeque urbes, quantas in proelia numquam,
exciuiere manus. toto simul utimur orbe.
quidquid signiferi comprehensum limite caeli
sub Noton et Borean hominum sumus, arma mouemus.
nonne superfusus collectum cornibus hostem 365
in medium dabimus? paucas uictoria dextras
exigit, at plures tantum clamore cateruae

bella gerent: Caesar nostris non sufficit armis.
credite pendentes e summis moenibus urbis
crinibus effusis hortari in proelia matres; 370
credite grandaeuum uetitumque aetate senatum
arma sequi sacros pedibus prosternere canos
atque ipsam domini metuentem occurrere Romam;
credite qui nunc est populus populumque futurum
permixtas adferre preces: haec libera nasci, 375
haec uolt turba mori. siquis post pignora tanta
Pompeio locus est, cum prole et coniuge supplex,
imperii salua si maiestate liceret,
uolueret ante pedes. Magnus, nisi uincitis, exul,
ludibrium soceri, uester pudor, ultima fata 380
deprecor ac turpes extremi cardinis annos,
ne discam seruire senex.' tam maesta locuti
uoce ducis flagrant animi, Romanaque uirtus
erigitur, placuitque mori, si uera timeret.

ergo utrimque pari procurrunt agmina motu 385
irarum; metus hos regni, spes excitat illos.
hae facient dextrae, quidquid nona explicat aetas,
[ulla nec humanum reparet genus omnibus annis]
ut uacet a ferro. gentes Mars iste futuras
obruet et populos aeui uenientis in orbem 390
erepto natale feret. tunc omne Latinum
fabula nomen erit; Gabios Veiosque Coramque
puluere uix tectae poterunt monstrare ruinae
Albanosque lares Laurentinosque penates,
rus uacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte coacta 395
inuitus questusque Numam iussisse senator.
non aetas haec carpsit edax monumentaque rerum
putria destituit: crimen ciuile uidemus
tot uacuas urbes. generis quo turba redacta est
humani! toto populi qui nascimur orbe 400
nec muros implere uiris nec possumus agros:
urbs nos una capit. uincto fossore coluntur
Hesperiae segetes, stat tectis putris auitis
in nullos ruitura domus, nulloque frequentem

ciue suo Romam sed mundi faece repletam 405
cladis eo dedimus, ne tanto in corpore bellum
iam possit ciuile geri. Pharsalia tanti
causa mali. cedant feralia nomina Cannae
et damnata diu Romanis Allia fastis.
tempora signauit leuiorum Roma malorum, 410
hunc uoluit nescire diem. pro tristia fata!
aera pestiferum tractu morbosque fluentis
insanamque famem permissasque ignibus urbes
moeniaque in praeceps laturos plena tremores
hi possunt explere uiri, quos undique traxit 415
in miseram Fortuna necem, dum munera longi
explicat eripiens aeui populosque ducesque
constituit campis, per quos tibi, Roma, ruenti
ostendat quam magna cadas. quae latius orbem
possedit, citius per prospera fata cucurrit? 420
omne tibi bellum gentis dedit, omnibus annis
te geminum Titan procedere uidit in axem;
haud multum terrae spatium restabat Eoae.
ut tibi nox, tibi tota dies, tibi curreret aether,
omniaque errantes stellae Romana uiderent. 425
sed retro tua fata tulit par omnibus annis
Emathiae funesta dies. hac luce cruenta
effectum, ut Latios non horreat India fasces,
nec uetitos errare Dahas in moenia ducat
Sarmaticumque premat succinctus consul aratrum, 430
quod semper saeuas debet tibi Parthia poenas,
quod fugiens ciuile nefas redituraque numquam
libertas ultra Tigrim Rhenumque recessit
ac, totiens nobis iugulo quaesita, uagatur
Germanum Scythicumque bonum, nec respicit ultra 435
Ausoniam, uellem populis incognita nostris.
uolturis ut primum laeue fundata uolatu
Romulus infami conpleuit moenia luco,
usque ad Thessalicas seruisses, Roma, ruinas.
de Brutis, Fortuna, queror. quid tempora legum 440
egimus aut annos a consule nomen habentis?

felices Arabes Medique Eoque tellus,
quam sub perpetuis tenuerunt fata tyrannis.
ex populis qui regna ferunt sors ultima nostra est,
quos seruire pudet. sunt nobis nulla profecto 445
numina: cum caeco rapiantur saecula casu,
mentimur regnare Iouem. spectabit ab alto
aethere Thessalicas, teneat cum fulmina, caedes?
scilicet ipse petet Pholoen, petet ignibus Oeten
inmeritaeque nemus Rhodopes pinusque Mimantis, 450
Cassius hoc potius feriet caput? astra Thyestae
intulit et subitis damnauit noctibus Argos:
tot similis fratrum gladios patrumque gerenti
Thessaliae dabit ille diem? mortalia nulli
sunt curata deo. cladis tamen huius habemus 455
uindictam, quantam terris dare numina fas est:
bella pares superis facient ciuilia diuos,
fulminibus manes radiisque ornabit et astris
inque deum templis iurabit Roma per umbras.
ut rapido cursu fati suprema morantem 460
consumpsere locum, parua tellure dirempti,
quo sua pila cadant aut quam sibi fata minentur 463
inde manum, spectant. uultus, quo noscere possent 462
facturi quae monstra forent, uidere parentum 464
frontibus aduersis fraternaue comminus arma,
nec libuit mutare locum. tamen omnia torpor
pectora constrinxit, gelidusque in uiscera sanguis
percussa pietate coit, totaeque cohortes
pila parata diu tensis tenuere lacertis.
di tibi non mortem, quae cunctis poena paratur, 470
sed sensum post fata tuae dent, Crastine, morti,
cuius torta manu commisit lancea bellum
primaue Thessaliam Romano sanguine tinxit.
o praeceps rabies! cum Caesar tela teneret,
inuenta est prior ulla manus? tum stridulus aer 475
elusus lituis conceptaque classica cornu,
tunc ausae dare signa tubae, tunc aethera tendit
extremique fragor conuexa inrumpit Olympi,

unde procul nubes, quo nulla tonitrua durant.
exceptit resonis clamorem uallibus Haemus 480
Peliacisque dedit rursus geminare cauernis,
Pindus agit fremitus Pangaeaeque saxa resultant
Oetaeaeque gemunt rupes, uocesque furoris
expauere sui tota tellure relatas.
spargitur innumerum diuersis missile uotis: 485
uolnera pars optat, pars terrae figere tela
ac puras seruare manus. rapit omnia casus
atque incerta facit quos uolt fortuna nocentes.
tunc et Ityraei Medique Arabesque soluti, 514
arcu turba minax, nusquam rexere sagittas,
sed petitur solus qui campis inminet aer;
inde cadunt mortes. sceleris sed crimine nullo
externum maculant chalybem: stetit omne coactum
circa pila nefas. ferro subtexitur aether
noxque super campos telis conserta pependit. 520
set quota pars cladis iaculis ferroque uolanti 489
exacta est! odiis solus ciuilibus ensis
sufficit, et dextras Romana in uiscera ducit.
Pompei densis acies stipata cateruis
iunxerat in seriem nexis umbonibus arma,
uixque habitura locum dextras ac tela mouendi
constiterat gladiosque suos compressa timebat. 495
praecipiti cursu uaesantum Caesaris agmen
in densos agitur cuneos, perque arma, per hostem
quaerit iter. qua torta graues lorica catenas
opponit tutoque latet sub tegmine pectus,
hac quoque peruentum est ad uiscera, totque per arma 500
extremum est quod quisque ferit. ciuilia bella
una acies patitur, gerit altera; frigidus inde
stat gladius, calet omne nocens a Caesare ferrum.
nec Fortuna diu rerum tot pondera uertens
abstulit ingentis fato torrente ruinas. 505
ut primum toto diduxit cornua campo
Pompeianus eques bellicus per ultima fudit,
sparsa per extremos leuis armatura maniplos

insequitur saeuasque manus inmittit in hostem:
illic quaeque suo miscet gens proelia telo, 510
Romanus cunctis petitur cruor; inde sagittae,
inde faces et saxa uolant spatioque solutae
aeris et calido liquefactae pondere glandes;
cum Caesar, metuens ne frons sibi prima labaret 521
incursu, tenet obliquas post signa cohortes,
inque latus belli, qua se uagus hostis agebat,
emittit subitum non motis cornibus agmen.
inmemores pugnae nulloque pudore timendi 525
praecipites fecere palam ciuilia bella
non bene barbaricis umquam commissa cateruis.
ut primum sonipes transfixus pectora ferro
in caput effusi calcauit membra regentis,
omnis eques cessit campis, glomerataque nubes 530
in sua conuersis praeceps ruit agmina frenis.
perdidit inde modum caedes, ac nulla secutast
pugna, sed hinc iugulis, hinc ferro bella geruntur;
nec ualet haec acies tantum prosternere quantum
inde perire potest. utinam, Pharsalia, campis 535
sufficiat cruor iste tuis, quem barbara fundunt
pectora; non alio mutantur sanguine fontes;
hic numerus totos tibi uestiat ossibus agros.
aut, si Romano conpleri sanguine mauis,
istis parce precor; uiuant Galataeque Syrique, 540
Cappadoces Gallique extremique orbis Hiberi,
Armenii, Cilices; nam post ciuilia bella
hic populus Romanus erit. semel ortus in omnis
it timor, et fatis datus est pro Caesare cursus.
uentum erat ad robur Magni mediasque cateruas. 545
quod totos errore uago perfuderat agros
constitit hic bellum, fortunaque Caesaris haesit.
non illic regum auxiliis collecta iuuentus
bella gerit ferrumque manus mouere rogatae:
ille locus fratres habuit, locus ille parentis. 550
hic furor, hic rabies, hic sunt tua crimina, Caesar.
hanc fuge, mens, partem belli tenebrisque relinque,

nullaque tantorum discat me uate malorum,
quam multum bellis liceat ciuilibus, aetas.
a potius pereant lacrimae pereantque querellae: 555
quidquid in hac acie gessisti, Roma, tacebo.
hic Caesar, rabies populis stimulusque furorum,
nequa parte sui pereat scelus, agmina circum
it uagus atque ignes animis flagrantibus addit.
inspicit et gladios, qui toti sanguine manent, 560
qui niteant primo tantum mucrone cruenti,
quae presso tremat ense manus, quis languida tela,
quis contenta ferat, quis praestet bella iubenti,
quem pugnare iuuat, quis uoltum ciue perempto
mutet; obit latis proiecta cadauera campis; 565
uolnera multorum totum fusura cruorem
opposita premit ipse manu. quacumque uagatur,
sanguineum ueluti quatiens Bellona flagellum
Bistonas aut Mauors agitans si uerbere saeuo
Palladia stimulet turbatos aegide currus, 570
nox ingens scelerum est; caedes oriuntur et instar
inmensae uocis gemitus, et pondere lapsi
pectoris arma sonant confractique ensibus enses.
ipse manu subicit gladios ac tela ministrat
aduersosque iubet ferro confundere uoltus, 575
promouet ipse acies, inpellit terga suorum,
uerbere conuersae cessantis excitat hastae,
in plebem uetat ire manus monstratque senatum:
scit cruor imperii qui sit, quae uiscera rerum,
unde petat Romam, libertas ultima mundi 580
quo steterit ferienda loco. permixta secundo
ordine nobilitas uenerandaque corpora ferro
urguentur; caedunt Lepidos caeduntque Metellos
Coruinosque simul Torquataque nomina, rerum
saepe duces summosque hominum te, Magne, remoto. 585
illic plebeia contextus casside uoltus
ignotusque hosti quod ferrum, Brute, tenebas!
o decus imperii, spes o suprema senatus,
extremum tanti generis per saecula nomen,

ne rue per medios nimium temerarius hostis, 590
nec tibi fatales admoueris ante Philippos,
Thessalia periture tua. nil proficis istic
Caesaris intentus iugulo: nondum attigit arcem,
iuris et humani columen, quo cuncta premuntur,
egressus meruit fatis tam nobile letum. 595
uiuat et, ut Bruti procumbat uictima, regnet.

hic patriae perit omne decus: iacet aggere magno
patricium campis non mixta plebe cadauer.
mors tamen eminuit clarorum in strage uirorum
pugnacis Domiti, quem clades fata per omnis 600
ducebant: nusquam Magni fortuna sine illo
succubuit. uictus totiens a Caesare salua
libertate perit: tunc mille in uolnera laetus
labitur ac uenia gaudet caruisse secunda.
uiderat in crasso uersantem sanguine membra 605
Caesar, et increpitans 'iam Magni deseris arma,
successor Domiti; sine te iam bella geruntur'
dixerat. ast illi suffecit pectora pulsans
spiritus in uocem morientiaque ora resoluit.
'non te funesta scelerum mercede potitum 610
sed dubium fati, Caesar, generoque minorem
aspiciens Stygias Magno duce liber ad umbras
et securus eo: te, saeuo Marte subactum,
Pompeioque grauis poenas nobisque daturum,
cum moriar, sperare licet.' non plura locutum 615
uita fugit, densaeque oculos uertere tenebrae.

inpendisse pudet lacrimas in funere mundi
mortibus innumeris, ac singula fata sequentem
quaerere letiferum per cuius uiscera uolnus
exierit, quis fusa solo uitalia calcet, 620
ore quis aduerso demissum faucibus ense
expulerit moriens anima, quis corruat ictus,
quis steterit dum membra cadunt, qui pectore tela
transmittant aut quos campis adfixerit hasta,
quis cruor emissis perruperit aera uenis 625
inque hostis cadat arma sui, quis pectora fratris

caedat et, ut notum possit spoliare cadauer,
abscisum longe mittat caput, ora parentis
quis laceret nimiaque probet spectantibus ira
quem iugulat non esse patrem. mors nulla querella 630
digna sua est, nullosque hominum lugere uacamus.
non istas habuit pugnae Pharsalia partes
quas aliae clades: illic per fata uirorum,
per populos hic Roma perit; quod militis illic,
mors hic gentis erat: sanguis ibi fluxit Achaeus, 635
Ponticus, Assyrius; cunctos haerere cruores
Romanus campisque uetat consistere torrens.
maius ab hac acie quam quod sua saecula ferrent
uolnus habent populi; plus est quam uita salusque
quod perit: in totum mundi prosternimur aeuum. 640
uincitur his gladiis omnis quae seruiet aetas.
proxima quid suboles aut quid meruere nepotes
in regnum nasci? pauide num gessimus arma
teximus aut iugulos? alieni poena timoris
in nostra ceruice sedet. post proelia natis 645
si dominum, Fortuna, dabas, et bella dedisses.

iam Magnus transisse deos Romanaque fata
senserat infelix, tota uix clade coactus
fortunam damnare suam. stetit aggere campi,
eminus unde omnis sparsas per Thessala rura 650
aspiceret clades, quae bello obstante latebant.
tot telis sua fata peti, tot corpora fusa
ac se tam multo pereuntem sanguine uidit.
nec, sicut mos est miseris, trahere omnia secum
mersa iuuat gentesque suae miscere ruinae: 655
ut Latiae post se uiuat pars maxima turbae,
sustinuit dignos etiam nunc credere uotis
caelicolas, uouitque, sui solacia casus.
'parcite,' ait 'superi, cunctas prosternere gentes.
stante potest mundo Romaque superstite Magnus 660
esse miser. si plura iuuant mea uolnera, coniunx
est mihi, sunt nati: dedimus tot pignora fatis.
ciuiline parum est bello, si meque meosque

obruit? exiguae clades sumus orbe remoto?
omnia quid laceras? quid perdere cuncta laboras? 665
iam nihil est, Fortuna, meum.' sic fatur et arma
signaque et adflictas omni iam parte cateruas
circumit et reuocat matura in fata reuoluentis
seque negat tanti. nec derat robur in enses
ire duci iuguloque pati uel pectore letum. 670
sed timuit, strato miles ne corpore Magni
non fugeret, supraque ducem procumberet orbis;
Caesaris aut oculis uoluit subducere mortem.
nequiquam, infelix: socero spectare uolenti
praestandum est ubicumque caput. sed tu quoque, coniunx, 675
causa fugae uoltusque tui fatisque negatum
parte apse mori. tum Magnum concitus aufert
a bello sonipes non tergo tela pauentem
ingentisque animos extrema in fata ferentem.
non gemitus, non fletus erat, saluaque uerendus 680
maiestate dolor, qualem te, Magne, decebat
Romanis praestare malis. non inpare uoltu
aspicis Emathiam: nec te uidere superbum
prospera bellorum nec fractum aduersa uidebunt;
quamque fuit laeto per tres infida triumphos 685
tam misero Fortuna minor. iam pondere fati
deposito securus abis; nunc tempora laeta
respexisse uacat, spes numquam implenda recessit;
quid fueris nunc scire licet. fuge proelia dira
ac testare deos nullum, qui perstet in armis, 690
iam tibi, Magne, mori. ceu flebilis Africa damnis
et ceu Munda nocens Pharioque a gurgite clades,
sic et Thessalicae post te pars maxima pugnae
non iam Pompei nomen populare per orbem
nec studium belli, sed par quod semper habemus, 695
libertas et Caesar, erit; teque inde fugato
ostendit moriens sibi se pugnasse senatus.

nonne iuuat pulsum bellis cessisse nec istud
perspectasse nefas? spumantes caede cateruas
respice, turbatos incursu sanguinis amnes, 700

et soceri miserere tui. quo pectore Romam
intrabit factus campis felicior istis?
quidquid in ignotis solus regionibus exul,
quidquid sub Phario positus patiere tyranno,
crede deis, longo fatorum crede fauori, 705
uincere peius erat. prohibe lamenta sonare,
flere ueta populos, lacrimas luctusque remitte.
tam mala Pompei quam prospera mundus adoret.
aspice securus uoltu non supplice reges,
aspice possessas urbes donataque regna, 710
Aegypton Libyamque, et terras elige morti.

uidit prima tuae testis Larisa ruinae
nobile nec uictum fatis caput. omnibus illa
ciuibus effudit totas per moenia uires
obuia ceu laeto: promittunt munera flentes, 715
pandunt templa, domos, socios se cladibus optant.
scilicet inmenso superest ex nomine multum,
teque minor solo cunctas inpellere gentes
rursus in arma potes rursusque in fata redire.
sed 'quid opus uicto populis aut urbibus?' inquit 720
'uictori praestare fidem'. tu, Caesar, in alto
caedis adhuc cumulo patriae per uiscera uadis,
at tibi iam populos donat gener. auehit inde
Pompeium sonipes; gemitus lacrimaeque secuntur
plurimaque in saeuos populi conuicia diuos. 725
nunc tibi uera fides quaesiti, Magne, fauoris
contigit ac fructus: felix se nescit amari.

Caesar, ut Hesperio uidit satis arua natare
sanguine, parcendum ferro manibusque suorum
iam ratus ut uiles animas perituraque frustra 730
agmina permisit uitae. sed, castra fugatos
ne reuocent pellatque quies nocturna pauorem,
protinus hostili statuit succedere uallo,
dum fortuna calet, dum conficit omnia terror,
non ueritus graue ne fessis aut Marte subactis 735
hoc foret imperium. non magno hortamine miles
in praedam ducendus erat. 'uictoria nobis

plena, uiri:' dixit 'superest pro sanguine merces,
quam monstrare meum est; neque enim donare uocabo
quod sibi quisque dabit. cunctis, en, plena metallis 740
castra patent; raptum Hesperiiis e gentibus aurum
hic iacet Eoasque premunt tentoria gazas.
tot regum fortuna simul Magnique coacta
expectat dominos: propera praecedere, miles,
quos sequeris; quascumque tuas Pharsalia fecit 745
a uictis rapiuntur opes.' [nec plura locutus
inpulit amentes aurique cupidine caecos
ire super gladios supraque cadauera patrum
et caesos calcare duces.] quae fossa, quis agger
sustineat pretium belli scelerumque petentis? 750
scire ruunt, quanta fuerint mercede nocentes.
inuenere quidem spoliato plurima mundo
bellorum in sumptus congestae pondera massae,
sed non inpleuit cupientis omnia mentes.
quidquid fodit Hiber, quidquid Tagus expulit auri, 755
quod legit diues summis Arimaspus harenis,
ut rapiant, paruo scelus hoc uenisse putabunt.
cum sibi Tarpeias uictor desponderit arces,
cum spe Romanae promiserit omnia praedae,
decipitur quod castra rapit. capit in pia plebes 760
caespitem patricio somnos, stratumque cubile
regibus infandus miles premit, inque parentum
inque toris fratrum posuerunt membra nocentes.
quos agitat uaesana quies, somnique furentes
Thessalicam miseris uersant in pectore pugnam. 765
inuigilat cunctis saeuum scelus, armaque tota
mente agitant, capuloque manus absente mouentur.
ingemuisse putem campos, terramque nocentem
inspirasse animas, infectumque aera totum
manibus et superam Stygia formidine noctem. 770
exigit a meritis tristes uictoria poenas,
sibilaque et flammam infert sopor. umbra perempti
ciuis adest; sua quemque premit terroris imago:
ille senum uultus, iuuenum uidet ille figuras,

hunc agitant totis fraterna cadauera somnis, 775
pectore in hoc pater est, omnes in Caesare manes.
haud alios nondum Scythica purgatus in ara
Eumenidum uidit uoltus Pelopeus Orestes,
nec magis attonitos animi sensere tumultus,
cum fureret, Pentheus aut, cum desisset, Agaue. 780
hunc omnes gladii, quos aut Pharsalia uidit
aut ultrix uisura dies stringente senatu,
illa nocte premunt, hunc infera monstra flagellant.
et quantum poenae misero mens conscia donat,
quod Styga, quod manes ingestaque Tartara somnis 785
Pompeio uiuente uidet! tamen omnia passo,
postquam clara dies Pharsalica damna retexit,
nulla loci facies reuocat feralibus aruis
haerentis oculos. cernit propulsa cruore
flumina et excelsos cumulis aequantia colles 790
corpora, sidentis in tabem spectat acervos
et Magni numerat populos, epulisque patur
ille locus, uoltus ex quo faciesque iacentum
agnoscat. iuuat Emathiam non cernere terram
et lustrare oculis campos sub clade latentes. 795
fortunam superosque suos in sanguine cernit.
ac, ne laeta furens scelerum spectacula perdat,
inuidet igne rogi miseris, caeloque nocenti
ingerit Emathiam. non illum Poenus humator
consulis et Libyca succensae lampade Cannae 800
compellunt hominum ritus ut seruet in hoste,
sed meminit nondum satiata caedibus ira
ciues esse suos. petimus non singula busta
discretosque rogos: unum da gentibus ignem,
non interpositis urantur corpora flammis; 805
aut, generi si poena iuuat, nemo extrue Pindi,
erige congestas Oetaeo robore siluas,
Thessalicam uideat Pompeius ab aequore flammam.
nil agis hac ira: tabesne cadauera soluat
an rogos, haud refert; placido natura receptat 810
cuncta sinu, finemque sui sibi corpora debent.

hos, Caesar, populos si nunc non usserit ignis,
uret cum terris, uret cum gurgite ponti.
communis mundo superest rogos ossibus astra
mixturus. quocumque tuam fortuna uocabit, 815
hae quoque sunt animae: non altius ibis in auras,
non meliore loco Stygia sub nocte iacebis.
libera fortunae mors est; capit omnia tellus
quae genuit; caelo tegitur qui non habet urnam.
tu, cui dant poenas inhumato funere gentes, 820
quid fugis hanc cladem? quid olentis deseris agros?
has trahe, Caesar, aquas, hoc, si potes, utere caelo.
sed tibi tabentes populi Pharsalica rura
eripiunt camposque tenent uictore fugato.

non solum Haemonii funesta ad pabula belli 825
Bistonii uenere lupi tabemque cruentae
caedis odorati Pholoen liquere leones.
tunc ursae latebras, obscaeni tecta domosque
deseruere canes, et quidquid nare sagaci
aera non sanum motumque cadauere sentit. 830
iamque diu uolucres ciuilia castra secutae
conueniunt. uos, quae Nilo mutare soletis
Threicias hiemes, ad mollem serius Austrum
istis, aues. numquam tanto se uolture caelum
induit aut plures presserunt aera pinnae. 835
omne nemus misit uolucres omnisque cruenta
alite sanguineis stillauit roribus arbor.
saepe super uoltus uictoris et inopia signa
aut cruor aut alto defluxit ab aethere tabes
membraque deiecit iam lassissimis unguibus ales. 840
sic quoque non omnis populus peruenit ad ossa
inque feras discerptus abit; non intima curant
uiscera nec totas auidae sorbere medullas:
degustant artus. Latiae pars maxima turbae
fastidita iacet; quam sol nimbique diesque 845
longior Emathiis resolutam miscuit aruis.

Thessalia, infelix, quo tantum crimine, tellus,
laesisti superos, ut te tot mortibus unam,

tot scelerum fatis premerent? quod sufficit aeuum
inmemor ut donet belli tibi damna uetustas? 850
quae seges infecta surget non decolor herba?
quo non Romanos uiolabis uomere manes?
ante nouae uenient acies, scelerique secundo
praestabis nondum siccos hoc sanguine campos.
omnia maiorum uertamus busta licebit, 855
et stantis tumulos et qui radice uetusta
effudere suas uictis conpagibus urnas,
plus cinerum Haemoniae sulcis telluris aratur
pluraque ruricolis feruntur dentibus ossa.
nullus ab Emathio religasset litore funem 860
nauita, nec terram quisquam mouisset arator,
Romani bustum populi, fugerentque coloni
umbrarum campos, gregibus dumeta carerent,
nullusque auderet pecori permittere pastor
uellere surgentem de nostris ossibus herbam, 865
ac, uelut inpatiens hominum uel solis iniqui
limite uel glacie, nuda atque ignota iaceres,
si non prima nefas belli sed sola tulisses.
o superi, liceat terras odisse nocentis.
quid totum premitis, quid totum absolutis orbem? 870
Hesperiae clades et flebilis unda Pachyni
et Mutina et Leucas puros fecere Philippos.

LIBER OCTAVVS

Iam super Herculeas fauces nemorosaque Tempe
Haemoniae deserta petens dispendia siluae
cornipedem exhaustum cursu stimulisque negantem
Magnus agens incerta fugae uestigia turbat
inplicitasque errore uias. pauet ille fragorem 5
motorum uentis nemorum, comitumque suorum
qui post terga redit trepidum laterique timentem
exanimat. quamuis summo de culmine lapsus
nondum uile sui pretium scit sanguinis esse,
seque, memor fati, tantae mercedis habere 10
credit adhuc iugulum, quantam pro Caesaris ipse
auolsa ceruice daret. deserta sequentem
non patitur tutis fatum celare latebris
clara uiri facies. multi, Pharsalica castra
cum peterent nondum fama prodente ruinas, 15
occursu stupuere ducis uertigine rerum
attoniti, cladisque suae uix ipse fidelis
auctor erat. grauis est Magno quicumque malorum
testis adest. cunctis ignotus gentibus esse
mallet et obscuro tutus transire per urbes 20
nomine; sed poenas longi Fortuna fauoris
exigit a misero, quae tanto pondere famae
res premit aduersas fatisque prioribus urguet.
nunc festinatos nimium sibi sentit honores
actaque lauriferae damnat Sullana iuuentae, 25
nunc et Corycias classes et Pontica signa
deiectum meminisse piget. sic longius aeuum
destruit ingentis animos et uita superstes
imperio. nisi summa dies cum fine bonorum
adfuit et celeri praeuertit tristia leto, 30
dedecori est fortuna prior. quisquamne secundis
tradere se fatis audet nisi morte parata?

litora contigerat per quae Peneius amnis
Emathia iam clade rubens exibat in aequor.

inde ratis trepidum uentis ac fluctibus inpar, 35
flumineis uix tuta uadis, euexit in altum.
cuius adhuc remis quatitur Corcyra sinusque
Leucadii, Cilicum dominus terraeque Liburnae
exiguam uector pauidus correpsit in alnum.
conscia curarum secretae in litora Lesbi 40
flectere uela iubet, qua tunc tellure latebas
maestior, in mediis quam si, Cornelia, campis
Emathiae stares. tristis praesagia curas
exagitant, trepida quatitur formidine somnus,
Thessaliam nox omnis habet; tenebrisque remotis 45
rupis in abruptae scopulos extremaque curris
litora; prospiciens fluctus nutantia longe
semper prima uides uenientis uela carinae,
quaerere nec quicquam de fato coniugis audes.
en ratis, ad uestros quae tendit carbasa portus! 50
quid ferat ignoras, et nunc tibi summa pauoris
nuntius armorum tristis rumorque sinister.
uictus adest coniunx. quid perdis tempora luctus?
cum possis iam flere times. tum puppe propinqua
prosiluit crimenque deum crudele notauit, 55
deformem pallore ducem uoltusque prementem
canitiem atque atro squalentis puluere uestes.
obuia nox miserae caelum lucemque tenebris
abstulit atque animam clausit dolor; omnia neruis
membra relictas labant, riguerunt corda, diuque 60
spe mortis decepta iacet. iam fune ligato
litoribus lustrat uacuas Pompeius harenas.
quem postquam propius famulae uidere fideles,
non ultra gemitus tacitos incessere fatum
permisere sibi, frustra que attollere terra 65
semianimem conantur eram; quam pectore Magnus
ambit et astrictos refouet complexibus artus.
coeperat in summum reuocato sanguine corpus
Pompei sentire manus maestamque mariti
posse pati faciem: prohibet succumbere fati 70
Magnus et inmodicos castigat uoce dolores.

‘nobile cur robur fortunae uolnere primo
femina tantorum titulis insignis auorum
frangis? habes aditum mansurae in saecula famae.
laudis in hoc sexu non legum iura nec arma, 75
unica materia est coniunx miser. erige mentem,
et tua cum fatis pietas decertet, et ipsum
quod sum uictus ama. nunc sum tibi gloria maior,
a me quod fasces et quod pia turba senatus
tantaque discessit regum manus. incipe Magnum 80
sola sequi. deformis adhuc uiuente marito
summus et augeri uetitus dolor: ultima debet
esse fides lugere uirum. tu nulla tulisti
bello damna meo: uiuit post proelia Magnus
sed fortuna perit. quod defles, illud amasti.’ 85

uocibus his correpta uiri uix aegra leuauit
membra solo talis gemitu rumpente querellas:
‘o utinam in thalamos inuisi Caesaris issem
infelix coniunx et nulli laeta marito.
bis nocui mundo: me pronuba ducit Erinys 90
Crassorumque umbrae, deuotaque manibus illis
Assyrios in castra tuli ciuilia casus,
praecipitesque dedi populos cunctosque fugau
a causa meliore deos. o maxime coniunx,
o thalamis indigne meis, hoc iuris habebat 95
in tantum fortuna caput? cur inopia nupsi,
si miserum factura fui? nunc accipe poenas,
sed quas sponte luam: quo sit tibi mollius aequor,
certa fides regum totusque paratior orbis,
sparge mari comitem. mallet felicibus armis 100
dependisse caput: nunc clades denique lustra,
Magne, tuas. ubicumque iaces ciuilibus armis
nostros ulta toros, ades huc atque exige poenas,
Iulia crudelis, placataque paelice caesa
Magno parce tuo.’ sic fata iterumque refusa 105
coniugis in gremium cunctorum lumina soluit
in lacrimas. duri flectuntur pectora Magni,
siccaque Thessalia confudit lumina Lesbos.

tunc Mytilenaeum pleno iam litore uolgens
adfatur Magnum. 'si maxima gloria nobis 110
semper erit tanti pignus seruasse mariti,
tu quoque deuotos sacro tibi foedere muros
oramus sociosque lares dignere uel una
nocte tua: fac, Magne, locum, quem cuncta reuisant
saecula, quem ueniens hospes Romanus adoret. 115
nulla tibi subeunda magis sunt moenia uicto:
omnia uictoris possunt sperare fauorem,
haec iam crimen habent. quid, quod iacet insula ponto,
Caesar eget ratibus? procerum pars magna coibit
certa loci; noto reparandum est litore fatum. 120
accipe templorum cultus aurumque deorum;
accipe, si terris, si puppibus ista iuuentus
aptior est; tota, quantum ualet, utere Lesbo.
hoc solum crimen merita bene detrahe terrae, 125
ne nostram uideare fidem felixque secutus
et damnasse miser.' tali pietate uirorum
laetus in aduersis et mundi nomine gaudens
esse fidem 'nullum toto mihi' dixit 'in orbe
gratius esse solum non paruo pignore uobis 130
ostendi: tenuit nostros hac obside Lesbos
adfectus; hic sacra domus carique penates,
hic mihi Roma fuit. non ulla in litora puppem
ante dedi fugiens, saeui cum Caesaris iram
iam scirem meritam seruata coniuge Lesbon, 135
non ueritus tantam ueniae committere uobis
materiam. sed iam satis est fecisse nocentis:
fata mihi totum mea sunt agitanda per orbem.
heu nimium felix aeterno nomine Lesbos,
siue doces populos regesque admittere Magnum, 140
seu praestas mihi sola fidem. nam quaerere certum est,
fas quibus in terris, ubi sit scelus. accipe, numen
siquod adhuc mecum es, uotorum extrema meorum:
da similis Lesbo populos, qui Marte subactum
non intrare suos infesto Caesare portus, 145
non exire uetent.' dixit, maestamque carinae

inposuit comitem. cunctos mutare putares
tellurem patriaeque solum: sic litore toto
plangitur, infestae tenduntur in aethera dextrae.
Pompeiumque minus, cuius fortuna dolorem 150
mouerat, ast illam, quam toto tempore belli
ut ciuem uidere suam, discedere cernens
ingemuit populus; quam uix, si castra mariti
uictoris peteret, siccis dimittere matres
iam poterant oculis: tanto deuinxit amore 155
hos pudor, hos probitas castique modestia uoltus,
quod summissa <a>nimis, nulli grauis hospita turbae,
stantis adhuc fati uixit quasi coniuge uicto.

iam pelago medios Titan demissus ad ignes
nec quibus abscondit nec siquibus exerit orbem 160
totus erat. uigiles Pompei pectore curae
nunc socias adeunt Romani foederis urbes
et uarias regum mentes, nunc inuia mundi
arua super nimios soles Austrumque iacentis.
saepe labor maestus curarum odiumque futuri 165
proiecit fessos incerti pectoris aestus,
rectoremque ratis de cunctis consulit astris,
unde notet terras, quae sit mensura secandi
aequoris in caelo, Syriam quo sidere seruet
aut quotus in Plaustro Libyam bene derigat ignis. 170
doctus ad haec fatur taciti seruator Olympi
‘signifero quaecumque fluunt labentia caelo,
numquam stante polo miseros fallentia nautas,
sidera non sequimur, sed, qui non mergitur undis
axis inocciduus gemina clarissimus Arcto, 175
ille regit puppes. hic cum mihi semper in altum
surget et instabit summis minor Vrsa ceruchis,
Bosporon et Scythiae curuantem litora Pontum
spectamus. quidquid descendet ab arbore summa
Arctophylax propiorque mari Cynosura feretur, 180
in Syriae portus tendit ratis. inde Canopos
excipit, Australi caelo contenta uagari
stella, timens Borean: illa quoque perge sinistra

trans Pharon, in medio tanget ratis aequore Syrtim.
sed quo uela dari, quo nunc pede carbasa tendi 185
nostra iubes?’ dubio contra cui pectore Magnus
‘hoc solum toto’ respondit ‘in aequore serua,
ut sit ab Emathiis semper tua longius oris
puppis et Hesperiam pelago caeloque relinquo:
cetera da uentis. comitem pignusque recepi 190
depositum: tum certus eram quae litora uellem,
nunc portum fortuna dabit’. sic fatur; at ille
iusto uela modo pendencia cornibus aequis
torsit et in laeuum puppim dedit, utque secaret
quas Asinae cautes et quas Chios asperat undas 195
hos dedit in proram, tenet hos in puppe rudentes.
aequora senserunt motus aliterque secante
iam pelagus rostro nec idem spectante carina
mutauere sonum. non sic moderator equorum,
dexteriore rota laeuum cum circumit axem, 200
cogit inoffensae currus accedere metae.

ostendit terras Titan et sidera texit.

sparsus ab Emathia fugit quicumque procella,
adsequitur Magnum; primusque a litore Lesbi
occurrit gnatus, procerum mox turba fidelis. 205
nam neque deiecto fatis acieque fugato
abstulerat Magno reges fortuna ministros:
terrarum dominos et sceptrum Eoa tenentis
exul habet comites. iubet ire in deuia mundi
Deiotarum, qui sparsa ducis uestigia legit. 210
‘quando’ ait ‘Emathiis amissus cladibus orbis,
qua Romanus erat, superest, fidissime regum,
Eoam temptare fidem populosque bibentis
Euphraten et adhuc securum a Caesare Tigrim.
ne pigeat Magno quaerentem fata remotas 215
Medorum penetrare domos Scythicosque recessus
et totum mutare diem, uocesque superbo
Arsacidae perferre meas: “si foedera nobis
prisca manent mihi per Latium iurata Tonantem,
per uestros astricta magos, inplete pharetras 220

Armeniosque arcus Geticis intendite neruis,
si uos, o Parthi, peterem cum Caspia claustra
et sequerer duros aeterni Martis Alanos,
passus Achaemeniis late decurrere campis
in tutam trepidos numquam Babylona coegi. 225
arua super Cyri Chaldaeiue ultima regni,
qua rapidus Ganges et qua Nysaeus Hydaspes
accedunt pelago, Phoebi surgentis ab igne
iam propior quam Persis eram: tamen omnia uincens
sustinui nostris uos tantum desse triumphis, 230
solusque e numero regum telluris Eoae
ex aequo me Parthus adit. nec munere Magni
stant semel Arsacidae; quis enim post uolnera cladis
Assyriae iustas Latii conpescuit iras?
tot meritis obstricta meis nunc Parthia ruptis 235
excedat claustris uetitam per saecula ripam
Zeugmaque Pellaum. Pompeio uincite, Parthi,
uinci Roma uolet.” regem parere iubenti
ardua non piguit, positisque insignibus aulae
egreditur famulo raptos indutus amictus. 240
in dubiis tutum est inopem simulare tyranno;
quanto igitur mundi dominis securius aeuum
uerus pauper agit! dimisso in litore rege
ipse per Icariae scopulos, Ephesonque relinquens
et placidi Colophona maris, spumantia paruae 245
radit saxa Sami; spirat de litore Coe
aura fluens; Cnidon inde fugit claramque relinquit
sole Rhodon magnosque sinus Telmessidos undae
compensat medio pelagi. Pamphylia puppi
occurrit tellus, nec se committere muris 250
ausus adhuc ullis te primum, parua Phaseli,
Magnus adit; nam te metui uetat incola rarus
exhaustaeque domus populis, maiorque carinae
quam tua turba fuit. tendens hinc carbasa rursus
iam Taurum Tauroque uidet Dipsunta cadentem. 255
crederet hoc Magnus, pacem cum praestitit undis,
et sibi consultum? Cilicum per litora tutus

parua puppe fugit. sequitur pars magna senatus
ad profugum collecta ducem; paruisque Syhedris,
quo portu mittitque rates recipitque Selinus, 260
in procerum coetu tandem maesta ora resoluit
uocibus his Magnus: 'comites bellicae fugaeque
atque instar patriae, quamuis in litore nudo,
in Cilicum terra, nullis circumdatus armis
consultem rebusque nouis exordia quaeram, 265
ingentis praestate animos. non omnis in aruis
Emathiis cecidi, nec sic mea fata premuntur
ut nequeam releuare caput cladesque receptas
excutere. an Libycae Marium potuere ruinae
erigere in fasces et plenis reddere fastis, 270
me pulsum leuiore manu fortuna tenebit?
mille meae Graio uoluuntur in aequore puppes,
mille duces; sparsit potius Pharsalia nostras
quam subuertit opes. sed me uel sola tueri
fama potest rerum toto quas gessimus orbe 275
et nomen quod mundus amat. uos pendite regna
uiribus atque fide, Libyam Parthosque Pharonque,
quemnam Romanis deceat succurrere rebus.
ast ego curarum uobis arcana mearum
expromam mentisque meae quo pondera uergant. 280
aetas Niliaci nobis suspecta tyranni est,
ardua quippe fides robustos exigit annos.
hinc anceps dubii terret sollertia Mauri;
namque memor generis Carthaginis inopia proles
inminet Hesperiae, multusque in pectore uano est 285
Hannibal, obliquo maculat qui sanguine regnum
et Numidas contingit auos. iam supplice Varo
intumuit uiditque loco Romana secundo.
quare agite Eoum, comites, properemus in orbem.
diuidit Euphrates ingentem gurgite mundum 290
Caspiaque inmensos seducunt claustra recessus,
et polus Assyrias alter noctesque diesque
uertit, et abruptum est nostro mare discolor unda
Oceanusque suus. regnandi sola uoluptas.

celsior in campo sonipes et fortior arcus, 295
nec puer aut senior letalis tendere neruos
segnis, et a nulla mors est incerta sagitta.
primi Pellaeas arcu fregere sarisas
Bactraque Medorum sedem murisque superbam
Assyrias Babylona domos. nec pila timentur 300
nostra nimis Parthis, audentque in bella uenire
experti Scythicas Crasso pereunte pharetras.
spicula nec solo spargunt fidentia ferro,
stridula sed multo saturantur tela ueneno;
uolnera parua nocent fatumque in sanguine summo est. 305
o utinam non tanta mihi fiducia saeuus
esset in Arsacidis! fatis nimis aemula nostris
fata mouent Medos, multumque in gente deorum est.
effundam populos alia tellure reuolsos
excitosque suis inmittam sedibus ortus. 310
quod si nos Eoa fides et barbara fallent
foedera, uolgati supra commercia mundi
naufragium fortuna ferat: non regna precabor
quae feci. sat magna feram solacia mortis
orbe iacens alio, nihil haec in membra cruenta, 315
nil socerum fecisse pie. sed, cuncta reuoluens
uitae fata meae, semper uenerabilis illa
orbis parte fui, quantus Maeotida supra,
quantus apud Tanain toto conspectus in ortu!
quas magis in terras nostrum felicibus actis 320
nomen abit, aut unde redi maiore triumpho?
Roma, faue coeptis; quid enim tibi laetius umquam
praestiterint superi, quam, si ciuilia Partho
milite bella geras, tantam consumere gentem
et nostris miscere malis? cum Caesaris arma 325
concurrent Medis, aut me fortuna necesse est
uindicet aut Crassos.’ sic fatus murmure sensit
consilium damnasce uiros; quos Lentulus omnis
uirtutis stimulis et nobilitate dolendi
praecessit dignasque tulit modo consule uoces. 330
‘sicine Thessalicae mentem fregere ruinae?

una dies mundi damnauit fata? secundum
Emathiam lis tanta datur? iacet omne cruenti
uolneris auxilium? solos tibi, Magne, reliquit
Parthorum fortuna pedes? quid transfuga mundi, 335
terrarum totos tractus caelumque perosus,
auersosque polos alienaque sidera quaeris,
Chaldaeos culture focos et barbara sacra
Parthorum famulus? quid causa obtenditur armis
libertatis amor? miserum quid decipis orbem, 340
si seruire potes? te, quem Romana regentem
horruit auditu, quem captos ducere reges
uidit ab Hyrcanis, Indoque a litore, siluis,
deiectum fatis, humilem fractumque uidebit
<r>ex tolletque animos Latium uaesanus in orbem 345
se simul et Romam Pompeio supplice mensus?
nil animis fatisque tuis effabere dignum:
exiget ignorans Latiae commercia linguae
ut lacrimis se, Magne, roges. patimurne pudoris
hoc uolnus, clades ut Parthia uindictet ante 350
Hesperias, quam Roma suas? ciuilibus armis
elegit te nempe ducem: quid uolnera nostra
in Scythicos spargis populos cladesque latentis?
quid Parthos transire doces? solacia tanti
perdit Roma mali, nullos admittere reges 355
sed cui seruire suo? iuuat ire per orbem
ducentem saeuas Romana in moenia gentes
signaque ab Euphrate cum Crassis capta sequentem?
qui solus regum fato celante fauorem
defuit Emathiae, nunc tantas ille lacesset 360
auditi uictoris opes aut iungere fata
tecum, Magne, uolet? non haec fiducia genti est.
omnis, in Arcto is populus quicumque pruinis
nascitur, indomitus bellis et mortis amator:
quidquid ad Eoos tractus mundique teporem 365
ibitur, emollit gentes clementia caeli.
illic et laxas uestes et fluxa uirorum
uelamenta uides. Parthus per Medica rura,

Sarmaticos inter campos effusaque plano
Tigridis arua solo, nulli superabilis hosti est 370
libertate fugae; sed non, ubi terra tumebit,
aspera conscendet montis iuga, nec per opacas
bella geret tenebras incerto debilis arcu,
nec franget nando uiolenti uerticis amnem,
nec tota in pugna perfusus sanguine membra 375
exiget aestium calido sub puluere solem.
non aries illis, non ulla est machina belli
aut fossas implere ualent, Parthoque sequenti
murus erit quodcumque potest opstare sagittae.
pugna leuis bellumque fugax turmaeque uagantes, 380
et melior cessisse loco quam pelleret miles;
inlita tela dolis, nec Martem comminus usquam
ausa pati uirtus, sed longe tendere neruos
et quo ferre uelint permittere uolnera uentis.
ensis habet uires, et gens quaecumque uirorum est 385
bella gerit gladiis. nam Medos proelia prima
exarmant uacuaque iubent remeare pharetra.
nulla manus illis, fiducia tota ueneni est.
credis, Magne, uiros, quos in discrimina belli
cum ferro misisse parum est? temptare pudendum 390
auxilium tanti est, toto diuisus ut orbe
a terra moriari tua, tibi barbara tellus
incumbat, te parua tegant ac uilia busta,
inuidiosa tamen Crasso quaerente sepulchrum?
sed tua sors leuior, quoniam mors ultima poena est 395
nec metuenda uiris. at non Cornelia letum
infando sub rege timet. num barbara nobis
est ignota Venus, quae ritu caeca ferarum
polluit innumeris leges et foedera taedae
coniugibus thalamique patent secreta nefandi 400
inter mille nurus? epulis uaesana meroque
regia non ullis exceptos legibus audet
concubitus: tot femineis complexibus unum
non lassat nox tota marem. iacuere sorores
in regum thalamis sacrataque pignora matres. 405

damnat apud gentes sceleris non sponte peracti
Oedipodionias infelix fabula Thebas:
Parthorum dominus quotiens sic sanguine mixto
nascitur Arsacides! cui fas implere parentem,
quid rear esse nefas? proles tam clara Metelli 410
stabit barbarico coniunx millesima lecto.
quamquam non ulli plus regia, Magne, uacabit
saeuitia stimulata Venus titulisque uirorum;
nam, quo plura iuuent Parthum portenta, fuisse
hanc sciet et Crassi: ceu pridem debita fatis 415
Assyriis trahitur cladis captiua uetustae.
haereat Eoae uolnus miserabile sortis,
non solum auxilium funesto ab rege petisse
sed gessisse prius bellum ciuile pudebit.
nam quod apud populos crimen socerique tuumque 420
maius erit, quam quod uobis miscentibus arma
Crassorum uindicta perit? incurrere cuncti
debuerant in Bactra duces et, nequa uacarent
arma, uel Arctoum Dacis Rhenique cateruis
imperii nudare latus, dum perfida Susa 425
in tumulos prolapsa ducum Babylonque iaceret.
Assyriae paci finem, Fortuna, precamur;
et, si Thessalia bellum ciuile peractum est,
ad Parthos qui uicit eat. gens unica mundi est
de qua Caesareis possim gaudere triumphis. 430
non tibi, cum primum gelidum transibis Araxen,
umbra senis maesti Scythicis confixa sagittis
ingeret has uoces? “tu, quem post funera nostra
ultorem cinerum nudae sperauimus umbrae,
ad foedus pacemque uenis?” tum plurima cladis 435
occurrent monimenta tibi: quae moenia trunci
lustrarunt ceruice duces, ubi nomina tanta
obruit Euphrates et nostra cadauera Tigris
detulit in terras ac reddidit. ire per ista
si potes, in media socerum quoque, Magne, sedentem 440
Thessalia placare potes. quin respicis orbem
Romanum? si regna times proiecta sub Austro

infidumque Iubam, petimus Pharon aruaque Lagi.
Syrtribus hinc Libycis tuta est Aegyptos, at inde
gurgite septeno rapidus mare summouet amnis. 445
terra suis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis
aut Iouis: in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.
sceptra puer Ptolemaeus habet tibi debita, Magne,
tutela commissae tuae. quis nominis umbram
horreat? innocua est aetas. ne iura fidemque 450
respectumque deum ueteri speraueris aula;
nil pudet adsueros sceptris: mitissima sors est
regnum sub rege nouo.' non plura locutus
inpulit huc animos. quantum, spes ultima rerum,
libertatis habes! uicta est sententia Magni. 455

tum Cilicum liquere solum Cyproque citatas
inmisere rates, nullas cui praetulit aras
undae diua memor Paphiae, si numina nasci
credimus aut quemquam fas est coepisse deorum.
haec ubi deseruit Pompeius litora, totos 460
emensus Cypri scopulos quibus exit in Austrum
inde maris uasti transuerso uertitur aestu;
nec tenuit gratum nocturno lumine montem,
infimaeque Aegypti pugnaci litora uelo
uix tetigit, qua diuidui pars maxima Nili 465
in uada decurrit Pelusia septimus amnis.
tempus erat quo Liba pares examinat horas,
non uno plus aequa die, noctique rependit
lux minor hibernae uerni solacia damni.
conperit ut regem Casio se monte tenere, 470
flectit iter; nec Phoebus adhuc nec carbasa languent.

iam rapido speculator eques per litora cursu
hospitis aduentu pauidam compleuerat aulam.
consilii uix tempus erat; tamen omnia monstra
Pellaeae coiere domus, quos inter Acoreus 475
iam placidus senio fractisque modestior annis
(hunc genuit custos Nili crescentis in arua
Memphis uana sacris; illo cultore deorum
lustra suae Phoebes non unus uixerat Apis)

consilii uox prima fuit, meritumque fidemque 480
sacraque defuncti iactauit pignora patris.
sed melior suadere malis et nosse tyrannos
ausus Pompeium leto damnare Pothinus
‘ius et fas multos faciunt, Ptolemaee, nocentes;
dat poenas laudata fides, cum sustinet’ inquit 485
‘quos fortuna premit. fatis accede deisque,
et cole felices, miseros fuge. sidera terra
ut distant et flamma mari, sic utile recto.
sceptrorum uis tota perit, si pendere iusta
incipit, eueritque arces respectus honesti. 490
libertas scelerum est quae regna inuisa tuetur
sublatusque modus gladiis. facere omnia saeue
non inpune licet, nisi cum facis. exeat aula
qui uolt esse pius. uirtus et summa potestas
non coeunt; semper metuet quem saeua pudebunt. 495
non inpune tuos Magnus contempserit annos,
qui te nec uictos arcere a litore nostro
posse putat. neu nos sceptris priuauerit hospes
pignora sunt propiora tibi: Nilumque Pharonque,
si regnare piget, damnatae redde sorori. 500
Aegypton certe Latiis tueamur ab armis.
quidquid non fuerit Magni dum bella geruntur,
nec uictoris erit. toto iam pulsus ab orbe,
postquam nulla manet rerum fiducia, quaerit
cum qua gente cadat. rapitur ciuilibus umbris. 505
nec soceri tantum arma fugit: fugit ora senatus,
cuius Thessalicas saturat pars magna uolucres,
et metuit gentes quas uno in sanguine mixtas
deseruit, regesque timet quorum omnia mersit,
Thessaliaeque reus nulla tellure receptus 510
sollicitat nostrum, quem nondum perdidit, orbem.
iustior in Magnum nobis, Ptolemaee, querellae
causa data est. quid sepositam semperque quietam
crimine bellorum maculas Pharon, aruaque nostra
uictori suspecta facis? cur sola cadenti 515
haec placuit tellus, in quam Pharsalica fata

conferres poenasque tuas? iam crimen habemus
purgandum gladio. quod nobis sceptrum senatus
te suadente dedit, uotis tua fouimus arma.
hoc ferrum, quod fata iubent proferre, parauimus 520
non tibi, sed uicto; feriam tua uiscera, Magne,
malueram soceri: rapimur quo cuncta feruntur.
tene mihi dubitas an sit uiolare necesse,
cum liceat? quae te nostri fiducia regni
huc agit, infelix? populum non cernis inermem 525
aruaque uix refugio fodientem mollia Nilo?
metiri sua regna decet uiresque fateri.
tu, Ptolemaee, potes Magni fulcire ruinam,
sub qua Roma iacet? bustum cineresque mouere
Thessalicos audes bellumque in regna uocare? 530
ante aciem Emathiam nullis accessimus armis:
Pompei nunc castra placent, quae deserit orbis?
nunc uictoris opes et cognita fata lacescis?
aduersis non desse decet, sed laeta secutos:
nulla fides umquam miseros elegit amicos.’ 535

adsensere omnes sceleri. laetatur honore
rex puer insueto, quod iam sibi tanta iubere
permittant famuli. sceleri delectus Achilles,
perfida qua tellus Casii excurrit harenis
et uada testantur iunctas Aegyptia Syrtes, 540
exiguam sociis monstri gladiisque carinam
instruit. o superi, Nilusne et barbara Memphis
et Pelusiaci tam mollis turba Canopi
hos animos? sic fata premunt ciuilia mundum?
sic Romana iacent? ullusne in cladibus istis 545
est locus Aegypto Phariusque admittitur ensis?
hanc certe seruate fidem, ciuilia bella:
cognatas praestate manus externaque monstra
pellite, si meruit tam claro nomine Magnus
Caesaris esse nefas. tanti, Ptolemaee, ruinam 550
nominis haut metuis, caeloque tonante profanas
inseruisse manus, impure ac semiuir, audes?
non domitor mundi nec ter Capitolia curru

inuectus regumque potens uindexque senatus
uictorisque gener, Phario satis esse tyranno 555
quod poterat, Romanus erat: quid uiscera nostra
scrutaris gladio? nescis, puer inprobe, nescis
quo tua sit fortuna loco: iam iure sine ullo
Nili sceptrata tenes; cecidit ciuilibus armis
qui tibi regna dedit. iam uento uela negarat 560
Magnus et auxilio remorum infanda petebat
litora; quem contra non longa uecta biremi
appulerat scelerata manus, Magnoque patere
fingens regna Phari celsae de puppe carinae
in paruam iubet ire ratem, litusque malignum 565
incusat bimaremque uadis frangentibus aestum,
qui uetet externas terris adpellere classes.
quod nisi fatorum leges intentaue iussu
ordinis aeterni miserae uicinia mortis
damnatum leto traherent ad litora Magnum, 570
non ulli comitum sceleris praesagia derant:
quippe, fides si pura foret, si regia Magno
sceptrorum auctori uera pietate pateret,
uenturum tota Pharium cum classe tyrannum.
sed cedit fati classemque relinquere iussus 575
obsequitur, letumque iuuat praeferre timori.
ibat in hostilem praeceps Cornelia puppem,
hoc magis inpatiens egresso desse marito
quod metuit clades. ‘remane, temeraria coniunx,
et tu, nate, precor, longeque a litore casus 580
expectate meos et in hac ceruice tyranni
explorate fidem’ dixit. sed surda uetanti
tendebat geminas amens Cornelia palmas.
‘quo sine me crudelis abis? iterumne relinquer,
Thessalicis summoti malis? numquam omine laeto 585
distrahimur miseri. poteras non flectere puppem,
cum fugeres alto, latebrisque relinquere Lesbi,
omnibus a terris si nos arcere parabas.
an tantum in fluctus placeo comes?’ haec ubi frustra
effudit, prima pendet tamen anxia puppe, 590

attonitoque metu nec quoquam auertere uisus
nec Magnum spectare potest. stetit anxia classis
ad ducis euentum, metuens non arma nefasque
sed ne summissis precibus Pompeius adoret
sceptra sua donata manu. transire parantem 595
Romanus Pharia miles de puppe salutat
Septimius, qui, pro superum pudor, arma satellites
regia gestabat posito deformia pilo,
inmanis uiolentus atrox nullaque ferarum
mitior in caedes. quis non, Fortuna, putasset 600
parcere te populis, quod bello haec dextra uacaret
Thessaliaque procul tam noxia tela fugasses?
disponis gladios, nequo non fiat in orbe,
heu, facinus ciuile tibi. uictoribus ipsis
dedecus et numquam superum caritura pudore 605
fabula, Romanus regi sic paruit ensis,
Pellaeusque puer gladio tibi colla recidit,
Magne, tuo. qua posteritas in saecula mittet
Septimium fama? scelus hoc quo nomine dicent
qui Bruti dixere nefas? iam uenerat horae 610
terminus extremae, Phariamque ablatus in alnum
perdiderat iam iura sui. tum stringere ferrum
regia monstra parant. ut uidit comminus ensis,
inuoluit uoltus atque, indignatus apertum
fortunae praebere, caput; tum lumina pressit 615
continuitque animam, nequas effundere uoces
uellet et aeternam fletu corrumpere famam.
sed, postquam mucrone latus funestus Achilles
perfodit, nullo gemitu consensit ad ictum
respexitque nefas, seruatque immobile corpus, 620
seque probat moriens atque haec in pectore uoluit:
'saecula Romanos numquam tacitura labores
attendunt, aeuumque sequens speculatur ab omni
orbe ratem Phariamque fidem: nunc consule famae.
fata tibi longae fluxerunt prospera uitae: 625
ignorant populi, si non in morte probaris,
an scieris aduersa pati. ne cede pudori

auctoremque dole fati: quacumque feriris,
crede manum soceri. spargant lacerentque licebit,
sum tamen, o superi, felix, nullique potestas 630
hoc auferre deo. mutantur prospera uita,
non fit morte miser. uidet hanc Cornelia caedem
Pompeiusque meus: tanto patientius, oro,
claude, dolor, gemitus: gnatus coniunxque peremptum,
si mirantur, amant.' talis custodia Magno 635
mentis erat, ius hoc animi morientis habebat.

at non tam patiens Cornelia cernere saeuum,
quam perferre, nefas miserandis aethera conplet
uocibus. 'o coniunx, ego te scelerata peremi:
letiferae tibi causa morae fuit auia Lesbos, 640
et prior in Nili peruenit litora Caesar.
nam cui ius alii sceleris? sed, quisquis, in istud
a superis inmisit caput, uel Caesaris irae
uel tibi prospiciens, nescis, crudelis, ubi ipsa
uiscera sint Magni: properas atque ingeris ictus 645
qua uotum est uicto. poenas non morte minores
pendat et ante meum uideat caput. haud ego culpa
libera bellorum, quae matrum sola per undas
et per castra comes nullis absterrita fati
uictum, quod reges etiam timuere, recepi. 650
hoc merui, coniunx, in tuta puppe relinqui?
perfide, parcebas? te fata extrema petente
uita digna fui? moriar, nec munere regis.
aut mihi praecipitem, nautae, permittite saltum,
aut laqueum collo tortosque aptare rudentes, 655
aut aliquis Magno dignus comes exigat ensem.
Pompeio praestare potest quod Caesaris armis
inputet. o saeui, properantem in fata tenetis?
uiuus adhuc, coniunx, et iam Cornelia non est
iuris, Magne, sui: prohibent accersere mortem; 660
seruor uictori.' sic fata interque suorum
lapsa manus rapitur trepida fugiente carina.

at, Magni cum terga sonent et pectora ferro,
permansisse decus sacrae uenerabile formae

iratumque deis faciem, nil ultima mortis 665
ex habitu uoltuque uiri mutasse fatentur
qui lacerum uidere caput. nam saeuus in ipso
Septimius sceleris maius scelus inuenit actu,
ac reteggit sacros scisso uelamine uoltus
semianimis Magni spirantiaque occupat ora 670
collaque in obliquo ponit languentia transtro.
tunc neruos uenasque secat nodosaque frangit
ossa diu: nondum artis erat caput ense rotare.
at, postquam trunco ceruix abscisa recessit,
uindicat hoc Pharius, dextra gestare, satellites. 675
degener atque operae miles Romane secundae,
Pompei diro sacrum caput ense recidis,
ut non ipse feras? o summi fata pudoris!
inpius ut Magnum nosset puer, illa uerenda
regibus hirta coma et generosa fronte decora 680
caesaries comprehensa manu est, Pharioque ueruto,
dum uiuunt uoltus atque os in murmura pulsant
singultus animae, dum lumina nuda rigescunt,
suffixum caput est, quo numquam bella iubente
pax fuit; hoc leges Campumque et rostra mouebat, 685
hac facie, Fortuna, tibi, Romana, placebas.
nec satis infando fuit hoc uidisse tyranno:
uolt sceleris superesse fidem. tunc arte nefanda
summota est capiti tabes, raptoque cerebro
adsiccata cutis, putrisque effluxit ab alto 690
umor, et infuso facies solidata ueneno est.

ultima Lageae stirpis perituraque proles,
degener incestae sceptris cessure sorori,
cum tibi sacrato Macedon seruetur in antro
et regum cineres extructo monte quiescant, 695
cum Ptolemaeorum manes seriemque pudendam
pyramides claudant indignaque Mausolea,
litora Pompeium feriunt, truncusque uadosis
huc illuc iactatur aquis. adeone molesta
totum cura fuit socero seruare cadauer? 700
hac Fortuna fide Magni tam prospera fata

pertulit, hac illum summo de culmine rerum
morte petit cladesque omnis exegit in uno
saeua die quibus immunes tot praestitit annos,
Pompeiusque fuit qui numquam mixta uideret 705
laeta malis, felix nullo turbante deorum
et nullo parcente miser; semel inpulit illum
dilata Fortuna manu. pulsatur harenis,
carpitur in scopulis hausto per uolnera fluctu,
ludibrium pelagi, nullaue manente figura 710
una nota est Magno capitis iactura reuolsi.

ante tamen Pharias uictor quam tangat harenas
Pompeio raptim tumulum fortuna parauit,
ne iaceat nullo uel ne meliore sepulchro.
e latebris pauidus decurrit ad aequora Cordus. 715
quaestor ab Icario Cinyreae litore Cyprī
infaustus Magni fuerat comes. ille per umbras
ausus ferre gradum uictum pietate timorem
conpulit ut mediis quaesitum corpus in undis
duceret ad terram traheretque in litora Magnum. 720
lucis maesta parum per densas Cynthia nubes
praebebat, cano sed discolor aequore truncus
conspicitur. tenet ille ducem complexibus artis
eripiente mari; tunc uictus pondere tanto
expectat fluctus pelagoque iuuante cadauer 725
inpellit. postquam sicco iam litore sedit,
incubuit Magno lacrimasque effudit in omne
uolnus, et ad superos obscuraque sidera fatur
'non pretiosa petit cumulato ture sepulchra
Pompeius, Fortuna, tuus, non pinguis ad astra 730
ut ferat e membris Eoos fumus odores,
ut Romana suum gestent pia colla parentem,
praeferat ut ueteres feralis pompa triumphos,
ut resonent tristi cantu fora, totus ut ignes
proiectis maerens exercitus ambiat armis. 735
da uilem Magno plebei funeris arcam
quae lacerum corpus siccos effundat in ignes;
robora non desint misero nec sordidus ustor.

sit satis, o superi, quod non Cornelia fuso
crine iacet subicique facem complexa maritum 740
imperat, extremo sed abest a munere busti
infelix coniunx nec adhuc a litore longe est.’
sic fatus paruos iuuenis procul aspicit ignes
corpus uile suis nullo custode cremantis.
inde rapit flammās semustaque robora membris 745
subducit. ‘quaecumque es,’ ait ‘neclecta nec ulli
cara tuo sed Pompeio felicior umbra,
quod iam conpositum uiolat manus hospita bustum,
da ueniam: siquid sensus post fata relictumst,
cedis et ipsa rogo paterisque haec damna sepulchri, 750
teque pudet sparsis Pompei manibus uri.’
sic fatus plenusque sinus ardente fauilla
peruolat ad truncum, qui fluctu paene relatus
litore pendebat. summas dimouit harenas
et collecta procul lacerae fragmenta carinae 755
exigua trepidus posuit scrobe. nobile corpus
robora nulla premunt, nulla strue membra recumbunt:
admotus Magnum, non subditus, accipit ignis.
ille sedens iuxta flammās ‘o maxime’ dixit
‘ductor et Hesperii maiestas nominis una, 760
si tibi iactatu pelagi, si funere nullo
tristior iste rogos, manes animamque potentem
officiis auerte meis: iniuria fati
hoc fas esse iubet; ne ponti belua quicquam,
ne fera, ne uolucres, ne saeui Caesaris ira 765
audeat, exiguam, quantum potes, accipe flammam
Romana succense manu. fortuna recursus
si det in Hesperiam, non hac in sede quiescent
tam sacri cineres, sed te Cornelia, Magne,
accipiet nostraque manu transfundet in urnam. 770
interea paruo signemus litora saxo,
ut nota sit busti; siquis placare peremptum
forte uolet plenos et reddere mortis honores,
inueniat trunci cineres et norit harenas
ad quas, Magne, tuum referat caput.’ haec ubi fatus, 775

excitat inualidas admoto fomite flammās.
carpitur et lentum Magnus destillat in ignem
tabe fouens bustum. sed iam percusserat astra
aurorae praemissa dies: ille ordine rupto
funeris attonitus latebras in litore quaerit. 780
quam metuis, demens, isto pro crimine poenam
quo te fama loquax omnis accepit in annos?
condita laudabit Magni socer inpius ossa:
i modo securus ueniae fassusque sepulchrum
posce caput. cogit pietas inponere finem 785
officio. semusta rapit resolutaque nondum
ossa satis neruis et inustis plena medullis
aequorea restinguit aqua congestaque in unum
parua clausit humo. tunc, ne leuis aura relectos
auferret cineres, saxo compressit harenam, 790
nautaque ne bustum religato fune moueret
inscripsit sacrum semusto stipite nomen:
'hic situs est Magnus'. placet hoc, Fortuna, sepulchrum
dicere Pompei, quo condi maluit illum
quam terra caruisse socer? temeraria dextra, 795
cur obicis Magno tumulum manesque uagantis
includis? situs est qua terra extrema refuso
pendet in Oceano; Romanum nomen et omne
imperium Magno tumuli est modus: obrue saxa
crimine plena deum. si tota est Herculis Oete 800
et iuga tota uacant Bromio Nyseia, quare
unus in Aegypto Magni lapis? omnia Lagi
arua tenere potest, si nullo caespite nomen
haeserit. erremus populi cinerumque tuorum,
Magne, metu nullas Nili calcemus harenas. 805
quod si tam sacro dignaris nomine saxum
adde actus tantos monimentaue maxuma rerum,
adde trucis Lepidi motus Alpinaue bella
armaue Sertori reuocato consule uicta
et currus quos egit eques, commercia tuta 810
gentibus et pauidos Cilicas maris, adde subactam
barbariem gentesque uagas et quidquid in Euro

regnorum Boreaque iacet. dic semper ab armis
ciuilem repetisse togam, ter curribus actis
contentum multos patriae donasse triumphos. 815
quis capit haec tumulus? surgit miserabile bustum
non ullis plenum titulis, non ordine tanto
fastorum; solitumque legi super alta deorum
culmina et extractos spoliis hostilibus arcus
haud procul est ima Pompei nomen harena 820
depressum tumulo, quod non legat aduena rectus,
quod nisi monstratum Romanus transeat hospes.

noxia ciuili tellus Aegyptia fato,
haud equidem inmerito Cumanae carmine uatis
cautum, ne Nili Pelusia tangeret ora 825
Hesperius miles ripasque aestate tumentis.
quid tibi, saeua, precer pro tanto crimine, tellus?
uertat aquas Nilus quo nascitur orbe retentus,
et steriles egeant hibernis imbribus agri,
totaque in Aethiopum putres soluaris harenas. 830
nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isim
semideosque canes et sistra iubentia luctus
et quem tu plangens hominem testaris Osirim;
tu nostros, Aegypte, tenes in puluere manes.
tu quoque, cum saeuo dederis iam templa tyranno, 835
nondum Pompei cineres, o Roma, petisti;
exul adhuc iacet umbra ducis. si saecula prima
uictoris timuere minas, nunc excipe saltem
ossa tui Magni, si nondum subruta fluctu
inuisa tellure sedent. quis busta timebit? 840
quis sacris dignam mouisse uerebitur umbram?
imperet hoc nobis utinam scelus et uelit uti
nostro Roma sinu: satis o nimiumque beatus,
si mihi contingat manes transferre reuolsos
Ausoniam, si tale ducis uiolare sepulchrum. 845
forsitan, aut sulco sterili cum poscere finem
a superis aut Roma uolet feralibus Austris
ignibus aut nimiis aut terrae tecta mouenti,
consilio iussuque deum transibis in urbem,

Magne, tuam, summusque feret tua busta sacerdos. 850
nam quis ad exustam Cancro torrente Syenen
ibit et imbrifera siccas sub Pliade Thebas
spectator Nili, quis rubri stagna profundi
aut Arabum portus mercis mutator Eoae,
Magne, petet, quem non tumuli uenerabile saxum 855
et cinis in summis forsan turbatus harenis
auertet manesque tuos placare iubebit
et Casio praeferre Ioui? nil ista nocebunt
famae busta tuae: templis auroque sepultus
uilior umbra fores. nunc est pro numine summo 860
hoc tumulo Fortuna iacens; augustius aris
uictoris Libyco pulsatur in aequore saxum.
Tarpeis qui saepe deis sua tura negarunt
inclusum Tusco uenerantur caespite fulmen.
proderit hoc olim, quod non mansura futuris 865
ardua marmoreo surrexit pondere moles.
pulueris exigui sparget non longa uetustas
congeriem, bustumque cadet, mortisque peribunt
argumenta tuae. ueniet felicior aetas
qua sit nulla fides saxum monstrantibus illud; 870
atque erit Aegyptus populis fortasse nepotum
tam mendax Magni tumulo quam Creta Tonantis.

LIBER NONVS

At non in Pharia manes iacuere fauilla
nec cinis exiguus tantam conpescuit umbram;
prosiluit busto semustaque membra relinquens
degeneremque rogum sequitur conuexa Tonantis.
qua niger astriferis conectitur axibus aer 5
quodque patet terras inter lunaeque meatus,
semidei manes habitant, quos ignea uirtus
innocuos uita patientes aetheris imi
fecit et aeternos animam collegit in orbes:
non illuc auro positi nec ture sepulti 10
perueniunt. illic postquam se lumine uero
inpleuit, stellasque uagas miratus et astra
fixa polis, uidit quanta sub nocte iaceret
nostra dies risitque sui ludibria trunci.
hinc super Emathiae campos et signa cruenti 15
Caesaris ac sparsas uolitaui in aequore classes,
et scelerum uindex in sancto pectore Bruti
sedit et inuicti posuit se mente Catonis.

ille, ubi pendebant casus dubiumque manebat
quem dominum mundi facerent ciuilia bella, 20
oderat et Magnum, quamuis comes isset in arma
auspiciis raptus patriae ductuque senatus;
at post Thessalicas clades iam pectore toto
Pompeianus erat. patriam tutore carentem
excepit, populi trepidantia membra refouit, 25
ignauis manibus proiectos reddidit enses,
nec regnum cupiens gessit ciuilia bella
nec seruire timens. nil causa fecit in armis
ille sua: totae post Magni funera partes
libertatis erant. quas ne per litora fusas 30
colligeret rapido uictoria Caesaris actu,
Corcyrae secreta petit ac mille carinis
abstulit Emathiae secum fragmenta ruinae.
quis ratibus tantis fugientia crederet ire

agmina, quis pelagus uictas artasse carinas? 35

Dorida tum Malean et apertam Taenaron umbris,
inde Cythera petit, Boreaque urgente carinas
Graia fugit, Dictaea legit cedentibus undis
litora. tunc ausum classi praecludere portus
inpulit ac saeuas meritum Phycunta rapinas 40
sparsit, et hinc placidis alto delabitur auris
in litus, Palinure, tuum (neque enim aequore tantum
Ausonio monimenta tenes, portusque quietos
testatur Libye Phrygio placuisse magistro),
cum procul ex alto tendentes uela carinae 45
ancipites tenuere animos, sociosne malorum
an ueherent hostes: praeceps facit omne timendum
uictor, et in nulla non creditur esse carina.
ast illae puppes luctus planctusque ferebant
et mala uel duri lacrimas motura Catonis. 50

nam, postquam frustra precibus Cornelia nautas
priuignique fugam tenuit, ne forte repulsus
litoribus Phariis remearet in aequora truncus,
ostenditque rogum non iusti flamma sepulchri,
'ergo indigna fui,' dixit 'Fortuna, marito 55
accendisse rogum gelidosque effusa per artus
incubuisse uiro, laceros exurere crines
membraque dispersi pelago componere Magni,
uolneribus cunctis largos infundere fletus,
ossibus et tepida uestes implere fauilla, 60
quidquid ab extincto licuisset tollere busto
in templis sparsura deum. sine funeris ullo
ardet honore rogus; manus hoc Aegyptia forsan
obtulit officium graue manibus. o bene nudi
Crassorum cineres: Pompeio contigit ignis 65
inuidia maiore deum. similisne malorum
sors mihi semper erit? numquam dare iusta licebit
coniugibus? numquam plenas plangemus ad urnas?
quid porro tumultis opus est aut ulla requiris
instrumenta, dolor? non toto in pectore portas, 70
inpia, Pompeium? non imis haeret imago

uisceribus? quaerat cineres uictura superstes.
nunc tamen, hinc longe qui fulget luce maligna,
ignis adhuc aliquid Phario de litore surgens
ostendit mihi, Magne, tui. iam flamma resedit, 75
Pompeiumque ferens uanescit solis ad ortus
fumus, et inuisi tendunt mihi carbasa uenti.
linquere, siqua fides, Pelusia litora nolo. 83
non mihi nunc tellus Pompeio siqua triumphos 78
uicta dedit, non alta terens Capitolia currus
gratior; elapsus felix de pectore Magnus:
hunc uolumus quem Nilus habet, terraeque nocenti
non haerere queror; crimen commendat harenas.
tu pete bellorum casus et signa per orbem, 84
Sexte, paterna moue; namque haec mandata reliquit
Pompeius uobis in nostra condita cura:
“me cum fatalis leto damnauerit hora,
excipite, o nati, bellum ciuile, nec umquam,
dum terris aliquis nostra de stirpe manebit,
Caesaribus regnare uacet. uel sceptrum uel urbes 90
libertate sua ualidas inpellite fama
nominis: has uobis partes, haec arma relinquo.
inueniet classes quisquis Pompeius in undas
uenerit, et noster nullis non gentibus heres
bella dabit: tantum indomitos memoresque paterni 95
iuris habete animos. uni parere decebit,
si faciet partes pro libertate, Catoni.”
exsolui tibi, Magne, fidem, mandata peregi;
insidiae ualuere tuae, deceptaque uixi
ne mihi commissas auferrem perfida uoces. 100
iam nunc te per inane chaos, per Tartara, coniunx,
si sunt ulla, sequar, quam longo tradita leto
incertum est: poenas animae uiuacis ab ipsa
ante feram. potuit cernens tua funera, Magne,
non fugere in mortem: planctu contusa peribit, 105
effluet in lacrimas: numquam ueniemus ad enses
aut laqueos aut praecipites per inania iactus:
turpe mori post te solo non posse dolore.’

sic ubi fata, caput ferali obduxit amictu
decreuitque pati tenebras puppisque cauernis 110
delituit, saeuumque arte complexa dolorem
perfruitur lacrimis et amat pro coniuge luctum.
illam non fluctus stridensque rudentibus Eurus
mouit et exurgens ad summa pericula clamor,
uotaque sollicitis faciens contraria nautis 115
conposita in mortem iacuit fauitque procellis.

prima ratem Cypros spumantibus accipit undis;
inde tenens pelagus, sed iam moderatior, Eurus
in Libycas egit sedes et castra Catonis.
tristis, ut in multo mens est praesaga timore, 120
aspexit patrios comites a litore Magnus
et fratrem; medias praeceps tunc fertur in undas.
'dic ubi sit, germane, parens; stat summa caputque
orbis, an occidimus Romanaque Magnus ad umbras
abstulit?' haec fatur; quem contra talia frater: 125
'o felix, quem sors alias dispersit in oras
quique nefas audis: oculos, germane, nocentis
spectato genitore fero. non Caesaris armis
occubuit dignoque perit auctore ruinae:
rege sub inpuro Nilotica rura tenente, 130
hospitii fretus superis et munere tanto
in proauos, cecidit donati uictima regni.
uidi ego magnanimi lacerantes pectora patris,
nec credens Pharium tantum potuisse tyrannum
litore Niliaco socerum iam stare putai. 135
sed me nec sanguis nec tantum uolnera nostri
adfecere senis, quantum gestata per urbem
ora ducis, quae transfixo sublimia pilo
uidimus: haec fama est oculis uictoris iniqui
seruari, scelerisque fidem quaesisse tyrannum. 140
nam corpus Phariaene canes auidaeque uolucres
distulerint, an furtiuus, quem uidimus, ignis
soluerit, ignoro. quaecumque iniuria fati
abstulit hos artus, superis haec crimina dono:
seruata de parte queror.' cum talia Magnus 145

audisset, non in gemitus lacrimasque dolorem
effudit, iustaque furens pietate profatur
‘praecipitate rates e sicco litore, nautae;
classis in aduersos erumpat remige uentos.
ite, duces, mecum (nusquam ciuilibus armis 150
tanta fuit merces) inhumatos condere manes,
sanguine semiuiri Magnum satiare tyranni.
non ego Pellaeas arces adytisque relectum
corpus Alexandri pigra Mareotide mergam?
non mihi pyramidum tumulis euolsus Amasis 155
atque alii reges Nilo torrente natabunt?
omnia dent poenas nudo tibi, Magne, sepulchra.
euoluam busto iam numen gentibus Isim
et tectum lino spargam per uolgos Osirim
[et sacer in Magni cineres mactabitur Apis] 160
suppositisque deis uram caput. has mihi poenas
terra dabit: linquam uacuos cultoribus agros,
nec, Nilus cui crescat, erit; solusque tenebis
Aegypton, genitor, populis superisque fugatis.’
dixerat, et classem saeuus rapiebat in undas; 165
sed Cato laudatam iuuenis conpescuit iram.

interea totis audito funere Magni
litoribus sonuit percussus planctibus aether,
exemploque carens et nulli cognitus aevo
luctus erat, mortem populos deflere potentis. 170
sed magis, ut uisa est lacrimis exhausta, solutas
in uoltus effusa comas, Cornelia puppe
egrediens, rursus geminato uerbere plangunt.
ut primum in sociae peruenit litora terrae,
collegit uestes miserique insignia Magni 175
armaque et inpressas auro, quas gesserat olim.
exuias pictasque togas, uelamina summo
ter conspecta Ioui, funestoque intulit igni.
ille fuit miserae Magni cinis. accipit omnis
exemplum pietas, et toto litore busta 180
surgunt Thessalicis reddentia manibus ignem.
sic, ubi depastis summittere gramina campis

et renouare parans hibernas Apulus herbas
igne fouet terras, simul et Garganus et arua
Vulturis et calidi lucent buceta Matini. 185
non tamen ad Magni peruenit gratius umbras
omne quod in superos audet conuicia uolgens
Pompeiumque deis obicit, quam pauca Catonis
uerba sed a pleno uenientia pectore ueri.
'ciuis obit' inquit 'multum maioribus inpar 190
nosse modum iuris, sed in hoc tamen utilis aeuo,
cui non ulla fuit iusti reuerentia; salua
libertate potens, et solus plebe parata
priuatus seruire sibi, rectorque senatus,
sed regnantis, erat. nil belli iure poposcit, 195
quaeque dari uoluit uoluit sibi posse negari.
inmodicas possedit opes, sed plura retentis
intulit. inuasit ferrum, sed ponere norat.
praetulit arma togae, sed pacem armatus amauit.
iuuit sumpta ducem, iuuit dimissa potestas. 200
casta domus luxuque carens corruptaque numquam
fortuna domini. clarum et uenerabile nomen
gentibus et multum nostrae quod proderat urbi.
olim uera fides Sulla Marioque receptis
libertatis obit: Pompeio rebus adempto 205
nunc et ficta perit. non iam regnare pudebit,
nec color imperii nec frons erit ulla senatus.
o felix, cui summa dies fuit obuia uicto
et cui quaerendos Pharium scelus obtulit enses.
forsitan in soceri potuisses uiuere regno. 210
scire mori sors prima uiris, set proxima cogi.
et mihi, si fatis aliena in iura uenimus,
fac talem, Fortuna, Iubam; non deprecor hosti
seruari, dum me seruet ceruice recisa.'

uocibus his maior, quam si Romana sonarent 215
rostra ducis laudes, generosam uenit ad umbram
mortis honos. fremit interea discordia uolgi,
castrorum bellicque piget post funera Magni;
cum Tarcondimotus linguendi signa Catonis

sustulit. hunc rapta fugientem classe secutus 220
litus in extremum tali Cato uoce notauit:
'o numquam pacate Cilix, iterumne rapinas
uadis in aequoreas? Magnum fortuna remouit,
iam pelago pirata redis.' tum respicit omnis
in coetu motuque uiros; quorum unus aperta 225
mente fugae tali conpellat uoce regentem:
'nos, Cato, da ueniam, Pompei duxit in arma,
non belli ciuilis amor, partesque fauore
fecimus. ille iacet quem paci praetulit orbis,
causaque nostra perit: patrios permitte penates 230
desertamque domum dulcesque reuisere natos.
nam quis erit finis si nec Pharsalia pugnae
nec Pompeius erit? perierunt tempora uitae,
mors eat in tutum; iustas sibi nostra senectus
prospiciat flammis: bellum ciuile sepulchra 235
uix ducibus praestare potest. non barbara uictos
regna manent, non Armenium mihi saeua minatur
aut Scythicum fortuna iugum: sub iura togati
ciuis eo. quisquis Magno uiuente secundus,
hic mihi primus erit. sacris praestabitur umbris 240
summus honor; dominum, quam clades cogit, habebo,
nullum, Magne, ducem: te solum in bella secutus
post te fata sequar; nec enim sperare secunda
fas mihi nec liceat. fortuna cuncta tenentur
Caesaris, Emathium sparsit uictoria ferrum; 245
clausa fides miseris, et toto solus in orbe est
qui uelit ac possit uictis praestare salutem.
Pompeio scelus est bellum ciuile preempto,
quo fuerat uiuente fides. si publica iura,
si semper sequeris patriam, Cato, signa petamus 250
Romanus quae consul habet.' sic ille profatus
insiluit puppi iuuenum comitante tumultu.

actum Romanis fuerat de rebus, et omnis
indiga seruitii feruebat litore plebes:
erupere ducis sacro de pectore uoces. 255
'ergo pari uoto gessisti bella, iuuentus,

tu quoque pro dominis, et Pompeiana fuisti
non Romana manus? quod non in regna laboras,
quod tibi, non ducibus, uiuis morerisque, quod orbem
adquiris nulli, quod iam tibi uincere tutum est, 260
bella fugis quaerisque iugum ceruice uacanti
et nescis sine rege pati. nunc causa pericli
digna uiris. potuit uestro Pompeius abuti
sanguine: nunc patriae iugulos ensesque negatis,
cum prope libertas? unum fortuna reliquit 265
iam tribus e dominis. pudeat: plus regia Nili
contulit in leges et Parthi militis arcus.
ite, o degeneres, Ptolemaei munus et arma
spernite. quis uestras ulla putet esse nocentes
caede manus? credet faciles sibi terga dedisse, 270
credet ab Emathiis primos fugisse Philippis.
uadite securi; meruistis iudice uitam
Caesare non armis, non obsidione subacti.
o famuli turpes, domini post fata prioris
itis ad heredem. cur non maiora mereri 275
quam uitam ueniamque libet? rapiatur in undas
infelix coniunx Magni prolesque Metelli,
ducite Pompeios, Ptolemaei uincite munus.
nostra quoque inuiso quisquis feret ora tyranno
non parua mercede dabit: sciat ista iuuentus 280
ceruicis pretio bene se mea signa secutam.
quin agite et magna meritum cum caede parate:
ignauum scelus est tantum fuga.' dixit, et omnes
haud aliter medio reuocauit ab aequore puppes
quam, simul effetas linquunt examina ceras 285
atque oblita faui non miscent nexibus alas
sed sibi quaeque uolat nec iam degustat amarum
desidiosa thymum, Phrygii sonus increpat aeris,
attonitae posuere fugam studiumque laboris
floriferi repetunt et sparsi mellis amorem: 290
gaudet in Hyblaeo securus gramine pastor
diuitias seruasse casae. sic uoce Catonis
inculcata uiris iusti patientia Martis.

iamque actu belli non doctas ferre quietem
constituit mentes serieque agitare laborum. 295
primum litoreis miles lassatur harenis.
proximus in muros et moenia Cyrenarum
est labor: exclusus nulla se uindicat ira,
poenaeque de uictis sola est uicisse Catoni.
inde peti placuit Libyci contermina Mauris 300
regna Iubae, sed iter mediis natura uetabat
Syrtybus: hanc audax sperat sibi cedere uirtus.

Syrtes uel, primam mundo natura figuram
cum daret, in dubio pelagi terraeque reliquit
(nam neque subsedit penitus, quo stagna profundi 305
acciperet, nec se defendit ab aequore tellus,
ambigua sed lege loci iacet inuia sedes,
aequora fracta uadis abruptaque terra profundo,
et post multa sonant proiecti litora fluctus:
sic male deseruit nullosque exegit in usus 310
hanc partem natura sui); uel plenior alto
olim Syrtis erat pelago penitusque natabat,
sed rapidus Titan ponto sua lumina pascens
aequora subduxit zonae uicina perustae;
et nunc pontus adhuc Phoebos siccante repugnat, 315
mox, ubi damnosum radios admouerit aeuum,
tellus Syrtis erit; nam iam breuis unda superne
innatat et late periturum deficit aequor.

ut primum remis actum mare propulit omne
classis onus, densis fremuit niger imbribus Auster. 320
in sua regna furens temptatum classibus aequor
turbine defendit longeque a Syrtibus undas
egit et inlato confregit litore pontum.
tum, quarum recto deprendit carbasa malo,
eripuit nautis, frustra rudentibus ausis 325
uela negare Noto spatium uicere carinae,
atque ultra proram tumuit sinus. omnia si quis
prouidus antennae suffixit linthea summae,
uincitur et nudis auertitur armamentis.
sors melior classi quae fluctibus incidit altis 330

et certo iactata mari. quaecumque leuatae
arboribus caesis flatum effudere prementem,
abstulit has liber uentis contraria uoluens
aestus et obnixum uictor detrusit in Austrum.
has uada destituunt, atque interrupta profundo 335
terra ferit puppes, dubioque obnoxia fato
pars sedet una ratis, pars altera pendet in undis.
tum magis inpactis breuius mare terraque saepe
obuia consurgens: quamuis elisus ab Austro,
saepe tamen cumulos fluctus non uincit harenae. 340
eminet in tergo pelagi procul omnibus aruis
inuolutus aqua sicci iam pulueris agger;
stant miseri nautae, terraeque haerente carina
litora nulla uident. sic partem intercipit aequor,
pars ratium maior regimen clauumque secuta est 345
tuta fuga, nautasque loci sortita peritos
torpentem Tritonos adit inlaesa paludem.

hanc, ut fama, deus quem toto litore pontus
audit umentosa perflantem marmora concha,
hanc et Pallas amat, patrio quae uertice nata 350
terrarum primam Libyen (nam proxima caelo est,
ut probat ipse calor) tetigit, stagnique quieta
uultus uidit aqua posuitque in margine plantas
et se dilecta Tritonida dixit ab unda.
quam iuxta Lethon tacitus praelabitur amnis, 355
infernus, ut fama, trahens obliuia uenis,
atque, insopiti quondam tutela draconis,
Hesperidum pauper spoliatis frondibus hortus.
inuidus, annoso qui famam derogat aeuo,
qui uates ad uera uocat. fuit aurea silua 360
diuitiisque graues et fuluo germine rami
uirgineusque chorus, nitidi custodia luci,
et numquam somno damnatus lumina serpens
robora complexus rutilo curuata metallo.
abstulit arboribus pretium nemorique laborem 365
Alcides, passusque inopes sine pondere ramos
rettulit Argolico fulgentia poma tyranno.

his igitur depulsa locis eiectaque classis
Syrtribus haut ultra Garamantidas attigit undas,
sed duce Pompeio Libyae melioris in oris 370
mansit. at inpatiens uirtus haerere Catonis
audet in ignotas agmen committere gentes
armorum fidens et terra cingere Syrtim.
hoc eadem suadebat hiemps quae clauserat aequor;
et spes imber erat nimios metuentibus ignes, 375
ut neque sole uiam nec duro frigore saeuam
inde polo Libyes, hinc bruma temperet annus.
atque ingressurus steriles sic fatur harenas:

‘o quibus una salus placuit mea castra secutis
indomita ceruice mori, componite mentes 380
ad magnum uirtutis opus summosque labores.
uadimus in campos steriles exustaque mundi,
qua nimius Titan et rarae in fontibus undae,
siccaque letiferis squalent serpentibus arua.
durum iter ad leges patriaeque ruentis amorem. 385
per mediam Libyen ueniant atque inuia temptent,
siquibus in nullo positum est euadere uoto,
siquibus ire sat est. neque enim mihi fallere quemquam
est animus tectoque metu perducere uolgus.
hi mihi sint comites, quos ipsa pericula ducent, 390
qui me teste pati uel quae tristissima pulchrum
Romanumque putant. at, qui sponsore salutis
miles eget capiturque animae dulcedine, uadat
ad dominum meliore uia. dum primus harenas
ingrediar primusque gradus in puluere ponam, 395
me aetherius feriat, mihi plena ueneno
occurrat serpens, fatoque pericula uestra
praetemptate meo. sitiatur quicumque bibentem
uiderit, aut umbras nemorum quicumque petentem
aestuatur, aut equitem peditum praecedere turmas 400
deficiat: siquo fuerit discrimine notum
dux an miles eam. serpens, sitis, ardor harenae
dulcia uirtuti; gaudet patientia duris;
laetius est, quotiens magno sibi constat, honestum.

sola potest Libye turba praestare malorum 405
ut deceat fugisse uiros.' sic ille pauentis
incendit uirtute animos et amore laborum,
inreducemque uiam deserto limite carpit;
et sacrum paruo nomen clausura sepulchro
inuasit Libye securi fata Catonis. 410

tertia pars rerum Libye, si credere famae
cuncta uelis; at, si uentos caelumque sequaris,
pars erit Europae. nec enim plus litora Nili
quam Scythicus Tanais primis a Gadibus absunt,
unde Europa fugit Libyen et litora flexu 415
Oceano fecere locum; sed maior in unam
orbis abit Asiam. nam, cum communiter istae
effundant Zephyrum, Boreae latus illa sinistrum
contingens dextrumque Noti discedit in ortus
Eurum sola tenens. Libycae quod fertile terraest 420
uergit in occasus; sed et haec non fontibus ullis
soluitur: Arctoos raris Aquilonibus imbres
accipit et nostris reficit sua rura serenis.
in nullas uitatur opes; non aere nec auro
excoquitur, nullo glaebarum crimine pura 425
et penitus terra est. tantum Maurusia genti
robora diuitiae, quarum non nouerat usum,
sed citri contenta comis uiuebat et umbra.
in nemus ignotum nostrae uenere secures,
extremoque epulas mensasque petimus ab orbe. 430
at, quaecumque uagam Syrtim complectitur ora
sub nimio proiecta die, uicina perusti
aetheris, exurit messes et puluere Bacchum
enecat et nulla putris radice tenetur.
temperies uitalis abest, et nulla sub illa 435
cura Iouis terra est; natura deside torpet
orbis et inmotis annum non sentit harenis.
hoc tam segne solum raras tamen exerit herbas,
quas Nasamon, gens dura, legit, qui proxima ponto
nudus rura tenet; quem mundi barbara damnis 440
Syrtis alit. nam litoreis populator harenis

inminet et nulla portus tangente carina
nouit opes: sic cum toto commercia mundo
naufraigiis Nasamones habent. hac ire Catonem
dura iubet uirtus. illic secura iuuentus 445
uentorum nullasque timens tellure procellas
aequoreos est passa metus. nam litore sicco,
quam pelago, Syrtis uiolentius excipit Austrum,
et terrae magis ille nocens. non montibus ortum
aduersis frangit Libye scopulisque repulsum 450
dissipat et liquidas e turbine soluit in auras,
nec ruit in siluas annosaeque robora torquens
lassatur: patet omne solum, liberque meatu
Aeoliam rabiem totis exercet harenis,
et non imbriferam contorto puluere nubem 455
in flexum uiolentus agit: pars plurima terrae
tollitur et numquam resoluta uertice pendet.
regna uidet pauper Nasamon errantia uento
discussasque domos, uolitantque a culmine raptae
detecto Garamante casae. non altius ignis 460
rapta uehit; quantumque licet consurgere fumo
et uiolare diem, tantus tenet aera puluis.
tum quoque Romanum solito uiolentior agmen
adgreditur, nullisque potest consistere miles
instabilis, raptis etiam quas calcat, harenis. 465
concuteret terras orbemque a sede moueret,
si solida Libye conpage et pondere duro
clauderet exesis Austrum scopulosa cauernis;
sed, quia mobilibus facilis turbatur harenis,
nusquam luctando stabilis manet, imaque tellus 470
stat, quia summa fugit. galeas et scuta uirorum
pilaque contorsit uiolento spiritus actu
intentusque tulit magni per inania caeli.
illud in extrema forsan longeque remota
prodigium tellure fuit, delapsaeque caelo 475
arma timent gentes hominumque erepta lacertis
a superis demissa putant. sic illa profecto
sacrifico cecidere Numae, quae lecta iuuentus

patricia ceruice mouet: spoliauerat Auster
aut Boreas populos ancilia nostra ferentes. 480
sic orbem torquente Noto Romana iuuentus
procubuit timuitque rapi; constrinxit amictus
inseruitque manus terrae nec pondere solo
sed nisu iacuit, uix sic immobilis Austro;
qui super ingentis cumulos inuoluit harenae 485
atque operit tellure uiros. uix tollere miles
membra ualet multo congestu pulueris haerens.
alligat et stantis adfusae magnus harenae
agger, et inmoti terra surgente tenentur.
saxa tulit penitus discussis proruta muris 490
effuditque procul miranda sorte malorum:
qui nullas uidere domos uidere ruinas.
iamque iter omne latet nec sunt discrimina terrae:
[ulla nisi aetheriae medio uelut aequore flammae]
sideribus nouere uiam; nec sidera tota 495
ostendit Libycae finitor circulus orae,
multaque deuexo terrarum margine celat.
utque calor soluit quem torserat aera uentus,
incensusque dies, manant sudoribus artus,
arent ora siti. conspecta est parua maligna 500
unda procul uena, quam uix e puluere miles
corripiens patulum galeae confudit in orbem
porrexitque duci. squalebant puluere fauces
cunctorum, minimumque tenens dux ipse liquoris
inuidiosus erat. ‘mene’ inquit ‘degener unum 505
miles in hac turba uacuum uirtute putasti?
usque adeo mollis primisque caloribus inpar
sum uisus? quanto poena tu dignior ista es,
qui populo sitiente bibas!’ sic concitus ira
excussit galeam, suffecitque omnibus unda. 510

uentum erat ad templum Libycis quod gentibus unum
inculti Garamantes habent. stat sortiger illic
Iuppiter, ut memorant, sed non aut fulmina uibrans
aut similis nostro, sed tortis cornibus Hammon.
non illic Libycae posuerunt ditia gentes 515

templa, nec Eois splendent donaria gemmis:
quamuis Aethiopum populis Arabumque beatis
gentibus atque Indis unus sit Iuppiter Hammon,
pauper adhuc deus est, nullis uiolata per aeuum
diuitiis delubra tenens, morumque priorum 520
numen Romano templum defendit ab auro.
esse locis superos testatur silua per omnem
sola uirens Libyen. nam quidquid puluere sicco
separat ardentem tepida Berenicida Lepti
ignorat frondes: solus nemus abstulit Hammon. 525
siluarum fons causa loco, qui putria terrae
alligat et domitas unda conectit harenas.
hic quoque nil obstat Phoebo, cum cardine summo
stat librata dies; truncum uix protegit arbor,
tam breuis in medium radiis compellitur umbra. 530
deprensus est hunc esse locum qua circulus alti
solstitii medium signorum percutit orbem.
at tibi, quaecumque es Libyco gens igne dirempta, 538
in Noton umbra cadit, quae nobis exit in Arcton.
te segnis Cynosura subit, tu sicca profundo
mergi Plaustra putas, nullumque in uertice semper
sidus habes immune mari; procul axis uterque est,
et fuga signorum medio rapit omnia caelo.
non obliqua meant, nec Tauro Scorpios exit 533
rectior aut Aries donat sua tempora Librae
aut Astraea iubet lentos descendere Pisces.
par Geminis Chiron, et idem, quod Carcinus ardens,
umidus Aegoceros nec plus Leo tollitur Vrna.

stabant ante fores populi quos miserat Eos 544
cornigerique Iouis monitu noua fata petebant;
sed Latio cessere duci, comitesque Catonem
orant exploret Libycum memorata per orbem
numina, de fama tam longi iudicet aeui.
maximus hortator scrutandi uoce deorum
euentus Labienus erat. 'sors obtulit' inquit 550
'et fortuna uiae tam magni numinis ora
consiliumque dei: tanto duce possumus uti

per Syrtes, bellisque datos cognoscere casus.
nam cui crediderim superos arcana daturus
dicturosque magis, quam sancto, uera, Catoni? 555
certe uita tibi semper directa supernas
ad leges, sequerisque deum. datur, ecce, loquendi
cum Ioue libertas: inquire in fata nefandi
Caesaris et patriae uenturos excute mores.
iure suo populis uti legumque licebit, 560
an bellum ciuile perit? tua pectora sacra
uoce reple; durae saltem uirtutis amator
quaere quid est uirtus et posce exemplar honesti.'

ille deo plenus tacita quem mente gerebat
effudit dignas adytis e pectore uoces. 565
'quid quaeri, Labiene, iubes? an liber in armis
occubuisse uelim potius quam regna uidere?
an sit uita nihil sed longa an differat aetas?
an noceat uis nulla bono fortunaque perdat
opposita uirtute minas, laudandaque uelle 570
sit satis et numquam successu crescat honestum?
scimus, et hoc nobis non altius inseret Hammon.
haeremus cuncti superis, temploque tacente
nil facimus non sponte dei; nec uocibus ullis
numen eget, dixitque semel nascentibus auctor 575
quidquid scire licet. sterilesne elegit harenas
ut caneret paucis, mersitque hoc puluere uerum,
estque dei sedes nisi terra et pontus et aer
et caelum et uirtus? superos quid quaerimus ultra?
Iuppiter est quodcumque uides, quodcumque moueris. 580
sortilegis egeant dubii semperque futuris
casibus ancipites: me non oracula certum
sed mors certa facit. pauido fortique cadendum est:
hoc satis est dixisse Iouem.' sic ille profatus
seruataque fide templi discedit ab aris 585
non exploratum populis Hammona relinquens.

ipse manu sua pila gerit, praecedit anhelis
militis ora pedes, monstrat tolerare labores,
non iubet, et nulla uehitur ceruice supinus

carpentoque sedens; somni parcissimus ipse est; 590
ultimus haustor aquae quam, tandem fonte reperto,
indiga cogatur laticis <s>pectare iuuentus,
stat dum lixa bibat. si ueris magna paratur
fama bonis et si successu nuda remoto
inspicitur uirtus, quidquid laudamus in ullo 595
maiorum, fortuna fuit. quis Marte secundo,
quis tantum meruit populorum sanguine nomen?
hunc ego per Syrtes Libyaeque extrema triumphum
ducere maluerim, quam ter Capitolia curru
scandere Pompei, quam frangere colla Iugurthae. 600
ecce parens uerus patriae, dignissimus aris,
Roma, tuis, per quem numquam iurare pudebit
et quem, si steteris umquam ceruice soluta,
nunc, olim, factura deum es. iam spissior ignis,
et plaga, quam nullam superi mortalibus ultra 605
a medio fecere die, calcatur, et unda
rarior. inuentus mediis fons unus harenis
largus aquae, sed quem serpentum turba tenebat
uix capiente loco; stabant in margine siccae
aspides, in mediis sitiebant dipsades undis. 610
ductor, ut aspexit perituros fonte relicto,
adloquitur. ‘uana specie conterriti leti,
ne dubita, miles, tutos haurire liquores.
noxia serpentum est admixto sanguine pestis;
morsu uirus habent et fatum dente minantur, 615
pocula morte carent.’ dixit, dubiumque uenenum
hausit; et in tota Libyae fons unus harena
ille fuit de quo primus sibi posceret undam.

cur Libycus tantis exundet pestibus aer
fertilis in mortes, aut quid secreta nocenti 620
miscuerit natura solo, non cura laborque
noster scire ualet, nisi quod uolgata per orbem
fabula pro uera decepit saecula causa.
finibus extremis Libyes, ubi feruida tellus
accipit Oceanum demisso sole calentem, 625
squalebant late Phorcynidos arua Medusae,

non nemorum protecta coma, non mollia sulco,
sed dominae uoltu conspectis aspera saxis.
hoc primum natura nocens in corpore saeuas
eduxit pestes; illis e faucibus angues 630
stridula fuderunt uibratis sibila linguis.
ipsa flagellabant gaudentis colla Medusae, 633
femineae cui more comae per terga solutae 632
surgunt aduersa subrectae fronte colubrae 634
uipereumque fluit depexo crine uenenum.
hoc habet infelix, cunctis inpune, Medusa,
quod spectare licet. nam rictus oraque monstri
quis timuit? quem, qui recto se lumine uidit,
passa Medusa mori est? rapuit dubitantia fata
praeuenitque metus; anima periire retenta 640
membra, nec emissae riguere sub ossibus umbrae.
Eumenidum crines solos mouere furores,
Cerberos Orpheo leniuit sibila cantu,
Amphitryoniades uidit, cum uinceret, hydram:
hoc monstrum timuit genitor numenque secundum 645
Phorcys aquis Cetoque parens ipsaeque sorores
Gorgones; hoc potuit caelo pelagoque minari
torporem insolitum mundoque obducere terram.
e caelo uolucres subito cum pondere lapsae,
in scopulis haesere ferae, uicina colentes 650
Aethiopum totae riguerunt marmore gentes.
nullum animal uisus patiens, ipsique retrorsum
effusi faciem uitabant Gorgonos angues.
illa sub Hesperiiis stantem Titana columnis
in cautes Atlanta dedit; caeloque timente 655
olim Phlegraeo stantis serpente gigantas
erexit montes, bellumque inmane deorum
Pallados e medio confecit pectore Gorgon.
quo postquam partu Danaes et diuite nimbo
ortum Parrhasiae uexerunt Persea pinnae 660
Arcados auctoris citharae liquidaeque palaestrae,
et subitus praepes Cyllenida sustulit harpen,
harpen alterius monstri iam caede rubentem

a Ioue dilectae fuso custode iuuencae,
auxilium uolucris Pallas tulit innuba fratri 665
pacta caput monstri, terraeque in fine Libyssae
Persea Phoebeos conuerti iussit ad ortus
Gorgonos auerso sulcantem regna uolatu,
et clipeum laeuae fuluo dedit aere nitentem
in quo saxificam iussit spectare Medusam. 670
quam sopor aeternam tracturus morte quietem
obruit haud totam: uigilat pars magna comarum
defenduntque caput protenti crinibus hydri,
pars iacet in medios uoltus oculisque tenebras
<offundit clausis et somni duplicat umbras.> 674a
ipsa regit trepidum Pallas, dextraque trementem
Perseos auersi Cyllenida derigit harpen
lata colubriferi rumpens confinia colli.
quos habuit uoltus hamati uolnere ferri
caesa caput Gorgon! quanto spirare ueneno
ora rear quantumque oculos effundere mortis! 680
nec Pallas spectare potest, uoltusque gelassent
Perseos auersi, si non Tritonia densos
sparsisset crines texissetque ora colubris.
aliger in caelum sic rapta Gorgone fugit.
ille quidem pensabat iter propiusque secabat 685
aera, si medias Europae scinderet urbes:
Pallas frugiferas iussit non laedere terras
et parci populis. quis enim non praepete tanto
aethera respiceret? Zephyro conuertitur ales
itque super Libyen, quae nullo consita cultu 690
sideribus Phoeboque uacat: premit orbita solis
exuritque solum; nec terra celsior ulla
nox cadit in caelum lunaeque meatibus obstat,
si flexus oblita uagi per recta cucurrit
signa nec in Borean aut in Noton effugit umbram. 695
illa tamen sterilis tellus fecundaque nulli
arua bono uirus stillantis tabe Medusae
concipiunt dirosque fero de sanguine rores,
quos calor adiuuit putrique incoxit harenae.

hic quae prima caput mouit de puluere tabes 700
aspida somniferam tumida ceruice leuauit.
plenior huc sanguis et crassi gutta ueneni
decidit; in nulla plus est serpente coactum.
ipsa caloris egens gelidum non transit in orbem
sponte sua, Niloque tenuis metitur harenas; 705
sed (quis erit nobis lucri pudor?) inde petuntur
huc Libycae mortes et fecimus aspida mercem.
at non stare suum miseris passura cruorem
squamiferos ingens haemorrhoids explicat orbis,
natus et ambiguae coleret qui Syrtidos arua 710
chersydros, tractique uia fumante chelydri,
et semper recto lapsurus limite cenchris:
pluribus ille notis uariatam tingitur aluum
quam paruis pictus maculis Thebanus ophites.
concolor exustis atque indiscretus harenis 715
hammodytes, spinaque uagi torquente cerastae,
et scytale sparsis etiamnunc sola pruinis
exuuias positura suas, et torrida dipsas,
et grauis in geminum uergens caput amphisbaena,
et natrix uiolator aquae, iaculique uolucres, 720
et contentus iter cauda sulcare parias,
oraeque distendens auidus fumantia prester,
ossaque dissoluens cum corpore tabificus seps;
sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia pestes,
ante uenena nocens, late sibi summouet omne 725
uolgus et in uacua regnat basiliscus harena.
uos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
serpitis, aurato nitidi fulgore dracones,
letiferos ardens facit Africa: ducitis altum
aera cum pinnis, armentaque tota secuti 730
rumpitis ingentes amplexi uerbere tauros;
nec tutus spatium est elephans: datis omnia leto,
nec uobis opus est ad noxia fata ueneno.

has inter pestes duro Cato milite siccum
emetitur iter, tot tristia fata suorum 735
insolitasque uidens paruo cum uolnere mortes.

signiferum iuuenem Tyrrheni sanguinis Aulum
torta caput retro dipsas calcata momordit.
uix dolor aut sensus dentis fuit, ipsaque leti
frons caret inuidia nec quicquam plaga minatur. 740
ecce, subit uirus tacitum, carpitque medullas
ignis edax calidaque incendit uiscera tabe.
ebibit umorem circum uitalia fusum
pestis et in sicco linguam torrere palato
coepit; defessos iret qui sudor in artus 745
non fuit, atque oculos lacrimarum uena refugit.
non decus imperii, non maesti iura Catonis
ardentem tenuere uirum, ne spargere signa
auderet totisque furens exquireret aruis
quas poscebat aquas sitiens in corde uenenum. 750
ille uel in Tanain missus Rhodanumque Padumque
arderet Nilumque bibens per rura uagantem.
accessit morti Libye, fatigue minorem
famam dipsas habet terris adiuta perustis.
scrutatur uenas penitus squalentis harenae, 755
nunc redit ad Syrtes et fluctus accipit ore,
aequoreusque placet, sed non et sufficit, umor.
nec sentit fatigue genus mortemque ueneni,
sed putat esse sitim; ferroque aperire tumentis
sustinuit uenas atque os implere cruore. 760

iussit signa rapi propere Cato: discere nulli
permissum est hoc posse sitim. sed tristior illo
mors erat ante oculos, miserique in crure Sabelli
seps stetit exiguus; quem flexo dente tenacem
auolsitque manu piloque adfixit harenis. 765
parua modo serpens, sed qua non ulla cruentae
tantum mortis habet. nam plagae proxima circum
fugit rupta cutis pallentiaque ossa retextit;
iamque sinu laxo nudum sine corpore uolnus.
membra natant sanie, surae fluxere, sine ullo 770
tegmine poples erat, femorum quoque musculus omnis
liquitur, et nigra destillant inguina tabe.
dissiluit stringens uterum membrana, fluuntque

uiscera; nec, quantus toto de corpore debet,
effluit in terras, saeuum sed membra uenenum 775
decoquit, in minimum mors contrahit omnia uirus.
quidquid homo est, aperit pestis natura profana: 779
uincula neruorum et laterum textura cauumque 777
pectus et abstrusum fibris uitalibus omne
morte patet. manant umeri fortesque lacerti, 780
colla caputque fluunt: calido non ocius Austro
nix resoluta cadit nec solem cera sequetur.
parua loquor, corpus sanie stillasse perustum:
hoc et flamma potest; sed quis rogos abstulit ossa?
haec quoque discedunt, putrisque secuta medullas 785
nulla manere sinunt rapidi uestigia fati.
Cinyphias inter pestes tibi palma nocendi est:
eripiunt omnes animam, tu sola cadauer.

ecce, subit facies leto diuersa fluenti.

Nasidium Marsi cultorem torridus agri 790
percutsit prester. illi rubor igneus ora
succendit, tenditque cutem pereunte figura
miscens cuncta tumor; toto iam corpore maior
humanumque egressa modum super omnia membra
efflatur sanies late pollente ueneno; 795
ipse latet penitus congesto corpore mersus,
nec lorica tenet distenti pectoris auctum.
spumeus accenso non sic exundat aeno
undarum cumulus, nec tantos carbasa Coro
curuauere sinus. tumidos iam non capit artus 800
informis globus et confuso pondere truncus.
intactum uolucrum rostris epulasque daturum
haud inpune feris non ausi tradere busto
nondum stante modo crescens fugere cadauer.

sed maiora parant Libycae spectacula pestes. 805
inpressit dentes haemorrhoids aspera Tullo,
magnanimo iuueni miratorique Catonis.
utque solet pariter totis se fundere signis
Corycii pressura croci, sic omnia membra
emisere simul rutilum pro sanguine uirus. 810

sanguis erant lacrimae; quaecumque foramina nouit
umor, ab his largus manat cruor; ora redundant
et patulae nares; sudor rubet; omnia plenis
membra fluunt uenis; totum est pro uolnere corpus.

at tibi, Laeue miser, fixus praecordia pressit 815
Niliaca serpente cruor, nulloque dolore
testatus morsus subita caligine mortem
accipis et socias somno descendis ad umbras.
non tam ueloci corrumpunt pocula leto
stipite quae diro uirgas mentita Sabaeas 820
toxica fatilegi carpunt matura Saitae.

ecce, procul saeuos sterili se robore trunci
torsit et inmisit (iaculum uocat Africa) serpens
perque caput Pauli transactaque tempora fugit.
nil ibi uirus agit: rapuit cum uolnere fatum. 825
deprensus est, quae funda rotat quam lenta uolarent,
quam segnis Scythicae strideret harundinis aer.

quid prodest miseri basiliscus cuspidе Murri
transactus? uelox currit per tela uenenum
inuaditque manum; quam protinus ille relecto 830
ense ferit totoque semel demittit ab armo,
exemplarque sui spectans miserabile leti
stat tutus pereunte manu. quis fata putarit
scorpion aut uires maturaе mortis habere?
ille minax nodis et recto uerbere saeuos 835
teste tulit caelo uicti decus Orionis.
quis calcare tuas metuat, salpuga, latebras?
et tibi dant Stygiae ius in sua fila sorores.

sic nec clara dies nec nox dabat atra quietem
suspecta miseris in qua tellure iacebant. 840
nam neque congestae struxere cubilia frondes
nec culmis creuere tori, sed corpora fati
expositi uoluuntur humo, calidoque uapore
adliciunt gelidas nocturno frigore pestes,
innocuosque diu rictus torpente ueneno 845
inter membra fouent. nec, quae mensura uiarum
quisue modus, norunt caelo duce: saepe querentes

‘reddite, di,’ clamant ‘miseris quae fugimus arma,
reddite Thessaliam. patimur cur segnia fata
in gladios iurata manus? pro Caesare pugnant 850
dipsades et peragunt ciuilia bella cerastae.
ire libet qua zona rubens atque axis inustus
solis equis; iuuat aetheriis ascribere causis
quod peream, caeloque mori. nil, Africa, de te
nec de te, natura, queror: tot monstra ferentem 855
gentibus ablatum dederas serpentibus orbem,
inpatiensque solum Cereris cultore negato
damnasti atque homines uoluisti desse uenenis.
in loca serpentum nos uenimus: accipe poenas
tu, quisquis superum commercia nostra perosus 860
hinc torrente plaga, dubiis hinc Syrtibus orbem
abrumpens medio posuisti limite mortes.
per secreta tui bellum ciuile recessus
uadit, et arcani miles tibi conscius orbis
claustra ferit mundi. forsan maiora supersunt 865
ingressis: coeunt ignes stridentibus undis
et premitur natura poli; set longius istac
nulla iacet tellus, quam fama cognita nobis
tristia regna Iubae. quaeremus forsitan istas
serpentum terras: habet hoc solacia caelum: 870
uiuuit adhuc aliquid. patriae non arua requiro
Europamque alios soles Asiamque uidentem:
qua te parte poli, qua te tellure reliqui,
Africa? Cyrenis etiamnunc bruma rigebat:
exiguane uia legem conuertimus anni? 875
imus in aduersos axes, euoluimur orbe,
terga damus ferienda Noto; nunc forsitan ipsa est
sub pedibus iam Roma meis. solacia fati
haec petimus: ueniant hostes, Caesarque sequatur
qua fugimus.’ sic dura suos patientia questus 880
exonerat. cogit tantos tolerare labores
summa ducis uirtus, qui nuda fusus harena
excubat atque omni fortunam prouocat hora.
omnibus unus adest fatis; quocumque uocatus

aduolat atque ingens meritum maiusque salute 885
contulit, in letum uires; puduitque gementem
illo teste mori. quod ius habuisset in ipsum
ulla lues? casus alieno in pectore uincit
spectatorque docet magnos nil posse dolores.

uix miseris serum tanto lassata periclo 890
auxilium Fortuna dedit. gens unica terras
incolit a saeuo serpentum innoxia morsu,
Marmaridae Psylli. par lingua potentibus herbis,
ipse cruor tutus nullumque admittere uirus
uel cantu cessante potens. natura locorum 895
iussit ut immunes mixtis serpentibus essent.
profuit in mediis sedem posuisse uenenis.
pax illis cum morte data est. fiducia tanta est
sanguinis, in terras paruus cum decidit infans,
nequa sit externae Veneris mixtura timentes 900
letifica dubios explorant aspide partus.
utque Iouis uolucer, calido cum protulit ouo
inplumis natos, solis conuertit ad ortus:
qui potuere pati radios et lumine recto
sustinuere diem, caeli seruantur in usus, 905
qui Phoebo cessere, iacent: sic pignora gentis
Psyllus habet, siquis tactos non horruit angues,
siquis donatis lusit serpentibus infans.
nec solum gens illa sua contenta salute
excubat hospitibus, contraque nocentia monstra 910
Psyllus adest populis. qui tum Romana secutus
signa, simul iussit statui tentoria ductor,
primum, quas ualli spatium comprehendit, harenas
expurgat cantu uerbisque fugantibus angues.
ultima castrorum medicatus circumit ignis. 915
hic ebulum stridet peregrinaque galbana sudant,
et tamarix non laeta comas Eoaque costos
et panacea potens et Thessala centaurea
peucedanonque sonant flammis Erycinaque thapsos,
et larices fumoque grauem serpentibus urunt 920
habrotonum et longe nascentis cornua cerui.

sic nox tuta uiris. at, siquis peste diurna
fata trahit, tunc sunt magicae miracula gentis
Psyllorumque ingens et rapti pugna ueneni.
nam primum tacta designat membra saliuā, 925
quae cohibet uirus retinetque in uolnere pestem;
plurima tunc uoluit spumanti carmina lingua
murmure continuo, nec dat suspiria cursus
uolneris aut minimum patiuntur fata tacere.
saepe quidem pestis nigris inserta medullis 930
excantata fugit; sed, siquod tardius audit
uirus et elicited iussumque exire repugnat,
tum super incumbens pallentia uolnera lambit
ore uenena trahens et siccāt dentibus artus,
extractamque potens gelido de corpore mortem 935
expuit; et cuius morsus superauerit anguis
iam promptum Psyllis uel gustu nosse ueneni.

hoc igitur tandem leuior Romana iuuentus
auxilio late squalentibus errat in aruis.
bis positis Phoebe flammis, bis luce recepta 940
uidit harenuagum surgens fugiensque Catonem.
iamque illi magis atque magis durescere puluis
coepit et in terram Libye spissata redire,
iamque procul rarae nemorum se tollere frondes,
surgere congesto non culta mapalia culmo. 945
quanta dedit miseris melioris gaudia terrae
cum primum saeuos contra uidere leones!
proxima Leptis erat, cuius statione quīeta
exegere hiemem nimbis flammisque carentem.

Caesar, ut Emathia satius clade recessit, 950
cetera curarum proiecit pondera soli
intentus genero; cuius uestigia frustra
terris sparsa legens fama duce tendit in undas,
Threiciasque legit fauces et amore notatum
aequor et Heroas lacrimoso litore turre, 955
qua pelago nomen Nepheleias abstulit Helle.
non Asiam breuioris aquae disternat usquam
fluctus ab Europa, quamuis Byzantion arto

Pontus et ostriferam dirimat Calchedona cursu,
Euxinumque ferens paruo ruat ore Propontis. 960

Sigeasque petit famae mirator harenas
et Simoentis aquas et Graio nobile busto
Rhoetion et multum debentis uatibus umbras.

circumit exustae nomen memorabile Troiae
magnaue Phoebei quaerit uestigia muri. 965

iam siluae steriles et putres robore trunci
Assaraci pressere domos et templa deorum
iam lassa radice tenent, ac tota teguntur
Pergama dumetis: etiam periere ruinae.

aspicit Hesiones scopulos siluaque latentis 970

Anchisae thalamos; quo iudex sederit antro,
unde puer raptus caelo, quo uertice Nais
luxerit Oenone: nullum est sine nomine saxum.

inscius in sicco serpentem puluere riuum
transierat, qui Xanthus erat. securus in alto 975

gramine ponebat gressus: Phryx incola manes
Hectoreos calcare uetat. discussa iacebant
saxa nec ullius faciem seruantia sacri:

‘Herceas’ monstrator ait ‘non respicis aras?’

o sacer et magnus uatum labor! omnia fato 980
eripis et populis donas mortalibus aeuum.

inuidia sacrae, Caesar, ne tangere famae;
nam, siquid Latiis fas est promittere Musis,
quantum Zmyrnaei durabunt uatis honores,
uenturi me teque legent; Pharsalia nostra 985
uiuēt, et a nullo tenebris damnabimur aeuo.

ut ducis inpleuit uisus ueneranda uetustas,
erexit subitas congestu caespitis aras
uotaque turicremos non inrita fudit in ignes.

‘di cinerum, Phrygias colitis quicumque ruinas, 990

Aeneaeque mei, quos nunc Lauinia sedes
seruat et Alba, lares, et quorum lucet in aris
ignis adhuc Phrygius, nullique aspecta uirorum
Pallas, in abstruso pignus memorabile templo,
gentis Iuleae uestris clarissimus aris 995

dat pia tura nepos et uos in sede priore
rite uocat. date felices in cetera cursus,
restituam populos; grata uice moenia reddent
Ausonidae Phrygibus, Romanaque Pergama surgent.’
sic fatus repetit classes et tota secundis 1000
uela dedit Coris, audisque urgente procella
Iliacas pensare moras Asiamque potentem
praeuehitur pelagoque Rhodon spumante relinquit.
septima nox Zephyro numquam laxante rudentes
ostendit Phariis Aegyptia litora flammis. 1005
sed prius orta dies nocturnam lampada textit
quam tutas intraret aquas. ibi plena tumultu
litora et incerto turbatas murmure uoces
accipit, ac dubiis ueritus se credere regnis
abstinuit tellure rates. sed dira satellites 1010
regis dona ferens medium prouectus in aequor
colla gerit Magni Phario uelamine tecta
ac prius infanda commendat crimina uoce.
‘terrarum domitor, Romanae maxime gentis,
et, quod adhuc nescis, genero secure perempto, 1015
rex tibi Pellaeus belli pelagique labores
donat et Emathiis quod solum defuit armis
exhibet. absenti bellum ciuile peractum est:
Thessalicas quaerens Magnus reparare ruinas
ense iacet nostro. tanto te pignore, Caesar, 1020
emimus; hoc tecum percussum est sanguine foedus.
accipe regna Phari nullo quaesita cruore,
accipe Niliaci ius gurgitis, accipe quidquid
pro Magni ceruice dares; dignumque clientem
castris crede tuis cui tantum fata licere 1025
in generum uoluere tuum. nec uile putaris
hoc meritum, facili nobis quod caede peractum est.
hospes auitus erat, depulso sceptrum parenti
reddiderat. quid plura feram? tu nomina tanto
inuenies operi, uel famam consule mundi. 1030
si scelus est, plus te nobis debere fateris,
quod scelus hoc non ipse facis.’ sic fatus opertum

detexit tenuitque caput. iam languida morte
effigies habitum noti mutauerat oris.
non primo Caesar damnauit munera uisu 1035
auertitque oculos; uoltus, dum crederet, haesit;
utque fidem uidit sceleris tutumque putauit
iam bonus esse socer, lacrimas non sponte cadentis
effudit gemitusque expressit pectore laeto,
non aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis 1040
gaudia quam lacrimis, meritumque inmane tyranni
destruit et generi mauolt lugere reuolsum
quam debere caput. qui duro membra senatus
calcarat uoltu, qui sicco lumine campos
uiderat Emathios, uni tibi, Magne, negare 1045
non audet gemitus. o sors durissima fati!
huncine tu, Caesar, scelerato Marte petisti
qui tibi flendus erat? nunc mixti foedera tangunt
te generis? nunc gnata iubet maerere neposque?
credis apud populos Pompei nomen amantis 1050
hoc castris prodesse tuis? fortasse tyranni
tangeris inuidia, captique in uiscera Magni
hoc alii licuisse doles, quererisque perisse
uindictam belli raptumque e iure superbi
uictoris generum. quisquis te flere coegit 1055
impetus, a uera longe pietate recessit.
scilicet hoc animo terras atque aequora lustras,
necubi suppressus pereat gener. o bene rapta
arbitrio mors ista tuo! quam magna remisit
crimina Romano tristis fortuna pudori, 1060
quod te non passa est misereri, perfide, Magni
uiuentis! nec non his fallere uocibus audet
adquirisque fidem simulati fronte doloris:

‘aufer ab aspectu nostro funesta, satellites,
regis dona tui. peius de Caesare uestrum 1065
quam de Pompeio meruit scelus; unica belli
praemia ciuilis, uictis donare salutem,
perdidimus. quod si Phario germana tyranno
non inuisa foret, potuissem reddere regi

quod meruit, fratrique tuum pro munere tali 1070
misissem, Cleopatra, caput. secreta quid arma
mouit et inseruit nostro sua tela labori?
ergo in Thessalicis Pellaeo fecimus aruis
ius gladio? uestris quaesita licentia regnis?
non tuleram Magnum mecum Romana regentem: 1075
te, Ptolemaee, feram? frustra ciuilibus armis
miscuimus gentes, siqua est hoc orbe potestas
altera quam Caesar, si tellus ulla duorum est.
uertissem Latias a uestro litore proras:
famae cura uetat, ne non damnasse cruentam 1080
sed uidear timuisse Pharon. nec fallere uosmet
credite uictorem: nobis quoque tale paratum
litoris hospitium; ne sic mea colla gerantur
Thessaliae fortuna facit. maiore profecto
quam metui poterat discrimine gessimus arma: 1085
exilium generique minas Romamque timebam:
poena fugae Ptolemaeus erat. sed parcimus annis
donamusque nefas. sciat hac pro caede tyrannus
nil uenia plus posse dari. uos condite busto
tanti colla ducis, sed non ut crimina solum 1090
uestra tegat tellus: iusto date tura sepulchro
et placate caput cineresque in litore fusos
colligite atque unam sparsis date manibus urnam.
sentiat aduentum soceri uocesque querentis
audiat umbra pias. dum nobis omnia praefert, 1095
dum uitam Phario mauolt debere clienti,
laeta dies rapta est populis, concordia mundo
nostra perit. caruere deis mea uota secundis,
ut te complexus positus felicibus armis
adfectus a te ueteres uitamque rogarem, 1100
Magne, tuam dignaque satis mercede laborum
contentus par esse tibi. tunc pace fideli
fecissem ut uictus posses ignoscere diuis,
fecisses ut Roma mihi.' nec talia fatus
inuenit fletus comitem nec turba querenti 1105
credidit: abscondunt gemitus et pectora laeta

fronte tegunt, hilaresque nefas spectare cruentum,
o bona libertas, cum Caesar lugeat, audent.

LIBER DECIMVS

Vt primum terras Pompei colla secutus
attigit et diras calcauit Caesar harenas,
pugnauit fortuna ducis fatumque nocentis
Aegypti, regnum Lagi Romana sub arma
iret, an eriperet mundo Memphiticus ensis 5
uictoris uictique caput. tua profuit umbra,
Magne, tui socerum rapuere a sanguine manes,
ne populus post te Nilum Romanus amaret.
inde Paraetioniam fertur securus in urbem
pignore tam saeui sceleris sua signa secutam. 10
sed fremitu uolgi fasces et iura querentis
inferri Romana suis discordia sensit
pectora et ancipites animos, Magnumque perisse
non sibi. tum uoltu semper celante pauorem
intrepidus superum sedes et templa uetusti 15
numinis antiquas Macetum testantia uires
circumit, et nulla captus dulcedine rerum,
non auro cultuque deum, non moenibus urbis,
effossum tumulis cupide descendit in antrum.
illic Pellaei proles uaesana Philippi, 20
felix praedo, iacet, terrarum uindice fato
raptus: sacratis totum spargenda per orbem
membra uiri posuere adytis; fortuna pepercit
manibus, et regni durauit ad ultima fatum.
nam sibi libertas umquam si redderet orbem 25
ludibrio seruatus erat, non utile mundo
editus exemplum, terras tot posse sub uno
esse uiro. Macetum fines latebrasque suorum
deseruit uictasque patri despexit Athenas,
perque Asiae populos fatis urgentibus actus 30
humana cum strage ruit gladiumque per omnis
exegit gentes, ignotos miscuit amnes
Persarum Euphraten, Indorum sanguine Gangen,
terrarum fatale malum fulmenque quod omnis

percuteret pariter populos et sidus iniquum 35
gentibus. Oceano classes inferre parabat
exteriore mari. non illi flamma nec undae
nec sterilis Libye nec Syrticus obstitit Hammon.
isset in occasus mundi deuexa secutus
ambissetque polos Nilumque a fonte bibisset: 40
occurrit suprema dies, naturaque solum
hunc potuit finem uaesano ponere regi;
qui secum inuidia, quo totum ceperat orbem,
abstulit imperium, nulloque herede relicto
totius fati lacerandas praebuit urbes. 45
sed cecidit Babylone sua Parthoque uerendus.
pro pudor, Eoi propius timuere sarisas
quam nunc pila timent populi. licet usque sub Arcton
regnemus Zephyrique domos terrasque premamus
flagrantis post terga Noti, cedemus in ortus 50
Arsacidum domino. non felix Parthia Crassis
exiguae secura fuit prouincia Pellae.

iam Pelusiaco ueniens a gurgite Nili
rex puer inbellis populi sedauerat iras,
obside quo pacis Pellaea tutus in aula 55
Caesar erat, cum se parua Cleopatra biremi
corrupto custode Phari laxare catenas
intulit Emathiis ignaro Caesare tectis,
dedecus Aegypti, Latii feralis Erinys,
Romano non casta malo. quantum inpulit Argos 60
Iliacasque domos facie Spartana nocenti,
Hesperios auxit tantum Cleopatra furores.
terrui illa suo, si fas, Capitolia sistro
et Romana petit inbelli signa Canopo
Caesare captiuo Pharios ductura triumphos; 65
Leucadioque fuit dubius sub gurgite casus,
an mundum ne nostra quidem matrona teneret.
hoc animi nox illa dedit quae prima cubili
miscuit incestam ducibus Ptolemaida nostris.
quis tibi uaesani ueniam non donet amoris, 70
Antoni, durum cum Caesaris hauserit ignis

pectus? et in media rabie medioque furore
et Pompeianis habitata manibus aula
sanguine Thessalicae cladis perfusus adulter
admisit Venerem curis, et miscuit armis 75
inlicitosque toros et non ex coniuge partus.
pro pudor, oblitus Magni tibi, Iulia, fratres
obscaena de matre dedit, partesque fugatas
passus in extremis Libyae coalescere regnis
tempora Niliaco turpis dependit amor, 80
dum donare Pharon, dum non sibi uincere mauolt.
quem formae confisa suae Cleopatra sine ullis
tristis adit lacrimis, simulatum compta dolorem
qua decuit, ueluti laceros dispersa capillos,
et sic orsa loqui: 'siqua est, o maxime Caesar, 85
nobilitas, Pharii proles clarissima Lagi,
exul in aeternum sceptris depulsa paternis,
ni tua restituit ueteri me dextera fato,
conplector regina pedes. tu gentibus aequum
sidus ades nostris. non urbes prima tenebo 90
femina Niliacas: nullo discrimine sexus
reginam scit ferre Pharos. lege summa perempti
uerba patris, qui iura mihi communia regni
et thalamos cum fratre dedit. puer ipse sororem,
sit modo liber, amat; sed habet sub iure Pothini 95
adfectus ensesque suos. nil ipsa paterni
iuris inire peto: culpa tantoque pudore
solue domum, remoue funesta satellitis arma
et regem regnare iube. quantosne tumores
mente gerit famulus! Magni ceruice reuolsa 100
iam tibi, sed procul hoc auertant fata, minatur.
sat fuit indignum, Caesar, mundoque tibi que
Pompeium facinus meritumque fuisse Pothini.'

nequiquam duras temptasset Caesaris aures:
uoltus adest precibus faciesque incesta perorat. 105
exigit infandam corrupto iudice noctem.
pax ubi parta ducis donisque ingentibus empta est,
excepere epulae tantarum gaudia rerum,

explicuitque suos magno Cleopatra tumultu
nondum translatos Romana in saecula luxus. 110
ipse locus templi, quod uix corruptior aetas
extruat, instar erat, laqueataque tecta ferebant
diuitias crassumque trabes absconderat aurum.
nec summis crustata domus sectisque nitebat
marmoribus, stabatque sibi non segnis achates 115
purpureusque lapis, totaque effusus in aula
calcabatur onyx; hebenus Mareotica uastos
non operit postes sed stat pro robore uili,
auxilium non forma domus. ebur atria uestit,
et suffecta manu foribus testudinis Indae 120
terga sedent, crebro maculas distincta zmaragdo.
fulget gemma toris, et iaspide fulua supellex
<stat mensas onerans, uariaque triclinia ueste> 122a
strata micant, Tyrio cuius pars maxima fuco
cocta diu uirus non uno duxit aeno,
pars auro plumata nitet, pars ignea cocco, 125
ut mos est Phariis miscendi licia telis.
tum famulae numerus turbae populusque minister.
discolor hos sanguis, alios distinxerat aetas;
haec Libycos, pars tam flauos gerit altera crines
ut nullis Caesar Rheni se dicat in aruis 130
tam rutilas uidisse comas; pars sanguinis usti
torta caput refugosque gerens a fronte capillos;
nec non infelix ferro mollita iuuentus
atque exsecta uirum: stat contra fortior aetas
uix ulla fuscante tamen lanugine malas. 135
discubuere illic reges maiorque potestas
Caesar; et inmodice formam fucata nocentem,
nec sceptris contenta suis nec fratre marito,
plena maris rubri spoliis, colloque comisque
diuitias Cleopatra gerit cultuque laborat. 140
candida Sidonio perlucet pectora filo,
quod Nilotis acus compressum pectine Serum
soluit et extenso laxauit stamina uelo.
dentibus hic niueis sectos Atlantide silua

inposuere orbes, quales ad Caesaris ora 145
nec capto uenere Iuba. pro caecus et amens
ambitione furor, ciuilia bella gerenti
diuitias aperire suas, incendere mentem
hospitis armati. non sit licet ille nefando
Marte paratus opes mundi quaesisse ruina; 150
pone duces priscos et nomina pauperis aeu
Fabricios Curiosque graues, hic ille recumbat
sordidus Etruscis abductus consul aratris:
optabit patriae talem duxisse triumphum.

infudere epulas auro, quod terra, quod aer, 155
quod pelagus Nilusque dedit, quod luxus inani
ambitione furens toto quaesiuit in orbe
non mandante fame; multas uolucresque ferasque
Aegypti posuere deos, manibusque ministrat
Niliacas crystallos aquas, gemmaeque capaces 160
excepere merum, sed non Mareotidos uuae,
nobile sed paucis senium cui contulit annis
indomitum Meroe cogens spumare Falernum.
accipiunt sertas nardo florente coronas
et numquam fugiente rosa, multumque madenti 165
infudere comae quod nondum euanuit aura
cinnamon externa nec perdidit aera terrae,
aductumque recens uicinae messis amomon.
discit opes Caesar spoliati perdere mundi
et gessisse pudet genero cum paupere bellum 170
et causas Martis Phariis cum gentibus optat.

postquam epulis Bacchoque modum lassata uoluptas
inposuit, longis Caesar producere noctem
inchoat adloquiis, summaque in sede iacentem
lignerum placidis conpellat Acorea dictis. 175
‘o sacris deuote senex, quodque arguit aetas
non neclecte deis, Phariae primordia gentis
terrarumque situs uolgique edissere mores
et ritus formasque deum; quodcumque uetustis
insculptum est adytis profer, noscique uolentes 180
prode deos. si Cecropium sua sacra Platona

maiores docuere tui, quis dignior umquam
hoc fuit auditu mundique capacior hospes?
fama quidem generi Pharias me duxit ad urbes,
sed tamen et uestri; media inter proelia semper 185
stellarum caelique plagis superisque uacauit,
nec meus Eudoxi uincetur fastibus annus.
sed, cum tanta meo uiuat sub pectore uirtus,
tantus amor ueri, nihil est quod noscere malim
quam fluuii causas per saecula tanta latentis 190
ignotumque caput: spes sit mihi certa uidendi
Niliacos fontes, bellum ciuile relinquam.’
finierat, contraque sacer sic orsus Acoreus:

‘fas mihi magnorum, Caesar, secreta parentum
edere ad hoc aevi populis ignota profanis. 195
sit pietas aliis miracula tanta silere;
ast ego caelicolis gratum reor ire per omnis
hoc opus et sacras populis notescere leges.
sideribus, quae sola fugam moderantur Olympi
occurruntque polo, diuersa potentia prima 200
mundi lege data est. sol tempora diuidit aevi,
mutat nocte diem, radiisque potentibus astra
ire uetat cursusque uagos statione moratur;
luna suis uicibus Tethyn terrenaque miscet;
frigida Saturno glacies et zona niualis 205
cessit; habet uentos incertaque fulmina Mauors;
sub Ioue temperies et numquam turbidus aer;
at fecunda Venus cunctarum semina rerum
possidet; immensae Cyllenius arbiter undaest.
hunc ubi pars caeli tenuit, qua mixta Leonis 210
sidera sunt Cancro, rapidos qua Sirius ignes
exerit et uarii mutator circulus anni
Aegoceron Cancrumque tenet, cui subdita Nili
ora latent, quae cum dominus percussit aquarum
igne superiecto, tunc Nilus fonte soluto, 215
exit ut Oceanus lunaribus incrementis,
iussus adest, auctusque suos non ante coartat
quam nox aestiuas a sole receperit horas.

uana fides ueterum, Nilo, quod crescat in arua,
Aethiopum prodesse niues. non Arctos in illis 220
montibus aut Boreas. testis tibi sole perusti
ipse color populi calidique uaporibus Austri.
adde quod omne caput fluuii, quodcumque soluta
praecipitat glacies, ingresso uere tumescit
prima tabe niuis: Nilus neque suscitatur undas 225
ante Canis radios nec ripis alligatur amnem
ante parem nocti Libra sub iudice Phoebum.
inde etiam leges aliarum nescit aquarum,
nec tumet hibernus, cum longe sole remoto
officiis caret unda suis: dare iussus iniquo 230
temperiem caelo mediis aestatibus exit
sub torrente plaga, neu terras dissipet ignis
Nilus adest mundo contraque incensa Leonis
ora tumet Cancroque suam torrente Syenen
inploratus adest, nec campos liberat undis 235
donec in autumnum declinet Phoebus et umbras
extendat Meroe. quis causas reddere possit?
sic iussit natura parens discurrere Nilum,
sic opus est mundo. Zephyros quoque uana uetustas
his ascripsit aquis, quorum stata tempora flatus 240
continuique dies et in aera longa potestas,
uel quod ab occiduo depellunt nubila caelo
trans Noton et fluuio cogunt incumbere nimbos,
uel quod aquas totiens rumpentis litora Nili
adsiduo feriunt coguntque resistere fluctu: 245
ille mora cursus aduersique obice ponti
aestuatur in campos. sunt qui spiramina terris
esse putent magnosque caucae conpagis hiatus.
commeat hac penitus tacitis discursibus unda
frigore ab Arctoo medium reuocata sub axem, 250
cum Phoebus pressit Meroen tellusque perusta
illuc duxit aquas; trahitur Gangesque Padusque
per tacitum mundi: tunc omnia flumina Nilus
uno fonte uomens non uno gurgite perfert.
rumor ab Oceano, qui terras alligat omnes, 255

exundante procul uiolentum erumpere Nilum
aequoreosque sales longo mitescere tractu.
nec non Oceano pasci Phoebumque polosque
credimus: hunc, calidi tetigit cum brachia Cancri,
sol rapit, atque undae plus quam quod digerat aer 260
tollitur; hoc noctes referunt Niloque profundunt.
ast ego, si tantam ius est mihi soluere litem,
quasdam, Caesar, aquas post mundi sera peracti
saecula concussis terrarum erumpere uenis
non id agente deo, quasdam conpage sub ipsa 265
cum toto coepisse reor, quas ille creator
atque opifex rerum certo sub iure coeracet.

quae tibi noscendi Nilum, Romane, cupido est,
et Phariis Persisque fuit Macetumque tyrannis,
nullaque non aetas uoluit conferre futuris 270
notitiam; sed uincit adhuc natura latendi.
summus Alexander regum, quem Memphis adorat,
inuidit Nilo, misitque per ultima terrae
Aethiopum lectos: illos rubicunda perusti
zona poli tenuit; Nilum uidere calentem. 275
uenit ad occasus mundique extrema Sesostris
et Pharios currus regum ceruicibus egit;
ante tamen uestros amnes, Rhodanumque Padumque,
quam Nilum de fonte bibit. uaesanus in ortus
Cambyses longi populos peruenit ad aeuī, 280
defectusque epulis et pastus caede suorum
ignoto te, Nile, redit. non fabula mendax
ausa loqui de fonte tuo est. ubicumque uideris
quaeris, et nulli contingit gloria genti
ut Nilo sit laeta suo. tua flumina prodam, 285
qua deus undarum celator, Nile, tuarum
te mihi nosse dedit. medio consurgis ab axe;
ausus in ardentem ripas attollere Cancrum
in Borean is rectus aquis mediumque Booten
(cursus in occasus flexu torquetur et ortus, 290
nunc Arabum populis, Libycis nunc aequus harenis),
teque uident primi, quaerunt tamen hi quoque, Seres,

Aethiopumque feris alieno gurgite campos,
et te terrarum nescit cui debeat orbis.
arcanum natura caput non prodidit ulli, 295
nec licuit populis paruum te, Nile, uidere,
amouitque sinus et gentes maluit ortus
mirari quam nosse tuos. consurgere in ipsis
ius tibi solstitiis, aliena crescere bruma
atque hiemes adferre tuas, solique uagari 300
concessum per utrosque polos. hic quaeritur ortus,
illic finis aquae. late tibi gurgite rupto
ambitur nigris Meroe fecunda colonis,
laeta comis hebeni, quae quamuis arbore multa
frondeat aestatem nulla sibi mitigat umbra, 305
linea tam rectum mundi ferit illa Leonem.
inde plagas Phoebi damnum non passus aquarum
praeueheris sterilesque diu metiris harenas,
nunc omnes unum uires collectus in amnem,
nunc uagus et spargens facilem tibi cedere ripam. 310
rursus multifidas reuocat piger alueus undas,
qua dirimunt Arabum populis Aegyptia rura
regni claustra Philae. mox te deserta secantem,
qua iungunt nostrum rubro commercia ponto,
mollis lapsus agit. quis te tam lene fluentem 315
moturum totas uiolenti gurgitis iras,
Nile, putet? sed, cum lapsus abrupta uiarum
excepere tuos et praecipites cataractae
ac nusquam uetitis ullas obsistere cautes
indignaris aquis, spuma tunc astra lacessis, 320
cuncta fremunt undis, ac multo murmure montis
spumeus inuitis canescit fluctibus amnis.
hinc, Abaton quam nostra uocat ueneranda uetustas,
terra potens primos sentit percussa tumultus
et scopuli, placuit fluuii quos dicere uenas, 325
quod manifesta noui primum dant signa tumoris.
hinc montes natura uagis circumdedit undis,
qui Libyae te, Nile, negent; quos inter in alta
it conualle tacens iam moribus unda receptis.

prima tibi campos permittit apertaue Memphis 330
rura modumque uetat crescendi ponere ripas.'

sic uelut in tuta securi pace trahebant
noctis iter mediae. sed non uaesana Pothini
mens inbuta semel sacra iam caede uacabat
a scelerum motu: Magno nihil ille perempto 335
iam putat esse nefas; habitant sub pectore manes
ultricesque deae dant in noua monstra furorem.
dignatur uiles isto quoque sanguine dextras
quo Fortuna parat uictos perfundere patres,
poenaeque ciuilis belli, uindicta senatus 340
paene data est famulo. procul hoc auertite, fata,
crimen, ut haec Bruto ceruix absente secetur.
in scelus it Pharium Romani poena tyranni,
exemplumque perit. struit audax inrita fatis
nec parat occultae caedem committere fraudi 345
inuictumque ducem detecto Marte lacessit.
tantum animi delicta dabant, ut colla ferire
Caesaris et socerum iungi tibi, Magne, iuberet;
atque haec dicta monet famulos perferre fideles
ad Pompeianae socium sibi caedis Achillam, 350
quem puer inbellis cunctis praefecerat armis
et dederat ferrum, nullo sibi iure retento,
in cunctos in seque simul. 'tu mollibus' inquit
'nunc incumbere toris et pinguis exige somnos:
inuasit Cleopatra domum, nec prodita tantum est 355
sed donata Pharos. cessas accurrere solus
ad dominae thalamos? nubit soror in pia fratri,
nam Latio iam nupta duci est, interque maritos
discurrens Aegypton habet Romamque meretur.
expugnare senem potuit Cleopatra uenenis: 360
crede, miser, puero, quem nox si iunxerit una
et semel amplexus incesto pectore passus
hauserit obscaenum titulo pietatis amorem,
meque tuumque caput per singula forsitan illi
oscula donabit. crucibus flammisque luemus 365
si fuerit formonsa soror. nil undique restat

auxilii: rex hinc coniunx, hinc Caesar adulter.
et sumus, ut fatear, tam saeua iudice sontes:
quem non e nobis credit Cleopatra nocentem
a quo casta fuit? per te quod fecimus una 370
perdidimusque nefas, perque ictum sanguine Magni
foedus, ades; subito bellum molire tumultu,
inrue; nocturnas rumpamus funere taedas
crudelemque toris dominam mactemus in ipsis
cum quocumque uiro. nec nos deterreat ausis 375
Hesperii fortuna ducis, quae sustulit illum
inposuitque orbi: communis gloria nobis,
nos quoque sublimes Magnus facit. aspice litus,
spem nostri sceleris; pollutos consule fluctus
quid liceat nobis, tumulumque e puluere paruo 380
aspice Pompei non omnia membra tegentem.
quem metuis, par huius erat. non sanguine clari
(quid refert?) nec opes populorum et regna mouemus:
ad scelus ingentis fati sumus. attrahit illos
in nostras fortuna manus: en, altera uenit 385
uictima nobilior. placemus caede secunda
Hesperias gentes: iugulus mihi Caesaris haustus
hoc praestare potest, Pompei caede nocentis
ut populus Romanus amet. quid nomina tanta
horremus uiresque ducis, quibus ille relictis 390
miles erit? nox haec peraget ciuilia bella
inferiasque dabit populis et mittet ad umbras
quod debetur adhuc mundo caput. ite feroces
Caesaris in iugulum; praestet Lagea iuuentus
hoc regi, Romana sibi. tu parce morari. 395
plenum epulis madidumque mero Venerique paratum
inuenies: aude, superi tot uota Catonum
Brutorumque tibi tribuent.' non lentus Achilles
suadenti parere nefas haud clara mouendis,
ut mos, signa dedit castris nec prodidit arma 400
ullius clangore tubae: temere omnia saeui
instrumenta rapit belli. pars maxima turbae
plebis erat Latiae, sed tanta obliuio mentis

cepit in externos corrupto milite mores
ut duce sub famulo iussuque satellitis irent 405
quos erat indignum Phario parere tyranno.
nulla fides pietasque uiris qui castra secuntur,
uenalesque manus; ibi fas ubi proxima merces:
aere merent paruo, iugulumque in Caesaris ire
non sibi dant. pro fas! ubi non ciuilia bella 410
inuenit imperii fatum miserabile nostri?
Thessaliae subducta acies in litore Nili
more furit patrio. quid plus te, Magne, recepto
ausa foret Lagea domus? dat scilicet omnis
dextera quod debet superis, nullique uacare 415
fas est Romano. Latium sic scindere corpus
dis placitum: non in soceri generique fauorem
discedunt populi; ciuilia bella satellites
mouit, et in partem Romani uenit Achilles;
et nisi fata manus a sanguine Caesaris arcent 420
hae uincent partes. aderat maturus uterque,
et districta epulis ad cunctas aula patebat
insidias, poteratque cruor per regia fundi
pocula Caesareus mensaeque incumbere ceruix.
sed metuunt belli trepidos in nocte tumultus, 425
ne caedes confusa manu permissaque fatis
te, Ptolemaee, trahat. tanta est fiducia ferri,
non rapuere nefas; summi contempta facultas
est operis; uisum famulis reparabile damnum
illam mactandi dimittere Caesaris horam. 430
seruatur poenas in aperta luce daturus;
donata est nox una duci, uixitque Pothini
munere Phoebeos Caesar dilatus in ortus.

Lucifer a Casia prospexit rupe diemque
misit in Aegypton primo quoque sole calentem, 435
cum procul a muris acies non sparsa manipulis
nec uaga conspicitur, sed iustos qualis ad hostes
recta fronte uenit: passuri comminus arma
laturique ruunt. at Caesar moenibus urbis
diffisus foribus clausae se protegit aulae 440

degeneres passus latebras. nec tota uacabat
regia compresso: minima collegerat arma
parte domus. tangunt animos iraeque metusque,
et timet incursus indignaturque timere.
sic fremit in paruis fera nobilis abdita claustris 445
et frangit rabidos praemorso carcere dentes,
nec secus in Siculis fureret tua flamma cauernis,
obstrueret summam siquis tibi, Mulciber, Aetnam.
audax Thessalici nuper qui rupe sub Haemi
Hesperiae cunctos proceres aciemque senatus 450
Pompeiumque ducem causa sperare uetante
non timuit fatumque sibi promisit iniquum,
expauit seruile nefas, intraque penates
obruitur telis. quem non uiolasset Alanus,
non Scythia, non fixo qui ludit in hospite Maurus, 455
hic, cui Romani spatium non sufficit orbis,
paruaque regna putet Tyriis cum Gadibus Indos,
ceu puer inbellis uel captis femina muris,
quaerit tuta domus; spem uitae in limine clauso
ponit, et incerto lustrat uagus atria cursu, 460
non sine rege tamen, quem ducit in omnia secum
sumpturus poenas et grata piacula morti
missurusque tuum, si non sint tela nec ignes,
in famulos, Ptolemaee, caput. sic barbara Colchis
creditur ultorem metuens regnique fugaeque 465
ense suo fratrisque simul ceruice parata
expectasse patrem. cogunt tamen ultima rerum
spem pacis temptare ducem, missusque satelles
regius, ut saeuos absentis uoce tyranni
corriperet famulos, quo bellum auctore mouerent. 470
sed neque ius mundi ualuit nec foedera sancta
gentibus, orator regis pacisque sequester
<quin caderet ferro. quamquam quis talia facta> 472a
aestimat in numero scelerum ponenda tuorum,
tot monstris Aegypte nocens? non Thessala tellus
uastaque regna Iubae, non Pontus et inopia signa 475
Pharnacis et gelido circumfluis orbis Hiberno

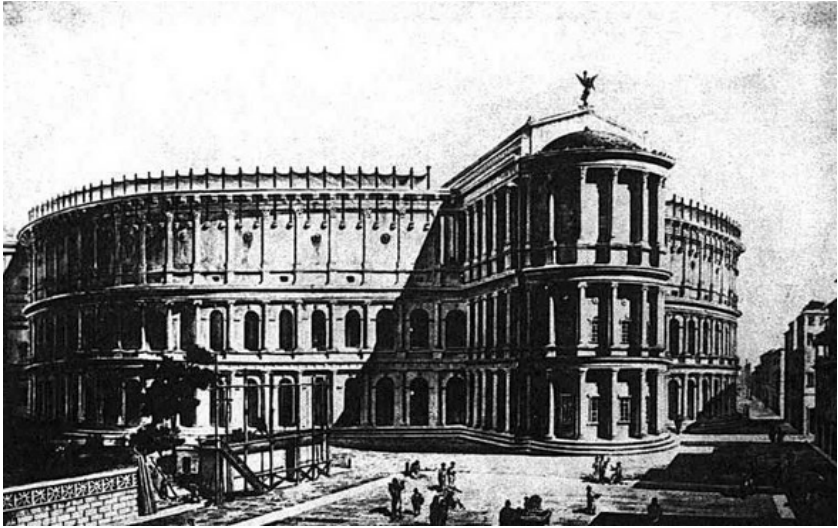
tantum ausus scelerum, non Syrtis barbara, quantum
deliciae fecere tuae. premit undique bellum,
inque domum iam tela cadunt quassantque penates.
non aries uno moturus limina pulsu 480
fracturusque domum, non ulla est machina belli,
nec flammis mandatur opus; sed caeca iuuentus
consilii uastos ambit diuisa penates,
et nusquam totis incursat uiribus agmen.
fata uetant, murique uicem Fortuna tuetur. 485

nec non et ratibus temptatur regia, qua se
protulit in medios audaci margine fluctus
luxuriosa domus. sed adest defensor ubique
Caesar et hos aditus gladiis, hos ignibus arcet,
obsessusque gerit, tanta est constantia mentis, 490
expugnantis opus. piceo iubet unguine tinctas
lampadas inmitti iunctis in uela carinis;
nec piger ignis erat per stuppea uincula perque
manantis cera tabulas, et tempore eodem
transtraque nautarum summique arsere ceruchi. 495
iam prope semustae merguntur in aequora classes,
iamque hostes et tela natant. nec puppibus ignis
incubuit solis; sed quae uicina fuere
tecta mari longis rapuere uaporibus ignem,
et cladem fouere Noti, percussaque flamma 500
turbine non alio motu per tecta cucurrit
quam solet aetherio lampas decurrere sulco
materiaque carens atque ardens aere solo.
illa lues paulum clausa reuocauit ab aula
urbis in auxilium populos. nec tempora cladis 505
perdidit in somnos, sed caeca nocte carinis
insiluit Caesar semper feliciter usus
praecipiti cursu bellorum, et tempore raptio
nunc claustrum pelagi cepit Pharon. insula quondam
in medio stetit illa mari sub tempore uatis 510
Proteos, at nunc est Pellaeis proxima muris.
illa duci geminos bellorum praestitit usus.
abstulit excursus et fauces aequoris hosti

Caesar et auxiliis ut uidit libera ponti
ostia, non fatum meriti poenasque Pothini 515
distulit ulterius. sed non, qua debuit, ira,
non cruce, non flammis rapuit, non dente ferarum:
[heu facinus, gladio ceruix male caesa pependit]
Magni morte perit. nec non subrepta paratis
a famulo Ganymede dolis peruenit ad hostis 520
Caesaris Arsinoe; quae castra carentia rege
ut proles Lagea tenet, famulumque tyranni
terribilem iusto transegit Achillea ferro.
altera, Magne, tuis iam uictima mittitur umbris;
nec satis hoc Fortuna putat. procul absit ut ista 525
uindictae sit summa tuae. non ipse tyrannus
sufficit in poenas, non omnis regia Lagi:
dum patrii ueniant in uiscera Caesaris enses
Magnus inultus erit. sed non auctore furoris
sublato cecidit rabies; nam rursus in arma 530
auspiciis Ganymedis eunt ac multa secundo
proelia Marte gerunt. potuit discrimine summo
Caesaris una dies in famam et saecula mitti.

molis in exiguae spatio stipantibus armis
dum parat in uacuas Martem transferre carinas, 535
dux Latius tota subitus formidine belli
cingitur: hinc densae praetexunt litora classes,
hinc tergo insultant pedites. uia nulla salutis,
non fuga, non uirtus; uix spes quoque mortis honestae.
non acie fusa nec magnae stragis aceruis 540
uincendus tum Caesar erat sed sanguine nullo.
captus sorte loci pendet; dubiusque timeret
optaretne mori respexit in agmine denso
Scaeuam perpetuae meritum iam nomina famae
ad campos, Epidamne, tuos, ubi solus apertis 545
obsedit muris calcantem moenia Magnum.

The Dual Text



The Theatre of Pompey, Rome — where many of the Neronia's competitions were first held. Lucan initially found success under Nero and became one of the Emperor's close friends. In 60 AD, he won a prize for extemporizing 'Orpheus and Laudes Neronis' at the quinquennial Neronia, the grand games established by Nero and held every five years. During this time Lucan circulated the first three books of his epic poem, 'De Bello Civili'.



The Theatre of Pompey today. The site is infamous for being the location of Julius Caesar's assassination in 44 BC.

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT



Translated by J. D. Duff

In this section, readers can view a section by section text of Lucan's epic poem, alternating between the original Latin and Duff's English translation.

CONTENTS

[LIBER PRIMVS — BOOK I](#)

[LIBER SECVNDVS — BOOK II](#)

[LIBER TERTIVS — BOOK III](#)

[LIBER QVARTVS — BOOK IV](#)

[LIBER QVINTVS — BOOK V](#)

[LIBER SEXTVS — BOOK VI](#)

[LIBER SEPTIMVS — BOOK VII](#)

[LIBER OCTAVVS — BOOK VIII](#)

[LIBER NONVS — BOOK IX](#)

[LIBER DECIMVS — BOOK X](#)

LIBER PRIMVS — BOOK I

Bella per Emathios plus quam ciuilia campos
iusque datum sceleri canimus, populumque potentem
in sua uictrici conuersum uiscera dextra
cognatasque acies, et rupto foedere regni
certatum totis concussi uiribus orbis 5
in commune nefas, infestisque obuia signis
signa, pares aquilas et pila minantia pilis.

OF war I sing, war worse than civil, waged over the plains of
Emathia, and of legality conferred on crime; I tell how an imperial
people turned their victorious right hands against their own vitals;
how kindred fought against kindred; how, when the compact of
tyranny was shattered, all the forces of the shaken world contended
to make mankind guilty; how standards confronted hostile standards,
eagles were matched against each other, and pilum threatened pilum.

quis furor, o ciues, quae tanta licentia ferri?
gentibus inuisis Latium praebere cruorem
cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda tropaeis 10
Ausoniis umbrae erraret Crassus inulta
bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?
heu, quantum terrae potuit pelagique parari
hoc quem ciuiles hauserunt sanguine dextrae,
unde uenit Titan et nox ubi sidera condit 15
quaque dies medius flagrantibus aestuat horis
et qua bruma rigens ac nescia uere remitti
astringit Scythico glaciale frigore pontum!
sub iuga iam Seres, iam barbarus isset Araxes
et gens siqua iacet nascenti conscia Nilo. 20

What madness was this, my countrymen, what fierce orgy of
slaughter? While the ghost of Crassus still wandered unavenged, and
it was your duty to rob proud Babylon of her trophies over Italy, did
you choose to give to hated nations the spectacle of Roman

bloodshed, and to wage wars that could win no triumphs? Ah! with that blood shed by Roman hands how much of earth and sea might have been bought — where the sun rises and where night hides the stars, where the South is parched with burning airs, and where the rigour of winter that no spring can thaw binds the Scythian sea with icy cold! Ere this the Chinese might have passed under our yoke, and the savage Araxes, and any nation that knows the secret of Nile's cradle.

tum, si tantus amor belli tibi, Roma, nefandi,
totum sub Latias leges cum miseris orbem,
in te uerte manus: nondum tibi defuit hostis.
at nunc semirutis pendent quod moenia tectis
urbibus Italiae lapsisque ingentia muris 25
saxa iacent nulloque domus custode tenentur
rarus et antiquis habitator in urbibus errat,
horrida quod dumis multosque inarata per annos
Hesperia est desuntque manus poscentibus aruis,
non tu, Pyrrhe ferox, nec tantis cladibus auctor 30
Poenus erit: nulli penitus descendere ferro
contigit; alta sedent ciuilis uolnera dextrae.

If Rome has such a lust for unlawful warfare, let her first subdue the whole earth to her sway and then commit self-slaughter; so far she has never lacked a foreign foe. But, if now in Italian cities the houses are half-demolished and the walls tottering, and the mighty stones of mouldering dwellings cumber the ground; if the houses are secured by the presence of no guard, and a mere handful of inhabitants wander over the site of ancient cities; if Italy bristles with thorn-brakes, and her soil lies unploughed year after year, and the fields call in vain for hands to till them, — these great disasters are not due to proud Pyrrhus or the Carthaginian; no other sword has been able to pierce so deep; the strokes of a kindred hand are driven home.

quod si non aliam uenturo fata Neroni
inuenero uiam magnoque aeterna parantur
regna deis caelumque suo seruire Tonanti 35

non nisi saeuorum potuit post bella gigantum,
iam nihil, o superi, querimur; scelera ipsa nefasque
hac mercede placent. diros Pharsalia campos
inpleat et Poeni saturentur sanguine manes,
ultima funesta concurrant proelia Munda, 40
his, Caesar, Perusina fames Mutinaeque labores
accedant fatis et quas premit aspera classes
Leucas et ardenti seruilia bella sub Aetna,
multum Roma tamen debet ciuilibus armis
quod tibi res acta est. te, cum statione peracta 45
astra petes serus, praelati regia caeli
excipiet gaudente polo: seu sceptrum tenere
seu te flammigeros Phoebi conscendere currus
telluremque nihil mutato sole timentem
igne uago lustrare iuuat, tibi numine ab omni 50
cedetur, iurisque tui natura relinquet
quis deus esse uelis, ubi regnum ponere mundi.
sed neque in Arctoo sedem tibi legeris orbe
nec polus auersi calidus qua uergitur Austri,
unde tuam uideas obliquo sidere Romam. 55

Still, if Fate could find no other way for the advent of Nero; if an everlasting kingdom costs the gods dear and heaven could not be ruled by its sovran, the Thunderer, before the battle with the fierce Giants, — then we complain no more against the gods: even such crimes and such guilt are not too high a price to pay. Let Pharsalia heap her awful plains with dead; let the shade of the Carthaginian be glutted with carnage; let the last battle be joined at fatal Munda; and though to these be added the famine of Perusia and the horrors of Mutina, the ships overwhelmed near stormy Leucas and the war against slaves hard by the flames of Etna, yet Rome owes much to civil war, because what was done was done for you, Caesar. When your watch on earth is over and you seek the stars at last, the celestial palace you prefer will welcome you, and the sky will be glad. Whether you choose to wield Jove's sceptre, or to mount the fiery chariot of Phoebus and circle earth with your moving flame — earth unterrified by the transference of the sun; every god will give place

to you, and Nature will leave it to you to determine what deity you wish to be, and where to establish your universal throne. But choose not your seat either in the Northern region or where the sultry sky of the opposing South sinks down: from these quarters your light would look aslant at your city of Rome.

aetheris inmensi partem si presseris unam,
sentiet axis onus. librati pondera caeli
orbe tene medio; pars aetheris illa sereni
tota uacet nullaeque obstent a Caesare nubes.
tum genus humanum positis sibi consulat armis 60
inque uicem gens omnis amet; pax missa per orbem
ferrea belligeri conpescat limina Iani.
sed mihi iam numen; nec, si te pectore uates
accipio, Cirrhaea uelim secreta mouentem
sollicitare deum Bacchumque auertere Nysa: 65
tu satis ad uires Romana in carmina dandas.

If you lean on any one part of boundless space, the axle of the sphere will be weighed down; maintain therefore the equipoise of heaven by remaining at the centre of the system. May that region of the sky be bright and clear, and may no clouds obstruct our view of Caesar! In that day let mankind lay down their arms and seek their own welfare, and let all nations love one another; let Peace fly over the earth and shut fast the iron gates of warlike Janus. But to me you are divine already; and if my breast receives you to inspire my verse, I would not care to trouble the god who rules mysterious Delphi, or to summon Bacchus from Nysa: you alone are sufficient to give strength to a Roman bard.

fert animus causas tantarum expromere rerum,
inmensumque aperitur opus, quid in arma furentem
inpulerit populum, quid pacem excusserit orbi.
inuida fatorum series summisque negatum 70
stare diu nimioque graues sub pondere lapsus
nec se Roma ferens. sic, cum conpage soluta
saecula tot mundi suprema coegerit hora

antiquum repetens iterum chaos, [omnia mixtis
sidera sideribus concurrent,] ignea pontum 75
astra petent, tellus extendere litora nolet
excutietque fretum, fratri contraria Phoebe
ibit et obliquum bigas agitare per orbem
indignata diem poscet sibi, totaque discors
machina diuolsi turbabit foedera mundi. 80
in se magna ruunt: laetis hunc numina rebus
crescendi posuere modum. nec gentibus ullis
commodat in populum terrae pelagique potentem
inuidiam Fortuna suam. tu causa malorum
facta tribus dominis communis, Roma, nec umquam 85
in turbam missi feralia foedera regni.
o male concordēs nimiaque cupidine caeci,
quid miscere iuuat uires orbemque tenere
in medio? dum terra fretum terramque leuabit
aer et longi uoluent Titana labores 90
noxque diem caelo totidem per signa sequetur,
nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
inpatiens consortis erit. nec gentibus ullis
credite nec longe fatorum exempla petantur:
fraterno primi maduerunt sanguine muri. 95
nec pretium tanti tellus pontusque furoris
tunc erat: exiguum dominos commisit asylum.

My mind moves me to set forth the causes of these great events. Huge is the task that opens before me — to show what cause drove peace from earth and forced a frenzied nation to take up arms. It was the chain of jealous fate, and the speedy fall which no eminence can escape; it was the grievous collapse of excessive weight, and Rome unable to support her own greatness. Even so, when the framework of the world is dissolved and the final hour, closing so many ages, reverts to primeval chaos, then [all the constellations will clash in confusion,] the fiery stars will drop into the sea, and earth, refusing to spread her shores out flat, will shake off the ocean; the moon will move in opposition to her brother, and claim to rule the day, disdaining to drive her chariot along her slanting orbit; and the whole

distracted fabric of the shattered firmament will overthrow its laws. Great things come crashing down upon themselves — such is the limit of growth ordained by heaven for success. Nor did Fortune lend her grudge to any foreign nations, to use against the people that ruled earth and sea: the doom of Rome was due to Rome herself, when she became the joint property of three masters, and when despotism, which never before was shared among so many, struck its bloody bargain. Blinded by excess of ambition, the Three joined hands for mischief. What boots it to unite their strength and rule the world in common? As long as earth supports the sea and air the earth; as long as his unending task shall make the sun go round, and night shall follow day in the heavens, each passing through the same number of signs — so long will loyalty be impossible between sharers in tyranny, and great place will resent a partner. Search not the history of foreign nations for proof, nor look far for an instance of Fate's decree: the rising walls of Rome were wetted with a brother's blood. Nor was such madness rewarded then by lordship over land and sea: the narrow bounds of the Asylum pitted its owners one against the other.

temporis angusti mansit concordia discors
paxque fuit non sponte ducum; nam sola futuri
Crassus erat belli medius mora. qualiter undas 100
qui secat et geminum gracilis mare separat Isthmos
nec patitur conferre fretum, si terra recedat,
Ionium Aegaeo frangat mare, sic, ubi saeua
arma ducum dirimens miserando funere Crassus
Assyrias Latio maculauit sanguine Carrhas, 105
Parthica Romanos soluerunt damna furores.
plus illa uobis acie, quam creditis, actum est,
Arsacidae: bellum uictis ciuile dedistis.
diuiditur ferro regnum, populique potentis,
quae mare, quae terras, quae totum possidet orbem, 110
non cepit fortuna duos. nam pignora iuncti
sanguinis et diro ferales omine taedas
abstulit ad manes Parcarum Iulia saeua
intercepta manu. quod si tibi fata dedissent

maiores in luce moras, tu sola furentem 115
inde uirum poterat atque hinc retinere parentem
armatasque manus excusso iungere ferro,
ut generos soceris mediae iunxere Sabinae.
morte tua discussa fides bellumque mouere
permissum ducibus. stimulos dedit aemula uirtus. 120
tu, noua ne ueteres obscurant acta triumphos
et uictis cedat piratica laurea Gallis,
Magne, times; te iam series ususque laborum
erigit inpatiensque loci fortuna secundi;
nec quemquam iam ferre potest Caesarue priorem 125
Pompeiusue parem. quis iustius induit arma
scire nefas: magno se iudice quisque tuetur;
uictrix causa deis placuit sed uicta Catoni.

For a brief space the jarring harmony was maintained, and there was peace despite the will of the chiefs; for Crassus, who stood between, was the only check on imminent war. So the Isthmus of Corinth divides the main and parts two seas with its slender line, forbidding them to mingle their waters; but if its soil were withdrawn, it would dash the Ionian sea against the Aegean. Thus Crassus kept apart the eager combatants; but when he met his pitiable end and stained Syrian Carrae with Roman blood, the loss inflicted by Parthia let loose the madness of Rome. By that battle the Parthians did more than they realise: they visited the vanquished with civil war. The tyrants' power was divided by the sword; and the wealth of the imperial people, that possessed sea and land the whole world over, was not enough for two. For, when Julia was cut off by the cruel hand of Fate, she bore with her to the world below the bond of affinity and the marriage which the dread omen turned to mourning. She alone, had Fate granted her longer life, might have restrained the rage of her husband on one side and her father on the other; she might have struck down their swords and joined their armed hands, as the Sabine women stood between and reconciled their fathers to their husbands. But loyalty was shattered by the death of Julia, and leave was given to the chiefs to begin the conflict. Rivalry in worth spurred them on; for Magnus feared that fresher exploits might dim

his past triumphs, and that his victory over the pirates might give place to the conquest of Gaul, while Caesar was urged on by continuous effort and familiarity with warfare, and by fortune that brooked no second place. Caesar could no longer endure a superior, nor Pompey an equal. Which had the fairer pretext for warfare, we may not know: each has high authority to support him; for, if the victor had the gods on his side, the vanquished had Cato.

nec coiere pares. alter uergentibus annis
in senium longoque togae tranquillior usu 130
dedidicit iam pace ducem, famaeque petitor
multa dare in uolgu, totus popularibus auris
inpelli plausuque sui gaudere theatri,
nec reparare nouas uires, multumque priori
credere fortunae. stat magni nominis umbra, 135
qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
exuuias ueteris populi sacrataque gestans
dona ducum nec iam ualidis radicibus haerens
pondere fixa suo est, nudosque per aera ramos
effundens trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram, 140
et quamuis primo nutet casura sub Euro,
tot circum siluae firmo se robore tollant,
sola tamen colitur. sed non in Caesare tantum
nomen erat nec fama ducis, sed nescia uirtus
stare loco, solusque pudor non uincere bello. 145
acer et indomitus, quo spes quoque ira uocasset,
ferre manum et numquam temerando parcere ferro,
successus urguere suos, instare fauori
numinis, inpellens quidquid sibi summa petenti
obstaret gaudensque uiam fecisse ruina, 150
qualiter expressum uentis per nubila fulmen
aetheris impulsus sonitu mundique fragore
emicuit rupitque diem populosque pauentes
terrui obliqua praestringens lumina flamma:
in sua templa furi, nulla exire uetante 155
materia magnamque cadens magnamque reuertens
dat stragem late sparsosque recolligit ignes.

The two rivals were ill-matched. The one was somewhat tamed by declining years; for long he had worn the toga and forgotten in peace the leader's part; courting reputation and lavish to the common people, he was swayed entirely by the breath of popularity and delighted in the applause that hailed him in the theatre he built; and trusting fondly to his former greatness, he did nothing to support it by fresh power. The mere shadow of a mighty name he stood. Thus an oak-tree, laden with the ancient trophies of a nation and the consecrated gifts of conquerors, towers in a fruitful field; but the roots it clings by have lost their toughness, and it stands by its weight alone, throwing out bare boughs into the sky and making a shade not with leaves but with its trunk; though it totters doomed to fall at the first gale, while many trees with sound timber rise beside it, yet it alone is worshipped. But Caesar had more than a mere name and military reputation: his energy could never rest, and his one disgrace was to conquer without war. He was alert and headstrong; his arms answered every summons of ambition or resentment; he never shrank from using the sword lightly; he followed up each success and snatched at the favour of Fortune, overthrowing every obstacle on his path to supreme power, and rejoicing to clear the way before him by destruction. Even so the lightning is driven forth by wind through the clouds: with noise of the smitten heaven and crashing of the firmament it flashes out and cracks the daylight sky, striking fear and terror into mankind and dazzling the eye with slanting flame. It rushes to its appointed quarter of the sky; nor can any solid matter forbid its free course, but both falling and returning it spreads destruction far and wide and gathers again its scattered fires.

Hae ducibus causae; suberant sed publica belli
semina, quae populos semper mersere potentis.
namque, ut opes nimias mundo fortuna subacto 160
intulit et rebus mores cessere secundis
praedaeque et hostiles luxum suasere rapinae,
non auro tectisue modus, mensasque priores
aspernata fames; cultus gestare decoros
uix nuribus rapuere mares; fecunda uirorum 165
paupertas fugitur totoque accersitur orbe

quo gens quaeque perit; tum longos iungere fines
agrorum, et quondam duro sulcata Camilli
uomere et antiquos Curiorum passa ligones
longa sub ignotis extendere rura colonis. 170
non erat is populus quem pax tranquilla iuuaret,
quem sua libertas inmotis pasceret armis.
inde irae faciles et, quod suasisset egestas,
uile nefas, magnumque decus ferroque petendum
plus patria potuisse sua, mensuraque iuris 175
uis erat: hinc leges et plebis scita coactae
et cum consulibus turbantes iura tribuni;
hinc rapti fasces pretio sectorque fauoris
ipse sui populus letalisque ambitus urbi
annua uenali referens certamina Campo; 180
hinc usura uorax audumque in tempora fenus
et concussa fides et multis utile bellum.

Such were the motives of the leaders. But among the people there were hidden causes of war — the causes which have ever brought down ruin upon imperial race. For when Rome had conquered the world and Fortune showered excess of wealth upon her, virtue was dethroned by prosperity, and the spoil taken from the enemy lured men to extravagance: they set no limit to their wealth or their dwellings; greed rejected the food that once sufficed; men seized for their use garments scarce decent for women to wear; poverty, the mother of manhood, became a bugbear; and from all the earth was brought the special bane of each nation. Next they stretched wide the boundaries of their lands, till those acres, which once were furrowed by the iron plough of Camillus and felt the spade of a Curius long ago, grew into vast estates tilled by foreign cultivators. Such a nation could find no pleasure in peace and quiet, nor leave the sword alone and grow fat on their own freedom. Hence they were quick to anger, and crime prompted by poverty was lightly regarded; to overawe the State was high distinction which justified recourse to the sword; and might became the standard of right. Hence came laws and decrees of the people passed by violence; and consuls and tribunes alike threw justice into confusion; hence office was snatched by bribery and the

people put up its own support for auction, while corruption, repeating year by year the venal competition of the Campus, destroyed the State; hence came devouring usury and interest that looks greedily to the day of payment; credit was shattered, and many found their profit in war.

iam gelidas Caesar cursu superauerat Alpes
ingentisque animo motus bellumque futurum
ceperat. ut uentum est parui Rubiconis ad undas, 185
ingens uisa duci patriae trepidantis imago
clara per obscuram uoltu maestissima noctem
turrigero canos effundens uertice crines
caesarie lacera nudisque adstare lacertis
et gemitu permixta loqui: ‘quo tenditis ultra? 190
quo fertis mea signa, uiri? si iure uenitis,
si ciues, huc usque licet.’ tum perculit horror
membra ducis, riguere comae gressumque coercens
languor in extrema tenuit uestigia ripa.
mox ait ‘o magnae qui moenia prospicis urbis 195
Tarpeia de rupe Tonans Phrygiique penates
gentis Iuleae et rapti secreta Quirini
et residens celsa Latiaris Iuppiter Alba
Vestalesque foci summique o numinis instar
Roma, faue coeptis. non te furialibus armis 200
persequor: en, adsum uictor terraque marique
Caesar, ubique tuus (liceat modo, nunc quoque) miles.
ille erit ille nocens, qui me tibi fecerit hostem.’
inde moras soluit belli tumidumque per amnem
signa tulit propere: sicut squalentibus aruis 205
aestiferae Libyes uiso leo comminus hoste
subsedit dubius, totam dum colligit iram;
mox, ubi se saeuae stimulauit uerbere caudae
erexitque iubam et uasto graue murmur hiatu
infremuit, tum torta leuis si lancea Mauri 210
haereat aut latum subeant uenabula pectus,
per ferrum tanti securus uolneris exit.

And now Caesar had hastened across the frozen Alps and had conceived in his heart the great rebellion and the coming war. When he reached the little river Rubicon, the general saw a vision of his distressed country. Her mighty image was clearly seen in the darkness of night; her face expressed deep sorrow, and from her head, crowned with towers, the white hair streamed abroad; she stood beside him with tresses torn and arms bare, and her speech was broken by sobs: "Whither do ye inarch further? and whither do ye bear my standards, ye warriors? If ye come as law abiding citizens here must ye stop." Then trembling smote the leader's limbs, his hair stood on end, a faintness stopped his motion and fettered his feet on the edge of the river-bank. But soon he spoke: "O God of thunder, who from the Tarpeian rock lookest out over the walls of the great city; O ye Trojan gods of the house of Iulus, and mysteries of Quirinus snatched from earth; O Jupiter of Latium, who dwellest on Alba's height, and ye fires of Vesta; and thou, O Rome, as sacred a name as any, smile on my enterprise; I do not attack thee in frantic warfare; behold me here, me Caesar, a conqueror by land and sea and everywhere thy champion, as I would be now also, were it possible. His, his shall be the guilt, who has made me thine enemy." Then he loosed war from its bonds and carried his standards in haste over the swollen stream. So on the untilled fields of sultry Libya, when the lion sees his foe at hand, he crouches down at first uncertain till he gathers all his rage; but soon, when he has maddened himself with the cruel lash of his tail, and made his mane stand up, and sent forth a roar from his cavernous jaws, then, if the brandished lance of the nimble Moor stick in his flesh or a spear pierce his great chest, he passes on along the length of the weapon, careless of so sore a wound.

fonte cadit modico paruisque inpellitur undis
puniceus Rubicon, cum feruida canduit aestas,
perque imas serpit ualles et Gallica certus 215
limes ab Ausoniis disternat arua colonis.
tum uires praebebat hiemps atque auxerat undas
tertia iam grauido pluuiialis Cynthia cornu
et madidis Euri resolutae flatibus Alpes.

primus in obliquum sonipes opponitur amnem 220
excepturus aquas; molli tum cetera rumpit
turba uado faciles iam fracti fluminis undas.
Caesar, ut aduersam superato gurgite ripam
attigit, Hesperiae uetitis et constitit aruis,
'hic' ait 'hic pacem temerataque iura relinquo; 225
te, Fortuna, sequor. procul hinc iam foedera sunt;
credidimus satis <his>, utendum est iudice bello.'
sic fatus noctis tenebris rapit agmina ductor
inpiger, et torto Balearis uerbere fundae
ocior et missa Parthi post terga sagitta, 230
uicinumque minax inuadit Ariminum, et ignes
solis Lucifero fugiebant astra relicto.
iamque dies primos belli uisura tumultus
exoritur; sed sponte deum, seu turbidus Auster
inpulerat, maestam tenuerunt nubila lucem. 235
constitit ut capto iussus deponere miles
signa foro, stridor lituum clangorque tubarum
non pia concinuit cum rauco classica cornu.
rupta quies populi, stratisque excita iuuentus
deripuit sacris adfixa penatibus arma 240
quae pax longa dabat: nuda iam crate fluentis
inuadunt clipeos curuataque cuspide pila
et scabros nigrae morsu robiginis enses.
ut notae fulsere aquilae Romanae signa
et celsus medio conspectus in agmine Caesar, 245
deriguere metu, gelidos pauor occupat artus,
et tacito mutos uoluunt in pectore questus.

The ruddy river Rubicon glides through the bottom of the valleys and serves as a fixed landmark to divide the land of Gaul from the farms of Italy. Issuing from a modest spring, it runs with scanty stream in the heat of burning summer; but now it was swollen by winter; and its waters were increased by the third rising of a rainy moon with moisture laden horn, and by Alpine snows which damp blasts of wind had melted. First the cavalry took station slantwise across the stream, to meet its flow; thus the current was broken, and the rest of

the army forded the water with ease. When Caesar had crossed the stream and reached the Italian bank on the further side, he halted on the forbidden territory: "Here," he cried, "here I leave peace behind me and legality which has been scorned already; henceforth I follow Fortune. Hereafter let me hear no more of agreements. In them I have put my trust long enough; now I must seek the arbitrament of war." Thus spoke the leader and quickly urged his army on through the darkness of night. Faster he goes than the bullet whirled from the Balearic sling, or the arrow which the Parthian shoots over his shoulder. Ariminum was the nearest town, and he brought terror there, when the stars were fleeing from the sunlight and the morning star alone was left. So the day dawned that was to witness the first turmoil of the war; but clouds veiled the mournful light, either because the gods so willed or because the stormy South wind had driven them up. When the soldiers halted in the captured forum and were bidden to lay down their standards, the blare of trumpets and shrill note of clarions together with the boom of horns sounded the alarm of civil war. The inhabitants were roused from sleep. Starting from their beds, the men snatched down the arms that hung beside the household gods — such arms as the long peace supplied: they lay hold on shields that are falling to pieces with framework exposed, javelins with their points bent, and swords roughened by the bite of black rust. But when they recognised the glitter of the Roman eagles and standards and saw Caesar mounted in the midst of his army, they stood motionless with fear, terror seized their chilly limbs, and these unuttered complaints they turn over in their silent breasts:

‘o male uicinis haec moenia condita Gallis,
o tristi damnata loco! pax alta per omnes
et tranquilla quies populos: nos praeda furentum 250
primaque castra sumus. melius, Fortuna, dedisses
orbe sub Eoo sedem gelidaque sub Arcto
errantisque domos, Latii quam claustra tueri.
nos primi Senonum motus Cimbrumque ruentem
uidimus et Martem Libyes cursumque furoris 255
Teutonici: quotiens Romam fortuna lacessit,
hac iter est bellis.’ gemitu sic quisque latenti,

non ausus timuisse palam: uox nulla dolori
credita, sed quantum, uolucres cum bruma coercet,
rura silent, mediusque tacet sine murmure pontus, 260
tanta quies. noctis gelidas lux soluerat umbras:
ecce, faces belli dubiaeque in proelia menti
urguentes addunt stimulos cunctasque pudoris
rumpunt fata moras: iustos Fortuna laborat
esse ducis motus et causas inuenit armis. 265
expulit ancipiti discordes urbe tribunos
uicto iure minax iactatis curia Gracchis.

“Alas for our town, built with Gaul beside it and doomed by its unlucky site to misfortune! Over all the earth there is profound peace and unbroken quiet; but we are the booty and first bivouac of these madmen. Fate would have been kinder if she had placed us under the Eastern sky or the frozen North, and made us guard the tents of nomads rather than the gates of Italy. We were the first to witness the movement of the Senones, the onrush of the Cimbrian, the sword of Hannibal, and the wild career of the Teutones : whenever Fortune attacks Rome, the warriors take their way through us.” This was each man’s muffled groan; none dared to utter his fear aloud, nor was any voice lent to their grief; such is the silence of the country when winter strikes the birds dumb, and such the silence of mid-ocean in still weather. When light had banished the cold shades of night, lo! destiny kindled the flame of war, applying to Caesar’s hesitating heart the spur that pricked him to battle, and bursting all the barriers that reverence opposed. Fate was determined to justify Caesar’s rebellion, and she found excuse for drawing the sword. For the Senate, trampling on the laws, had menaced and driven out the wrangling tribunes from the distracted city, and boasted of the doom of the Gracchi; and now the fugitives made for Caesar’s camp, already far advanced and close to Rome.

hos iam mota ducis uicinaque signa petentes
audax uenali comitatur Curio lingua,
uox quondam populi libertatemque tueri 270
ausus et armatos plebi miscere potentes.

utque ducem uarias uoluentem pectore curas
conspexit ‘dum uoce tuae potuere iuuari,
Caesar,’ ait ‘partes, quamuis nolente senatu
traximus imperium, tum cum mihi rostra tenere 275
ius erat et dubios in te transferre Quirites.
at postquam leges bello siluere coactae
pellimur e patriis laribus patimurque uolentes
exilium: tua nos faciet uictoria ciues.
dum trepidant nullo firmatae robore partes, 280
tolle moras: semper nocuit differre paratis.
[par labor atque metus pretio maiore petuntur.]
bellantem geminis tenuit te Gallia lustris,
pars quota terrarum! facili si proelia pauca
gesseris euentu, tibi Roma subegerit orbem. 285
nunc neque te longi remeantem pompa triumphi
excipit aut sacras poscunt Capitolia laurus:
liuor edax tibi cuncta negat, gentesque subactas
uix inpune feres. socerum depellere regno
decretum genero est: partiri non potes orbem, 290
solus habere potes.’ sic postquam fatus, et ipsi
in bellum prono tantum tamen addidit irae
accenditque ducem, quantum clamore iuuatur
Eleus sonipes, quamuis iam carcere clauso
immineat foribus pronusque repagula laxet. 295
conuocat armatos extemplo ad signa maniplos,
utque satis trepidum turba coeunte tumultum
conposuit uoltu dextraque silentia iussit
‘bellorum o socii, qui mille pericula Martis
mecum’ ait ‘experti decimo iam uincitis anno, 300
hoc cruor Arctois meruit diffusus in aruis
uolneraque et mortes hiemesque sub Alpibus actae?
non secus ingenti bellorum Roma tumultu
concutitur, quam si Poenus transcenderit Alpes
Hannibal: implentur ualidae tirone cohortes, 305
in classem cadit omne nemus, terraque marique
iussus Caesar agi. quid, si mihi signa iacerent
Marte sub aduerso ruerentque in terga feroces

Gallorum populi? nunc, cum fortuna secundis
mecum rebus agat superique ad summa uocantes, 310
temptamur. ueniat longa dux pace solutus
milite cum subito partesque in bella togatae
Marcellusque loquax et nomina uana Catones.
scilicet extremi Pompeium emptique clientes
continuo per tot satiabunt tempora regno? 315
ille reget currus nondum patientibus annis,
ille semel raptos numquam dimittet honores?
quid iam rura querar totum suppressa per orbem
ac iussam seruire famem? quis castra timenti
nescit mixta foro, gladii cum triste micantes 320
iudicium insolita trepidum cinxere corona
atque auso medias perrumpere milite leges
Pompeiana reum clausurunt signa Milonem?
nunc quoque, ne lassum teneat priuata senectus,
bella nefanda parat suetus ciuilibus armis 325
et docilis Sullam scelerum uicisse magistrum.
utque ferae tigres numquam posuere furorem,
quas, nemore Hyrcano matrum dum lustra secuntur,
altus caesorum pauit cruor armentorum,
sic et Sullanum solito tibi lambere ferrum 330
durat, magne, sitis. nullus semel ore receptus
pollutas patitur sanguis mansuescere fauces.
quem tamen inueniet tam longa potentia finem?
quis scelerum modus est? ex hoc iam te, inprobe, regno
ille tuus saltem doceat descendere Sulla. 335
post Cilicasne uagos et lassi Pontica regis
proelia barbarico uix consummata ueneno
ultima Pompeio dabitur prouincia Caesar,
quod non uictrices aquilas deponere iussus
paruerim? mihi si merces erepta laborum est, 340
his saltem longi non cum duce praemia belli
reddantur; miles sub quolibet iste triumphet.
conferet exanguis quo se post bella senectus?
quae sedes erit emeritis? quae rura dabuntur
quae noster ueteranus aret, quae moenia fessis? 345

an melius fient piratae, Magne, coloni?
tollite iam pridem uictricia tollite signa:
uiribus utendum est quas fecimus. arma tenenti
omnia dat, qui iusta negat. nec numina derunt;
nam neque praeda meis neque regnum quaeritur armis: 350
detrahimus dominos urbi seruire paratae.'

With them came Curio of the reckless heart and venal tongue; yet once he had been the spokesman of the people and a bold champion of freedom, who dared to bring down the armed chiefs to the level of the crowd. When Curio saw Caesar turning over shifting counsels in his heart, he spoke thus: "Caesar, while my voice could serve your side and when I was permitted to hold the Rostrum and bring over doubting citizens to your interest, I prolonged your command in defiance of the Senate. But now law has been silenced by the constraint of war, and we have been driven from our country. We suffer exile willingly, because, your victory will make us citizens again. While your foes are in confusion and before they have gathered strength, make haste; delay is ever fatal to those who are prepared. The toil and danger are no greater than before, but the prize you seek is higher. Twice five years Gaul kept you fighting; but how small a part of the earth is Gaul! Win but two or three battles, and it will be for you that Rome has subdued the world. As it is, no long triumphal procession awaits your return, nor does the Capitol demand your consecrated laurels; gnawing envy denies you all things, and you will scarce go unpunished for your conquest of foreign nations. Your daughter's husband has resolved to thrust you down from sovereignty. Half the world you may not have, but you can have the whole world for yourself." Eager for war as Caesar was already, these words of Curio increased his rage and fired his ardour none the less; so the race-horse at Olympia is encouraged by the shouting, although he is already pressing against the gates of the closed barrier and seeking to loosen the bolts with his forehead. At once Caesar summoned his armed companies to the standards; his mien quieted the bustle and confusion of the assembling troops, his right hand commanded silence, and thus he spoke: "Men who have fought and faced with me the peril of battle a thousand times, for ten

years past you have been victorious. Is this your reward for blood shed on the fields of the North, for wounds and death, and for winters passed beside the Alps? The huge hubbub of war with which Rome is shaken could be no greater, if Carthaginian Hannibal had crossed the Alps. Cohorts are raised to their full strength with recruits; every forest is felled to make ships; the word has gone forth that Caesar be chased by land and sea. What would my foes do if my standards lay prostrate in defeat and the tribes of Gaul were rushing in triumph to attack my rear? As it is, when Fate deals kindly with me and the gods summon me to the highest place, my foes challenge me. Let their leader, enervated by long peace, come forth to war with his hasty levies and unwarlike partisans — Marcellus, that man of words, and Cato, that empty name. Shall Pompey forsooth be gluttoned by his vile and venal minions with despotic power renewed so often without a break? Shall Pompey hold the chariot reins before reaching the lawful age? Shall Pompey cling for ever to the posts he has once usurped? Why should I next complain that he took into his own hands the harvests of the whole world and forced famine to do his bidding? Who knows not how the barrack invaded the frightened law-court, when soldiers with the grim glitter of their swords stood round the uneasy and astonished jurors? how the warrior dared to break into the sanctuary of justice, and Pompey's standards besieged Milo in the dock? Now once again, to escape the burden of an obscure old age, Pompey is scheming unlawful warfare. Civil war is familiar to him: he was taught wickedness by Sulla and is like to outdo his teacher. As the fierce tiger, who has drunk deep of the blood of slain cattle when following his dam from lair to lair in the Hyrcanian jungle, never after loses his ferocity, so Magnus, once wont to lick the sword of Sulla, is thirsty still. When blood has once been swallowed, it never permits the throat it has tainted to lose its cruelty. Will power so long continued ever find an end, or crime a limit? He is never content; but let him learn one lesson at least from his master, Sulla — to step down at this stage from his unlawful power. First came the roving Cilicians, and then the lingering warfare with the King of Pontus — warfare hardly completed by the infamy of poison; shall I, Caesar, be assigned to Pompey as his crowning task, because, when bidden lay down my victorious eagles,

I was disobedient? But, if I am robbed of the reward for my labours, let my soldiers at least, without their leader, receive the recompense of their long service; and let them triumph, be their leader who he may. What harbour of peace will they find for their feeble old age, what dwelling-place for their retirement? What lands will my veterans receive to till, what walls to shelter their war-worn frames? Shall Magnus give the pirates preference as colonists? Lift up, lift up the standards that have long been victorious! We must employ the strength we have created. He who denies his due to the strong man armed grants him everything. Nor will the favour of Heaven fail us; for neither booty nor empire is the object of my warfare: we are but dislodging a tyrant from a State prepared to bow the knee.”

dixerat; at dubium non claro murmure uolgens
secum incerta fremit. pietas patriique penates
quamquam caede feras mentes animosque tumentes
frangunt; sed diro ferri reuocantur amore 355
ductorisque metu. summi tum munera pili
Laelius emeritique gerens insignia doni,
seruati ciuis referentem praemia quercum,
‘si licet,’ exclamat ‘Romani maxime rector
nominis, et ius est ueras expromere uoces, 360
quod tam lenta tuas tenuit patientia uires
conquerimur. deratne tibi fiducia nostri?
dum mouet haec calidus spirantia corpora sanguis
et dum pila ualent fortes torquere lacerti,
degenerem patiere togam regnumque senatus? 365
usque adeo miserum est ciuili uincere bello?
duc age per Scythiae populos, per inhospita Syrtis
litora, per calidas Libyae sitientis harenas:
haec manus, ut uictum post terga relinqueret orbem,
Oceani tumidas remo conpescuit undas 370
fregit et Arctoo spumantem uertice Rhenum:
iussa sequi tam posse mihi quam uelle necesse est.
nec ciuis meus est, in quem tua classica, Caesar,
audiero. per signa decem felicia castris
perque tuos iuro quocumque ex hoste triumphos, 375

pectore si fratris gladium iuguloque parentis
condere me iubeas plenaque in uiscera partu
coniugis, inuita peragam tamen omnia dextra;
si spoliare deos ignemque inmittere templis,
numina miscebit castrensis flamma monetae; 380
castra super Tusci si ponere Thybridis undas,
Hesperios audax ueniam metator in agros.
tu quoscumque uoles in planum effundere muros,
his aries actus disperget saxa lacertis,
illa licet, penitus tolli quam iusseris urbem, 385
Roma sit.' his cunctae simul adsensere cohortes
elatasque alte, quaecumque ad bella uocaret,
promisere manus. it tantus ad aethera clamor,
quantus, piniferae Boreas cum Thracius Ossae
rupibus incubuit, curuato robore pressae 390
fit sonus aut rursus redeuntis in aethera siluae.

Thus he spoke; but the men wavered and muttered doubtfully under their breath with no certain sound. Fierce as they were with bloodshed and proud of heart, they were unnerved by love of their country and their country's gods, till brought to heel by horrid love of slaughter and fear of their leader. Then Laelius, who held the rank of chief centurion and bore the decoration of a well-earned badge — the oak-leaves which are the reward for saving a Roman's life — cried out thus: "Mightiest captain of the Roman nation, if I have leave to speak and if it be right to confess the truth, our complaint is, that you have borne too much and restrained your strength too long. Was it confidence in us that you lacked? While the warm blood gives motion to these breathing frames, and while our muscles have strength to hurl the pilum, will you submit to the disgrace of wearing the toga and to the tyranny of the Senate? Is it so wretched a fate to be victorious in a civil war? Lead us straightway through the tribes of Scythia, or the inhospitable shore of the Syrtes, or the burning sands of thirsty Libya — that we might leave a conquered world at our backs, these hands tamed with the oar the swelling waves of Ocean and the foaming eddies of the northern Rhine — I must have as much power as will to follow where you lead. If I hear your trumpet

sound the charge against any man, he is no countryman of mine. By your standards, victorious in ten campaigns, and by your triumphs I swear, whoever be the foe whom you triumph over — if you bid me bury my sword in my brother's breast or my father's throat or the body of my teeming wife, I — will perform it all, even if my hand be reluctant. If you bid me plunder the gods and fire their temples, the furnace of the military mint shall melt down the statues of the deities; if you bid me pitch the camp by the waters of Etruscan Tiber, I shall make bold to invade the fields of Italy and there mark out the lines; whatever walls you wish to level, these arms shall ply the ram and scatter the stones asunder, even if the city you doom to utter destruction be Rome." To this speech all the cohorts together signified their assent, raising their hands on high and promising their aid in any war to which Caesar summoned them. Their shout rose to heaven: as loud as, when the Thracian North wind bears down upon the cliffs of pine-clad Ossa, the forest roars as the trees are bent towards earth, or again as they rebound into the sky.

Caesar, ut acceptum tam prono milite bellum
fataque ferre uidet, nequo languore moretur
fortunam, sparsas per Gallica rura cohortes
euocat et Romam motis petit undique signis. 395
deseruere cauo tentoria fixa Lemanno
castraque quae Vosegi curuam super ardua ripam
pugnaces pictis cohibebant Lingonas armis.
hi uada liquerunt Isarae, qui, gurgite ductus
per tam multa suo, famae maioris in amnem 400
lapsus ad aequoreas nomen non pertulit undas.
soluuntur flauī longa statione Ruteni;
mitis Atax Latias gaudet non ferre carinas
finis et Hesperiae, promotō limite, Varus;
quaque sub Herculeo sacratus nomine portus 405
urguet rupe caua pelagus: non Corus in illum
ius habet aut Zephyrus, solus sua litora turbat
Circius et tuta prohibet statione Monoeci:
quaque iacet litus dubium quod terra fretumque
uindicat alternis uicibus, cum funditur ingens 410

Oceanus uel cum refugis se fluctibus aufert.
uentus ab extremo pelagus sic axe uoludet
destituaturque ferens, an sidere mota secundo
Tethyos unda uagae lunaribus aestuet horis,
flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas, 415
erigat Oceanum fluctusque ad sidera ducat,
quaerite, quos agitat mundi labor; at mihi semper
tu, quaecumque moues tam crebros causa meatus,
ut superi uoluere, late. tum rura Nemetis
qui tenet et ripas Atyri, qua litore curuo 420
molliter admissum claudit Tarbellicus aequor,
signa mouet, gaudetque amoto Santonus hoste
et Biturix longisque leues Suessones in armis,
optimus excusso Leucus Remusque lacerto,
optima gens flexis in gyrum Sequana frenis, 425
et docilis rector monstrati Belga couinni,
Aruernique, ausi Latio se fingere fratres
sanguine ab Iliaco populi, nimiumque rebellis
Neruius et caesi pollutus foedere Cottae,
et qui te laxis imitantur, Sarmata, bracis 430
Vangiones, Batauique truces, quos aere recuruo
stridentes acuere tubae; qua Cinga pererrat
gurgite, qua Rhodanus raptum uelocibus undis
in mare fert Ararim, qua montibus ardua summis
gens habitat cana pendentes rupe Cebennas. 435
tu quoque laetatus conuerti proelia, Treuir, 441
et nunc tonse Ligur, quondam per colla decore
crinibus effusis toti praelate Comatae,
et quibus inmitis placatur sanguine diro
Teutates horrensque feris altaribus Esus 445
et Taranis Scythicae non mitior ara Dianae.
uos quoque, qui fortes animas belloque peremptas
laudibus in longum uates dimittitis aeuum,
plurima securi fudistis carmina, Bardi.
et uos barbaricos ritus moremque sinistrum 450
sacrorum, Dryadae, positis repetistis ab armis.
solis nosse deos et caeli numina uobis

aut solis nescire datum; nemora alta remotis
incolitis lucis; uobis auctoribus umbrae
non tacitas Erebi sedes Ditisque profundi 455
pallida regna petunt: regit idem spiritus artus
orbe alio; longae, canitis si cognita, uitae
mors media est. certe populi quos despicit Arctos
felices errore suo, quos ille timorum
maximus haut urguet leti metus. inde ruendi 460
in ferrum mens prona uiris animaeque capaces
mortis, et ignauum rediturae parcere uitae.
et uos, crinigeros Belgis arcere Caycos
oppositi, petitis Romam Rhenique feroces
deseritis ripas et apertum gentibus orbem. 465

When Caesar saw that war was so eagerly welcomed by the soldiers, and that Fate was favourable, he would not by any slackness delay the course of destiny, but summoned his detachments scattered through the land of Gaul and moved his standards from every quarter for the march on Rome. The soldiers left their tents pitched by Lake Lemane among the mountains, and the camp which crowned the winding bank of the Moselle, and controlled the warlike Lingones with their painted weapons. Others left the fords of the Isara — the river which travels so far with its own waters and then falls into a more famous stream, losing its name before it reaches the sea. The fair-haired Ruthenians were freed from the garrison that long had held them; the gentle Atax, and the Varus, the boundary of Italy enlarged, rejoiced to carry no Roman keels; free was the harbour sacred under the name of Hercules, whose hollow cliff encroaches on the sea — over it neither Corus nor Zephyrus has power: Circe alone stirs up the shore and keeps it to himself and bars the safe roadstead of Monoecus; and free the strip of disputed coast, claimed in turn by land and sea, when the enormous Ocean either flows in or withdraws with ebbing waves. Does some wind from the horizon drive the sea thus on and fail it as it carries it? Or are the waves of restless Tethys attracted by the second of the heavenly bodies and stirred by the phases of the moon? Or does fire-bearing Titan, in order to quaff the waves that feed him, lift up the Ocean and draw its

billows skyward? I leave the enquiry to those who study the workings of the universe: for me, let the cause, whatever it be, that produces such constant movements, remain, as the gods have wished it to remain, for ever hidden. Gone are the soldiers who held the region of the Nemes and banks of the Atyrus, where the Tarbellians hem in the sea that beats lightly against the winding shore. The departure of their foe brings joy to the Santoni and Bituriges; to the Suessones, nimble in spite of their long spears; to the Leuci and Remi who excel in hurling the javelin, and to the Sequani who excel in wheeling their bitted steeds; to the Belgae, skilled in driving the war-chariot invented by others, and to the Arvernian clan who falsely claim descent from Troy and brotherhood with Rome; to the Nervii, too prone to rebel against us and stained by breach of their treaty with slaughtered Cotta; to the Vangiones, who wear loose trousers like the Sarmatians, and to the fierce Batavians, whose courage is roused by the blare of curved bronze trumpets. There is joy where the waters of Cinga stray, where the Rhone snatches the Arar in swift current and bears it to the sea, and where a tribe perches on the mountain heights and inhabits the snow-covered rocks of the Cevennes. The Treviri too rejoiced that the troops were moved; so did the Ligurians with hair now cropped, though once they excelled all the longhaired land in the locks that fell in beauty over their necks; and those who propitiate with horrid victims ruthless Teutates, and Esus whose savage shrine makes men shudder, and Taranis, whose altar is no more benign than that of Scythian Diana. The Bards also, who by the praises of their verse transmit to distant ages the fame of heroes slain in battle, poured forth at ease their lays in abundance. And the Druids, laying down their arms, went back to the barbarous rites and weird ceremonies of their worship. (To them alone is granted knowledge — or ignorance, it may be — of gods and celestial powers; they dwell in deep forests with sequestered groves; they teach that the soul does not descend to the silent land of Erebus and the sunless realm of Dis below, but that the same breath still governs the limbs in a different scene. If their tale be true, death is but a point in the midst of continuous life. Truly the nations on whom the Pole star looks down are happily deceived; for they are free from that king of terrors, the fear of death. This gives the warrior

his eagerness to rush upon the steel, his courage to face death, and his conviction that it is cowardly to be careful of a life that will come back to him again.) The soldiers also set to keep the long-haired Cayci away from the Belgae, left the savage banks of the Rhine and made for Rome; and the empire was left bare to foreign nations.

Caesar, ut immensae conlecto robore uires
audendi maiora fidem fecere, per omnem
spargitur Italiam uicinaque moenia conplet.
uana quoque ad ueros accessit fama timores
inrupitque animos populi clademque futuram 470
intulit et uelox properantis nuntia belli
innumeras soluit falsa in praeconia linguas.
est qui tauriferis ubi se Meuania campis
explicat audaces ruere in certamina turmas
adferat, et qua Nar Tiberino inlabitur amni 475
barbaricas saeui discurrere Caesaris alas;
ipsum omnes aquilas conlataque signa ferentem
agmine non uno densisque incedere castris.
nec qualem meminere uident: maiorque ferusque
mentibus occurrit uictoque inmanior hoste. 480
hunc inter Rhenum populos Albimque iacentes
finibus Arctoïis patriaque a sede reuolsos
pone sequi, iussamque feris a gentibus urbem
Romano spectante rapi. sic quisque pauendo
dat uires famae, nulloque auctore malorum 485
quae finxere timent. nec solum uolgu inani
percussum terrore pauet, sed curia et ipsi
sedibus exiluire patres, inuisaque belli
consulibus fugiens mandat decreta senatus.
tum, quae tuta petant et quae metuenda relinquant 490
incerti, quo quemque fugae tulit impetus urgent
praecipitem populum, serieque haerentia longa
agmina prorumpunt. credas aut tecta nefandas
corripuisse faces aut iam quatiente ruina
nutantes pendere domos, sic turba per urbem 495
praecipiti lymphata gradu, uelut unica rebus

spes foret adfflictis patrios excedere muros,
inconsulta ruit. qualis, cum turbidus Auster
reppulit a Libycis inmensum Syrtibus aequor
fractaque ueliferi sonuerunt pondera mali, 500
desilit in fluctus deserta puppe magister
nauitaque et nondum sparsa conpage carinae
naufragium sibi quisque facit, sic urbe relicta
in bellum fugitur. nullum iam languidus aeuo
eualuit reuocare parens coniunxue maritum 505
fletibus, aut patrii, dubiae dum uota salutis
conciperent, tenuere lares; nec limine quisquam
haesit et extremo tunc forsitan urbis amatae
plenus abit uisu: ruit inreuocabile uolcus.
o faciles dare summa deos eademque tueri 510
difficiles! urbem populis uictisque frequentem
gentibus et generis, coeat si turba, capacem
humani facilem uenturo Caesare praedam
ignauae liquere manus. cum pressus ab hoste
clauditur externis miles Romanus in oris, 515
effugit exiguo nocturna pericula uallo,
et subitus rapti munimine caespitis agger
praebet securos intra tentoria somnos:
tu tantum audito bellorum nomine, Roma,
desereris; nox una tuis non credita muris. 520
danda tamen uenia est tantorum danda pauorum:
Pompeio fugiente timent. tum, nequa futuri
spes saltem trepidas mentes leuet, addita fati
peioris manifesta fides, superique minaces
prodigiis terras inplerunt, aethera, pontum. 525
ignota obscurae uiderunt sidera noctes
ardentemque polum flammis caeloque uolantes
obliquas per inane faces crinemque timendi
sideris et terris mutantem regna cometen.
fulgura fallaci micuerunt crebra sereno, 530
et uarias ignis denso dedit aere formas,
nunc iaculum longo, nunc sparso lumine lampas.
emicuit caelo tacitum sine nubibus ullis

fulmen et Arctois rapiens de partibus ignem
percussit Latiare caput, stellaeque minores 535
per uacuum solitae noctis decurrere tempus
in medium uenere diem, cornuque coacto
iam Phoebe toto fratrem cum redderet orbe
terrarum subita percussa expalluit umbra.
ipse caput medio Titan cum ferret Olympo 540
condidit ardentis atra caligine currus
inuoluitque orbem tenebris gentesque coegit
desperare diem; qualem fugiente per ortus
sole Thyestae noctem duxere Mycenae.
ora ferox Siculae laxauit Mulciber Aetnae, 545
nec tulit in caelum flammās sed uertice prono
ignis in Hesperium cecidit latus. atra Charybdis
sanguineum fundo torsit mare; flebile saeui
latrauere canes. Vestali raptus ab ara
ignis, et ostendens confectas flamma Latinas 550
scinditur in partes geminoque cacumine surgit
Thebanos imitata rogos. tum cardine tellus
subsedit, ueteremque iugis nutantibus Alpes
discussere niuem. Tethys maioribus undis
Hesperiam Calpen summumque inpleuit Atlanta. 555
indigetes fleuisse deos, urbisque laborem
testatos sudore Lares, delapsaque templis
dona suis, dirasque diem foedasse uolucres
accipimus, silisque feras sub nocte relictis
audaces media posuisse cubilia Roma. 560
tum pecudum faciles humana ad murmura linguae,
monstrosique hominum partus numeroque modoque
membrorum, matremque suos conterruit infans;
diraque per populum Cumanae carmina uatis
uolgantur. tum, quos sectis Bellona lacertis 565
saeua mouet, cecinere deos, crinemque rotantes
sanguineum populis ulularunt tristia Galli.
conpositis plenae gemuerunt ossibus urnae.
tum fragor armorum magnaeque per auia uoces
auditae nemorum et uenientes comminus umbrae. 570

quique colunt iunctos extremis moenibus agros
diffugiunt: ingens urbem cingebat Erinys
excutiens pronam flagranti uertice pinum
stridentisque comas, Thebanam qualis Agauen
inpulit aut saeui contorsit tela Lycurgi 575
Eumenis, aut qualem iussu Iunonis iniquae
horruit Alcides uiso iam Dite Megaeram.
insonuere tubae et, quanto clamore cohortes
miscentur, tantum nox atra silentibus auris
edidit. e medio uisi consurgere Campo 580
tristia Sullani cecinere oracula manes,
tollentemque caput gelidas Anienis ad undas
agricolae fracto Marium fugere sepulchro.

When Caesar's might was gathered together and his huge forces encouraged him to larger enterprise, he spread all over Italy and occupied the nearest towns. False report, swift harbinger of imminent war, was added to reasonable fears, invading men's minds with presentiments of disaster, and loosing countless tongues to spread lying tales. The messengers report that horsemen are charging in fierce combat on the wide plains that breed Mevania's bulls; that the foreign cavalry of fierce Caesar are riding to and fro where the Nar joins the Tiber; and that their leader, advancing all his collected eagles and standards, is marching on with many a column and crowded camps. Men's present view of him differs from their recollection: they think of him as a monster, more savage than the foe he has conquered. Men say that the tribes which dwell between the Rhine and the Elbe, uprooted from their northern homes, are following in his rear; and that the word has gone forth that Rome, under the eyes of the Romans, shall be sacked by savage nations. Thus each by his fears adds strength to rumour, and all dread the unconfirmed dangers invented by themselves. Nor was the populace alone stricken with groundless fear. The Senate House was moved; the Fathers themselves sprang up from their seats; and the Senate fled, deputing to the consuls the dreaded declaration of war. Then, knowing not where to seek refuge or where to flee danger, each treads on the heels of the hastening population, wherever impetuous

flight carries him. Forth they rush in long unbroken columns; one might think that impious firebrands had seized hold of the houses, or that the buildings were swaying and tottering in an earthquake shock. For the frenzied crowd rushed headlong through the city with no fixed purpose, and as if the one chance of relief from ruin were to get outside their native walls. So, when the stormy South wind has driven the vast sea from the Syrtes of Libya and the heavy mast with its sails has come crashing down, the skipper abandons the helm and leaps down with his crew into the sea, and each man makes shipwreck for himself before the planks of the hull are broken asunder. Thus Rome is abandoned, and flight is the preparation for war. No aged father had the power to keep back his son, nor weeping wife her husband; none was detained by the ancestral gods of his household, till he could frame a prayer for preservation from danger; none lingered on his threshold ere he departed, to satiate his eyes with the sight of the city he loved and might never see again. Nothing could keep back the wild rush of the people. How ready are the gods to grant supremacy to men, and how unready to maintain it! Rome that was crowded with citizens and conquered peoples, Rome that could contain the human race assembled, was left by coward hands an easy prey to invading Caesar. When the Roman soldier is closely besieged by the foeman in a distant land, he defies the perils of the night behind a slender palisade; hastily he throws up the sods, and the protection of his mound lets him sleep untroubled in his tent. But Rome is abandoned as soon as the word "war" is heard; her walls are no safeguard for a single night. Yet such panic fear must be forgiven; Pompey in flight gives cause for terror. Then, that no hope even for the future might relieve anxiety, clear proof was given of worse to come, and the menacing gods filled earth, sky, and sea with portents. The darkness of night saw stars before unknown, the sky blazing with fire, lights shooting athwart the void of heaven, and the hair of the baleful star — the comet which portends change to monarchs. The lightning flashed incessantly in a sky of delusive clearness, and the fire, flickering in the heavens, took various shapes in the thick atmosphere, now flaring far like a javelin, and now like a torch with fan-like tail. A thunderbolt, without noise or any clouds, gathered fire from the North and smote the capital of Latium. The

lesser stars, which are wont to move along the sunless sky by night, now became visible at noon. The moon, when her horns were united in one and she was reflecting her brother luminary with her disk at the full, suddenly was smitten by the earth's shadow and grew dim. The sun himself, while rearing his head in the zenith, hid his burning chariot in black darkness and veiled his sphere in gloom, forcing mankind to despair of daylight; even such a darkness crept over Mycenae, the city of Thyestes, when the sun fled back to where he rose. In Sicily fierce Mulciber opened wide the mouths of Etna; nor did he lift its flames skyward, but the fire bowed its crest and fell on the Italian shore. Black Charybdis churned up waves of blood from the bottom of the sea, and the angry bark of Scylla's dogs sank into a whine. From Vesta's altar the fire vanished suddenly; and the bonfire which marks the end of the Latin Festival split into two and rose, like the pyre of the Thebans, with double crest. The earth also stopped short upon its axis, and the Alps dislodged the snow of ages from their tottering summits; and the sea filled western Calpe and remotest Atlas with a flood of waters. If tales are true, the national deities shed tears, the sweating of the household gods bore witness to the city's woe, offerings fell from their place in the temples, birds of ill omen cast a gloom upon the daylight, and wild beasts, leaving the woods by night, made bold to place their lairs in the heart of Rome. Also, the tongues of brutes became capable of human speech; and women gave birth to creatures monstrous in the size and number of their limbs, and mothers were appalled by the babes they bore; and boding prophecies spoken by the Sibyl of Cumae passed from mouth to mouth. Again, the worshippers who gash their arms, inspired by fierce Bellona chanted of heaven's wrath, and the Galli whirled round their gory locks and shrieked disaster to the nations. Groans came forth from urns filled with the ashes of dead men. The crash of arms was heard also, and loud cries in pathless forests, and the noise of spectral armies closing in battle. From the fields nearest the outside walls the inhabitants fled in all directions; for the giant figure of a Fury stalked round the city, shaking her hissing hair and a pine-tree whose flaming crest she held downwards, Such was the Fury that maddened Agave at Thebes or launched the bolts of fierce Lycurgus; and such was Megaera, when, as the minister of Juno's cruelty, she

terrified Hercules, though he had seen Hell already. Trumpets sounded; and dark nights, when winds were still, gave forth a shouting loud as when armies meet. The ghost of Sulla was seen to rise in the centre of the Campus and prophesied disaster, while Marius burst his sepulchre and scattered the country-people in flight by rearing his head beside the cool waters of the Anio.

haec propter placuit Tuscos de more uetusto
acciri uates. quorum qui maximus aeuo 585
Arruns incoluit desertae moenia Lucae,
fulminis edoctus motus uenasque calentis
fibrarum et monitus errantis in aere pinnae,
monstra iubet primum quae nullo semine discors
protulerat natura rapi sterilique nefandos 590
ex utero fetus infaustis urere flammis.
mox iubet et totam pauidis a ciuibus urbem
ambiri et festo purgantes moenia lustris
longa per extremos pomeria cingere fines
pontifices, sacri quibus est permissa potestas. 595
turba minor ritu sequitur succincta Gabino,
Vestalemque chorum ducit uittata sacerdos
Troianam soli cui fas uidisse Mineruam.
tum, qui fata deum secretaque carmina seruant
et lotam paruo reuocant Almone Cybeben, 600
et doctus uolucres augur seruare sinistras
septemuirque epulis festus Titique sodales
et Salius laeto portans ancilia collo
et tollens apicem generoso uertice flamen.
dumque illi effusam longis anfractibus urbem 605
circumeunt Arruns dispersos fulminis ignes
colligit et terrae maesto cum murmure condit
datque locis numen; sacris tunc admouet aris
electa ceruice marem. iam fundere Bacchum
coeperat obliquoque molas inducere cultro, 610
inpatiensque diu non grati uictima sacri,
cornua succincti premerent cum torua ministri,
deposito uictum praebebat poplite collum.

nec cruor emicuit solitus, sed uolnere laxo
diffusum rutilo dirum pro sanguine uirus. 615
palluit attonitus sacris feralibus Arruns
atque iram superum raptis quaesiuit in extis.
terrui ipse color uatem; nam pallida taetris
uiscera tincta notis gelidoque infecta cruore
plurimus asperso uariabat sanguine liuor. 620
cernit tabe iecur madidum, uenasque minaces
hostili de parte uidet. pulmonis anheli
fibra latet, paruusque secat uitalia limes.
cor iacet, et saniem per hiantis uiscera rimas
emittunt, produntque suas omenta latebras. 625
quodque nefas nullis inpune apparuit extis,
ecce, uidet capiti fibrarum increscere molem
alterius capitis. pars aegra et marcida pendet,
pars micat et celeri uenas mouet inproba pulsu.
his ubi concepit magnorum fata malorum 630
exclamat 'uix fas, superi, quaecumque mouetis,
prodere me populis; nec enim tibi, summe, litauī,
Iuppiter, hoc sacrum, caesique in pectora tauri
inferni uenere dei. non fanda timemus,
sed uenient maiora metu. di uisa secudent, 635
et fibris sit nulla fides, sed conditor artis
finxerit ista Tages.' flexa sic omina Tuscus
inuoluens multaque tegens ambage canebat.

Therefore it was resolved to follow ancient custom and summon seers from Etruria. The oldest of these was Arruns who dwelt in the deserted city of Luca; the course of the thunderbolt, the marks on entrails yet warm, and the warning of each wing that strays through the sky, had no secrets for him. First, he bids the destruction of monsters, which nature, at variance with herself, had brought forth from no seed, and orders that the abominable fruit of a barren womb shall be burned with wood of evil omen. Next, at his bidding the scared citizens march right round the city; and the pontiffs, who have licence to perform the ceremony, purify the walls with solemn lustration and move round the outer limit of the long *pomerium*.

Behind them come the train of inferior priests, close-girt in Gabine fashion. The band of Vestals is led by a priestess with a fillet on her brows, to whom alone it is permitted to set eyes on Trojan Minerva; next are those who preserve the prophecies of the gods and mystic hymns, and who recall Cybele from her bath in the little river Almo; then the Augurs, skilled to observe birds flying on the left, the Seven who hold festival at banquets, the Titian guild, the Salii who bear the Shields in triumph on their shoulders, and the Flamen, raising aloft on his highborn head the pointed cap. While the long procession winds its way round the wide city, Arruns collects the scattered fires of the thunderbolt and hides them in the earth with doleful muttering. He gives sanctity to the spot, and next brings near to the holy altar a bull with neck chosen for the sacrifice. When he began to pour wine and to sprinkle meal with slanting knife, the victim struggled long against the unacceptable sacrifice; but when the high-girt attendants thrust down its formidable horns, it sank to the ground and offered its helpless neck to the blow. No red blood spouted forth from the gaping wound, but a slimy liquid, strange and dreadful, came out instead. Appalled by the funereal rite, Arruns turned pale and snatched up the entrails, to seek there the anger of the gods. Their very colour alarmed him: the sickly organs were marked with malignant spots, coloured with congealed gore, and chequered all over with dark patches and blood-spots. He saw the liver flabby with corruption and with boding streaks in its hostile half. the extremity of the panting lung is invisible, and a puny membrane divides the vital organs. The heart is flattened, the entrails exude corrupted blood through gaping cracks, and the caul reveals its hiding-place. And lo! he sees a horror which never yet was seen in a victim's entrails without mischief following: a great second lobe is growing upon the lobe of the liver; one half droops sickly and flabby, while the other throbs fast and drives the veins with rapid beat. When thus he had grasped the prediction of great disaster, "Scarce may I," he cried aloud, "reveal to men's ears all the ills that the gods are preparing. Not with mightiest Jupiter has this my sacrifice found favour; but the infernal gods have entered into the body of the slaughtered bull. What we fear is unspeakable; but the sequel will be worse than our fears. May the gods give a favourable turn to what we have

witnessed! May the entrails prove false, and may the lore of our founder Tages turn out a mere imposture!” Thus the Tuscan told the future, veiling it in obscurity and hiding it with much ambiguity.

at Figulus, cui cura deos secretaque caeli
nosse fuit, quem non stellarum Aegyptia Memphis 640
aequaret uisu numerisque <seque>ntibus astra,
‘aut hic errat’ ait ‘nulla cum lege per aeuum
mundus et incerto discurrunt sidera motu,
aut, si fata mouent, urbi generique paratur
humano matura lues. terraene dehiscunt 645
subsidentque urbes, an tollet feruidus aer
temperiem? segetes tellus infida negabit,
omnis an infusis miscebitur unda uenenis?
quod cladis genus, o superi, qua peste paratis
saeuitiam? extremi multorum tempus in unum 650
conuenere dies. summo si frigida caelo
stella nocens nigros Saturni accenderet ignis,
Deucalioneos fudisset Aquarius imbres
totaque diffuso latuisset in aequore tellus.
si saeuum radiis Nemeaeum, Phoebe, Leonem 655
nunc premeres, toto fluerent incendia mundo
succensusque tuis flagrasset curribus aether.
hi cessant ignes. tu, qui flagrante minacem
Scorpion incendis cauda chelasque peruris,
quid tantum, Gradiue, paras? nam mitis in alto 660
Iuppiter occasu premitur, Venerisque salubre
sidus hebet, motuque celer Cyllenius haeret,
et caelum Mars solus habet. cur signa meatus
deseruere suos mundoque obscura feruntur,
ensiferi nimium fulget latus Orionis? 665
inminet armorum rabies, ferrique potestas
confundet ius omne manu, scelerique nefando
nomen erit uirtus, multosque exhibit in annos
hic furor. et superos quid prodest poscere finem?
cum domino pax ista uenit. duc, Roma, malorum 670
continuum seriem clademque in tempora multa

extrahe ciuili tantum iam libera bello.’

Figulus also spoke, Figulus, whose study it was to know the gods and the secrets of the sky, Figulus, whom not even Egyptian Memphis could match in observation of the heavens and calculations that keep pace with the stars. “Either,” said he, “this universe strays for ever governed by no law, and the stars move to and fro with course unfixed; or else, if they are guided by destiny, speedy destruction is preparing for Rome and for mankind. Will the earth gape and cities be swallowed up? Or will burning heat destroy our temperate clime? Will the soil break faith and deny its produce? Or will water everywhere be tainted with streams of poison? What kind of disaster are the gods preparing? What form of ruin will their anger assume? The lives of multitudes are doomed to end together. If Saturn, that cold baleful planet, were now kindling his black fires in the zenith, then Aquarius would have poured down such rains as Deucalion saw, and the whole earth would have been hidden under the waste of waters. Or if the sun’s rays were now passing over the fierce Lion of Nemea, then fire would stream over all the world, and the upper air would be kindled and consumed by the sun’s chariot. These heavenly bodies are not active now. But Mars — what dreadful purpose has he, when he kindles the Scorpion menacing with fiery tail and scorches its claws? For the benign star of Jupiter is hidden deep in the West, the healthful planet Venus is dim, and Mercury’s swift motion is stayed; Mars alone lords it in heaven. Why have the constellations fled from their courses, to move darkling through the sky, while the side of sword-girt Orion shines all too bright? The madness of war is upon us, when the power of the sword shall violently upset all legality, and atrocious crime shall be called heroism. This frenzy will last for many years; and it is useless to pray Heaven that it may end: when peace comes, a tyrant will come with it. Let Rome prolong the unbroken series of suffering and draw out her agony for ages: only while civil war lasts, shall she henceforth be free.”

terruerant satis haec pauidam praesagia plebem,
sed maiora premunt. nam, qualis uertice Pindi

Edonis Ogygio decurrit plena Lyaeo, 675
talis et attonitam rapitur matrona per urbem
uocibus his prodens urgentem pectora Phoebum:
‘quo feror, o Paeon? qua me super aethera raptam
constituistis terra? uideo Pangaea niuosus
cana iugis latosque Haemi sub rupe Philippos. 680
quis furor hic, o Phoebe, doce, quo tela manusque
Romanae miscent acies bellumque sine hoste est.
quo diuersa feror? primos me ducis in ortus,
qua mare Lagei mutatur gurgite Nili:
hunc ego, fluminea deformis truncus harena 685
qui iacet, agnosco. dubiam super aequora Syrtim
arentemque feror Libyen, quo tristis Enyo
transtulit Emathias acies. nunc desuper Alpis
nubiferae colles atque aeriam Pyrenen
abripimur. patriae sedes remeamus in urbis, 690
inpiamque in medio peraguntur bella senatu.
consurgunt partes iterum, totumque per orbem
rursus eo. noua da mihi cernere litora ponti
telluremque nouam: uidi iam, Phoebe, Philippos.’
haec ait, et lasso iacuit deserta furore.

These forebodings were enough to alarm and terrify the populace; but worse was close at hand. For, as a Bacchanal, filled with Theban Lyaeus, speeds down from the summit of Pindus, in such guise a matron rushed through the appalled city, revealing by these cries the pressure of Phoebus upon her bosom: “Whither am I borne, O Paeon, in haste across the sky? In what land do you set my feet? I see Pangaeus white with snow-clad ridges, I see Philippi spread out beneath the crag of Haemus: say, Phoebus, what madness is this that drives Romans to fight Romans; what war is this without a foe? Whither next am I borne to a different quarter? You take me to the far East, where the waters of Egyptian Nile stain the sea: him I recognise, that headless corpse lying on the river sands. The grim goddess of war has shifted the ranks of Pharsalia across the sea to treacherous Syrtis and parched Libya: thither also am I carried. Next I am spirited away over the cloud-capped Alps and soaring Pyrenees.

Back I return to my native city, where the civil war finds its end in the very Senate House. Again the factions raise their heads; again I make the circuit of the earth. Grant me, Phoebus, to behold a different shore and a different land: Philippi I have seen already.” So she spoke and fell down, abandoned by the frenzy that now was spent.

LIBER SECVNDVS — BOOK II

Iamque irae patuere deum manifestaue belli
signa dedit mundus legesque et foedera rerum
praescia monstriifero uertit natura tumultu
indixitque nefas. cur hanc tibi, rector Olympi,
sollicitis uisum mortalibus addere curam, 5
noscant uenturas ut dira per omina clades?
siue parens rerum, cum primum informia regna
materiamque rudem flamma cedente recepit,
fixit in aeternum causas, qua cuncta coercent
se quoque lege tenens, et saecula iussa ferentem 10
fatorum inmoto diuisit limite mundum,
siue nihil positum est, sed fors incerta uagatur
fertque refertque uices et habet mortalia casus,
sit subitum quodcumque paras; sit caeca futuri
mens hominum fati; liceat sperare timenti. 15

AND now heaven's wrath was revealed; the universe gave clear signs of battle; and Nature, conscious of the future, reversed the laws and ordinances of life, and, while the hurly-burly bred monsters, proclaimed civil war. Why didst thou, Ruler of Olympus, see fit to lay on suffering mortals this additional burden, that they should learn the approach of calamity by awful portents? Whether the author of the universe, when the fire gave place and he first took in hand the shapeless realm of raw matter, established the chain of causes for all eternity, and bound himself as well by universal law, and portioned out the universe, which endures the ages prescribed for it, by a fixed line of destiny; or whether nothing is ordained and Fortune, moving at random, brings round the cycle of events, and chance is master of mankind — in either case, let thy purpose, whatever it be, be sudden; let the mind of man be blind to coming doom; he fears, but leave him hope.

ergo, ubi concipiunt quantis sit cladibus orbi
constatura fides superum, fendale per urbem

iustitium; latuit plebeio tectus amictu
omnis honos, nullos comitata est purpura fasces.
tum questus tenere suos magnusque per omnis 20
errauit sine uoce dolor. sic funere primo
attonitae tacuere domus, cum corpora nondum
conclamata iacent nec mater crine soluto
exigit ad saeuos famularum bracchia planctus,
sed cum membra premit fugiente rigentia uita 25
uoltusque exanimes oculosque in morte minaces,
necdum est ille dolor nec iam metus: incubat amens
miraturque malum. cultus matrona priores
deposuit maestaeque tenent delubra cateruae:
hae lacrimis sparsere deos, hae pectora duro 30
adflixere solo, lacerasque in limine sacro
attonitae fudere comas uotisque uocari
adsuetas crebris feriunt ululatibus aures.
nec cunctae summi templo iacuere Tonantis:
diuisere deos, et nullis defuit aris 35
inuidiam factura parens. quarum una madentis
scissa genas, planctu liuentis atra lacertos,
'nunc', ait 'o miserae, contundite pectora, matres,
nunc laniate comas neue hunc differte dolorem
et summis seruate malis. nunc flere potestas 40
dum pendet fortuna ducum: cum uicerit alter
gaudendum est.' his se stimulis dolor ipse lacescit.
nec non bella uiri diuersaque castra petentes
effundunt iustas in numina saeua querellas.
'o miserae sortis, quod non in Punica nati 45
tempora Cannarum fuimus Trebiaequae iuuentus.
non pacem petimus, superi: date gentibus iras,
nunc urbes excite feras; coniuret in arma
mundus, Achaemeniis decurrant Medica Susis
agmina, Massageten Scythicus non adliget Hister, 50
fundat ab extremo flauos Aquilone Suebos
Albis et indomitum Rheni caput; omnibus hostes
reddite nos populis: ciuile auertite bellum.
hinc Dacus, premat inde Getes; occurrat Hiberis

alter, ad Eoas hic uertat signa pharetras; 55
nulla uacet tibi, Roma, manus. uel, perdere nomen
si placet Hesperium, superi, conlatus in ignes
plurimus ad terram per fulmina decidat aether.
saeue parens, utrasque simul partesque ducesque,
dum nondum meruere, feri. tantone nouorum 60
prouentu scelerum quaerunt uter imperet urbi?
uix tanti fuerat ciuilia bella mouere
ut neuter.' talis pietas peritura querellas
egerit. at miseros angit sua cura parentes,
oderuntque grauis uiuacia fata senectae 65
seruatosque iterum bellis ciuilibus annos.
atque aliquis magno quaerens exempla timori
'non alios' inquit 'motus tum fata parabant
cum post Teutonicos uictor Libycosque triumphos
exul limosa Marius caput abdidit ulua. 70
stagna auidi texere soli laxaeque paludes
depositum, Fortuna, tuum; mox uincula ferri
exedere senem longusque in carcere paedor.
consul et euersa felix moriturus in urbe
poenas ante dabat scelerum. mors ipsa refugit 75
saepe uirum, frustraue hosti concessa potestas
sanguinis inuisi, primo qui caedis in actu
deriguit ferrumque manu torpente remisit.
uiderat inmensam tenebroso in carcere lucem
terribilisque deos scelerum Mariumque futurum, 80
audieratque pauens "fas haec contingere non est
colla tibi; debet multas hic legibus aeu
ante suam mortes: uanum depone furorem."
si libet ulcisci deletae funera gentis,
hunc, Cimbri, seruate senem.

Therefore, when men perceived the mighty disasters which the truthfulness of the gods would cost the world, business ceased and gloom prevailed throughout Rome; the magistrates disguised themselves in the dress of the people; no purple accompanied the lictors' rods. Moreover, men restrained their lamentations, and a

deep dumb grief pervaded the people. (So, at the moment of death a household is stunned and speechless, before the body is lamented and laid out, and before the mother with dishevelled hair summons her maidens to beat their breasts with cruel arms: she still embraces the limbs stiff with the departure of life, and the inanimate features, with eyes fierce in death. Fear she feels no longer, but grief not yet: incapable of thought she hangs over her son and marvels at her loss.) The matrons put off their former garb and occupied the temples in mournful companies. Some sprinkled the images with their tears; others dashed their breasts against the hard floor; in their frenzy they shed their torn locks over the consecrated threshold and struck with repeated shrieks the ears accustomed to be addressed with prayer. Nor did they all prostrate themselves in the temple of the supreme Thunderer: they parted the gods among them, and no altar lacked a mother to call down shame upon it. One of them, whose cheeks were wet and torn, and her shoulders black and discoloured by blows, spoke thus: "Now, wretched mothers, now is the time to beat your breasts and tear your hair. Do not delay your grief, nor keep it for the crowning sorrows. Now we have power to weep, while the destiny of the rival leaders is undecided; but, when either is victorious, we must perforce rejoice" Thus grief works itself up and fans its own flame. — The men also, setting out for the war and for the camps of the rivals, poured out just complaints against the cruel gods: "Wretched is our lot, that we were not born into the age of the Punic wars, that we were not the men who fought at Cannae and the Trebia. We do not pray the gods for peace: let them put rage into foreign nations and rouse up at once barbarian countries. Let the whole world band itself together for war; let armies of Medes swoop down from Persian Susa; let the northern Danube fail to bar the Massagetae; let the Elbe and the unconquered mouth of the Rhine send out swarms of fair-haired Suebians from the uttermost North; make us foes to every nation — but let civil war pass from us! Let the Dacians attack us on one side, the Getae on the other; let one of the rivals confront the Spaniards, and the other turn his standards against the quivers of the; let every Roman hand grasp a sword. Or, if it be heaven's purpose to destroy the Roman race, let the mighty firmament gather itself in flame and fall down on earth in the shape of thunderbolts. O ruthless

Author of the universe, strike both parties and both rivals at once with the same bolt, while they are still innocent! Must they produce such a monstrous crop of crime, in order to settle which of the two shall be master of Rome? Civil war were a price almost too high to pay for the failure of both." Such were the complaints poured forth by patriotism that was soon to pass away. Unhappy parents too were tortured by a sorrow of their own: they curse the prolongation of grievous old age, and lament that they have lived to see a second civil war. And thus spoke one of them who sought precedents for his great fear: "As great were the disturbances prepared by Fate, when victorious Marius, who had triumphed over the Teutones and the African, was driven out to hide his head in the miry sedge. Engulfing quicksands and spongy marshes hid the secret that Fortune had placed there; and later the old man's flesh was corroded by iron fetters and the squalor of long captivity. He was yet to die as Fortune's favourite, as consul in Rome which he had ruined; but first he suffered for his guilt. Death itself often fled from him. When power to take his hated life was granted to a foeman, naught came of it; for, in beginning the deed of slaughter, the man was palsied and let the sword slip from his strengthless hand. A great light shone in the prison darkness; he saw the awful deities that wait on crime, and he saw Marius as he was yet to be; and he heard a dreadful voice—'You are not permitted to touch that neck. Before he dies himself, Marius must, by the laws that govern the ages, bring death to many. Lay aside your useless rage.' If the Cimbri wish to avenge the extinction of their slaughtered race, they should let the old man live.

non ille fauore 85

numinis, ingenti superum protectus ab ira,
uir ferus et Romam cupienti perdere fato
sufficiens. idem pelago delatus iniquo
hostilem in terram uacuisque mapalibus actus
nuda triumphati iacuit per regna Iugurthae 90
et Poenos pressit cineres. solacia fati
Carthago Mariusque tulit, pariterque iacentes
ignouere deis. Libycas ibi colligit iras.
ut primum fortuna reedit, seruilia soluit

agmina, conflato saeuas ergastula ferro 95
exerere manus. nulli gestanda dabantur
signa ducis, nisi qui scelerum iam fecerat usum
adtuleratque in castra nefas. pro fata, quis ille,
quis fuit ille dies, Marius quo moenia uictor
corripuit, quantoque gradu mors saeua cucurrit! 100
nobilitas cum plebe perit, lateque uagatus
ensis, et a nullo reuocatum pectore ferrum.
stat cruor in templis multaque rubentia caede
lubrica saxa madent. nulli sua profuit aetas:
non senis extremum piguit uergentibus annis 105
praecepisse diem, nec primo in limine uitae
infantis miseri nascentia rumpere fata.
crimine quo parui caedem potuere mereri?
sed satis est iam posse mori. trahit ipse furoris
impetus, et uisum lenti quaesisse nocentem. 110
in numerum pars magna perit, rapuitque cruentus
uictor ab ignota uoltus ceruice recisos
dum uacua pudet ire manu. spes una salutis
oscula pollutae fixisse trementia dextrae.
mille licet gladii mortis noua signa sequantur, 115
degener o populus, uix saecula longa decorum
sic meruisse uiris, nedum breue dedecus aeu
et uitam dum Sulla reddit. cui funera uolgi
flere uacet? uix te sparsum per viscera, Baebi,
innumeras inter carpentis membra coronae 120
discessisse manus, aut te, praesage malorum
Antoni, cuius laceris pendentia canis
ora ferens miles festae rorantia mensae
inposuit. truncos lacerauit Fimbria Crassos;
saeua tribunicio maduerunt robora tabo. 125
te quoque neclectum uiolatae, Scaeuola, Vestae
ante ipsum penetrare deae semperque calentis
mactauere focos; paruom set fessa senectus
sanguinis effudit iugulo flammisque pepercit.
septimus haec sequitur repetitis fascibus annus. 130
ille fuit uitae Mario modus, omnia passo

quae peior fortuna potest, atque omnibus uso
quae melior, mensoque hominis quid fata paterent.
iam quot apud Sacri cecidere cadauera Portum
aut Collina tulit stratas quot porta cateruas, 135
tum cum paene caput mundi rerumque potestas
mutauit translata locum, Romanaque Samnis
ultra Caudinas sperauit uolnera Furcas!
Sulla quoque immensis accessit cladibus ultor.
ille quod exiguum restabat sanguinis urbi 140
hausit; dumque nimis iam putria membra recidit
excessit medicina modum, nimiumque secuta est,
qua morbi duxere, manus. periere nocentes,
sed cum iam soli possent superesse nocentes.
tum data libertas odiis, resolutaque legum 145
frenis ira ruit. non uni cuncta dabantur
sed fecit sibi quisque nefas: semel omnia uictor
iusserat. infandum domini per uiscera ferrum
exegit famulus, nati maduere paterno
sanguine, certatum est cui ceruix caesa parentis 150
cederet, in fratrum ceciderunt praemia fratres.
busta repleta fuga, permixtaque uiua sepultis
corpora, nec populum latebrae cepere ferarum.
hic laqueo fauces elisaque guttura fregit,
hic se praecipiti iaculatus pondere dura 155
dissiluit percussus humo, mortesque cruento
uictori rapuere suas; hic robora busti
exstruit ipse sui necdum omni sanguine fuso
desilit in flammis et, dum licet, occupat ignes.
colla ducum pilo trepidam gestata per urbem 160
et medio congesta foro: cognoscitur illic
quidquid ubique iacet. scelerum non Thracia tantum
uidit Bistonii stabulis pendere tyranni,
postibus Antaei Libye, nec Graecia maerens
tot laceros artus Pisaea fleuit in aula. 165

No divine favour, but the exceeding wrath of heaven, has guarded
the life of that man of blood, in whom Fortune finds a perfect

instrument for the destruction of Rome. — Next he was conveyed over an angry sea to a hostile soil, where he was chased through deserted villages; he couched down in the devastated realm of Jugurtha who had graced his triumph, and the ashes of Carthage were his bed. Carthage and Marius both drew consolation for their destiny ; both alike prostrate, they pardoned Heaven. In Africa he nursed a hate like Hannibal's. As soon as Fortune smiled again, he set free bands of slaves; the prisoners melted down their fetters and stretched forth their hands for slaughter. He suffered none to bear his standards, except men already inured to crime, men who brought guilt with them to the camp. Shame upon Fate! How dread that day, the day when victorious, Marius seized the city! With what mighty strides cruel death stalked abroad! High and low were slain alike; the sword strayed far and wide; and no breast was spared the steel. Pools of blood stood in the temples; constant carnage wetted the red and slippery pavement. None was protected by his age: the slayer did not scruple to anticipate the last day of declining age, or to cut short the early prime of a hapless infant in the dawn of life. How was it possible that children should deserve death for any crime? But it was enough to have already a life to lose. The violence of frenzy was itself an incentive; and it was deemed the part of a laggard to look for guilt in a victim. Many were slain merely to make up a number; and the bloodstained conqueror seized a head cut off from a stranger's shoulders, because he was ashamed to walk with empty hands. Those alone were spared who pressed their trembling lips on that polluted hand. How degenerate a people! Though a thousand swords obey this new signal of death, it scarce would befit brave men to buy centuries of life so dear, far less the short and shameful respite — till Sulla returns. None could find time to lament the deaths of the multitude, and hardly to tell how Baebius was torn asunder and scattered piecemeal by the countless hands of the mob that divided limb from limb; or how the head of Antonins, prophet of evil, was swung by the torn white hair and placed dripping by a soldier upon the festal board. The Crassi were mutilated and mangled by Fimbria; and the blood of tribunes wetted the cruel wood. Scaevola too found no protection from outraged Vesta: they sacrificed the old man before the very shrine and ever-burning hearth of the goddess, but the

scanty stream of blood that issued from his aged throat suffered the fire to burn on. These things were followed by the seventh year in which Marius resumed the rods of office. And that was the end of his life: he had suffered every blow that evil fortune can inflict, and enjoyed every gift that good fortune can bestow; he had measured the full extent of human destiny. — Again, how many corpses fell at Sacriportus! What heaps of slain encumbered the Colline Gate on that day when the capital of the world and the government of mankind was nearly transferred to a different seat, and the Samnites hoped to inflict on Rome a heavier blow than the Caudine Forks! And then, to crown the infinite slaughter, came Sulla's vengeance. What little blood was left at Rome he shed; and while he lopped off too fiercely the limbs that were corrupt, his surgery went beyond all bounds, and his knife followed too far on the path whither disease invited it. The men slain were guilty, but it was a time when there were none but guilty to survive. Licence was granted then to private hatred; and anger, freed from the curb of law, rushed headlong on. The deeds done were not all done for the sake of one man; but each committed outrage to please himself. The conqueror had once for all issued his orders which included every crime. The servant drove the accursed sword to the hilt through his master's body; sons were sprinkled with their father's blood and strove with each other for the privilege of beheading a parent; and brother slew brother to earn rewards. The tombs were filled with fugitives, and the bodies of the living consorted with buried corpses; and the lairs of wild beasts were crowded with men. One man tied a noose round his throat and broke his neck; another hurled himself down headlong and was dashed to pieces against the hard ground; and thus they robbed the bloodstained conqueror of their deaths. Another piled up wood for his own pyre, and then, before all his blood had run out, sprang down into the flame and made haste to burn himself before he was prevented. The heads of the chief men were borne on pikes through the terrified city and piled in the centre of the forum; the victims slaughtered in all places were displayed there. Thrace never saw so many murdered corpses in the stables of the Bistonian king, nor Africa at the doors of Antaeus; nor did mourning Greece lament so many mutilated bodies in the courtyard of Pisa.

cum iam tabe fluunt confusaque tempore multo
amisere notas, miserorum dextra parentum
colligit et puido subducit cognita furto.
meque ipsum memini, caesi deformia fratris
ora rogo cupidum uetitisque inponere flammis, 170
omnia Sullanae lustrasse cadauera pacis
perque omnis truncos, cum qua ceruice recisum
conueniat, quaesisse, caput. quid sanguine manes
placatos Catuli referam? cum uictima tristis
inferias Marius forsant nolitibus umbris 175
pendit inexplato non fanda piacula busto,
cum laceros artus aequataque uulnera membris
uidimus et toto quamuis in corpore caeso
nil animae letale datum, moremque nefandae
dirum saeuitiae, pereuntis parcere morti. 180
auolsae cecidere manus exsectaque lingua
palpitat et muto uacuum ferit aera motu.
hic aures, alius spiramina naris aduncae
amputat, ille cauis euoluit sedibus orbes
ultimaque effodit spectatis lumina membris. 185
uix erit ulla fides tam saeui criminis, unum
tot poenas cepisse caput. sic mole ruinae
fracta sub ingenti miscentur pondere membra,
nec magis informes ueniunt ad litora trunci
qui medio periire freto. quid perdere fructum 190
iuuit et, ut uilem, Marii confundere uoltum?
ut scelus hoc Sullae caedesque ostensa placeret
agnoscendus erat. uidit Fortuna colonos
Praenestina suos cunctos simul ense recepto
unius populum pereuntem tempore mortis. 195
tum flos Hesperiae, Latii iam sola iuuentus,
concidit et miserae maculauit ouilia Romae.
tot simul infesto iuuenes occumbere leto
saepe fames pelagique furor subitaeque ruinae
aut terrae caelique lues aut bellica clades, 200
numquam poena fuit. densi uix agmina uolgi
inter et exangues inmissa morte cateruas

uictores mouere manus; uix caede peracta
procumbunt, dubiaque labant ceruice; sed illos
magna premit strages peraguntque cadauera partem 205
caedis: uiua graues elidunt corpora trunci.
intrepidus tanti sedit securus ab alto
spectator sceleris: miseri tot milia uolgi
non timuit iussisse mori. congesta recepit
omnia Tyrrhenus Sullana cadauera gurgis. 210
in fluuium primi cecidere, in corpora summi.
praecipites haesere rates, et strage cruenta
interruptus aquae fluxit prior amnis in aequor,
ad molem stetit unda sequens. iam sanguinis alti
uis sibi fecit iter campumque effusa per omnem 215
praecipitique ruens Tiberina in flumina riuo
haerentis adiuuit aquas; nec iam alueus amnem
nec retinent ripae, redditque cadauera campo.
tandem Tyrrhenas uix eluctatus in undas
sanguine caeruleum torrenti diuidit aequor. 220
hisne salus rerum, felix his Sulla uocari,
his meruit tumulum medio sibi tollere Campo?
haec rursus patienda manent, hoc ordine belli
ibitur, hic stabit ciuilibus exitus armis.
quamquam agitant grauiora metus, multumque coitur 225
humani generis maiore in proelia damno.
exulibus Mariis bellorum maxima merces
Roma recepta fuit, nec plus uictoria Sullae
praestitit inuisas penitus quam tollere partes:
hos alio, Fortuna, uocas, olimque potentes 230
concurrunt. neuter ciuilia bella moueret
contentus quo Sulla fuit.' sic maesta senectus
praeteritique memor flebat metuensque futuri.

When the heads, dissolving in corruption and effaced by lapse of time, had lost all distinctive features, their wretched parents gathered the relics they recognised and stealthily removed them. I remember how I myself, seeking to place on the funeral fire denied them the shapeless features of my murdered brother, scrutinised all the corpses

slain by Sulla's peace: round all the headless bodies I went, seeking for a neck to fit the severed head. Why tell of the bloody atonement made to the ghost of Catulus? A Marius was the victim who paid that terrible offering, perhaps distasteful to the dead himself, that unspeakable sacrifice to the insatiate tomb. We saw his mangled frame with a wound for every limb; we saw every part of the body mutilated and yet no death-stroke dealt to the life; we saw the terrible form taken by savage cruelty, of not suffering the dying to die. The arms, wrenched from the shoulders, fell to the ground; the tongue, cut out, quivered and beat the empty air with dumb motion; one man cut off the ears, another the nostrils of the curved nose; a third pushed the eye-balls from their hollow sockets and scooped the eyes out last of all when they had witnessed the fate of the limbs. Few will believe such an atrocity, or that a single frame could be large enough for so many tortures. Such are men's limbs when broken and pounded under the huge weight of a fallen building; and the dead, who have perished in mid-ocean and drifted to the shore, are not more disfigured. What made them waste their advantage and obliterate the features of Marius, as if they were of no account? They ought to have been recognisable; then the crime would find favour with Sulla and the murder would be proved. The Fortune of Praeneste saw all her citizens put to the sword together, and her population slain in the time it takes one man to die. The flower of Italy also, the only Roman soldiers left, were slaughtered and stained with their blood the Sheepfold of Rome. The violent death of so many strong men at once has often been caused by famine, or stormy sea, or sudden crash of buildings, or plague of earth and sky, or havoc of war, but never before by execution. So thick was the crowd of men, of faces that grew pale when death was let loose upon them, that the conquerors could scarce ply their weapons: even when the slaughter was done, the dead could scarce fall down but swayed with drooping necks; and the survivors were weighed down by the heaps of corpses; for the dead took their share in dealing death, and the living were crushed by the weight of the slain. Without a qualm Sulla sat at ease to witness the awful deed from his lofty seat; he feared not to pass sentence of death on so many thousands of undistinguished wretches. The bodies of Sulla's victims were all piled up and thrown

into the Etruscan river; the first of them fell upon the water, the last upon other carcasses. Ships going down the stream stuck fast; the front part of the river was cut off by the heaps of dead and so flowed down to the sea, while the part behind was blocked at the barrier. But soon the river of blood made a way for itself: it flooded all the plain; it rushed in rapid channel to the Tiber and swelled the impeded current, till its bed and banks could not contain the stream; and the river brought the corpses back to land, and at last forced its way with difficulty to the Tyrrhene sea, where it parted the blue expanse with a torrent of blood. Were these the deeds that entitled Sulla to be called the saviour of his country and the favourite of Fortune, and to rear himself a tomb in the centre of the Campus? Those same woes we must endure again; through that sequence of warfare we must pass; such is the issue appointed to every civil war. And yet our fears forebode still worse, and much greater damage to mankind will come of this conflict in arms. To Marius and his exiles the recovery of Rome was the great prize they fought for, and to Sulla victory brought no more than the extermination of the party he hated; but the rivals of to-day have long been supreme, and they are summoned by destiny to a different goal. If either were content with what satisfied Sulla, he would not stir up civil war." Such were the laments of sorrowing elders, as they recalled the past and dreaded the future.

at non magnanimi percussit pectora Bruti
terror et in tanta pauidi formidine motus 235
pars populi lugentis erat, set nocte sopora,
Parrhasis obliquos Helice cum uerteret axes,
atria cognati pulsat non ampla Catonis.
inuenit insomni uoluentem publica cura
fata uirum casusque urbis cunctisque timentem 240
securumque sui, farique his uocibus orsus:
'omnibus expulsae terris olimque fugatae
uirtutis iam sola fides, quam turbine nullo
excutiet fortuna tibi, tu mente labantem
derige me, dubium certo tu robore firma. 245
namque alii Magnum uel Caesaris arma sequantur,
dux Bruto Cato solus erit. pacemne tueris

inconcussa tenens dubio uestigia mundo,
an placuit ducibus scelerum populique furentis
cladibus inmixtum ciuile absoluere bellum? 250
quemque suae rapiunt scelerata in proelia causae:
hos polluta domus legesque in pace timendae,
hos ferro fugienda fames mundique ruinae
permiscenda fides. nullum furor egit in arma;
castra petunt magna uicti mercede: tibi uni 255
per se bella placent? quid tot durare per annos
profuit immunem corrupti moribus aeu?
hoc solum longae pretium uirtutis habebis:
accipient alios, facient te bella nocentem.
ne tantum, o superi, liceat feralibus armis, 260
has etiam mouisse manus. nec pila lacertis
missa tuis caeca telorum in nube ferentur:
ne tanta in cassum uirtus eat, ingeret omnis
se belli fortuna tibi. quis nolet in isto
ense mori, quamuis alieno uolnere labens, 265
et scelus esse tuum? melius tranquilla sine armis
otia solus ages, sicut caelestia semper
inconcussa suo uoluuntur sidera lapsu.
fulminibus propior terrae succenditur aer,
imaeque telluris uentos tractusque coruscus 270
flammarum accipiunt; nubes excedit Olympus.
lege deum minimas rerum discordia turbat,
pacem magna tenent. quam laetae Caesaris aures
accipient tantum uenisse in proelia ciuem!
nam praelata suis numquam diuersa dolebit 275
castra ducis Magni. nimium placet ipse Catoni,
si bellum ciuile placet. pars magna senatus
et duce priuato gesturus proelia consul
sollicitant proceresque alii; quibus adde Catonem
sub iuga Pompei, toto iam liber in orbe 280
solus Caesar erit. quod si pro legibus arma
ferre iuuat patriis libertatemque tueri
nunc neque Pompei Brutum neque Caesaris hostem,
post bellum uictoris habes.' sic fatur; at illi

arcano sacras reddit Cato pectore uoces. 285
‘summun, Brute, nefas ciuilia bella fatemur,
sed quo fata trahunt uirtus secura sequetur.
crimen erit superis et me fecisse nocentem.
sidera quis mundumque uelit spectare cadentem
expers ipse metus? quis, cum ruat arduus aether, 290
terra labet mixto coeuntis pondere mundi,
complossas tenuisse manus? gentesne furorem
Hesperium ignotae Romanaque bella sequentur
diductique fretis alio sub sidere reges,
otia solus agam? procul hunc arcete furorem, 295
o superi, motura Dahas ut clade Getasque
seculo me Roma cadat. ceu morte parentem
natorum orbatum longum producere funus
ad tumulos iubet ipse dolor, iuuat ignibus atris
inseruisse manus constructoque aggere busti 300
ipsum atras tenuisse faces, non ante reuellar
exanimem quam te conplectar, Roma; tuumque
nomen, Libertas, et inanem persequar umbram.
sic eat: inmites Romana piacula diui
plena ferant, nullo fraudemus sanguine bellum. 305
o utinam caelique deis Erebike liceret
hoc caput in cunctas damnatum exponere poenas!
deutum hostiles Decium pressere cateruae:
me geminae figant acies, me barbara telis
Rheni turba petat, cunctis ego peruius hastis 310
excipiam medius totius uolnera belli.
hic redimat sanguis populos, hac caede luatur
quidquid Romani meruerunt pendere mores.
ad iuga cur faciles populi, cur saeua uolentes
regna pati pereunt? me solum inuadite ferro, 315
me frustra leges et inania iura tuentem.
hic dabit hic pacem iugulus finemque malorum
gentibus Hesperiiis: post me regnare uolenti
non opus est bello. quin publica signa ducemque
Pompeium sequimur? nec, si fortuna fauebit, 320
hunc quoque totius sibi ius promittere mundi

non bene conpertum est: ideo me milite uincat
ne sibi se uicisse putet.' sic fatur, et acris
irarum mouit stimulos iuuenisque calorem
excitat in nimios belli ciuilis amores, 325

But the heart of noble Brutus was shaken by no fear, and amid that mighty dread of awful change he was not one of the mourning populace. In the slumbrous night, when Arcadian Helice was turning her wain aslant, he knocked at the humble dwelling of his kinsman, Cato. He found the great man pondering in sleepless anxiety over the destiny of the nation and the plight of Rome, careless of his own safety but fearful for mankind; and thus he addressed him: "Virtue, long ago driven out and banished from every land, finds in you her one remaining support, and will never be dislodged from your breast by any turn of fortune; do you therefore guide my hesitation and fortify my weakness with your unerring strength. Let others follow Magnus or Caesar's arms — Brutus will own no leader but Cato. Are you the champion of peace, keeping your path unshaken amid a tottering world? Or have you resolved to stand with the arch-criminals and take your share in the disasters of a mad world, and so clear the civil war of guilt? Each man is carried away to wicked warfare by motives of his own — some by crimes of private life and fear of the laws if peace be kept; others by the need to drive away hunger by the sword and to bury bankruptcy under the destruction of the world. None has been driven to arms by mere impulse: they have been bought by a great bribe to follow the camp; do you alone choose war for its own' sake? What good was it to stand firm so many years, untouched by the vices of a profligate age? This will be your sole reward for the virtue of a lifetime -that war, which finds others already guilty, will make you guilty at last. Heaven forbid that this fatal strife should have power to stir your hands also to action. Javelins launched by your arm will not hurtle through the indistinguishable cloud of missiles; and, in order that all that virtue may not spend itself in vain, all the hazard of war will hurl itself upon you; for who, though staggering beneath another's stroke, will not wish to fall by your sword and make you guilty? Fitter than war for you is peaceful life and tranquil solitude; so the stars of heaven

roll on for ever unshaken in their courses. The part of air nearest earth is fired by thunderbolts, and the low-lying places of the world are visited by gales and long flashes of flame; but Olympus rises above the clouds. It is heaven's law, that small things are troubled and distracted, while great things enjoy peace. What joyful news to Caesar's ear, that so great a citizen has joined the fray! He will never resent your preference of his rival, of Pompey's camp to his own; for, if Cato countenances civil war, he countenances Caesar also more than enough. When half the Senate, when the consuls and other nobles, mean to wage war under a leader who holds no office, the temptation is strong; but, if Cato too submit like these to Pompey, Caesar will be the only free man left on earth. If, however, we resolve to bear arms in defence of our country's laws and to maintain freedom, you behold in me one who is not now the foe of either Caesar or Pompey, though I shall be the foe of the conqueror when war is over." So Brutus spoke, and Cato from the sacred shrine of his heart made this reply: "Brutus, I allow that civil war is the worst wickedness; but Virtue will follow fearless wherever destiny summons her. It will be a reproach to the gods, that they have made even me guilty. Who would choose to watch the starry vault falling down and to feel no fear himself? or to sit with folded hands, when high heaven was crashing down and earth shaking with the confused weight of a collapsing firmament? If nations unknown, if kings who reign in another clime beyond the seas, join the madness of Italy and the standards of Rome, shall I alone dwell in peace? Heaven keep far from me this madness, that the fall of Rome, which will stir by her disaster the Dahae and the Getae, should leave me indifferent! When a father is robbed of his sons by death, grief itself bids him lead the long funeral train to the grave; he is fain to thrust his hands into the doleful fires, and himself to hold the smoky torch where the lofty pyre rises. So never shall I — be torn away before I embrace the lifeless body of my country; and I will follow to the grave the mere name and empty ghost of Freedom. So be it! Let Rome pay atonement in full to the pitiless gods, and let no man's life be denied to the claim of war! But would it were possible for me, condemned by the powers of heaven and hell, to be the scapegoat for the nation! As hordes of foemen bore down Decius when he had offered his life,

so may both armies pierce this body, may the savages from the Rhine aim their weapons at me; may I be transfixed by every spear, and may I stand between and intercept every blow dealt in this war! Let my blood redeem the nations, and my death pay the whole penalty incurred by the corruption of Rome. If the nations are willing to bear the yoke and resent not harsh tyranny, why should they die? Aim your swords at me alone, at me who fight a losing battle for despised law and justice. My blood, mine only, will bring peace to the people of Italy and end their sufferings; the would-be tyrant need wage no war, once I am gone. Why should I not follow the standard of the nation and Pompey as my leader? And yet I know full well that, if fortune favour him, he too looks forward to mastery over the world. Let me then serve in his victorious army, and prevent him from thinking that he has conquered for himself alone.” Thus Cato spoke, filling the younger man with strong incentives to battle and prompting his high spirit to excessive desire for civil war.

interea Phoebos gelidas pellente tenebras
pulsatae sonuere fores, quas sancta relicto
Hortensi maerens inrupit Marcia busto.
quondam uirgo toris melioris iuncta mariti,
mox, ubi conubii pretium mercesque soluta est 330
tertia iam suboles, alios fecunda penates
inpletura datur geminas et sanguine matris
permixtura domos; sed, postquam condidit urna
supremos cineres, miserando concita uoltu,
effusas laniata comas contusaque pectus 335
uerberibus crebris cineresque ingesta sepulchri,
non aliter placitura uiro, sic maesta profatur:
‘dum sanguis inerat, dum uis materna, peregi
iussa, Cato, et geminos excepi feta maritos:
uisceribus lassis partuque exhausta reuertor 340
iam nulli tradenda uiro. da foedera prisci
inlibata tori, da tantum nomen inane
conubii; liceat tumulo scripsisse “Catonis
Marcia”, nec dubium longo quaeratur in aeuo
mutarim primas expulsa an tradita taedas. 345

non me laetorum sociam rebusque secundis
accipis: in curas uenio partemque laborum.
da mihi castra sequi: cur tuta in pace relinquer
et sit ciuili propior Cornelia bello?’

Meanwhile the sun was dispelling chilly night, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and in rushed the matron, Marcia, mourning for Hortensius whose pyre she had just left. As a maiden she had first been wedded to a nobler husband; then, when she had received the reward and fee of wedlock in the birth of a third child, she was given to another household, to populate it with her fruitfulness and to ally the two houses by the maternal blood. But now, when she had laid the ashes of Hortensius in their final urn, she hastened hither in piteous guise: torn and disordered was her hair, and her breast bruised with repeated blows; she was covered with the funeral ashes. Not otherwise could she have found favour with Cato. And thus she spoke sorrowing: “While there was warm blood in these veins and I had power, to be a mother, I did your bidding, Cato: I took two husbands and bore them children. Now I return wearied and worn-out with child-bearing, and I must not again be surrendered to any other husband. Grant me to renew the faithful compact of my first marriage; grant me only the name of wife; suffer men to write on my tomb, ‘Marcia, wife of Cato’; let not the question be disputed in after time, whether I was driven out or handed over by you to a second husband. You do not receive me to share in happiness or for prosperous times: I come to take my part in anxiety and trouble. Suffer me to follow the camp. Why should I be left behind in peace and safety, and be kept further away than Cornelia from civil war?”

hae flexere uirum uoces, et, tempora quamquam 350
sint aliena toris iam fato in bella uocante,
foedera sola tamen uanaque carentia pompa
iura placent sacrisque deos admittere testes.
festa coronato non pendent limine sarta,
infulaque in geminos discurrit candida postes, 355
legitimaeque faces, gradibusque adclinis eburnis
stat torus et picto uestes discriminat auro,

turritaque premens frontem matrona corona
translata uitat contingere limina planta;
non timidum nuptae leuiter tectura pudorem 360
lutea demissos uelarent flammae uultus,
balteus aut fluxos gemmis astrinxit amictus,
colla monile decens umerisque haerentia primis
suppara nudatos cingunt angusta lacertos.
sicut erat, maestis seruat lugubria cultus 365
quoque modo natos hoc est amplexa maritum.
obsita funerea celatur purpura lana,
non soliti lusere sales, nec more Sabino
excepit tristis conuicia festa maritus.
pignora nulla domus, nulli coiere propinqui: 370
iunguntur taciti contentique auspice Bruto.
ille nec horrificam sancto dimouit ab ore
caesariem duroque admisit gaudia uultu
(ut primum tolli feralia uiderat arma,
intonsos rigidam in frontem descendere canos 375
passus erat maestamque genis increscere barbam:
uni quippe uacat studiis odiisque carenti
humanum lugere genus), nec foedera prisci
sunt temptata tori: iusto quoque robur amoris
restitit. hi mores, haec duri inmoti Catonis 380
secta fuit, seruare modum finemque tenere
naturamque sequi patriaeque inpendere uitam
nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere mundo.
huic epulae uicisse famem, magnique penates
summouisse hiemem tecto, pretiosaue uestis 385
hirtam membra super Romani more Quiritis
induxisse togam, Venerisque hic usus,
progenies: urbi pater est urbiq; maritus,
iustitiae cultor, rigidi seruator honesti,
in commune bonus; nullosque Catonis in actus 390
subrepsit partemque tulit sibi nata uoluptas.

Her words moved her husband. Though the time when Fate called men to arms was ill-suited for a marriage, they resolved to tie the

knot simply and perform the rite with no useless display; the gods alone should be present to witness the ceremony. No festal garlands, no wreath, hung from the lintel; no white fillet ran this way and that to each post of the door. The customary torches; the high couch supported on ivory steps and displaying a coverlet of gold embroidery; the matron, wearing on her head a towered crown, and careful not to touch the threshold when her foot crosses it — all these are absent. No saffron veil, intended lightly to screen the bride's shy blushes, hid the downcast face; no belt bound the flowing raiment with jewels, no fair circlet confined the neck, nor did a scarf, clinging to the tip of the shoulder, surround the bare arms with narrow band. Marcia made no change but kept the solemnity of her widow's weeds, and embraced her husband just as she did her sons. The purple band was covered and concealed by wool of funereal colour. The customary light jesting was silent, nor was the sullen husband greeted by the ceremonial abuse in Sabine fashion. No members of the family and no kinsmen assembled: their hands were joined in silence, and they were satisfied with the presence of Brutus as augur. The husband refused to remove the shaggy growth from his reverend face; nor did his stern features grant access to joy. (Ever since he saw the weapons of ill-omened war raised up, he had suffered the grey hair to grow long over his stern brow and the beard of the mourner to spread over his face; for he alone, free from love and free from hate, had leisure to wear mourning for mankind.) Nor did he seek to renew the former relations with his wife: that iron nature was proof even against wedded love. Such was the character, such the inflexible rule of austere Cato — to observe moderation and hold fast to the limit, to follow nature, to give his life for his country, to believe that he was born to serve the whole world and not himself. To him it was a feast to banish hunger; it was a lordly palace to fend off hard weather with a roof over his head; it was fine raiment to draw over his limbs the rough toga which is a Roman's dress in time of peace. In his view the sole purpose of love was offspring; for the State he became a husband and father; he worshipped justice and practised uncompromising virtue; he reserved his kindness for the whole people; and there was no act of Cato's life where selfish pleasure crept in and claimed a share.

interea trepido discedens agmine Magnus
moenia Dardanii tenuit Campana coloni.
haec placuit belli sedes, hinc summa mouentem
hostis in occursum sparsas extendere partis, 395
umbrosis mediam qua collibus Appenninus
erigit Italiam nulloque a uertice tellus
altius intumuit propiusque accessit Olympo.
mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
infernus superique maris, collesque coercent 400
hinc Tyrrhena uado frangentes aequora Pisae,
illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
fontibus hic uastis inmensos concipit amnes
fluminaque in gemini spargit diuortia ponti
(in laeuum cecidere latus ueloxque Metaurus 405
Crustumiumque rapax et iuncto Sapis Isauro
Senaque et Hadriacas qui uerberat Aufidus undas;
quoque magis nullum tellus se soluit in amnem
Eridanus fractas deuoluit in aequora siluas
Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis. hunc fabula primum 410
populea fluuium ripas umbrasse corona,
cumque diem pronum transuerso limite ducens
succendit Phaethon flagrantibus aethera loris,
gurgitibus raptis penitus tellure perusta,
hunc habuisse pares Phoebeis ignibus undas. 415
non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana iacentis
Aegypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret harenas;
non minor hic Histro, nisi quod, dum permeat orbem,
Hister casuros in quaelibet aequora fontes
accipit et Scythicas exit non solus in undas. 420
dexteriora petens montis decliua Thybrim
unda facit Rutubamque cauum. delabitur inde
Vulturinusque celer nocturnaeque editor aurae
Sarnus et umbrosae Liris per regna Maricae
Vestinis impulsus aquis radensque Salerni 425
tesca Siler nullasque uado qui Macra moratus
alnos uicinae procurrit in aequora Lunae).
longior educto qua surgit in aera dorso,

Gallica rura uidet deuexasque excipit Alpes.
tunc Vmbris Marsisque ferax domitusque Sabello 430
uomere, piniferis amplexus rupibus omnis
indigenas Latii populos, non deserit ante
Hesperiam, quam cum Scyllaeis clauditur undis,
extenditque suas in templa Lacinia rupes,
longior Italia, donec confinia pontus 435
solueret incumbens terrasque repelleret aequor,
at, postquam gemino tellus elisa profundo est,
extremi colles Siculo cessere Peloro.

Meanwhile Magnus marched away in haste and occupied the Campanian walls founded by the Trojan. Capua was chosen as the seat of war; he resolved to make Capua the base of his chief campaign, and from there to disperse and extend his forces in order to meet the enemy where Apennine raises up the centre of Italy in wooded hills; nor is there any peak at which earth rises higher and approaches closer to the sky. Midway between the two seas, the Lower and the Upper, the mountains stretch; and the range is bounded on the west by Pisa, where her beach breaks the Tyrrhene sea, and on the east by Ancona, which faces the Dalmatian billows. From vast springs the mountain engenders mighty rivers and scatters their streams along the water-sheds that lead to two seas. (Eastward flow the swift Metaurus and rushing Crustumium, the Sapis together with the Isaurus, the Sena, the Aufidus which buffets the waves of the Adriatic; and there the Po, as mighty a river as any which earth discharges, snaps off forests and sweeps them down to sea and drains the soil of Italy. As legend tells, this was the first river whose banks were shaded by a ring of poplars; and when Phaethon drove the sun downwards athwart its appointed course and kindled the sky with his burning reins, till the waters vanished and earth was burnt to its core, this river had streams sufficient to match the sun's fire. The Nile would not be greater, did it not flood the Libyan desert over the flats of low-lying Egypt; the Danube would be no greater, did it not, in its course over the globe, receive waters that might otherwise fall into any sea, and carry them with it into the Scythian main. But the waters that run down the western slopes of Apennine give birth to the

Tiber and the Rutuba in its deep channel; and also from there swift Vulturius flows down, and the Sarnus that sends forth exhalations by night; the Liris, driven by Vestinian waters through the haunts of the wood-nymph, Marica; the Siler that grazes the rugged country of Salernum; and the Macra, whose shallow stream delays no ships and speeds forward into the sea of Luna near at hand.) Where the Apennines taper out and rise skywards with lofty ridge, they look on the land of Gaul and come close to the foot-hills of the Alps. Further south, the range bears harvests for the Umbrians and Marsians, and is tamed by the Samnite ploughshare; its pine-clad cliffs embrace all the native races of Italy, never leaving the land till barred by the waters of Scylla, and stretching as far as Lacina's temple. The ridge was once longer than Italy is now, before the pressure of the sea sundered the isthmus and the water drove back the land; but when the earth was crushed out by the two seas, that end of the Apennines was surrendered to Pelorus in Sicily.

Caesar in arma furens nullas nisi sanguine fuso
gaudet habere uias, quod non terat hoste uacantis 440
Hesperiae fines uacuosque inrumpat in agros
atque ipsum non perdat iter consertaque bellis
bella gerat. non tam portas intrare patentis
quam fregisse iuuat, nec tam patiente colono
arua premi quam si ferro populetur et igni. 445
concessa pudet ire uia ciuemque uideri.
tunc urbes Latii dubiae uarioque fauore
ancipites, quamquam primo terrore ruentis
cessurae belli, denso tamen aggere firmant
moenia et abrupto circumdant undique uallo, 450
saxorumque orbes et quae super eminus hostem
tela petant altis murorum turribus aptant.
pronior in Magnum populus, pugnatque minaci
cum terrore fides, ut, cum mare possidet Auster
flatibus horrisonis, hunc aequora tota secuntur, 455
si rursus tellus pulsu laxata tridentis
Aeolii tumidis inmittat fluctibus Eurum,
quamuis icta nouo, uentum tenuere priorem

aequora, nubiferoque polus cum cesserit Euro
uindicat unda Notum. facilis sed uertere mentes 460
terror erat, dubiamque fidem fortuna ferebat.

Caesar, frantic for war, rejoices to find no passage except by shedding blood; it pleases him that the land of Italy on which he tramples supplies him with a foe, that the fields which he assaults are not undefended, and that even his marches are not wasted, but battle follows battle with no interval between. He would rather burst a city gate than find it open to admit him; he would rather ravage the land with fire and sword than overrun it without protest from the husbandman. He scorns to advance by an unguarded road, or to act like a peaceful citizen. In this hour the towns of Italy, hesitating and wavering in their sympathy for this side or that, though ready to yield at the first alarm of war's onset, nevertheless strengthen their walls with many a rampart and surround them on all sides with steep palisades; and round stones and missiles to strike the enemy from above are fitted to the high towers of the walls. The inhabitants favour Magnus more, and loyalty contends with the menace of danger. So, when the roaring blast of the South wind is master of the sea, all the main is swayed by it; and even if the earth, opened again by Aeolus with his trident, lets loose the East wind on the swollen waves, the ocean, though smitten by the second wind, remains true to the first; and, though the sky surrenders to the rainy East wind, the sea asserts the power of the South. But danger was quick to change men's minds, and the turn of events swept away wavering allegiance.

gens Etrusca fuga trepidi nudata Libonis,
iusque sui pulso iam perdidit Vmbria Thermo.
nec gerit auspiciis ciuilia bella paternis
Caesaris audito conuersus nomine Sulla. 465
Varus, ut admotae pulsarunt Auximon alae,
per diuersa ruens neclecto moenia tergo,
qua siluae, qua saxa, fugit. depellitur arce
Lentulus Asculea; uictor cedentibus instat
deuertitque acies, solusque ex agmine tanto 470
dux fugit et nullas ducentia signa cohortes.

tu quoque nudatam commissae deseris arcem,
Scipio, Nuceriae, quamquam firmissima pubes
his sedeat castris, iam pridem Caesaris armis
Parthorum seducta metu, qua Gallica damna 475
suppleuit Magnus, dumque ipse ad bella uocaret
donauit socero Romani sanguinis usum.

The men of Etruria are left defenceless by the hasty flight of Libo, and the rout of Thermus has already taken from Umbria the power of free action. Sulla, too, has not the fortune of his father in civil war, but turns to flight on hearing the mere name of Caesar. Varus, when the advancing cavalry knocked at the gates of Auximum, rushed through the opposite gate where the foe had left the rear unguarded, and fled through forests and hills. Lentulus was dislodged from the fortress of Asculum, and the conqueror, pressing hard on their retreat, cut off the army: alone of all the force the general escaped, and the standards that brought no troops behind them. Scipio too abandons the stronghold of Nuceria and leaves his charge defenceless, though here were encamped stalwart soldiers, withdrawn long ago from Caesar's army because of the Parthian peril; with these Magnus once made good the losses in Gaul, and granted a loan of Roman lives to his kinsman, until he himself should summon them to war.

at te Corfini ualidis circumdata muris
tectata tenent, pugnax Domiti; tua classica seruat
oppositus quondam polluto tiro Miloni. 480
ut procul inmensam campo consurgere nubem
ardentisque acies percussis sole corusco
conspexit telis, 'socii, decurrite' dixit
'fluminis ad ripas undaeque inmergite pontem.
et tu montanis totus nunc fontibus exi 485
atque omnis trahe, gurgēs, aquas, ut spumeus alnos
discussa conpage feras. hoc limite bellum
haereat, hac hostis lentus terat otia ripa.
praecipitem cohibete ducem: uictoria nobis
hic primum stans Caesar erit.' nec plura locutus 490

deuoluit rapidum nequiquam moenibus agmen.
 nam prior e campis ut conspicit amne soluto
 rumpi Caesar iter calida prolat ab ira
 ‘non satis est muris latebras quaesisse pauori?
 obstruitis campos fluuiisque arcere paratis, 495
 ignaui? non, si tumido me gurgite Ganges
 summoueat, stabit iam flumine Caesar in ullo
 post Rubiconis aquas. equitum properate cateruae,
 ite simul pedites, ruiturum ascendite pontem.’
 haec ubi dicta, leuis totas accepit habenas 500
 in campum sonipes, crebroque simillima nimbo
 trans ripam ualidi torserunt tela lacerti.
 ingreditur pulsa fluuium statione uacantem
 Caesar, et ad tutas hostis compellitur arces.
 et iam moturas ingentia pondera turris 505
 erigit, et mediis subrepat uinea muris:
 ecce, nefas belli, reseratis agmina portis
 captiuum traxere ducem, cuiusque superbi
 constitit ante pedes. uoltu tamen alta minaci
 nobilitas recta ferrum ceruice poposcit. 510
 scit Caesar poenamque peti ueniamque timeri.
 ‘uiue, licet nolis, et nostro munere’ dixit
 ‘cerne diem. uictis iam spes bona partibus esto
 exemplumque mei. uel, si libet, arma retempta,
 et nihil hac uenia, si uiceris, ipse paciscor.’ 515
 fatur et astrictis laxari uincula palmis
 imperat. heu, quanto melius uel caede peracta
 parcere Romano potuit fortuna pudori!
 poenarum extremum ciui, quod castra secutus
 sit patriae Magnumque ducem totumque senatum, 520
 ignosci. premit ille grauis interritus iras,
 et secum ‘Romamne petes pacisque recessus
 degener? in medios belli non ire furores
 iam dudum moriture paras? rue certus et omnis
 lucis rumpe moras et Caesaris effuge munus.’ 525

But Domitius, eager for battle, lay behind strong walls in the city of

Corfinium; and under his command were the men who, as recruits, had been arrayed against bloodstained Milo. When Domitius saw far away a vast cloud of dust rising from the plain, and the glitter of a host whose weapons were struck by the sunlight, "Comrades," he cried "speed down to the river banks and sink the bridge beneath the water. I call on the stream at once to issue forth in might from its springs in the mountains and bring hither all its waters, to carry down with foaming current the planks of the shattered structure. At this point must the war be stayed; on these banks let the foe waste time in idleness! Check ye his headlong haste; it will be a victory to us if Caesar is first brought to a halt here." Without another word he hurried the soldiers down from the walls, but in vain. Caesar got the start of him: from the plain he saw that they were letting loose the river to interrupt his march; and in hot anger he cried out: "Cowards! not content with seeking a hiding-place behind walls for your fear, do you barricade the plains and seek to keep me off" by means of rivers? After crossing the Rubicon, never again will Caesar be stopped by any stream, not even if the Ganges blocked his way with its swollen, flood. Let the squadrons of horse gallop forward and the infantry also advance; and mount the bridge ere it falls." When thus he spoke, the light horse charged in full gallop across the plain, and strong arms hurled javelins like heavy rain over the bank. Driving back the guard, Caesar occupies the undefended stream, and the enemy are forced back to the safety of the citadel. Next Caesar erects towers to launch huge masses of stone, and the penthouse creeps up to the walls that divide the armies. But see! — abomination of war! — the gates are opened and the soldiers drag their general a prisoner. Domitius halted in the presence of his arrogant equal; yet with threatening mien and neck unbent, his lofty soul demanded death by the sword. But knowing that he sought punishment and feared pardon, Caesar addressed him: "Live on, against your will, and see the sun by my generosity. Be an earnest of hope to your friends when they are conquered, and enable them to judge of me; even, if you choose, draw the sword again; and, if you prove victorious, I make no bargain for myself on the strength of mercy shown to you." With these words he bids the bonds be loosened from the fettered hands. How much better, if he had been slain outright, would Fortune have

respected the honour of a Roman! This surpasses all other penalties, that for joining the army of his country — an army led by Magnus and including the whole Senate — a patriot should be pardoned! Unterrified, Domitius hid his grievous wrath, and thus addressed himself: “Will you, thus disgraced, seek peaceful retirement at Rome? Haste rather to the centre of war’s horrors and die as soon as may be. Speed straight to your mark, snap every tie that binds you to life, and escape Caesar’s generosity!”

nescius interea capti ducis arma parabat
Magnus, ut inmixto firmaret robore partis.
iamque secuturo iussurus classica Phoebos
temptandasque ratus moturi militis iras
adloquitur tacitas ueneranda uoce cohortes. 530
‘o scelerum ultores melioraque signa secuti,
o uere Romana manus, quibus arma senatus
non priuata dedit, uotis deposcite pugnam,
ardent Hesperii saeuis populatibus agri,
Gallica per gelidas rabies ecfunditur Alpes, 535
iam tetigit sanguis pollutos Caesaris enses.
di melius, belli tulimus quod damna priores:
coeperit inde nefas, iam iam me praeside Roma
supplicium poenamque petat. neque enim ista uocari
proelia iusta decet, patriae sed uindictae iram; 540
nec magis hoc bellum est, quam quom Catilina parauit
arsuras in tecta faces sociusque furoris
Lentulus exertique manus uaesana Cethegi.
o rabies miseranda ducis! cum fata Camillis
te, Caesar, magnisque uelint miscere Metellis, 545
ad Cinnae Mariosque uenis. sternere profecto
ut Catulo iacuit Lepidus, nostrasque securis
passus Sicanio tegitur qui Carbo sepulchro,
quique feros mouit Sertorius exul Hiberos.
quamquam, siqua fides, his te quoque iungere, Caesar, 550
inuideo nostrasque manus quod Roma furenti
opposuit. Parthorum utinam post proelia sospes
et Scythicis Crassus uictor remeasset ab oris,

ut simili causa caderes, quoi Spartacus, hosti.
te quoque si superi titulis accedere nostris 555
iusserunt, ualet, en, torquendo dextera pilo,
feruidus haec iterum circa praecordia sanguis
incaluit; disces non esse ad bella fugaces
qui pacem potuere pati. licet ille solum
defectumque uocet, ne uos mea terreat aetas: 560
dux sit in his castris senior, dum miles in illis.
quo potuit ciuem populus perducere liber
ascendi, supraque nihil nisi regna reliqui.
non priuata cupis, Romana quisquis in urbe
Pompeium transire paras. hinc consul uterque, 565
hinc acies statura ducum est. Caesarne senatus
uictor erit? non tam caeco trahis omnia cursu
teque nihil, Fortuna, pudet. multisne rebellis
Gallia iam lustris aetasque inpensa labori
dant animos? Rheni gelidis quod fugit ab undis 570
Oceanumque uocans incerti stagna profundi
territa quaesitis ostendit terga Britannis?
an uanae tumuere minae quod fama furoris
expulit armatam patriis e sedibus urbem?
heu demens, non te fugiunt, me cuncta secuntur. 575
qui cum signa tuli toto fulgentia ponto,
ante bis exactum quam Cynthia conderet orbem,
omne fretum metuens pelagi pirata reliquit
angustaque domum terrarum in sede poposcit.
idem per Scythici profugum diuortia ponti 580
indomitum regem Romanaque fata morantem
ad mortem Sulla feliciore ire coegi.
pars mundi mihi nulla uacat, sed tota tenetur
terra meis, quocumque iacet sub sole, tropaeis:
hinc me uictorem gelidas ad Phasidos undas 585
Arctos habet, calida medius mihi cognitus axis
Aegypto atque umbras nusquam flectente Syene,
occasus mea iura timent Tethynque fugacem
qui ferit Hesperius post omnia flumina Baetis,
me domitus cognouit Arabs, me Marte feroces 590

Heniochi notique erepto uellere Colchi,
Cappadoces mea signa timent et dedita sacris
incerti Iudaea dei mollisque Sophene,
Armenios Cilicasque feros Taurumque subegi:
quod socero bellum praeter ciuile reliqui?’ 595

Magnus meanwhile, unaware that Domitius had been made prisoner, was taking the field, in order to encourage his adherents by an addition of strength. On the following day he intended to bid his trumpets sound, and now thought fit to test the ardour of his men before they marched. There was silence in the ranks as that august voice addressed them: “Avengers of crime and followers of the rightful standards, Romans indeed, whom the Senate has armed to defend your country, declare now your eagerness for battle. The fields of Italy are on fire with savage devastation, the fury of Gaul is pouring over the wintry Alps, blood has already touched and defiled the swords of Caesar. I thank Heaven that we first have borne the losses of war; be it so! let the wickedness begin with the other side; but now must Rome, under my leadership, demand the penalty and inflict the punishment. For the battles you must fight should not be called battles but the wrath and vengeance of our country. This is not war, any more than it was when brands to burn our houses were prepared by Catiline, and by Lentulus, his partner in wickedness, and by the frantic hand of Cethegus — the man of the naked arm. What pitiable madness is Caesar’s! Though Fortune is ready to raise him to the height of a Camillus or great Metellus, he joins the ranks of such as Marius and Cinna. His defeat is certain, just as Lepidus was overthrown by Catulus, and as Carbo, who now lies in a Sicilian grave, was beheaded by my orders; and so Sertorius fell, who in exile stirred the fierce Spaniards to war. And yet, upon my honour, I am loth to couple Caesar even with these, and I grieve that Rome has set my arm to stop his madness. Would that Crassus had returned after battle with the Parthians alive and victorious from the borders of Scythia, that Caesar, not less guilty than Spartacus, might be overthrown by the same antagonist. But if Heaven has ordained that he too should add to my fame, see! this right hand has strength to hurl the pilum, the blood about this heart has kindled to a glow once

again; he shall learn that men who were able to put up with peace are no cowards in war. Though he call me feeble and worn out, you must not be disquieted by my age: that I am older than Caesar matters not, provided his soldiers are older than mine. I have risen as high as a free people could exalt a citizen, and above me nothing remains save tyranny. Whoever schemes to rise above Pompey in the Roman State covets too much for a mere subject. On my side both consuls will take their stand, and on my side an army made up of generals. Shall Caesar defeat the Senate? No! Fortune does not bring on the course of events so blindly; she is not so utterly shameless. What emboldens Caesar? Is it Gaul, which twice five years have not tamed? Is it a lifetime devoted to the task? Is it because he fled from the cold waters of Rhine, and gave the name of Ocean to the pools of a sea that was neither sea nor land, and turned his back in panic to the Britons whom he went out of his way to attack? Or have his idle threats risen high, because the report of his madness has driven the people forth in arms from their native city? Poor madman! It is not you before whom all things flee, but I whom all things follow. When I bore the standards that shone over all the sea, before the moon had twice filled out her disk and hidden it again, the pirates, scared from the sea and abandoning every creek, begged for a narrow plot of dry land to live on. Again, when the indomitable king obstructed Rome's destiny, I drove him in flight along the isthmus of the Scythian sea; and I, more fortunate than Sulla, forced him to die. No part of the world have I left untouched: the whole earth, beneath whatever clime it lies, is occupied by my trophies. On one side, the North knows my victories by the icy waters of the Phasis; the torrid zone is known to me in sultry Egypt and Syene where the shadows fall perpendicular; my power is dreaded in the West, and where Spanish Baetis, remotest of all rivers, beats back the ebbing tide. The Arab owns me his conqueror; so do the warlike Heniochi, and the Colchians famous for the fleece they were robbed of. My standards overawe Cappadocia, and Judaea given over to the worship of an unknown god, and effeminate Sophene; I subdued the Armenians, the fierce Cilicians, and the range of Taurus. I have left my kinsman no war to wage, except civil war." The general's speech was followed by no applause from his supporters, nor did his men demand at once the

signal for the promised battle. Magnus himself was conscious of their fear; and it was decided to recall the standards, rather than expose to the hazard of a decisive engagement an army already beaten by the rumour of Caesar before they saw him. When a bull is driven from the herd by his first defeat, he seeks the recesses of the forest, or spends his solitary banishment in the fields; there he tests his horns upon the tree-trunks for opponents; nor does he return to the pasture till he has recovered strength and approves of his starting muscles; but when he has conquered his rival and got back his herd, he leads them, accompanied by the bulls, to what glades he will, and defies the herdsman. Thus Pompey surrendered Italy to his stronger rival, and fled through the open country of Apulia till he found a safe retreat in the fortress of Brundisium.

verba ducis nullo partes clamore secuntur
nec matura petunt promissae classica pugnae.
sensit et ipse metum Magnus, placuitque referri
signa nec in tantae discrimina mittere pugnae
iam uictum fama non uisi Caesaris agmen. 600
pulsus ut armentis primo certamine taurus
siluarum secreta petit uacuosque per agros
exul in aduersis explorat cornua truncis
nec redit in pastus, nisi cum ceruice recepta
excussi placuere tori, mox reddita uictor 605
quoslibet in saltus comitantibus agmina tauris
inuito pastore trahit, sic uiribus inpar
tradidit Hesperiam profugusque per Apula rura
Brundisii tutas concessit Magnus in arces.

Of yore this city was occupied by men of Dicte — Cretan exiles, who were borne across the sea on Athenian ships with the sails that falsely told that Theseus had been conquered. At this point Italy grows narrow, and her straitened border puts forth a slender tongue of land into the sea — a tongue which encloses waters of the Adriatic within curving horns. Yet the water that makes its way through the narrow entrance would be no harbour, but for an island, which confronts the fierce northern gales with a barrier of rock and repels

the wearied waves. On both sides Nature has set masses of craggy cliff to meet the open sea, and has kept off the blasts, that ships might ride there at anchor, content with a swaying cable. From here all the sea is visible far and wide, whether the ship is bound for the ports of Corcyra or turns to the left, where Illyrian Epidamnos slopes down towards the Ionian sea. Here the mariner takes refuge, when the Adriatic puts forth all its might, when the Ceraunian mountains are lost in cloud, and when Sason in Calabria is drenched with spray.

urbs est Dictaeis olim possessa colonis, 610
quos Creta profugos uexere per aequora puppes
Cecropiae uictum mentitis Thesea uelis.
hinc latus angustum iam se cogentis in artum
Hesperiae tenuem producit in aequora linguam,
Hadriacas flexis claudit quae cornibus undas. 615
nec tamen hoc artis inmissum faucibus aequor
portus erat, si non uiolentos insula Coros
exciperet saxis lassasque refunderet undas.
hinc illinc montes scopulosae rupis aperto
opposuit natura mari flatusque remouit, 620
ut tremulo starent contentae fune carinae.
hinc late patet omne fretum, seu uela ferantur
in portus, Corcyra, tuos, seu laeua petatur
Illyris Ionias uergens Epidamnos in undas.
hoc fuga nautarum, cum totas Hadria uires 625
mouit et in nubes abiere Ceraunia cumque
spumoso Calaber perfunditur aequare Sason.

Pompey felt no confidence in the success of the cause he had left behind him; nor could he transfer the war to the land of the hardy Spaniards, because the vast extent of the Alps lay between; and therefore he thus addressed the elder of his noble sons: "I bid you explore the ends of the earth. Stir up the Euphrates and the Nile — every region where the glory of my fame penetrates, every city where the name of Rome became famous after my exploits. Bring back to the sea the Cilician colonists now dispersed over the land; next rouse up the sovereigns of Egypt and Tigranes whom I made

king.

ergo, ubi nulla fides rebus post terga relictis
nec licet ad duros Martem conuertere Hiberos,
cum mediae iaceant immensis tractibus Alpes, 630
tum subole e tanta natum cui firmior aetas
adfatur. 'mundi iubeo temptare recessus:
Euphraten Nilumque moue, quo nominis usque
nostri fama uenit, quas est uolgata per urbes
post me Roma ducem. sparsos per rura colonos 635
redde mari Cilicas; Pharios hinc concute reges
Tigranemque meum; nec Pharnacis arma relinquant
admoneo nec tu populos utraque uagantis
Armenia Pontique feras per litora gentis
Riphaeasque manus et quas tenet aequore denso 640
pigra palus Scythici patiens Maeotia plaustris
et — quid plura moror? totos mea, nate, per ortus
bella feres totoque urbes agitabis in orbe
perdomitas; omnes redeant in castra triumphis.
at uos, qui Latios signatis nomine fastos, 645
primus in Epirum Boreas agat; inde per arua
Graiorum Macetumque nouas adquirite uires
dum paci dat tempus hiemps.' sic fatur, et omnes
iussa gerunt soluuntque cauas a litore puppes.

I bid you pay heed also to the army of Pharnaces, the nomad races of the two Armenias, the savage nations along the shores of the Black Sea, the Carpathian hordes, and the men whom the sluggish Maeotian mere, trodden by Scythian waggons, maintains on its frozen expanse. But why detain you longer? Carry through all the East the standard of your sire, and rouse to arms the cities I have conquered all the world over: let all over whom I have triumphed repair to my camp. Next, you two who date by your names the Roman calendar, the first North wind must waft you to Epirus. Thence seek fresh strength in the lands of Greece and Macedon, while winter grants time for peace." Thus Pompey spoke, and they all obeyed his bidding and loosed their hollow ships from the shore.

at numquam patiens pacis longaeque quietis 650
armorum, nequid fatis mutare liceret,
adsequitur generique premit uestigia Caesar.
sufficerent aliis primo tot moenia cursu
rapta, tot oppressae depulsis hostibus arces,
ipsa, caput mundi, bellorum maxima merces, 655
Roma capi facilis; sed Caesar in omnia praeceps,
nil actum credens cum quid superesset agendum,
instat atrox et adhuc, quamuis possederit omnem
Italiam, extremo sedeat quod litore Magnus,
communem tamen esse dolet; nec rursus aperto 660
uult hostes errare freto, sed molibus undas
obstruit et latum deiectis rupibus aequor.
cedit in inmensum cassus labor; omnia pontus
haurit saxa uorax montesque inmiscet harenis,
ut, maris Aeolii medias si celsus in undas 665
depellatur Eryx, nullae tamen aequore rupes
emineant, uel si conuolso uertice Gaurus
decidat in fundum penitus stagnantis Auerni.
ergo, ubi nulla uado tenuit sua pondera moles,
tunc placuit caesis innectere uincula siluis 670
roboraque inmensis late religare catenis.
talís fama canit tumidum super aequora Persen
construxisse uias, multum cum pontibus ausis
Europamque Asiae Sestonque admouit Abydo
incessitque fretum rapidi super Hellesponti, 675
non Eurum Zephyrumque timens, cum uela ratisque
in medium deferret Athon. sic ora profundi
artantur casu nemorum; tunc aggere multo
surgit opus longaeque tremunt super aequora tures.

But Caesar, ever impatient of peace or long cessation from warfare, and fearing that Fortune might have power to work some change, follows close and dogs the steps of his son-in-law. Others might be content after seizing so many cities at the first assault, after surprising so many strongholds and dislodging their garrisons, and after seeing Rome itself, the capital of the world and the chief prize

of war, an easy prey; but Caesar, headlong in all his designs, thought nothing done while anything remained to do. He pressed fiercely forwards; and, though he was master of all Italy, he resented that the land was still shared between them; for Magnus retained a foothold on the margin of the sea. But unwilling, on the other hand, that the enemy should range freely over the deep, he blocks the sea with masonry and casts down rocks into the wide waters. In vain the endless labour was carried on; for the greedy main swallowed down every boulder and mingled the huge heaps with her sands. So, if Mount Eryx were thrown down into the midst of the Aeolian sea, or if Gaurus, with summit wrenched from its place, were sunk deep down into the Avernian pool, nevertheless no cliffs would emerge from the surface of the waters. Therefore, when no pile of stone stood steady on the bottom, Caesar next resolved to fell trees and bind them together, and to make fast a wide expanse of timber with long chains. Such, by the report of fame, was the road built over the sea by the proud Persian, when, greatly daring, he brought Europe near to Asia and Sestos to Abydos by his bridges, and passed on foot over the straits of fast-flowing Hellespont; East wind and West wind had no terrors for him, since he conveyed his ships under sail to the centre of Mount Athos. Thus the egress to the deep was straitened by the felling of the forest; soon the work rose high with many a mound of earth, and high towers swayed above the sea.

Pompeius tellure noua conpressa profundī 680
ora uidens curis animum mordacibus angit,
ut reseret pelagus spargatque per aequora bellum.
saepe Noto plenae tensisque rudentibus actae
ipsa maris per claustra rates fastigia molis
discussere salo spatiumque dedere carinis 685
tortaque per tenebras ualidis ballista lacertis
multifidas iaculata faces. ut tempora tandem
furtiuae placuere fugae, ne litora clamor
nauticus exagitet neu bucina diuidat horas
neu tuba praemonitos perducatur ad aequora nautas 690
praecepit sociis. iam coeperat ultima Virgo
Phoebum laturas ortu praecedere Chelas,

cum tacitas soluere rates. non anchora uoces
mouit, dum spissis auellitur uncus harenis;
dum iuga curuantur mali dumque ardua pinus 695
erigitur, pauidi classis siluere magistri,
strictaque pendentes deducunt carbasa nautae
nec quatiunt ualidos, ne sibilet aura, rudentes.
dux etiam uotis hoc te, Fortuna, precatur,
quam retinere uetas, liceat sibi perdere saltem 700
Italiam. uix fata sinunt; nam murmure uasto
impulsum rostris sonuit mare, fluctuat unda,
totque carinarum permixtis aequora sulcis
<Eruta feruescunt litusque frementia pulsant.> 703a

When Pompey saw his exit to the sea narrowed by new-made land, his mind was racked with distress and doubt how he might unbar the deep and spread his forces over the main. Again and again his vessels, driven along before the wind with straining cordage, passed right through the obstacle that barred the sea and threw down the ends of the boom into the water, thus giving sea-room to the fleet; often in the darkness of night, his machines, wound up by stalwart arms, launched a shower of cleft firebrands. When at last he had fixed a day for secret flight, he gave orders to his men that no shouting of the crews should alarm the shore, that no signal should mark the watches, nor any trumpet forewarn the sailors and recall them to the fleet. Silently they loosed their vessels when the last part of the Virgin had begun to rise in front of the Scales, which at their rising would bring the sun with them. No shout was raised when the anchor-flukes were wrenched from the thick sand; the captains of the fleet were anxious and silent, while the yards of the mast were bent and the tall mast itself was hoisted; the sailors, dangling in the air, pulled down the furled sails without shaking the stout cordage, that the wind might not whistle through it. The leader even prays to Fortune, that she will suffer him at least to abandon the Italy which she forbids him to retain. Fortune scarcely grants his request; for the sea, smitten by the prows, gave forth a confused roaring, the waves rose, and the billows, churned up by the mingled wakes of so many hulls, boiled and raged as they struck the shore.

ergo hostes portis, quas omnis soluerat urbis
cum fato conuersa fides, murisque recepti
praecipiti cursu flexi per cornua portus
ora petunt pelagusque dolent contingere classi.
heu pudor, exigua est fugiens uictoria Magnus.
angustus puppes mittebat in aequora limes
artior Euboica, qua Chalcida uerberat, unda. 710
hic haesere rates geminae, classique paratae
excepere manus, tractoque in litora bello
hic primum rubuit ciuili sanguine Nereus,
cetera classis abit summis spoliata carinis:
ut, Pagasaea ratis peteret cum Phasidos undas, 715
Cyaneas tellus emisit in aequora cautes;
rapta puppe minor subducta est montibus Argo
uanaque percussit pontum Symplegas inanem
et statura redit. iam Phoebum urgere monebat
non idem Eoi color aetheris, albaque nondum 720
lux rubet et flammis propioribus eripit astris,
et iam Plias hebet, flexi iam plaustra Bootae
in faciem puri redeunt languentia caeli,
maioresque latent stellae, calidumque refugit
Lucifer ipse diem. pelagus iam, Magne, tenebas 725
non ea fata ferens quae cum super aequora toto
praedonem sequerere mari: lassata triumphis
desciuit Fortuna tuis. cum coniuge pulsus
et natis tososque trahens in bella penates
uadis adhuc ingens populis comitantibus exul. 730
quaeritur indignae sedes longinqua ruinae.
non quia te superi patrio priuare sepulchro
maluerint Phariae busto damnantur harenae:
parcitur Hesperiae. procul hoc et in orbe remoto
abscondat Fortuna nefas, Romanaque tellus 735
inmaculata sui seruetur sanguine Magni.

Therefore the enemy, admitted within the walls and through the gates
— for the loyalty of the citizens had changed sides together with
fortune and thrown all the gates open — rushed in eager haste along

the branching piers of the winding harbour towards its mouth, angry that the sea should be accessible to the ships. Shame on them that the flight of Magnus is not victory enough! Narrow was the channel that let the ships out to sea, narrower than the water of Euboea that beats on Chalcis. Here two ships ran aground and were taken by bands of soldiers lying in wait for the fleet. Then the fighting was transferred to the shore, and here the sea was first incarnadined with the blood of civil war. Robbed of its rearmost ships, the rest of the fleet put forth. So, when the Argo sailed from Thessaly to the river Phasis, earth launched forth the Cyanean Rocks upon the deep; but the ship was rescued from the shock, though her stern was carried away: and the Clashing Rocks struck the empty sea in vain, recoiled, and remained at rest for ever. And now the changing hue of the Eastern sky gave warning that the sun was near his rising; and the ruddy light, not white as yet, stole their fire from the nearer stars; now the Pleiads were growing dim, the wain of circling Bootes grew faint and merged into the indistinguishable aspect of the sky, the greater stars went out, and Lucifer himself fled before the heat of day. By this time Magnus had gained the open sea; but the fortune which attended him when he hunted the pirates all over the deep was no longer his; good luck, wearied out by his triumphs, now proved untrue. Driven forth with his wife and sons, taking his whole household with him to war, still mighty in banishment, he goes forth with nations in his train. Destiny is seeking a distant scene for the destruction of her innocent victim. The sands of Egypt are doomed to be his grave, not because the gods preferred to rob him of a tomb in his native land, but in mercy to Italy: let destiny hide that tragedy far away in a distant region, and let Roman soil be kept unstained by the blood of Rome's darling Magnus.

LIBER TERTIVS — BOOK III

Propulit ut classem uelis cedentibus Auster
incumbens mediumque rates mouere profundum,
omnis in Ionios spectabat nauita fluctus:
solus ab Hesperia non flexit lumina terra
Magnus, dum patrios portus, dum litora numquam 5
ad uisus reditura suos tectumque cacumen
nubibus et dubios cernit uanescere montis.
inde soporifero cesserunt languida somno
membra ducis; diri tum plena horroris imago
uisa caput maestum per hiantis Iulia terras 10
tollere et accenso furialis stare sepulchro.
'sedibus Elysiis campoque expulsa piorum
ad Stygias' inquit 'tenebras manesque nocentis
post bellum ciuile trahor. uidi ipsa tenentis
Eumenidas quaterent quas uestris lampadas armis; 15
praeparat innumeras puppes Acherontis adusti
portitor; in multas laxantur Tartara poenas;
uix operi cunctae dextra properante sorores
sufficiunt, lassant rumpentis stamina Parcas.
coniuge me laetos duxisti, Magne, triumphos: 20
fortuna est mutata toris, semperque potentis
detrahere in cladem fato damnata maritos
innupsit tepido paelex Cornelia busto.
haereat illa tuis per bella per aequora signis,
dum non securos liceat mihi rumpere somnos 25
et nullum uestro uacuum sit tempus amoris
sed teneat Caesarque dies et Iulia noctes.
me non Lethaeae, coniunx, obliuia ripae
inmemorem fecere tui, regesque silentum
permisere sequi. ueniam te bella gerente 30
in medias acies. numquam tibi, Magne, per umbras
perque meos manes genero non esse licebit;
abscondis frustra ferro tua pignora: bellum
te faciet ciuile meum.' sic fata refugit

WHEN the wind bore down on the yielding sails and drove the fleet forward till the ships ploughed the open sea, all the sailors looked ahead over the Ionian waves. Magnus alone never took his eyes off the land of Italy until the harbours of his country, with the shore he was never to see again and the cloud-veiled hill-tops and mountains, grew dim before his eyes and disappeared. His wearied frame then yielded to drowsy sleep, and straight he saw a dream: Julia, a spectre full of dread and menace, raised her sorrowful head above the yawning earth and stood in the guise of a Fury amid the flames of her funeral pyre. And thus she spoke: "Now that civil war has begun, driven forth from the Elysian Fields and abode of the blest, I am dragged to Stygian darkness and the place of guilty spirits. There I saw with these eyes the Furies, and in their hands were torches, to brandish for kindling the strife between you; the ferryman of scorched Acheron is getting ready countless boats; Tartarus is making wide its borders for the punishment of many sinners; all three Parcae, though their hands are busy, are scarce equal to their task, and the Sisters are weary of breaking the threads. While I was your wife, Magnus, you celebrated joyful triumphs. But your fortune changed with your bride: my rival, Cornelia, condemned by Fate ever to drag down her husbands from power to destruction, supplanted me ere my pyre was cold. She is welcome to cling to your standards on land and sea, if only I have power to trouble and disturb your slumbers, and if no time is left free for love between you, while Caesar takes up your days and Julia your nights. Not even the forgetful shore of Lethe has banished my husband from my memory, and I am permitted by the Rulers of the dead to haunt you. When you fight battles, I shall appear in the centre of the fray: never shall my shade, my ghost, suffer you to forget that you were husband to Caesar's daughter. In vain you sever with the sword the tie of kinship that binds you. The civil war shall make you mine." Thus speaking, the ghost fled away, dissolving in the arms of her eager husband.

ille, dei quamuis cladem manesque minentur,
maior in arma ruit certa cum mente malorum,

et 'quid' ait 'uani terremur imagine uisus?
aut nihil est sensus animis a morte relictum
aut mors ipsa nihil.' Titan iam pronus in undas 40
ibat et igniferi tantum demerserat orbis
quantum desse solet lunae, seu plena futura est
seu iam plena fuit: tunc obtulit hospita tellus
puppibus accessus faciles; legere rudentes
et posito remis petierunt litora malo. 45

Though threatened with disaster by the gods and by the dead, Pompey rushed more eagerly to arms with a mind made up for calamity. "Why," said he, "am I terrified by the sight of a meaningless spectre? Either no feeling remains to the soul after death, or death itself matters not at all." The sun was now sinking towards the sea, and had dipped as much of his flaming disk as the moon is wont to lose just before she is at the full or just after; and now a friendly land offered the ships an easy approach; the men hauled in the stays, laid the masts along, and rowed ashore.

Caesar, ut emissas uenti rapuere carinas,
absconditque fretum classes, et litore solus
dux stetit Hesperio, non illum gloria pulsī
laetificat Magni: queritur quod tuta per aequor
terga ferant hostes. neque enim iam sufficit ulla 50
praecipiti fortuna uiro, nec uincere tanti,
ut bellum differret, erat. tum pectore curas
expulit armorum pacique intentus agebat
quoque modo uanos populi conciret amores,
gnarus et irarum causas et summa fauoris 55
annona momenta trahi. namque adserit urbes
sola fames, emiturque metus, cum segne potentes
uolgus alunt: nescit plebes ieiuna timere.
Curio Sicanias transcendere iussus in urbes,
qua mare tellurem subitis aut obruit undis 60
aut scidit, et medias fecit sibi litora terras:
uis illic ingens pelagi, semperque laborant
aequora ne rupti repetant confinia montes.

bellaque Sardoas etiam sparguntur in oras.
utraque frugiferis est insula nobilis aruis, 65
nec prius Hesperiam longinquis messibus ullae
nec Romana magis conplerunt horrea terrae.
ubere uix glaebae superat, cessantibus Austris
cum medium nubes Borea cogente sub axem
effusis magnum Libye tulit imbribus annum. 70

When the wind snatched the vessels away from Caesar's grasp and the sea concealed the fleet, he stood on the Italian shore, a leader without a rival; yet he felt no joy in the glory of driving Magnus out, but only vexation that the enemy had fled safely over the deep. No success could any longer satisfy his impetuous haste; even victory in the war was not worth the price of delay. At once he banished thoughts of battle from his mind, and passed his time over problems of peace and the means of winning the fickle favour of the populace; for he knew that the causes of hatred and mainsprings of popularity are determined by the price of food. Hunger alone makes cities free; and when men in power feed the idle mob, they buy subservience; a starving people is incapable of fear. He bade Curio cross over to the cities of Sicily, by the way where the sea either covered the land with sudden inundation or severed it and turned to shore what had once been inland; mighty there is the working of the sea, and its waters ever strive to prevent the severed mountains from renewing their contact. Other troops were detached for the borders of Sardinia. Both islands are famous for their harvest-fields: no foreign lands supplied Italy and the granaries of Rome earlier than these or more abundantly. In fertility of soil Africa hardly excels them, even when the South winds lag and the North wind drives the clouds to the torrid zone, and the rains pour down to produce a mighty harvest.

haec ubi sunt prouisa duci, tunc agmina uictor
non armata trahens sed pacis habentia uoltum
tectā petit patriae. pro, si remeasset in urbem
Gallorum tantum populis Arctoque subacta,
quam seriem rerum longa praemittere pompa, 75
quas potuit belli facies! ut uincula Rheno

Oceanoque daret, celsos ut Gallia currus
nobilis et flauis sequeretur mixta Britannis.
perdidit o qualem uincendo plura triumphum!
non illum laetis uadentem coetibus urbes 80
sed tacitae uidere metu, nec constitit usquam
obuia turba duci. gaudet tamen esse timori
tam magno populis et se non mallet amari.

When he had taken these precautions, the victorious general led his troops, unarmed and wearing the aspect of peace, to the city of his birth. Ah! if he had conquered only the North and the tribes of Gaul before returning to Rome, what a line of exploits, what scenes of war, he might have sent before him in long procession through the city! — the fetters he had laid upon the Rhine and the Ocean, his lofty chariot followed by noble Gauls together with fair-haired Britons! How grand a triumph he lost by adding to his conquests! No joyful throngs from the cities met him on his march; but men looked on with silent fear; no crowd anywhere gathered to meet him. But he was glad to be so dreaded by his countrymen and would not have preferred their love.

iamque et praecipitis superauerat Anxuris arces,
et qua Pomptinas uia diuidit uda paludes, 85
qua sublime nemus, Scythicae qua regna Dianae,
quaque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam;
excelsa de rupe procul iam conspicit urbem
Arctoi toto non uisam tempore belli
miratusque suae sic fatur moenia Romae: 90
‘tene, deum sedes, non ullo Marte coacti
deseruere uiri? pro qua pugnabitur urbe?
di melius, quod non Latias Eous in oras
nunc furor incubuit nec iuncto Sarmata uelox
Pannonio Dacisque Getes admixtus: habenti 95
tam pauidum tibi, Roma, ducem fortuna pepercit,
quod bellum ciuile fuit.’ sic fatur et urbem
attonitam terrore subit. namque ignibus atris
creditur, ut captae, rapturus moenia Romae

sparsurusque deos. fuit haec mensura timoris: 100
uelle putant quodcumque potest. non omina festa,
non fictas laeto uoces simulare tumultu,
uix odisse uacat. Phoebea Palatia conplet
turba patrum nullo cogendi iure senatus
e latebris educta suis; non consule sacrae 105
fulserunt sedes, non, proxima lege potestas,
praetor adest, uacuaeque loco cessere curules.
omnia Caesar erat: priuatae curia uocis
testis adest. sedere patres censere parati,
si regnum, si templa sibi iugulumque senatus 110
exiliumque petat. melius, quod plura iubere
erubuit quam Roma pati. tamen exit in iram,
uiribus an possint obsistere iura, per unum
Libertas experta uirum; pugnaeque Metellus,
ut uidet ingenti Saturnia templa reuelli 115
mole, rapit gressus et Caesaris agmina rumpens
ante fores nondum reseratae constitit aedis
(usque adeo solus ferrum mortemque timere
auri nescit amor, pereunt discrimine nullo
amissae leges set, pars uilissima rerum, 120
certamen mouistis, opes), prohibensque rapina
uictorem clara testatur uoce tribunus.
‘non nisi per nostrum uobis percussa patebunt
templa latus, nullasque feres nisi sanguine sacro
sparsas, raptor, opes. certe uiolata potestas 125
inuenit ista deos; Crassumque in bella secutae
saeua tribuniciae uouerunt proelia dirae.
detege iam ferrum; neque enim tibi turba uerenda est
spectatrix scelerum: deserta stamus in urbe.
non feret e nostro sceleratus praemia miles: 130
sunt quos prosternas populi, quae moenia dones.
pacis ad exutae spoliū non cogit egestas:
bellum, Caesar, habes.’ his magnam uictor in iram
uocibus accensus ‘uanam spem mortis honestae
concupis: haud’ inquit ‘iugulo se polluet isto 135
nostra, Metelle, manus; dignum te Caesaris ira

nullus honor faciet. te uindice tuta relictæ est
libertas? non usque adeo permiscuit imis
longus summa dies ut non, si uoce Metelli
seruantur leges, malint a Caesare tolli.’ 140

Now he had passed the heights of Anxur on its crag, and the spot where a miry way cleaves the Pomptine marshes; he had passed the hilly grove and temple where Scythian Diana reigns, and the place where the Roman consuls ascend Alba’s, height. At last from a high cliff he caught a distant view of Rome. Never had he seen it through all the time of his wars in the North, and now he gazed in wonder and thus addressed the walls of Rome, his mother city: “Were you, the abode of gods, abandoned by men whom no stress of war compelled? What city then will find arms to strike a blow for her? Heaven be thanked that the furious East — swift Sarmatians allied with Pannonians, and Getae combined with Dacians — did not choose this time to fall on the borders of Italy! It was a mercy of Fortune that Rome, with so faint-hearted a leader, had to fight against Romans only.” — With these words he entered a city paralysed with fear. For men believed that, as if he had taken Rome, he would destroy the walls with smoky fires and hurl her gods hither and thither. The measure of their fears was this: they deemed that his will was equal to his power. Their minds are not free to feign words of good omen or to make pretence of rejoicing with mirthful shouts; and scarcely free to utter curses. Authority to summon the Senate was wanting; but a mob of senators, brought out from their hiding-places, filled the temple of Apollo on the Palatine; the splendour of the consuls was absent from their sacred seats; the praetors, by law next in office, were not in attendance, and the empty chairs of office were removed from their places. Caesar was all in all, and the Senate met to register the utterance of a private man. Should he demand kingly power and divine honours for himself, or execution and exile for the Senate, the assembled Fathers were ready to give their sanction. Fortunately, there were more things that he was ashamed to decree than Romans were ashamed to allow. Nevertheless, Freedom did break out in wrath and tried, in the person of one man, whether right could resist might. Stubborn Metellus, when he saw main force

used to burst open the temple of Saturn, hurried thither, broke through the ranks of Caesar's soldiers, and took his stand at the gates before the locks were broken. (So true it is that love of money alone is incapable of dreading death by the sword. When the constitution was lost and destroyed, it made no difference; but money, the meanest thing of all, stirred up strife.) Loudly the tribune protested, striving to restrain the conqueror from robbery: "Never, except over my body, shall the temple be opened to your assault; no wealth, unless sprinkled with sacred blood, shall you win by robbery. It is certain that violence done to this office finds gods to avenge it; for the curses of the tribune, which imprecated defeat upon Crassus, followed Crassus to the battlefield. Draw your sword at once; you need not fear a crowd to witness the crime — the city in which we stand has been abandoned by its people. Your soldiers shall not be paid for their wickedness out of our wealth; there are other nations for you to overthrow, other cities for you to hand over to them. No poverty forces you to the spoliation of the peace you have cast aside: you have war to enrich you." His words fired the conqueror with high indignation. "In vain, Metellus," he cried, "you hope for a glorious death: never shall my hand be stained by your blood. No office shall make you worthy of my wrath. Are you the champion in whose charge freedom has been left for safety? The course of time has not wrought such confusion that the laws would not rather be trampled on by Caesar than saved by Metellus." Thus Caesar spoke; and when the tribune still refused to leave the doors, his anger grew fiercer, and he looked round for his ruthless swords, forgetting to act the part of peace. But Metellus was forced by Cotta to renounce his too bold design. "When a people is held down by tyranny," said Cotta, "freedom is destroyed by freedom of speech; but you keep the semblance of freedom if you acquiesce in each behest of the tyrant. Because we were conquered, we submitted to repeated acts of oppression; for our disgrace and ignoble fear there is but one excuse — that refusal was in no case possible. Let Caesar with all speed carry off the baneful germs of cursed warfare. Loss of money touches nations that are protected by their own laws; but the poverty of slaves is felt by their master, not by themselves." Metellus was drawn aside and the temple at once thrown open. Then the Tarpeian rock re-

echoed, and loud grating bore witness to the opening of the doors; then was brought forth the wealth of the Roman people, stored in the temple vaults and untouched for many a year — treasure from the Punic wars and Perses, and the spoil of conquered Philip; the gold that the Gaul in his hasty flight forfeited to Rome, and the gold that could not bribe Fabricius to sell Rome to the king ; all that the thrift of our ancestors saved up; all the tribute paid by the wealthy nations of Asia, and all that was handed over to conquering Metellus by Minoan Crete; and the store that Cato brought across the sea from distant Cyprus. Lastly, the riches of the East were brought to light, the far-fetched treasure of captive kings that was borne along in Pompey's triumph. Dismal was the deed of plunder that robbed the temple; and then for the first time Rome was poorer than a Caesar.

dixerat, et nondum foribus cedente tribuno
acrior ira subit: saeuos circumspicit enses
oblitus simulare togam; cum Cotta Metellum
conpulit audaci nimium desistere coepto.
'libertas' inquit 'populi quem regna coercent 145
libertate perit; cuius seruaueris umbram,
si quidquid iubeare uelis. tot rebus iniquis
paruimus uicti; uenia est haec sola pudoris
degenerisque metus, nullam potuisse negari.
ocius auertat diri mala semina belli. 150
damna mouent populos siquos sua iura tuentur:
non sibi sed domino grauis est quae seruit egestas.'
protinus abducto patuerunt templa Metello.
tunc rupes Tarpeia sonat magnoque reclusas
testatur stridore fores; tum conditus imo 155
eruitur templo multis non tactus ab annis
Romani census populi, quem Punica bella,
quem dederat Perses, quem uicti praeda Philippi,
quod tibi, Roma, fuga illus trepidante reliquit,
quo te Fabricius regi non uendidit auro, 160
quidquid parcorum mores seruastis auorum,
quod dites Asiae populi misere tributum
uictorique dedit Minoia Creta Metello,

quod Cato longinqua uexit super aequora Cypro.
tunc Orientis opes captorumque ultima regum 165
quae Pompeianis praelata est gaza triumphis
egeritur; tristi spoliantur templa rapina,
pauperiorque fuit tum primum Caesare Roma.

Meanwhile over all the earth the reputation of Magnus had brought forth to battle nations doomed to share his fall. Greece, the nearest country, sent soldiers for her neighbour's war. From Phocis, Amphissa sent her men, and rocky Cirrha; and both peaks of Parnassus were abandoned. The leaders of Boeotia assembled, men whom swift Cephissus surrounds with its oracular stream and Cadmean Dirce; there were men from Pisa and the Alpheus which transmits its waters under the sea to the people of Sicily. Maenalus also was left behind by the Arcadians, and Oeta of Hercules by the soldiers of Trachis. Thesprotians and Dryopes rush to war, and the ancient Selloi left their silent oaks on the hill of Chaonia. Though Athens was drained of all her men by the levy, few were her vessels that reached the harbour of Apollo, and but three keels claim credence for the tale of Salamis. Next to join the fray was Crete, the ancient island of a hundred peoples, a land dear to Zeus, with Gnosos skilled to ply the bow, and Gortyna rivalling the Parthian archers. These were followed by the men who dwell in Trojan Oricos, the Athamanes who rove scattered in mountain forests, and the Encheliae, whose ancient name testifies to the death and transformation of Cadmus. Colchian Absyrtos that foams in the Adriatic sea came also, and the men who till the fields about Peneus, and those by whose toil Thessalian ploughs turn up the soil of Haemonian Iolcos. (From Iolcos the sea was first challenged, when the untried Argo scorned the shore and brought together nations that before were strangers; she first matched mankind against the raging winds and waves of ocean, and by her means a new form of death was added to the old.) Next, Mount Haemus in Thrace was abandoned, and Pholoe with its false legend of a twy-formed people. Strymon was left deserted — Strymon that each year entrusts to the warm Nile the birds of Bistonia; and rude Cone, where one mouth of the branching Danube loses its Sarmatian waters and washes Peuce

sprinkled by the sea. Mysia was deserted, and the land of Ida! us, saturated with the cold waters of Caicus, and Arisbe, whose soil is all too shallow. The people of Pitane assembled, and of Celaenae that mourns the invention of Pallas — Celaenae condemned when Apollo won the match; in that land the Marsya, running swiftly down in straight channel, joins the winding Maeander and turns back after their union; and there earth has suffered Pactolus to issue forth from mines rich in gold, and Hermus, rich as Paetolus, cleaves the corn-lands. The soldiers of Ilium also, ever ill-fated, joined the standards of the doomed army, undeterred by the tale of Troy or the pretended descent of Caesar from Trojan Iulus. The nations of Syria came also, leaving behind the Orontes, and Ninos of whose prosperity legend tells; they left wind-swept Damascus, Gaza, Idume rich in palm-plantations, tottering Tyre, and Sidon precious for its purple. Their ships were steered to war by the pole-star and kept an unerring course over the sea: to no ships is the pole-star a more trusty guide than to them. (These Phoenicians first made bold, if report speak true, to record speech in rude characters for future ages, before Egypt had learned to fasten together the reeds of her river, and when only the figures of birds, beasts, and other animals, carved in stone, preserved the utterances of her wise men.) Men left the woods of Taurus, and Tarsos where Perseus alighted, and the Corycian cave that yawns with hollowed rocks. Mallos and distant Aegae are filled with the noise of their dockyards; and the Cilicians, no longer pirates, put forth in regular ships of war.

interea totum Magni fortuna per orbem
secum casuras in proelia mouerat urbes. 170
proxima uicino uires dat Graecia bello.
Phocaicas Amphissa manus scopulosaque Cirrha
Parnasosque iugo misit desertus utroque.
Boeoti coiere duces, quos inpiger ambit
fatidica Cephisos aqua Cadmeaque Dirce, 175
Pisaeaeque manus populisque per aequora mittens
Sicaniis Alpheos aquas. tum Maenala liquit
Arcas et Herculeam miles Trachinius Oeten.
Thesproti Dryopesque ruunt, quercusque silentis

Chaonio ueteres liquerunt uertice Selloe. 180
exhausit totas quamuis dilectus Athenas,
exiguae Phoebea tenent naualia puppes
tresque petunt ueram credi Salamina carinae.
iam dilecta Ioui centenis uenit in arma
Creta uetus populis Cnososque agitare pharetras 185
docta nec Eois peior Gortyna sagittis;
tunc qui Dardanium tenet Oricon et uagus altis
dispersus siluis Athaman et nomine prisco
Encheliae uersi testantes funera Cadmi,
Colchis et Hadriaca spumans Apsyrτος in unda; 190
Penei qui rura colunt, quorumque labore
Thessalus Haemoniam uomer proscindit Iolcon.
inde lacesitum primo mare, cum rudis Argo
miscuit ignotas temerato litore gentes
primaque cum uentis pelagique furentibus undis 195
conposuit mortale genus, fatisque per illam
accessit mors una ratem. tum linquitur Haemus
Thracius et populum Pholoe mentita biformem.
deseritur Strymon tepido committere Nilo
Bistonias consuetus aues et barbara Cone, 200
Sarmaticas ubi perdit aquas sparsamque profundo
multifidi Peucen unum caput adluit Histri,
Mysiaque et gelido tellus perfusa Caico
Idalis et nimium glaebis exilis Arisbe,
quique colunt Pitanen, et quae tua munera, Pallas, 205
lugent damnatae Phoebō uictore Celaenae,
qua celer et rectis descendens Marsya ripis
errantem Maeandron adit mixtusque refertur,
passaque ab auriferis tellus exire metallis
Pactolon, qua culta secat non uilior Hermus. 210
Iliacae quoque signa manus perituraque castra
ominibus petiere suis, nec fabula Troiae
continuit Phrygiiue ferens se Caesar Iuli.
accedunt Syriae populi; desertus Orontes
et felix, sic fama, Ninos, uentosa Damascos 215
Gazaque et arbusto palmarum diues Idume

et Tyros in stabilis pretiosaque murice Sidon.
has ad bella rates non flexo limite ponti
certior haud ullis duxit Cynosura carinis.
(Phoenices primi, famae si creditur, ausi 220
mansuram rudibus uocem signare figuris:
nondum flumineas Memphis contexere biblos
nouerat, et saxis tantum uolucresque feraeque
sculptaque seruabant magicas animalia linguas.)
deseritur Taurique nemus Perseaeque Tarsos 225
Coryciumque patens exesis rupibus antrum;
Mallos et extremae resonant naualibus Aegae,
itique Cilix iusta iam non pirata carina.

The news of war roused also the distant parts of the East, where Ganges and its peoples are — Ganges, the one river on earth that dares to unlock its mouths opposite the rising sun and drives its flood forward in the teeth of the East wind; here it was that the Macedonian captain halted, with the outer Ocean in front of him, and confessed that he was beaten by the vastness of the world. Roused was the land where the Indus, bearing along its swift stream with two-fold flood, is unchanged by the addition of the Hydaspes to its waste of waters.

mouit et Eoos bellorum fama recessus,
qua colitur Ganges, toto qui solus in orbe 230
ostia nascenti contraria soluere Phoebo
audet et aduersum fluctus inpellit in Eurum,
hic ubi Pellaeus post Tethyos aequora ductor
constitit et magno uinci se fassus ab orbe est;
quaque ferens rapidum diuiso gurgite fontem 235
uastis Indus aquis mixtum non sentit Hydaspem;
quique bibunt tenera dulcis ab harundine sucos,
et qui tingentes croceo medicamine crinem
fluxa coloratis astringunt carbasa gemmis,
quique suas struxere pyras uiuique calentis 240
conscendere rogos. pro, quanta est gloria genti
iniecisse manum fatis uitaque repletos

quod superest donasse deis! uenere feroces
Cappadoces, duri populus non cultor Amani,
Armeniusque tenens uoluentem saxa Niphaten. 245
aethera tangentis siluas liquere Choatrae.
ignotum uobis, Arabes, uenistis in orbem
umbras mirati nemorum non ire sinistras.
tum furor extremos mouit Romanus Orestas
Carmanosque duces, quorum iam flexus in Austrum 250
aether non totam mergi tamen aspicit Arcton
lucet et exigua uelox ibi nocte Bootes,
Aethiopumque solum, quod non premeretur ab ulla
signiferi regione poli, nisi poplite lapso
ultima curuati procederet ungula Tauri, 255
quaque caput rapido tollit cum Tigride magnus
Euphrates, quos non diuersis fontibus edit
Persis, et incertum, tellus si misceat amnes,
quod potius sit nomen aquis. sed sparsus in agros
fertilis Euphrates Phariae uice fungitur undae; 260
at Tigrim subito tellus absorbet hiatu
occultosque tegit cursus rursusque renatum
fonte nouo flumen pelagi non abnegat undis.
inter Caesareas acies diuersaque signa
pugnaces dubium Parthi tenuere fauorem 265
contenti fecisse duos. tinxere sagittas
errantes Scythiae populi, quos gurgite Bactros
includit gelido uastisque Hyrcania siluis;
hinc Lacedaemonii, moto gens aspera freno,
Heniochi saeuisque adfinis Sarmata Moschis; 270
Colchorum qua rura secat ditissima Phasis,
qua Croeso fatalis Halys, qua uertice lapsus
Riphaeo Tanais diuersi nomina mundi
inposuit ripis Asiaeque et terminus idem
Europae, mediae dirimens confinia terrae, 275
nunc hunc nunc illum, qua flectitur, ampliat orbem;
quaque, fretum torrens, Maeotidos egerit undas
Pontus, et Herculeis aufertur gloria metis,
Oceanumque negant solas admittere Gadis;

hinc Essedoniae gentes auroque ligatas 280
substringens Arimaspe comas; hinc fortis Arius
longaque Sarmatici soluens ieiunia belli
Massagetes, quo fugit, equo uolucresque Geloni.
non, cum Memnoniis deducens agmina regnis
Cyrus et effusis numerato milite telis 285
descendit Perses, fraternique ultor amoris
aequora cum tantis percussit classibus, unum
tot reges habuere ducem, coiere nec umquam
tam uariae cultu gentes, tam dissona uolgi
ora. tot inmensae comites missura ruinae 290
exciuit populos et dignas funere Magni
exequias Fortuna dedit. non corniger Hammon
mittere Marmaricas cessauit in arma cateruas,
quidquid ab occiduis Libye patet arida Mauris
usque Paraetonias Eoa ad litora Syrtis. 295
acciperet felix ne non semel omnia Caesar,
uincendum pariter Pharsalia praestitit orbem.

Up rose the men who drink sweet juices from soft reeds; and those who colour their hair with saffron dye and loop up their robes of cotton with bright-hued gems; and those who build pyres for themselves and climb, while yet alive, upon the burning heap. How glorious for a people to lay violent hands on death, and, when satiated with life, to refuse the remnant of it from the gods! The savage Cappadocians came; and the men who find the soil of Mount Amanus too hard to till; and the Armenians, who dwell where the Niphates rolls along boulders in its course. The Choatrae abandoned their forests that reach the sky; the Arabs entered a world unknown to them, and marvelled that the shadows of the trees did not fall to the left. The remote Orestae too were disturbed by the madness of Rome, and the chiefs of Carmania — where the sky, beginning to incline southwards, sees part at least of the Bear sink below the horizon, and where Bootes, swift to set, is visible only for a short portion of the night — and the land of Aethiopia, which would not be covered by any part of the Zodiac, did not the leg of hunched-up Taurus give way and the tip of his hoof project; and the land where

the mighty Euphrates and rushing Tigris uplift their heads. They rise in Persia from springs not far apart; and, if earth suffered them to meet, who can say which of the names the waters would bear? But the Euphrates, diffused over the land, fertilises it as the Nile fertilises Egypt; whereas the Tigris is suddenly swallowed up by a chasm in the earth, which hides its course from the eye, but then gives birth to it again from a new source and suffers the river to reach the sea. The warlike Parthians remained neutral between the army of Caesar and the host opposed to him: it was enough for them that they had reduced the rivals to two. The nomad peoples of Scythia, bounded by the cold stream of Bactros and the endless forests of Hyrcania, dipped their arrows in poison. From one quarter came the Heniochi of Spartan blood, a dangerous people when they shake their bridles, and the Sarmatians, akin to the savage Moschi. Men came from the regions where the Phasis cleaves the rich land of the Colchians, where flows the Halys that brought doom to Croesus, and where the Tanais, falling down from the Rhiphaean heights, gives the names of two worlds to its two banks, bounding Asia and Europe as well — it keeps the central part of earth from union, and, according to its windings, enlarges now one continent and now the other — and where the Euxine drains the rushing waters of the Maeotian Mere through the strait; and thus men deny that Gades alone lets in the Ocean, and the Pillars of Hercules are robbed of their boast. From another quarter came the Essedonian tribes, the Arimaspians who loop up their hair bound with gold, the brave Arians, the Massagetae who break the long fast of battle with Sarmatians by bleeding the horse that bore them from the fight, and the fleet Geloni. Neither Cyrus, when he led his host from the land of morning and the Persians came down with an army that was numbered by the casting of darts, nor he that avenged his brother's wrong — neither of these smote the sea with such mighty fleets; never did so many kings obey a single leader, never did nations meet so different in dress, never was there such a confusion of tongues. Fortune roused all those peoples, to send them as escort for measureless disaster, and provided them as a funeral train befitting the burial of Magnus. Nor was horned Ammon slow to send to battle African squadrons from the whole extent of parched Libya — from the Moors in the West to

Egyptian Syrtes on the eastern coast. That Caesar, favoured by Fortune, might win all at a single cast, Pharsalia presented him the whole world to conquer at once.

ille ubi deseruit trepidantis moenia Romae
agmine nubiferam raptō super euolat Alpem;
cumque alii famae populi terrore pauerent 300
Phocais in dubiis ausa est seruare iuuentus
non Graia leuitate fidem signataque iura,
et causas, non fata, sequi. tamen ante furorem
indomitum duramque uiri deflectere mentem
pacifico sermone parant hostemque propinquum 305
orant Cecropiae praelata fronde Mineruae.

When Caesar left the walls of terrified Rome, he rushed with swift march over the cloud-capped Alps. Though other peoples cowered at the terror of his name, the Phocaeen warriors, with steadfastness rare in Greeks, dared to be faithful in the hour of danger to their solemn compacts, and to follow the right rather than fortune. But first they tried by peaceable argument to turn aside the reckless rage and stern heart of Caesar; and when the enemy drew near, they appealed to him thus, holding out before them the leaves of Athenian Minerva:

‘semper in externis populo communia uestro
Massiliam bellis testatur fata tulisse
conpressa est Latiis quaecumque annalibus aetas.
et nunc, ignoto siquos petis orbe triumphos, 310
accipe deuotas externa in proelia dextras.
at, si funestas acies, si dira paratis
proelia discordes, lacrimas ciuilibus armis
secretumque damus. tractentur uolnera nulla
sacra manu. si caelicolis furor arma dedisset 315
aut si terrigenae temptarent astra gigantes,
non tamen auderet pietas humana uel armis
uel uotis prodesse Ioui, sortisque deorum
ignarum mortale genus per fulmina tantum
sciret adhuc caelo solum regnare Tonantem. 320

adde quod innumerae concurrunt undique gentes,
nec sic horret iners scelerum contagia mundus
ut gladiis egeant ciuilia bella coactis.
sit mens ista quidem cunctis, ut uestra recusent
fata, nec haec alius committat proelia miles. 325
cui non conspecto languebit dextra parente
telaque diuersi prohibebunt spargere fratres?
finis adest elerum, si non committitis ullis
arma quibus fas est. nobis haec summa precandi:
terribilis aquilas infestaque signa relinquo 330
urbe procul nostrisque uelis te credere muris
excludique sinas admisso Caesare bellum.
sit locus exceptus sceleri, Magnoque tibi
tutus, ut, inuictae fatum si consulat urbi,
foedera si placeant, sit quo ueniatis inermes. 335
uel, cum tanta uocent discrimina Martis Hiberi,
quid rapidum deflectis iter? non pondera rerum
nec momenta sumus, numquam felicibus armis
usa manus, patriae primis a sedibus exul,
et post translata exustae Phocidos arces 340
moenibus exiguis alieno in litore tuti,
inlustrat quos sola fides. si claudere muros
obsidione paras et ui perfringere portas,
excepisse faces tectis et tela parati,
undarum raptos auersis fontibus haustus 345
quaerere et effossam sitientes lambere terram
et, desit si larga Ceres, tunc horrida cerni
foedaque contingi maculato attingere morsu.
nec pauet hic populus pro libertate subire
obsessum Poeno gessit quae Marte Saguntum. 350
pectoribus rapti matrum frustra trahentes
ubera sicca fame medios mittentur in ignis
uxor et a caro poscet sibi fata marito,
uolnera miscebunt fratres bellumque coacti
hoc potius ciuile gerent.' sic Graia iuuentus 355
finierat, cum turbato iam prodita uultu
ira ducis tandem testata est uoce dolorem.

“Every age included in Italian history bears witness that Massilia has shared the fortunes of the Roman people in their foreign wars. And now too, if you seek triumphs in some unknown region, here at your service are our swords to fight against the foreigner. But if Romans are divided, and if you purpose ill-omened battles and accursed strife, then we offer tears for civil war, and we stand aside. No other hand should meddle with the wounds of gods. If frenzy had armed the immortals, or if the earth-born Giants assailed the sky, the piety of man, nevertheless, would shrink from aiding Jupiter either with arms or with prayers; and the human race, ignorant of what was happening in heaven, would know only from his thunderbolts that the Thunderer still reigned in the sky without a rival. Moreover, countless nations are speeding to the fray from every quarter; nor is mankind so slow to fight, so averse to the contagion of crime, that civil war need compel recruits. We wish indeed that all men had this purpose — to refuse a share in Roman destiny, and that no foreign soldier should fight in your quarrel. What Roman arm will not be enfeebled by the sight of his father? who will not be hindered from hurling his weapon when he sees his brothers in the ranks of the foe? The civil war will soon end, if you refrain from enlisting those whom alone it is lawful to enlist. For ourselves, this is the sum total of our petition: leave your dreaded eagles, your formidable standards, at a distance from our city, and be willing to trust yourself within our walls; permit us to let Caesar in and keep war out. Let there be one spot exempt from crime, safe for Magnus and safe for you. So, if Fortune is merciful to unconquered Rome and peace is resolved upon, you two will have a place where you can meet unarmed. Again, when you are summoned to Spain by so great a crisis of the war, why do you turn hither your hasty march? We have no weight in affairs, no power to turn the scale. Our people has never been victorious in war. Driven from the ancient seat of our nation, when Phocis was burnt down and her towers were removed, we dwell on a foreign shore and owe our safety to narrow walls; and our only glory is our fidelity. If you intend to blockade our walls and break down our gates by storm, then we are ready: we shall receive firebrands and missiles upon our houses; if you divert our springs, we shall dig for a hasty draught of water and lick with parched tongues the earth

we have dug; and, if bread run short, then we shall pollute our lips by gnawing things hideous to see and foul to touch. In defence of freedom we do not shrink from sufferings that were bravely borne by Saguntum when beset by the army of Carthage. Our infants, torn from their mothers' arms and tugging in vain at breasts dry with famine, shall be hurled into the midst of the flames; wives shall seek death at the hands of loved husbands; brother shall exchange wounds with brother, and shall choose, if driven to it, that form of civil war." Thus the Greeks ended speaking, and Caesar's wrath, betrayed already by his clouded countenance, at last proved his resentment by spoken word:

‘uana mouet Graios nostri fiducia cursus.
quamuis Hesperium mundi properemus ad axem
Massiliam delere uacat. gaudete, cohortes: 360
obuia praebentur fatorum munere bella.
uentus ut amittit uires, nisi robore densae
occurrunt siluae, spatio diffusus inani,
utque perit magnus nullis obstantibus ignis,
sic hostes mihi desse nocet, damnumque putamus 365
armorum, nisi qui uinci potuere rebellant.
sed, si solus eam dimissis degener armis,
tunc mihi tecta patent. iam non excludere tantum,
inclusisse uolunt. at enim contagia belli
dira fugant. dabit poenas pro pace petita, 370
et nihil esse meo discetis tutius aeuo
quam duce me bellum.’ sic postquam fatus, ad urbem
haud trepidam conuertit iter; cum moenia clausa
conspicit et densa iuuenum uallata corona.

“These Greeks trust to my haste, but their trust is vain; though I am hastening to the western region of the world, I have time to destroy Massilia. Rejoice, my soldiers! By favour of destiny war is offered you in the course of your march. As a gale, unless it meets with thick-timbered forests, loses strength and is scattered through empty space, and as a great fire sinks when there is nothing in its way — so the absence of a foe is destructive to me, and I think my arms wasted

if those who might have been conquered fail to fight against me. They say that their city is open to me if I disband my army and enter alone and degraded. Their real purpose is not merely to keep me out, but to shut me in. They say that they seek to drive away the horrid taint of war. They shall suffer for seeking peace; they shall learn that in my days none are safe but those who fight under my banner.” With these words he turned his march against the citizens who feared him not; and then he saw the walls closed and fenced with a crowded ring of warriors.

haut procul a muris tumulus surgentis in altum 375
telluris paruum diffuso uertice campum
explicat: haec patiens longo munimine cingi
uisa duci rupes tutisque aptissima castris.
proxima pars urbis celsam consurgit in arcem
par tumulo, mediisque sedent conuallibus arua. 380
tunc res inmenso placuit statura labore,
aggere diuersos uasto committere colles.
sed prius, ut totam, qua terra cingitur, urbem
clauderet, a summis perduxit ad aequora castris
longum Caesar opus, fontesque et pabula campi 385
amplexus fossa densas tollentia pinnas
caespitibus crudaque extruxit bracchia terra.

Not far from the walls a hill rose above the level land and expanded into a small plain at its flattened top. This height seemed to Caesar capable of being surrounded by a line of fortifications, and a safe site to pitch his camp. The nearest part of the town rises in a lofty citadel as high as the hill outside, and the land between sinks in hollows. Then Caesar decided on a plan that would cost endless toil — to join the opposing heights by an immense rampart of earth. But first, in order to blockade the town entirely on its landward side, he carried a long line of works from his lofty camp to the sea, cutting off by a trench the water-springs and pasture-land; and with turf and freshly dug soil he built up his lines, crowned by frequent battlements.

iam satis hoc Graiae memorandum contigit urbi

aeternumque decus, quod non impulsā nec ipso
strata metu tenuit flagrantis in omnia belli 390
praecipitem cursum, raptisque a Caesare cunctis
uincitur una mora. quantum est quod fata tenentur
quodque uirum toti properans inponere mundo
hos perdit Fortuna dies! tunc omnia late
procumbunt nemora et spoliāntur robore siluae, 395
ut, cum terra leuis mediam uirgultaque molem
suspendant, structa laterum conpage ligatam
artet humum, pressus ne cedat turribus agger.

For the Greek city this alone was fame enough and immortal glory — that she was not overborne or laid low by mere terror, but arrested the headlong rush of war blazing over the world; that, when Caesar made short work with all else, she alone took time to conquer. It was a great thing to hinder destiny, and to cause Fortune, in her haste to set Caesar above all the world, to lose those days. Now all the woods were felled and the forests stripped of their timber far and wide; for, since light earth and brushwood made the mid-structure loose, the timber was intended to compress and bind the soil by the carpentry of the sides, and to keep the mound from sinking under the weight of the towers.

lucus erat longo numquam uiolatus ab aeuo
obscurum cingens conexis aera ramis 400
et gelidas alte summotis solibus umbras.
hunc non ruricolae Panes nemorumque potentes
Siluani Nymphaeque tenent, sed barbara ritu
sacra deum; structae diris altaribus arae
omnisque humanis lustrata cruoribus arbor. 405
siqua fidem meruit superos mirata uetustas,
illis et uolucres metuunt insistere ramis
et lustris recubare ferae; nec uentus in illas
incubuit siluas excussaue nubibus atris
fulgura: non ulli frondem praebentibus aurae 410
arboribus suos horror inest. tum plurima nigris
fontibus unda cadit, simulacraque maesta deorum

arte carent caesisque extant informia truncis.
ipse situs putrique facit iam robore pallor
attonitos; non uolgatis sacrata figuris 415
numina sic metuunt: tantum terroribus addit,
quos timeant, non nosse, deos. iam fama ferebat
saepe cauas motu terrae mugire cauernas,
et procumbentis iterum consurgere taxos,
et non ardentis fulgere incendia siluae, 420
roboraque amplexos circum fluxisse dracones.
non illum cultu populi propiore frequentant
sed cessere deis. medio cum Phoebus in axe est
aut caelum nox atra tenet, pauet ipse sacerdos
accessus dominumque timet deprendere luci. 425

A grove there was, untouched by men's hands from ancient times, whose interlacing boughs enclosed a space of darkness and cold shade, and banished the sunlight far above. No rural Pan dwelt there, no Silvanus, ruler of the woods, no Nymphs; but gods were worshipped there with savage rites, the altars were heaped with hideous offerings, and every tree was sprinkled with human gore. On those boughs — if antiquity, reverential of the gods, deserves any credit — birds feared to perch; in those coverts wild beasts would not lie down; no wind ever bore down upon that wood, nor thunderbolt hurled from black clouds; the trees, even when they spread their leaves to no breeze, rustled of themselves. Water, also, fell there in abundance from dark springs. The images of the gods, grim and rude, were uncouth blocks formed of felled tree-trunks. Their mere antiquity and the ghastly hue of their rotten timber struck terror; men feel less awe of deities worshipped under familiar forms; so much does it increase their sense of fear, not to know the gods whom they dread. Legend also told that often the subterranean hollows quaked and bellowed, that yew-trees fell down and rose again, that the glare of conflagration came from trees that were not on fire, and that serpents twined and glided round the stems. The people never resorted thither to worship at close quarters, but left the place to the gods. For, when the sun is in mid-heaven or dark night fills the sky, the priest himself dreads their approach and fears to surprise the lord

of the grove.

hanc iubet inmisso siluam procumbere ferro;
nam uicina operi belloque intacta priore
inter nudatos stabat densissima montis.
sed fortes tremuere manus, motique uerenda
maiestate loci, si robora sacra ferirent, 430
in sua credebant redituras membra securis.
inplicitas magno Caesar torpore cohortes
ut uidit, primus raptam librare bipennem
ausus et aeriam ferro proscindere quercum
effatur merso uiolata in robora ferro 435
'iam nequis uestrum dubitet subuertere siluam
credite me fecisse nefas'. tum paruit omnis
imperiiis non sublato securae pauore
turba, sed expensa superiorum et Caesaris ira.
procumbunt orni, nodosa inpellitur ilex, 440
siluaque Dodones et fluctibus aptior alnus
et non plebeios luctus testata cupressus
tum primum posuere comas et fronde carentes
admisere diem, propulsaque robore denso
sustinuit se silua cadens. gemuere uidentes 445
Gallorum populi, muris sed clausa iuuentus
exultat; quis enim laesos inpune putaret
esse deos? seruat multos fortuna nocentis
et tantum miseris irasci numina possunt.
utque satis caesi nemoris, quaesita per agros 450
plaustra ferunt, curuoque soli cessantis aratro
agricolae raptis annum fleuere iuuencis.

This grove was sentenced by Caesar to fall before the stroke of the axe; for it grew near his works. Spared in earlier warfare, it stood there covered with trees among hills already cleared. But strong arms faltered; and the men, awed by the solemnity and terror of the place, believed that, if they aimed a blow at the sacred trunks, their axes would rebound against their own limbs. When Caesar saw that his soldiers were sore hindered and paralysed, he was the first to snatch

an axe and swing it, and dared to cleave a towering oak with the steel: driving the blade into the desecrated wood, he cried: "Believe that I am guilty of sacrilege, and thenceforth none of you need fear to cut down the trees." Then all the men obeyed his bidding; they were not easy in their minds, nor had their fears been removed; but they had weighed Caesar's wrath against the wrath of heaven. Ash trees were felled, gnarled holm-oaks overthrown; Dodona's oak, the alder that suits the sea, the cypress that bears witness to a monarch's grief, all lost their leaves for the first time; robbed of their foliage, they let in the daylight; and the toppling wood, when smitten, supported itself by the close growth of its timber. The peoples of Gaul groaned at the sight; but the besieged men rejoiced; for who could have supposed that the injury to the gods would go unpunished? But Fortune often guards the guilty, and the gods must reserve their wrath for the unlucky. When wood enough was felled, waggons were sought through the countryside to convey it; and the husbandmen, robbed of their oxen, mourned for the harvest of the soil left untouched by the crooked plough.

dux tamen inpatiens haesuri ad moenia Martis
uersus ad Hispanas acies extremaque mundi
iussit bella geri. stellatis axibus agger 455
erigitur geminasque aequantis moenia turris
accipit; hae nullo fixerunt robore terram
sed per iter longum causa repere latenti.
cum tantum nutaret onus, telluris inanis
concussisse sinus quaerentem erumpere uentum 460
credidit et muros mirata est stare iuuentus.
illinc tela cadunt excelsas urbis in arces.
sed maior Graio Romana in corpora ferro
uis inerat. neque enim solis excussa lacertis
lancea, sed tenso ballistae turbine rapta, 465
haut unum contenta latus transire quiescit,
sed pandens perque arma uiam perque ossa relictas
morte fugit: superest telo post uulnera cursus.
at saxum quotiens ingenti uerberis actu
excutitur, qualis rupes quam uertice montis 470

abscidit impulsu uentorum adiuta uetustas,
frangit cuncta ruens, nec tantum corpora pressa
exanimat, totos cum sanguine dissipat artus.
ut tamen hostiles densa testudine muros
tecta subit uirtus, armisque innexa priores 475
arma ferunt, galeamque extensus protegit umbo,
quae prius ex longo nocuerunt missa recessu
iam post terga cadunt. nec Graiis flectere iactum
aut facilis labor est longinqua ad tela parati
tormenti mutare modum; sed pondere solo 480
contenti nudis euoluunt saxa lacertis.
dum fuit armorum series, ut grandine tecta
innocua percussa sonant, sic omnia tela
respuit; at postquam uirtus incerta uirorum
perpetuam rupit defesso milite cratem 485
singula continuis cesserunt ictibus arma.
tunc adoperta leui procedit uinea terra,
sub cuius pluteis et tecta fronte latentes
moliri nunc iam parant et uertere ferro
moenia; nunc aries suspensio fortior ictu 490
incussus densi conpagem soluere muri
temptat et inpositis unum subducere saxis.
sed super et flammis et magnae fragmine molis
et sudibus crebris et adusti roboris ictu
percussae cedunt crates, frustra laborare 495
exhausto fessus repetit tentoria miles.

But Caesar could not brook this protracted warfare before the walls: he turned to the army in Spain and the limits of the world, leaving orders that the operations should go on. The mound was built up with planks arranged lattice-wise, and two towers, as high as the town walls, were placed upon it; the timber of the towers was not driven into the ground, but they crawled from far, moved by hidden means. When the tall structure nodded, the besieged believed that wind, seeking to burst forth, had shaken the hollow caverns of the earth, and marvelled that their walls remained standing. From the towers missiles were thrown against the lofty citadel of the town. But the

shot of the Greeks fell with greater force on the bodies of the Romans; for their javelins, not sped merely by men's arms, but hurled by the tension of the powerful catapult, pierced more than one body before they were willing to stop: through armour and through bones they cleft a broad way and passed on, leaving death behind them; after dealing its wound the weapon flew on. And every boulder launched by the mighty impulse of a released cord, like a crag which length of time, aided by the blast of the winds, tears from a mountain-top, broke all things in its course, not merely crushing out the lives of its victims, but annihilating limbs and blood together. But when brave men approached the enemy's wall in close formation — the foremost carrying shields which overlapped the shields of those behind, and their helmets protected by the roof of bucklers — then the missiles which had dealt death at long range, flew over their heads; nor was it easy for the Greeks to shift the range or change the aim of engines made to hurl their bolts to a distance; and so they heaved over boulders with unaided arms, relying on the weight alone. The locking of the shields, while it continued, flung off every missile, just as a roof rattles under the harmless blows of hail; but when the weariness and wavering valour of the soldiers made gaps in the armament, the shields gave way, one by one, to the unceasing battery. Next, mantlets, lightly covered with turf, were brought up; and the besiegers, screened by the boards and covered fronts of the mantlets, strove to sap the foundations and upset the walls with tools of iron; and now the ram, more effective with its swinging blow, tries by its impact to break the solid fabric of the wall and remove one stone from those laid above it; but smitten from above by fire and huge jagged stones, by a rain of stakes and by blows from oaken poles hardened by fire, the hurdles gave ground, and the besiegers, foiled after so great an effort, went back weary to their tents.

summa fuit Graiis, starent ut moenia, uoti:
ultro acies inferre parant, armisque coruscas
nocturni texere faces, audaxque iuuentus
erupit. non hasta uiris, non letifer arcus, 500
telum flamma fuit, rapiensque incendia uentus
per Romana tulit celeri munimina cursu.

nec, quamuis uiridi luctetur robore, lentas
ignis agit uires, taeda sed raptus ab omni
consequitur nigri spatiosa uolumina fumi, 505
nec solum siluas sed saxa ingentia soluit,
et crudae putri fluxerunt puluere cautes.
procubuit maiorque iacens apparuit agger.

The safety of their walls had been the utmost that the Greeks hoped for; but now they prepared to take the offensive. By night they hid flaming torches behind their shields, and their warriors boldly sallied forth. The weapon they bore was neither spear nor death-dealing bow, but fire alone; and the wind, whirling the conflagration along, bore it swiftly over the Roman works. Though contending with green wood, the fire was not slow to put forth its strength: flying from every torch, it followed close on huge volumes of black smoke, and consumed not merely timber but mighty stones; and hard rocks were dissolved into crumbling dust. Down fell the mound, and looked even larger on the ground.

spes uictis telluris abit, placuitque profundo
fortunam temptare maris. non robore picto 510
ornatas decuit fulgens tutela carinas,
sed rudis et qualis procumbit montibus arbor
conseritur, stabilis naualibus area bellis.
et iam turrigeram Bruti comitata carinam
uenerat in fluctus Rhodani cum gurgite classis 515
Stoechados arua tenens. nec non et Graia iuuentus
omne suum fatis uoluit committere robur
grandaeuosque senes mixtis armauit ephebis.
accepit non sola uiros, quae stabat in undis,
classis: et emeritas repetunt naualibus alnos. 520
ut matutinos spargens super aequora Phoebus
fregit aquis radios et liber nubibus aether
et posito Borea pacemque tenentibus Austris
seruatum bello iacuit mare, mouit ab omni
quisque suam statione ratem, paribusque lacertis 525
Caesaris hinc puppes, hinc Graio remige classis

tollitur: impulsae tonsis tremuere carinae
crebraque sublimes conuellunt uerbera puppes.
cornua Romanae classis ualidaeque triremes
quasque quater surgens extructi remigis ordo 530
commouet et plures quae mergunt aequore pinus
multiplices cinxere rates. hoc robur aperto
oppositum pelago: lunata classe recedunt
ordine contentae gemino creuisse Liburnae.
celsior at cunctis Bruti praetoria puppis 535
uerberibus senis agitur molemque profundo
inuehit et summis longe petit aequora remis.

The defeated Romans despaired of success on land and resolved to try their fortune on the sea. Their ships were not adorned with painted timbers or graced with a glittering figure-head: unshaped trees, even as they were felled on the hills, were joined together to form a steady platform for fighting at sea. By now too the fleet, escorting the turret-ship of Brutus, had come down with the waters of the Rhone to the sea, and was anchored off the land of the Stoechades. The Greeks were no less ready to trust all their forces to the mercy of fortune: they put aged sires together with striplings in the ranks. They manned their fleet which rode at anchor, and even searched their dockyards for ships past service. The sun scattered his morning beams over the sea and splintered them on the water; the sky was free from clouds; the North wind was at rest and the South winds held their peace; the sea lay smooth, reserved for battle. Then each man started his vessel from its anchorage, and the two fleets leaped forward with rival strength of arm — Caesar's ships on one side and the fleet rowed by Greeks on the other; the hulls tremble to the beat of the oars, and the rapid stroke tears the tall vessels through the water. The wings of the Roman fleet were closed in by ships of many kinds — stout triremes, and vessels driven by four tiers of rowers rising one above another, and others that dipped in the sea a still greater number of blades. These heavy ships were set as a barrier against the open sea; the galleys, content to rise aloft with but two banks of oars, were further back in crescent formation. Towering above them all, the flag-ship of Brutus, driven by six rows of oars

and advancing its bulk over the deep, reaches for the water far below with its topmost tier.

ut tantum medii fuerat maris, utraque classis
quod semel excussis posset transcurrere tonsis,
innumerae uasto miscentur in aethere uoces, 540
remorumque sonus premitur clamore, nec ullae
audiri potuere tubae. tum caerulea uerrunt
atque in transtra cadunt et remis pectora pulsant.
ut primum rostris crepuerunt obuia rostra,
in puppem rediere rates, emissaque tela 545
aera texerunt uacuumque cadentia pontum.
et iam diductis extendunt cornua proris
diuersaeque rates laxata classe receptae.
ut, quotiens aestus Zephyris Eurisque repugnat,
huc abeunt fluctus, illo mare, sic, ubi puppes 550
sulcato uarios duxerunt gurgite tractus,
quod tulit illa ratis remis, haec rettulit aequor.
sed Grai habiles pugnamque lacescere pinus
et temptare fugam nec longo frangere gyro
cursum nec tarde flectenti cedere clauo; 555
at Romana ratis stabilem praebere carinam
certior et terrae similem bellantibus usum.
tunc in signifera residenti puppe magistro
Brutus ait 'paterisne acies errare profundo
artibus et certas pelagi? iam consere bellum, 560
Phocaicis medias rostris oppone carinas.'
paruit, obliquas et praebuit hostibus alnos.
tum quaecumque ratis temptauit robora Bruti
ictu uicta suo percussae capta cohaesit;
ast alias manicaeque ligant teretesque catenae, 565
seque tenent remis: tecto stetit aequore bellum.

When only so much of sea separated the fleets as each of them could cover with one lusty stroke of oars, then countless cries rose together in the wide heaven, till the splash of the blades was drowned by shouting and no trumpet could be heard. Then the men sweep the

sea, bending back to the thwarts behind and bringing the oars against their chests. As soon as beak met beak and clashed, the ships backed astern, and a volley of missiles covered the sky and, as they fell, the sea between the ships. And now the Romans deploy their wings, leaving space between the prows, and their open order gives entrance to the enemy's ships. As, when the tide runs against winds from West or East, the waves are driven in one direction and the body of the sea in another; so, when the vessels ploughed furrows in the sea this way and that, the water which the oars of one ship threw behind it was thrown by another in the opposite direction. But the Greek ships were easily handled for attack or retreat, quick to change course with a sharp turn and to answer the guiding helm, while the Roman ships were safer in this — that they offered a steady platform to the fighter and a foothold like dry ground. Then Brutus hailed his steersman who sat on the poop beside the ensign: "Why suffer the battle to straggle over the sea? why seek to rival the foe's manœuvres? Mass the ships for fighting at once, and offer our broadsides to the beaks of the Phocaeans." The man obeyed and exposed the ship's broadside to the enemy. Thereafter, each ship that tested the timber of Brutus was defeated by its own blow and clung, a captive, to the vessel it had rammed, while others were noosed by grappling-irons and smooth chains, or were entangled by their own oars. The sea was no longer visible, and the battle became stationary.

iam non excussis torquentur tela lacertis
nec longinqua cadunt iaculato uolnera ferro,
miscenturque manus. nauali plurima bello
ensis agit. stat quisque suae de robore puppis 570
pronus in aduersos ictus, nullique perempti
in ratibus cecidere suis. cruor altus in unda
spumat, et obducti concreto sanguine fluctus.
et, quas inmissi traxerunt uincula ferri,
has prohibent iungi conferta cadauera puppes. 575
semianimes alii uastum subiere profundum
hauseruntque suo permixtum sanguine pontum;
hi luctantem animam lenta cum morte trahentes
fractarum subita ratium periere ruina.

inrita tela suas peragunt in gurgite caedes, 580
et quodcumque cadit frustrato pondere ferrum
exceptum mediis inuenit uolnus in undis.

No longer were weapons hurled from vigorous arms, no longer were the wounds of the hurtling steel inflicted at a distance; but men fought hand to hand. The sword played the chief part in that fight at sea. Each man leaned forward from the bulwark of his own ship to strike his foe, and none fell dead upon their own decks. Their blood foamed deep upon the wave, and a crust of gore covered the sea. The ships that were caught and dragged by the iron chains were prevented from coming close by the crowded corpses. Some sailors sank half alive into the bottomless deep and drank the brine mixed with their own blood. Others, while still drawing breath that struggled against tardy death, perished by the sudden downfall of their wrecked craft. Weapons that missed their aim killed men in the water on their own account; and every missile that fell with its heavy blow baffled was met and found a mark in mid-ocean.

Phocaicis Romana ratis uallata carinis
robore diducto dextrum laeuumque tuetur
aequo Marte latus; cuius dum pugnat ab alta 585
puppe Catus Graiumque audax aplustre retentat,
terga simul pariter missis et pectora telis
transigitur: medio concurrit corpore ferrum,
et stetit incertus, flueret quo uolnere, sanguis,
donec utrasque simul largus cruor expulit hastas 590
diuisitque animam sparsitque in uolnere letum.
derigit huc puppem miseri quoque dextra Telonis,
qua nullam melius pelago turbante carinae
audiuere manum, nec lux est notior ulli
crastina, seu Phoebum uideat seu cornua lunae, 595
semper uenturis componere carbasa uentis.
hic Latiae rostro conpagem ruperat alni,
pila sed in medium uenere trementia pectus
auertitque ratem morientis dextra magistri.
dum cupit in sociam Gyareus erepere puppem, 600

excipit inmissum suspensa per ilia ferrum
adfixusque rati telo retinente pependit.

A Roman ship, hemmed in by Phocaeen craft, was defending her port and starboard with divided crew but equal hardihood. Catus, while fighting on the raised poop and boldly grasping the stern-ornament of a foe, was pierced in back and breast at the same moment by weapons launched together; the weapons met in his body, and the blood stayed, uncertain through which wound to flow; at last the torrent from his veins drove out both javelins at once, parting his life in two and distributing his death between the wounds. Hither also ill-fated Telo steered his bark; to no hand were ships on stormy seas more obedient than to his; and none, from observation of the sun or the moon's horns, could better forecast the morrow, so as ever to set his sails to the coming winds. He would have rammed the side of the Roman vessel, had not flying javelins pierced to the centre of his breast; and the hand of the dying helmsman steered his ship aside. While Gyareus sought to clamber over into his friend's craft, a grapnel was launched and caught him through the middle as he dangled in air; and there he hung, held fast by the engine to the gunwale.

stant gemini fratres, fecundae gloria matris,
quos eadem uariis genuerunt uiscera fatis:
discreuit mors saeua uiros, unumque relictum 605
agnorunt miseri sublato errore parentes,
aeternis causam lacrimis; tenet ille dolorem
semper et amissum fratrem lugentibus offert.
quorum alter mixtis obliquo pectine remis
ausus Romanae Graia de puppe carinae 610
iniectare manum; sed eam grauis insuper ictus
amputat; illa tamen nisu, quo prenderat, haesit
deriguitque tenens strictis inmortua neruis.
creuit in aduersis uirtus: plus nobilis irae
truncus habet fortique instaurat proelia laeua 615
rapturusque suam procumbit in aequora dextram.
haec quoque cum toto manus est abscisa lacerto.

iam clipeo telisque carens, non conditus ima
puppe sed expositus fraternaue pectore nudo
arma tegens, crebra confixus cuspidē perstat 620
telaque multorum leto casura suorum
emerita iam morte tenet. tum uolnere multo
effugientem animam lassos collegit in artus
membraque contendit toto, quicumque manebat,
sanguine et hostilem defectis robore neruis 625
insiluit solo nociturus pondere puppem.
strage uirum cumulata ratis multoque cruore
plena per obliquum crebros latus accipit ictus
et, postquam ruptis pelagus conpagibus hausit,
ad summos repleta foros descendit in undas 630
uicinum inuoluens contorto uertice pontum.
aequora discedunt mersa diducta carina
inque locum puppis cecidit mare. multaue ponto
praebuit ille dies uarii miracula fati.

Twin brothers fought there, the pride of a fertile mother; but the same womb gave them birth for different deaths. The cruel hand of death made distinction between them; and the wretched parents, no longer puzzled by the likeness, recognised the one survivor but found in him a source of unending sorrow; for he keeps their grief ever present and recalls his lost brother to their mourning hearts. One of these twins dared to catch hold of a Roman ship from his own deck, when the oars were entangled and overlapped each other. The hand was lopped off by a heavy downward blow; but still it clung with the effort of its first grip and, holding on with strained muscles, stiffened there in death. His valour rose with disaster; mutilated, he displays yet more heroic ardour. Fiercely he renews the fight with his left hand and leans forward over the water to rescue his right hand; the left hand also and the whole arm were cut off. Then bereft both of shield and sword, not hiding away in the bottom of the ship but full in view, he protects his brother's shield with his own bare breast, standing firm, though pierced with many a point, and, although he had amply earned his death already, stopping missiles that would in their fall have made an end of many. Then the life that was departing

through many wounds he gathered together into his spent frame, and bracing his limbs with all his remaining strength, he sprang on board the Roman ship; his sinews had lost their power, and his only weapon was his weight. She was piled high with the carnage of her crew and ran with blood; she suffered blow after blow on her broadside; and, when her sides were shattered and let in the sea, she filled up to the top of her decks and sank down into the waves, sucking in the water round her with curling eddy. As the ship sank, the sea parted asunder and then fell back into the room she had occupied. And many other strange forms of death were seen that day upon the deep.

ferrea dum puppi rapidos manus inserit uncus 635
adfixit Lycidan. mersus foret ille profundo,
sed prohibent socii suspensaque crura retentant.
scinditur auolsus, nec, sicut uolnere, sanguis
emicuit lentus: ruptis cadit undique uenis,
discursusque animae diuersa in membra meantis 640
interceptus aquis. nullius uita perempti
est tanta dimissa uia. pars ultima trunci
tradidit in letum uacuos uitalibus artus;
at tumidus qua pulmo iacet, qua uiscera feruent,
haeserunt ibi fata diu, luctataque multum 645
hac cum parte uiri uix omnia membra tulerunt.

Thus Lycidas was pierced by a grappling-iron that hurled its swift hooks on board. He would have sunk in the sea, but for his comrades who seized his legs as they swung in air. He was torn asunder, and his blood gushed out, not trickling as from a wound, but raining on all sides from his severed arteries; and the free play of the life coursing through the different limbs was cut off by the water. No other victim's life escaped through so wide a channel. The lower half of his body resigned to death the limbs that contain no vital organs; but where the lungs were full of air and the heart of heat, there death was long baffled and struggled hard with this part of the man, till with difficulty it mastered the whole body.

dum nimium pugnax unius turba carinae
incumbit prono lateri uacuamque relinquit,
qua caret hoste, ratem, congesto pondere puppis
uersa caua textit pelagus nautasque carina, 650
bracchia nec licuit uasto iactare profundo
sed clauso periere mari. tunc unica diri
conspecta est leti facies, cum forte natantem
diuersae rostris iuuenem fixere carinae.
discessit medium tam uastos pectus ad ictus, 655
nec prohibere ualent obtritis ossibus artus
quo minus aera sonent; eliso uentre per ora
eiecat saniem permixtus uiscere sanguis.
postquam inhihent remis puppes ac rostra reducant,
deiectum in pelagus perfosso pectore corpus 660
uolneribus transmisit aquas. pars maxima turbae
naufraga iactatis morti obluctata lacertis
puppis ad auxilium sociae concurrit; at illis,
robora cum uetitis prensarent altius ulnis
nutaretque ratis populo peritura recepto, 665
in pia turba super medios ferit ense lacertos.
bracchia linquentes Graia pendentia puppe
a manibus cecidere suis: non amplius undae
sustinuere graues in summo gurgite truncos.

On one of the ships the crew, too eager for battle, leaned on the tilted gunwale and left empty the side where there was no enemy. Their combined weight upset the craft, so that she covered over both sea and sailors with her hull; it was impossible to strike out on the open sea, and they died in their ocean prison. On that day was seen an unexampled form of dreadful death: it chanced that a man in the water was pierced by the beaks of two ships meeting one another. His breast was cloven in two by the dreadful impact; the bones were ground to powder, and the body could not hinder the brazen prows from clashing. The belly was crushed; blood, mixed with flesh, spouted gore through the mouth. When the ships backed water and withdrew their beaks, the corpse with mutilated breast sank and suffered the water to pass through its wounds. Of another crew most

were shipwrecked and swam for their lives till they crowded to get help from a friendly craft; then, when they caught hold of the gunwale high up, though they were warned off, because the ship was unsteady and would have sunk if she had rescued them all, the others without pity chopped their arms in two with the sword from their deck. Their arms still hanging on the Greek ship, they fell and left their hands behind them; nor did the surface of the sea support any longer the weight of the mutilated bodies.

iamque omni fuis nudato milite telis 670
inuenit arma furor: remum contorsit in hostem
alter, at hi totum ualidis aplustre lacertis
auolsasque rotant expulso remige sedes.
in pugnam fregere rates. sidentia pessum
corpora caesa tenent spolianteque cadauera ferro. 675
multi inopes teli iaculum letale reuolsum
uolneribus traxere suis et uiscera laeua
oppressere manu, ualidos dum praebeat ictus
sanguis et, hostilem cum torserit, exeat, hastam.

By now the fighters had all discharged their missiles, and their hands were empty, but rage found weapons. One hurled an oar at the foe; the strong arms of others launch a whole stern-ornament, or turn out the rowers and tear up the thwarts for a missile; they broke up their ships to fight with. They caught hold of dead bodies as they sank to the bottom, and robbed the corpses of the weapons which had killed them. Many a man, for want of a missile, plucked forth the fatal javelin from his own wounds and clutched his vitals with the left hand, that the blood might have time to deal a sturdy stroke and hurl back the enemy's spear before it flowed forth.

nulla tamen plures hoc edidit aequare clades 680
quam pelago diuersa lues. nam pinguibus ignis
adfixus taedis et tecto sulphure uiuax
spargitur; at faciles praebere alimenta carinae
nunc pice, nunc liquida rapuere incendia cera.
nec flammas superant undae, sparsisque per aequor 685

iam ratibus fragmenta ferus sibi uindicat ignis.
hic recipit fluctus, extinguat ut aequore flammās,
hi, ne mergantur, tabulis ardentibus haerent.
mille modos inter leti mors una timori est
qua coepere mori. nec cessat naufraga uirtus: 690
tela legunt deiecta mari ratibusque ministrant
incertasque manus ictu languente per undas
exercent; nunc, rara datur si copia ferri,
utuntur pelago: saeuus conplectitur hostem
hostis, et implicitis gaudent subsidere membris 695
mergentesque mori. pugna fuit unus in illa
eximius Phoeus animam seruare sub undis
scrutarique fretum, siquid mersisset harenis,
et nimis adfixos unci conuellere morsus,
adductum quotiens non senserat anchora funem. 700
hic, ubi comprehensum penitus deduxerat hostem,
uictor et incolumis summas remeabat in undas;
sed, se per uacuos credit dum surgere fluctus,
puppibus occurrit tandemque sub aequore mansit.
hi super hostiles iecerunt brachia remos 705
et ratium tenere fugam. non perdere letum
maxima cura fuit: multus sua uulnera puppi
adfixit moriens et rostris abstulit ictus.

In that sea fight, however, no plague wrought more destruction than the element most hostile to the sea. For fire spread everywhere — fire cleaving to resinous torches and kept alive by hidden sulphur; and thereupon the ships, quick to provide fuel, caught fire at once with their pitch or melting wax. Nor did the waves master the fire, but the flame caught fierce hold of the wrecks now scattered over the deep. Some let in the sea, to put out the fire, while others cling to blazing planks, for fear they drown; among a thousand forms of death, men fear one only — that in which death first approaches them. Even in shipwreck brave men are brave still: they pick up weapons thrown down into the sea and hand them to the crews, or deal feeble blows with erring aim from the water. Some, when other weapons fail, make the sea their weapon: foe grapples fiercely with foe, glad to

sink with limbs locked together and to drown while drowning another. One of the combatants was Phoeus; better than all other men could he hold his breath under water, and search the deep for aught which its sands had swallowed; or, when the anchor would not answer the tug of the cable, he could wrench away the flukes that had bitten too deep. He had grappled with a foe and carried him deep down, and now was returning to the surface alive and victorious. He believed he was rising where the sea was open; but he struck a ship's bottom and never rose again. Some flung their arms over enemy's oars and checked the flight of their vessels. Their chief anxiety was not to waste their deaths: many a dying man prevented an enemy's beak from ramming by fastening his own wounded body on the stern of his ship.

stantem sublimi Tyrrhenum culmine prorae
Lygdamus excussa Balearis tortor habenae 710
glande petens solido fregit caua tempora plumbo.
sedibus expulsi, postquam cruor omnia rupit
uincula, procurrunt oculi; stat lumine raptō
attonitus mortisque illas putat esse tenebras.
at postquam membris sensit constare uigorem 715
'uos', ait 'o socii, sicut tormenta soletis,
me quoque mittendis rectum componite telis.
egere quod superest animae, Tyrrhene, per omnis
bellorum casus. ingentem militis usum
hoc habet ex magna defunctum parte cadauer: 720
iuuentis feriere loco.' sic fatus in hostem
caeca tela manu sed non tamen inrita mittit.
excipit haec iuuenis generosi sanguinis Argus
qua iam non medius descendit in ilia uenter,
adiuuitque suo procumbens pondere ferrum. 725
stabat diuersa uictae iam parte carinae
infelix Argi genitor, non ille iuuentae
tempore Phocaicis ulli cessurus in armis:
uictum aeuo robur cecidit, fessusque senecta
exemplum, non miles erat; qui funere uiso 730
saepe cadens longae senior per transtra carinae

peruenit ad puppim spirantisque inuenit artus.
non lacrimae cecidere genis, non pectora tundit,
distentis toto riguit sed corpore palmis.
nox subit atque oculos uastae obduxere tenebrae, 735
et miserum cernens agnoscere desinit Argum.
ille caput labens et iam languentia colla
uiso patre leuat; uox faucis nulla solutas
prosequitur, tacito tantum petit oscula uoltu
inuitatque patris claudenda ad lumina dextram. 740
ut torpore senex caruit uiresque cruentus
coepit habere dolor, ‘non perdam tempora’ dixit
‘a saeuis permissa deis, iugulumque senilem
confodiam. ueniam misero concede parenti,
Arge, quod amplexus, extrema quod oscula fugi. 745
nondum destituit calidus tua uolnera sanguis,
semianimisque iaces et adhuc potes esse superstes.’
sic fatus, quamuis capulum per uiscera missi
polluerit gladii, tamen alta sub aequora tendit
praecipiti saltu: letum praecedere nati 750
festinantem animam morti non credidit uni.

Tyrrhenus was standing on the lofty bow of his ship, when Lygdamus, a wielder of the Balearic thong, aimed a bullet and slung it; and the solid lead crushed his hollow temples. The blood burst all the ligaments, and the eyes, forced from their sockets, rushed forth. Tyrrhenus stood amazed by his sudden blindness, believing that this was the darkness of death. But when he felt that his limbs retained their strength, he called to his companions: “As you are wont to place your engines, so place me too in the right position for hurling darts. Tyrrhenus must spend what remains of life in every hazard of war. This body, half dead already, can play a soldier’s part nobly: I shall be slain in place of a living man.” With these words he launched at the foe a dart which, though no eye guided it, was not launched in vain. It struck Argus, a youth of noble race, just where the lower part of the belly meets the groin, and falling forward he drove the steel deeper with his own weight. At the other end of the ship, which was now past fighting, stood the unhappy father of

Argus. In his prime he would have matched any man of the Phocaeen army, but conquering age had brought low his strength, and the feeble old man could not fight but could show the way to others. When he saw the deadly wound, he made his way with many a stumble along the ship and past the benches, and found the body at the stern still breathing. No tears fell from his cheeks, no blows on his breast, but his hands flew wide apart and all his body became rigid. Night came over him, and thick darkness veiled his eyes; he ceased to recognise the hapless figure of Argus before him. At sight of his father the son raised his sinking head and failing neck; no words followed the unlocking of his throat: he could only ask a kiss with silent look and beg that his father's hand might close his eyes. When the old man recovered from his swoon, and cruel grief began to assert its power, "I will not waste," he cried, "the respite granted by the ruthless gods, but will use it to pierce this aged throat. Argus, forgive your wretched father for refusing your last embrace and your parting kiss. The warm blood has not yet ebbed from your wounds and you lie there still breathing; it is still possible for you to survive me." Thus he spoke, and not content with driving his sword through his body till the hilt was stained, he sprang headlong into the deep, so eager to die before his son that he would not trust to a single form of death.

inclinant iam fata ducum, nec iam amplius anceps
belli casus erat. Graiae pars maxima classis
mergitur, ast aliae mutato remige puppes
uictores uexere suos; naualia paucae 755
praecipiti tenuere fuga. quis in urbe parentum
fletus erat, quanti matrum per litora planctus!
coniunx saepe sui confusis uoltibus unda
credidit ora uiri Romanum amplexa cadauer,
accensisque rogis miseri de corpore trunco 760
certauere patres. at Brutus in aequore uictor
primus Caesareis pelagi decus addidit armis.

The fortunes of the leaders were no longer evenly balanced, and the issue of the fight was no longer doubtful. Of the Greek ships most

were sunk, others with changed crews now carried their conquerors, and only a few gained the dockyards by nasty flight. What tears were shed by parents in the city! how loud was the lamentation of mothers along the shore! Many a wife clasped a Roman corpse, mistaking the face, with features disfigured by the sea, for her husband's; beside lighted pyres hapless father strove with father for possession of a headless body. On the other side, Brutus by his victory at sea first conferred naval glory on Caesar's arms.

LIBER QVARTVS — BOOK IV

At procul extremis terrarum Caesar in oris
Martem saeuus agit non multa caede nocentem
maxima sed fati ducibus momenta daturum.
iure pari rector castris Afranius illis
ac Petreius erat; concordia duxit in aequas 5
imperium commune uices, tutelaque ualli
peruigil alterno paret custodia signo.
his praeter Latias acies erat inpiger Astur
Vettonesque leues profugique a gente uetusta
Gallorum Celtae miscentes nomen Hiberis. 10

BUT far away, in the outermost region of earth, Caesar fiercely carried on war — war not guilty of much bloodshed, but destined to turn decisively the scales of fate for the rival leaders. Afranius and Petreius ruled the army in Spain with equal authority: united in heart, they shared their command equally and in turn, and the watchful guard that kept the rampart safe obeyed the watchword of each in turn. Besides Roman soldiers they had active Asturians and nimble Vettones, and Celts, emigrants from an ancient tribe of Gaul, who added their own name to that of the Hiberians.

colle tumet modico lenique excreuit in altum
pingue solum tumulo; super hunc fundata uetusta
surgit Ilerda manu; placidis praelabatur undis
Hesperios inter Sicoris non ultimus amnis,
saxeus ingenti quem pons amplectitur arcu 15
hibernas passurus aquas. at proxima rupes
signa tenet Magni, nec Caesar colle minore
castra leuat; medius dirimit tentoria gurges.
explicat hinc tellus campos effusa patentis
uix oculo prendente modum, camposque coerces, 20
Cinga rapax, uetitus fluctus et litora cursu
Oceani pepulisse tuo; nam gurgite mixto
qui praestat terris aufert tibi nomen Hiberus.

The fertile land rises in a hill of moderate height and ascends with easy slope; and on this stands Ilerda, founded by hands of old. The Sicoris, not least among western rivers, flows by with quiet waters; and a stone bridge, fit to withstand the winter floods, spans the river with mighty arch. A steep hill close by was occupied by the army of Magnus; and Caesar pitched his camp aloft on another hill as high; the river flowed between and divided the camps. Beyond, the level land spreads out in plains whose limit the eye can scarce embrace; but the rushing Cinga bounds the plains — Cinga, whose own swift waters may never smite the shore and the sea; for the Hiberus, which gives its name to the country, mixes its flood with the Cinga and steals its name from it.

prima dies belli cessauit Marte cruento
spectandasque ducum uires numerosaque signa 25
exposuit. piguit sceleris; pudor arma furentum
continuit, patriaeque et ruptis legibus unum
donauere diem; prono cum Caesar Olympo
in noctem subita circumdedit agmina fossa,
dum primae perstant acies, hostemque fefellit 30
et prope consertis obduxit castra manipulis.
luce noua collem subito conscendere cursu,
qui medius tutam castris dirimebat Ilerdam,
imperat. huc hostem pariter terrorque pudorque
inpulit, et rapto tumulum prior agmine cepit. 35
his uirtus ferrumque locum promittit, at illis
ipse locus. miles rupes oneratus in altis
nititur, aduersoque acies in monte supina
haeret et in tergum casura umbone sequentis
erigitur. nulli telum uibrare uacauit, 40
dum labat et fixo firmat uestigia pilo,
dum scopulos stirpesque tenent atque hoste relicto
caedunt ense uiam. uidit lapsura ruina
agmina dux equitemque iubet succedere bello
munitumque latus laeue praeducere gyro. 45
sic pedes ex facili nulloque urgente receptus,
inritus et uictor subducto Marte pependit.

The first day of the campaign was innocent of bloodshed: it only displayed to view the forces of the leaders and the multitude of their troops. Men loathed their own wickedness; shame held back the weapons of their frenzy, and they granted one day's respite to their country and the laws they had broken. But when the sky was westering towards night, Caesar surrounded his army with a trench dug in haste, while his front rank kept their ground; thus he deceived the enemy, screening his camp with a line of troops drawn up near at hand. At dawn he ordered his men to move with speed and climb the hill, which lay between Ilerda and the camp and protected the town. Fear and shame alike drove the enemy to this point: with flying march they reached the hill first and occupied it. Their courage and their swords promised possession of the ground to Caesar's men; but the foe relied on actual possession. The heavy-laden soldier struggles up the heights; the line, looking upward, clings to the mountain before it and is supported from falling backwards by the shields of those behind. None was at leisure to hurl his weapon: each drives in his javelin to assure his slippery foothold; they clutch at rocks and trees; they pay no heed to the enemy but hack a path with their swords. Caesar saw that his ranks would come down with a crash; therefore he ordered the cavalry to take up the fighting and interpose their shield-side by a left wheel. Thus the infantry were easily rescued, and none pursued them; the conquerors, when their antagonists were withdrawn, remained on the hill, but had gained nothing.

hactenus armorum discrimina: cetera bello
fata dedit uariis incertus motibus aer.
pigro bruma gelu siccisque Aquilonibus haerens 50
aethere constricto pluuias in nube tenebat.
urebant montana niues camposque iacentis
non duraturae conspecto sole pruinae,
atque omnis propior mergenti sidera caelo
aruerat tellus hiberno dura sereno. 55
sed postquam uernus calidum Titana recepit
sidera respiciens delapsae portitor Helles,
atque iterum aequatis ad iustae pondera Librae

temporibus uicere dies, tum sole relicto
Cynthia, quo primum cornu dubitanda refulsit, 60
exclusit Borean flammisque accepit in Euro.
ille suo nubes quascumque inuenit in axe
torsit in occiduum Nabataeis flatibus orbem,
et quas sentit Arabs et quas Gangetica tellus
exhalat nebulas, quidquid concrebrescere primus 65
sol patitur, quidquid caeli fuscator Eoi
inpulerat Corus, quidquid defenderat Indos.
incendere diem nubes oriente remotae
nec medio potuere graues incumbere mundo
sed nimbos rapuere fuga. uacat imbribus Arctos 70
et Notos, in solam Calpen fluit umidus aer.
hic, ubi iam Zephyri fines, et summus Olympi
cardo tenet Tethyn, uetitae transcurrere densos
inuoluere globos, congestumque aeris atri
uix recipit spatium quod separat aethere terram. 75
iamque polo pressae largos densantur in imbres
spissataeque fluunt; nec seruant fulmina flammis
quamuis crebra micent: extinguunt fulgura nimbi.
hinc imperfecto conplectitur aera gyro
arcus uix ulla uariatus luce colorem 80
Oceanumque bibit raptosque ad nubila fluctus
pertulit et caelo defusum reddidit aequor.
iamque Pyrenaeae, quas numquam soluere Titan
eualuit, fluxere niues, fractoque madescunt
saxa gelu. tum quae solitis e fontibus exit 85
non habet unda uias, tam largas alueus omnis
a ripis accepit aquas. iam naufraga campo
Caesaris arma natant, impulsaeque gurgite multo
castra labant; alto restagnant flumina uallo.
non pecorum raptus faciles, non pabula mersi 90
ulla ferunt sulci; tectarum errore uiarum
fallitur occultis sparsus populator in agris.
iamque comes semper magnorum prima malorum
saeua fames aderat, nulloque obsessus ab hoste
miles eget: toto censu non prodigus emit 95

exiguam Cererem. pro luci pallida tabes!
non dest prolato ieiunus uenditor auro.
iam tumuli collesque latent, iam flumina cuncta
condidit una palus uastaque uoragine mersit,
absorpsit penitus rupes ac tecta ferarum 100
detulit atque ipsas hausit, subitisque frementis
uerticibus contorsit aquas et reppulit aestus
fortior Oceani. nec Phoebum surgere sentit
nox subtexta polo: rerum discrimina miscet
deformis caeli facies iunctaeque tenebrae. 105
sic mundi pars ima iacet, quam zona niualis
perpetuaeque premunt hiemes: non sidera caelo
ulla uidet, sterili non quicquam frigore gignit
sed glacie medios signorum temperat ignes.
sic, o summe parens mundi, sic, sorte secunda 110
aequorei rector, facias, Neptune tridentis,
et tu perpetuis inpendas aera nimbis,
tu remeare uetes quoscumque emiseric aestus.
non habeant amnes decliuem ad litora cursum
sed pelagi referantur aquis, concussaue tellus 115
laxet iter fluuiis: hos campos Rhenus inundet,
hos Rhodanus; uastos obliquent flumina fontes.
Riphaeas huc solue niues, huc stagna lacusque
et pigras, ubicumque iacent, effunde paludes
et miseras bellis ciuilibus eripe terras. 120

So far only the strife of arms proceeded: the rest of the campaign was decided by the shifting phases of capricious weather. Winter, congealed with numbing frost and dry North winds, had bound the upper air and penned the rain in the clouds. The mountains were nipped by snow, and the low-lying plains by hoar frost that would vanish at first sight of the sun; and all the earth, near that part of the sky which dips the stars, was hard and dry owing to the cloudless winter weather. But in spring the Carrier who let Helle fall received the burning sun and looked back at the other Signs; and, when day and night had for the second time been made equal according to the balance of unerring Libra, day gained the victory. Then the moon,

receding from the sun, with that crescent with which she shone, scarce visible, at first, barred the North wind and grew bright while the East wind blew. The East wind drove to the West on blasts from Arabia all the clouds he found in his own clime, all the mists that the Arabs feel or the land of the Ganges breathes forth, all the moisture that the Eastern sun suffers to collect, all that the blast which darkens the Eastern heavens had driven on, and all that had screened the Indians from the sun. Day in the East was made hotter by the removal of the clouds — clouds which could not deposit their heavy burden on the centre of earth, but swept the storms with them in their flight. North and South were rainless, and all the moist air streamed to Calpe. There, where the zephyrs start and the furthest point of heaven limits the sea, the clouds, forbidden to go further, rolled into dense round masses; and the space that divides earth from heaven could scarce contain the accumulation of dark mist. Next, squeezed against the sky, they condense into abundant rain and flow along thickened; thunderbolts flashed constantly but could not keep their flame, because the rain put out the lightning. Next, the rainbow spanned the sky with its broken arch, while hardly any light diversified its colours; it drank the ocean, carried up the waves speedily to the clouds, and restored the water that had poured down from the sky. Then the Pyrenean snows, which no sun had ever power to thaw, were melted, the ice was broken up, and the cliffs were wetted. Next, no stream that issues forth from its normal springs finds a fixed path: such a flood of waters poured into every channel from over its banks. By this time Caesar's army was shipwrecked and afloat on land, his camp fell to pieces under the shock of constant floods, and the rivers formed pools within his high rampart. To carry off cattle is impossible; the submerged furrows produce no food; the spoilers, straggling over the vanished fields, are deceived by missing the inundated roads. And now cruel famine came — famine that is ever first in the train of great disasters, and the soldier starves while no foe besets him: though no spendthrift, he parted with all his wealth for a handful of grain. Shame on the pale plague of avarice! When gold is produced, sellers are forthcoming, though hungry themselves. By now mounds and hills are hidden; all the rivers are buried and swallowed up in the huge maw of a single

pool, which has devoured the rocks in its depths, and carried down the habitations of wild beasts, and engulfed the beasts themselves; with sudden eddies it churns up its roaring waters and drives back with superior strength the tides of ocean. Night, curtaining the sky, is not conscious of sunrise; all natural distinctions are upset by the hideous aspect of the heaven and by darkness following on night. Such is the region that lies lowest in the world under the snowy zone and perpetual winter: no stars are visible there; its barren cold can produce nothing, but its ice lessens the heat of the equatorial Signs. O supreme Father of the universe, and O Neptune, to whom the second lot gave power over the trident of ocean, be such your will! May the one god devote the sky to perpetual rain, and the other prevent every tide he has sent forth from ebbing again! May rivers find no downward passage to the shore but be driven back by the waters of the sea! May the earth shake and enlarge the path of the rivers! May the Rhine and the Rhone flood the fields of Spain! May the rivers turn aslant their immense springs! Pour hither the melted snows of the Rhiphaean mountains and the water from every mere and lake and stagnant marsh in all the world, and snatch away this hapless land from civil war.

sed paruo Fortuna uiri contenta pauore
plena redit, solitoque magis fauere secundi
et ueniam meruere dei. iam rarior aer,
et par Phoebus aquis densas in uellera nubes
sparserat, et noctes uentura luce rubebant, 125
seruatoque loco rerum discessit ab astris
umor, et ima petit quidquid pendebat aquarum.
tollere silua comas, stagnis emergere colles
incipiunt uisoque die durescere ualles.
utque habuit ripas Sicoris camposque reliquit 130
primum cana salix madefacto uimine paruam
textur in puppem caesoque inducta iuuenco
uectoris patiens tumidum super emicat amnem.
sic Venetus stagnante Pado fusoque Britannus
nauigat Oceano; sic, cum tenet omnia Nilus, 135
conseritur bibula Memphitis cumba pyro.

his ratibus traiecta manus festinat utrimque
succisum curuare nemus, fluuiique ferocis
incrementa timens non primis robora ripis
inposuit, medios pontem distendit in agros. 140
ac, nequid Sicoris repetitis audeat undis,
spargitur in sulcos et scisso gurgite riuus
dat poenas maioris aquae. postquam omnia fatis
Caesaris ire uidet, celsam Petreius Ilerdam
deserit et noti diffusus uiribus orbis 145
indomitos quaerit populos et semper in arma
mortis amore feros et tendit in ultima mundi.

But now Fortune, contented with having frightened her favourite a little, came back in full force; and the gods earned pardon by an exceptional exercise of their support. By this time the sky had cleared; the sun, a match for the waters, had broken up the thick clouds into fleeces; and the nights grew red as dawn came on. The elements took up their proper station: the moisture left the firmament, and all the waters that were overhead took the lowest room. Trees began to lift their foliage, hills to rise above the floods, and valleys to grow solid at the sight of sunlight. And as soon as the Sicoris left the plains and had banks again, osiers of hoary willow were steeped and plaited to form small boats, which, when covered with the skin of a slain ox, carried passengers and rode high over the swollen river. In such craft the Venetian navigates the flooded Po, and the Briton his wide Ocean; and so, when Nile covers the land, the boats of Memphis are framed of thirsty papyrus. In these boats Caesar's soldiers were ferried over; in haste they began to cut down trees and form them into an arch on both banks; but, fearing a spate of the headstrong river, instead of placing their wooden bridge close by the margin, they carried it far into the fields. Also, that the Sicoris might never again wax bold with a renewal of its flood, it was divided into channels and punished for its overflow by having its waters split up into canals. When Petreius saw that Caesar's destiny was carrying all before it, he left Ilerda on the hill: distrusting the resources of the known world, he sought untamed peoples, whom contempt of death makes ever eager for battle; and he moved on

towards the world's end.

nudatos Caesar colles desertaque castra
conspiciens capere arma iubet nec quaerere pontem
nec uada, sed duris fluuium superare lacertis. 150
paretur, rapuitque ruens in proelia miles
quod fugiens timuisset iter. mox uda receptis
membra fouent armis gelidosque a gurgite cursu
restituunt artus, donec decresceret umbra
in medium surgente die; iamque agmina summa 155
carpit eques, dubiique fugae pugnaeque tenentur.

When Caesar saw the hills bare and the camp deserted, he bade his men arm and cross the river by hard swimming, without looking for either bridge or ford; and they obeyed. The soldier, when rushing into battle, was eager for the passage which he would have feared if retreating. Soon they put on their arms again and dry their limbs; they march in haste to warm their frames chilled from the river, until the shadows grow shorter as day rises to its height. And now the cavalry were harassing the rear of the enemy, who were held there, doubting whether to fight or flee.

attollunt campo geminae iuga saxea rupes
ualle caua media; tellus hinc ardua celsos
continuat colles, tutae quos inter opaco
anfractu latuere uiae; quibus hoste potito 160
faucibus emitti terrarum in deuia Martem
inque feras gentes Caesar uidet. 'ite sine ullo
ordine' ait 'raptumque fuga conuertite bellum
et faciem pugnae uoltusque inferte minaces;
nec liceat pauidis ignaua occumbere morte: 165
excipiant recto fugientes pectore ferrum.'
dixit et ad montis tendentem praeuenit hostem.
illic exiguo paulum distantia uallo
castra locant. postquam spatio languentia nullo
mutua conspicuos habuerunt lumina uoltus, 170
[hic fratres natosque suos uidere patresque]

deprensus est ciuile nefas. tenuere parumper
ora metu, tantum nutu motoque saluant
ense suos. mox, ut stimulis maioribus ardens
rupit amor leges, audet transcendere uallum 175
miles, in amplexus effusas tendere palmas.
hospitis ille ciet nomen, uocat ille propinquum,
admonet hunc studiis consors puerilibus aetas;
nec Romanus erat, qui non agnouerat hostem.
arma rigant lacrimis, singultibus oscula rumpunt, 180
et quamuis nullo maculatus sanguine miles
quae potuit fecisse timet. quid pectora pulsas?
quid, uaesane, gemis? fletus quid fundis inanis
nec te sponte tua sceleri parere fateris?
usque adeone times quem tu facis ipse timendum? 185
classica det bello, saeuos tu neclege cantus;
signa ferat, cessa: iam iam ciuilis Erinys
concidet et Caesar generum priuatus amabit.

Two cliffs raised their rocky ridges on the plain, leaving a hollow valley between. From that point the earth rises into a continuous range of lofty hills, among which a shadowed winding route was concealed and offered safety. Caesar saw that if the enemy reached that gorge, the war would slip from his hands and be transferred to outlandish regions and savage nations. "On with you, without keeping ranks," he cried, "and turn back the war which their flight has stolen from you; bring against them battle array and menacing countenances; frightened as they are, let them die no coward's death but meet the sword in front, even while they flee." Thus he spoke and outstripped the enemy as they sought to gain the mountains. There the two camps with low ramparts were pitched not far apart. When their eyes met, undimmed by distance, and they saw each other's faces clearly, then the horror of civil war was unmasked. For a short time fear kept them silent, and they greeted their friends only by nodding their heads and waving their swords; but soon, when warm affection burst the bonds of discipline with stronger motives, the men ventured to climb over the palisade and stretch out eager hands for embraces. One hails a friend by name, another accosts a kinsman; the

time spent in the same boyish pursuits recalls a face to memory; and he who had found no acquaintance among the foe was no true Roman. They besprinkle their weapons with tears; sobs interrupt their embraces; though stained by no bloodshed, they dread the deeds they might have done already. Fool! why beat your breast and groan and shed unavailing tears? Why not confess that you obey the command of crime by your own will? Do you dread so greatly the leader whom you alone make dreadful? If he sound the bugle for war, be deaf to its cruel note; if he advance his standards, stay still. Then in a moment the frenzy of civil war will collapse, and Caesar, in private station, will be friends with his daughter's husband.

nunc ades, aeterno conplectens omnia nexu,
o rerum mixtique salus Concordia mundi 190
et sacer orbis amor: magnum nunc saecula nostra
uenturi discrimen habent. periere latebrae
tot scelerum, populo uenia est erepta nocenti:
agnouere suos. pro numine fata sinistro
exigua requie tantas augentia clades! 195
pax erat, et castris miles permixtus utrisque
errabat; duro concordes caespitem mensas
instituant et permixto libamina Baccho;
graminei luxere foci, iunctoque cubili
extrahit insomnis bellorum fabula noctes, 200
quo primum steterint campo, qua lancea dextra
exierit. dum quae gesserunt fortia iactant
et dum multa negant, quod solum fata petebant,
est miseris renouata fides, atque omne futurum
creuit amore nefas. nam postquam foedera pacis 205
cognita Petreio, seque et sua tradita uenum
castra uidet, famulas scelerata ad proelia dextras
excitat atque hostis turba stipatus inermis
praecipitat castris iunctosque amplexibus ense
separat et multo disturbat sanguine pacem. 210
addidit ira ferox moturas proelia uoces.
'inmemor o patriae, signorum obliorum,
non potes hoc causae, miles, praestare, senatus

adsertor uicto redeas ut Caesare? certe,
ut uincare, potes. dum ferrum, incertaque fata, 215
quique fluat multo non derit uolnere sanguis,
ibitis ad dominum damnataque signa feretis,
utque habeat famulos nullo discrimine Caesar
exorandus erit? ducibus quoque uita petita est?
numquam nostra salus pretium mercesque nefandae 220
proditionis erit: non hoc ciuilia bella,
ut uiuamus, agunt. trahimur sub nomine pacis.
non chalybem gentes penitus fugiente metallo
eruerent, nulli uallarent oppida muri,
non sonipes in bella ferox, non iret in aequor 225
turrigeras classis pelago sparsura carinas,
si bene libertas umquam pro pace daretur.
hostes nempe meos sceleri iurata nefando
sacramenta tenent; at uobis uilior hoc est
uestra fides, quod pro causa pugnantibus aequa 230
et ueniam sperare licet. pro dira pudoris
funera! nunc toto fatorum ignarus in orbe,
Magne, paras acies mundique extrema tenentis
sollicitas reges, cum forsán foedere nostro
iam tibi sit promissa salus.' sic fatur et omnis 235
concussit mentes scelerumque reduxit amorem.
sic, ubi desuetae siluis in carcere clauso
mansueuere ferae et uoltus posuere minaces
atque hominem didicere pati, si torrida paruos
uenit in ora cruor, redeunt rabiesque furorque 240
admonitaeque tument gustato sanguine fauces;
feruet et a trepido uix abstinet ira magistro.
itur in omne nefas, et, quae fortuna deorum
inuidia caeca bellorum in nocte tulisset,
fecit monstra fides. inter mensasque torosque 245
quae modo complexu fouerunt pectora caedunt;
et quamuis primo ferrum strinxere gementes,
ut dextrae iusti gladius dissuasor adhaesit,
dum feriunt, odere suos, animosque labantis
confirmant ictu. feruent iam castra tumultu, 250

ac, uelut occultum pereat scelus, omnia monstra 252
in facie posuere ducum: iuuat esse nocentis.

Be present now, thou that embracest all things in an eternal bond, Harmony, the preserver of the world and the blended universe! Be present, thou hallowed Love that unitest the world! For at this moment our age can exercise a mighty influence upon the future. The disguise of all that wickedness has been torn off, and a guilty nation has been robbed of all excuse: the men have recognised their kinsmen. A curse on Fortune, whose malignant power uses a brief respite to make great calamities still greater! There was peace, and the men made friends and strolled about in either camp; they began friendly meals together and outpourings of blended wine, sitting on the hard ground; the fire burned on turf-built hearths; where they lay side by side, tales of the war went on through all the sleepless night — on what field they first fought, by what force of hand their javelin was launched. But while they boast of their brave actions and deny the truth of many tales, their friendship, alas! was renewed, which was all that Fortune desired, and all their future wickedness was made worse by their reconciliation. — For when Petreius heard of the peaceful compact and saw that he and his forces had been sold, he armed his slaves for infamous warfare. Surrounded by this band, he hurled the unarmed enemy out of the camp, separated the embrace of friends by the sword, and shattered the peace with much shedding of blood. His fierce anger prompted speech that was sure to provoke a fray: “Soldiers, regardless of your country and forgetful of your standards, if you cannot, in the cause of the Senate, conquer Caesar and return as liberators, you can at least be conquered for their sake. While your swords are left and the future is uncertain, and while you have blood enough to flow from many a wound, will you go over to a master and carry the standards which you once condemned? Must Caesar be implored to treat you no worse than his other slaves? Have you begged quarter for your generals also? Never shall our lives be the price and wages of foul treason. Our life is not the object of civil war. Under a pretence of peace we are dragged into captivity. Men would not dig out iron in the deep-burrowing mine, cities would not be fortified with walls, the spirited charger would not rush to battle,

nor the fleet be launched to send turreted ships all over the sea, if it were ever right to barter freedom for peace. My foes, it seems, are true to the oath they swore — an oath which binds them to crime unspeakable; but you hold your allegiance cheaper, because you are fighting for a righteous cause and may therefore hope even for — pardon! Alas! that Honour should die so foul a death. At this moment Magnus, ignorant of his fate, is raising armies all over the world and rousing up kings who inhabit the ends of the earth, though perhaps our treaty has already bargained for his mere life.” — His words worked strongly upon every heart and brought back the love of crime. So, when wild beasts have lost the habit of the woods and grown tame in a narrow prison, they lose their grim aspect and learn to submit to man; but, if a drop of blood finds its way to their thirsty mouths, their rage and fury return, and their throats, reminded of their old life by the taste of blood, swell again; their anger boils up and scarcely spares their frightened keeper. The soldiers proceed to every crime; and horrors, which, to the discredit of the gods, Fortune might have brought about in the blind obscurity of battle, are wrought by loyal obedience. Among the tables and couches they pierce the very breasts which they lately embraced. And though they groaned at first when baring the steel, yet when the sword, that counsellor of evil, clings to their grasp, they hate the friends whom they strike, and their blows confirm their wavering purpose. The camp now seethes with uproar; and, as if a secret crime would be wasted, they set every horror before the eyes of their commanders; they glory in their guilt.

tu, Caesar, quamuis spoliatus milite multo,
agnoscis superos; neque enim tibi maior in aruis 255
Emathiis fortuna fuit nec Phocidos undis
Massiliae, Phario nec tantum est aequare gestum,
hoc siquidem solo ciuile crimine belli
dux causae melioris eris. polluta nefanda
agmina caede duces iunctis committere castris 260
non audent, altaeque ad moenia rursus Ilerdae
intendere fugam. campos eques obuius omnis
abstulit et siccis inclusit collibus hostem.

tunc inopes undae praerupta cingere fossa
Caesar auet nec castra pati contingere ripas 265
aut circum largos curuari bracchia fontes.

Caesar, though robbed of many soldiers, recognised the hand of heaven. Never indeed was he more fortunate, either on the Emathian plain or on the sea of Phocian Massilia; nor did the coast of Egypt witness so great a triumph, inasmuch as he, thanks to this one crime of civil war, will be henceforward the leader of the better cause. The leaders dared not entrust their troops, stained with hideous bloodshed, to a camp near Caesar's, but directed their flight back to the walls of lofty Ilerda. Caesar's cavalry met them and drove them off the plains and cooped them up among waterless hills. Next Caesar eagerly attempts to surround them, in their lack of water, with a steep trench; he will not suffer their camp to reach the river banks or their outworks to enclose abundant springs.

ut leti uidere uiam, conuersus in iram
praecipitem timor est. miles non utile clausis
auxilium mactauit equos, tandemque coactus
spe posita damnare fugam casurus in hostes 270
fertur. ut effuso Caesar decurrere passu
uidit et ad certam deuotos tendere mortem,
'tela tene iam, miles', ait 'ferrumque ruenti
subtrahe: non ullo constet mihi sanguine bellum.
uincitur haut gratis iugulo qui prouocat hostem. 275
en, sibi uilis adest inuisa luce iuuentus
iam damno peritura meo; non sentiet ictus,
incumbet gladiis, gaudebit sanguine fuso.
deserat hic feruor mentes, cadat impetus amens,
perdant uelle mori.' sic deflagrare minaces 280
in cassum et uetito passus languescere bello,
substituit merso dum nox sua lumina Phoebō.
inde, ubi nulla data est miscendae copia mortis,
paulatim cadit ira ferox mentesque tepescunt,
saucia maiores animos ut pectora gestant, 285
dum dolor est ictusque recens et mobile neruis

conamen calidus praebet cruor ossaque nondum
adduxere cutem: si conscius ensis adacti
stat uictor tenuitque manus, tum frigidus artus
alligat atque animum subducto robore torpor, 290
postquam sicca rigens astrinxit uolnera sanguis.
iamque inopes undae primum tellure refossa
occultos latices abstrusaque flumina quaerunt;
nec solum rastris durisque ligonibus arua
sed gladiis fodere suis, puteusque cauati 295
montis ad inrigui premitur fastigia campi.
non se tam penitus, tam longe luce relictā
merserit Astyrici scrutator pallidus auri.
non tamen aut tectis sonuerunt cursibus amnes
aut micuere noui percusso pumice fontes, 300
antra nec exiguo stillant sudantia rore
aut inpulsa leui turbatur glarea uena.
tunc exhausta super multo sudore iuuentus
extrahitur duris silicum lassata metallis;
quoque minus possent siccos tolerare uapores 305
quaesitae fecistis aquae. nec languida fessi
corpora sustentant epulis, mensasque perosi
auxilium fecere famem. si mollius aruum
prodidit umorem, pinguis manus utraque glaebas
exprimit ora super; nigro si turbida limo 310
conluies inmota iacet, cadit omnis in haustus
certatim obscaenos miles moriensque recepit
quas nollet uicturus aquas; rituque ferarum
distantes siccant pecudes, et lacte negato
sordidus exhausto sorbetur ab ubere sanguis. 315
tunc herbas frondesque terunt, et rore madentis
destringunt ramos et siquos palmite crudo
arboris aut tenera sucos pressere medulla.

When the soldiers saw the path to death before them, their fear was changed to headlong ardour. Having slaughtered their horses, as powerless to help men besieged, they were forced at last to abandon hope and reject flight, and rushed upon the foe with intent to perish.

When Caesar saw the devoted warriors coming on at full speed to meet inevitable death, he called to his men, "Hold your weapons for a time and withdraw the sword from him who rushes to meet it; no lives of my own men must be lost in the battle; he who challenges the foe with his life costs his victor dear. See! they come, hating life and holding themselves cheap, and I must pay for their deaths: insensible to wounds, they will fling themselves on the sword and rejoice to shed their blood. This excitement must calm down; this wild enthusiasm must flag; they must lose their wish to die." So by refusing battle he suffered their threats to burn down to nothing and dwindle away, while the sun set and night replaced his light with her own. Then, when no chance was given them to kill and be killed, their ardour left them by degrees and their minds lost heat. So a wounded man has higher courage, while his wound and his pain are fresh, and while the warm blood lends active force to the muscles, and before the skin has shrunk over the bones; but, if the conqueror, aware that his sword has gone home, stands still and refrains from striking, then cold numbness binds both mind and body and steals strength away, after the congealing blood has closed the drying wounds. And now, in their shortage of water, they begin by digging in search of hidden springs and underground streams; as well as iron rakes and picks they use their swords to pierce the soil; and wells in the excavated hillside are sunk to the level of the watered plain. The pale searcher after Asturian gold would not bury himself so deep, or leave daylight so far behind. But there was no sound of rivers with hidden courses, no new springs gushed from the smitten rock, no dripping caves oozed forth a scanty moisture, no gravel was stirred and lifted even by a slender vein of water. Then the men are hauled up to the surface, worn out with heavy labour and wearied by mining in the flint; and their quest for water has made them less able to endure the drought and heat. Nor was their bodily weakness and weariness supported by food: they abhorred all meat and called in hunger to help them against thirst. Wherever soft soil betrayed moisture, they squeezed the oozy clods over their mouths with both hands. Where pools of stagnant filth were caked with black mire, each man fell down eager for the foul draught, and dying swallowed water which, with a prospect of life, he would have refused; like wild

beasts they drained the swollen udders of cattle, and, if milk was denied, sucked the pallid blood from the empty teats. Next, they pounded grass and leaves, and stripped the dew off branches, and brushed off any moisture they could squeeze from the green shoots or soft pith of trees.

o fortunati, fugiens quos barbarus hostis
fontibus inmixto strauit per rura ueneno. 320
hos licet in fluuios saniem tabemque ferarum,
pallida Dictaeis, Caesar, nascentia saxis
infundas aconita palam, Romana iuuentus
non decepta bibet. torrentur uiscera flamma
oraeque sicca rigent squamosis aspera linguis; 325
iam marcent uenae, nulloque umore rigatus
aeris alternos angustat pulmo meatus,
rescisoque nocent suspiria dura palato;
pandunt ora tamen nociturumque aera captant.
expectant imbres, quorum modo cuncta natabant 330
impulsu, et siccis uultus in nubibus haerent.
quoque magis miseros undae ieiunia soluant
non super arentem Meroen Cancrique sub axe,
qua nudi Garamantes arant, sedere, sed inter
stagnantem Sicorim et rapidum deprensus Hiberum 335
spectat uicinos sitiens exercitus amnes.

Happy are those whom a barbarian foe, as he fled, has laid low upon the fields by mingling poison in the springs. Into the Spanish rivers Caesar may pour without concealment gore and the carrion of wild beasts, and the deadly aconite which grows on the rocks of Crete; and Roman soldiers will drink with their eyes open. Their inward parts are burnt with fire; their mouths are dry and hard, and rough with scaly tongues; by now their pulses flag, and their lungs, wetted by no moisture, choke the passage of air to and fro; and their difficult breathing is painful to their cracked palates; yet still they open their mouths, eager for the air that will prove their bane. They hope for rain — rain, whose downpour lately flooded all the land; and they fix their gaze on the rainless clouds. And, that the water-famine may

break them down still more in their misery, their camp is not pitched beyond burning Meroe and beneath the sign of Cancer, where the naked Garamantes dwell; but the army, entrapped between the brimming Sicoris and the rapid Hiberus, can see the rivers close at hand while dying of thirst.

iam domiti cessere duces, pacisque petendae
auctor damnatis supplex Afranius armis
semianimes in castra trahens hostilia turmas
uictoris stetit ante pedes. seruata precanti 340
maiestas non fracta malis, interque priorem
fortunam casusque nouos gerit omnia uicti,
sed ducis, et ueniam securo pectore poscit.
'si me degeneri strauissent fata sub hoste,
non derat fortis rapiendo dextera leto; 345
at nunc causa mihi est orandae sola salutis
dignum donanda, Caesar, te credere uita.
non partis studiis agimur nec sumpsimus arma
consiliis inimica tuis. nos denique bellum
inuenit ciuile duces, causaeque priori, 350
dum potuit, seruata fides. nil fata moramur:
tradimus Hesperias gentes, aperimus Eoas,
securumque orbis patimur post terga relictis.
nec cruor effusus campis tibi bella peregit
nec ferrum lassaeque manus: hoc hostibus unum, 355
quod uincas, ignosce tuis. nec magna petuntur:
otia des fessis, uitam patiaris inermis
degere quam tribuis. campis prostrata iacere
agmina nostra putes; nec enim felicibus armis
misceri damnata decet, partemque triumphis 360
captos ferre tui: turba haec sua fata peregit.
hoc petimus, uictos ne tecum uincere cogas.'

At last the leaders were overcome and yielded: Afranius advised that terms should be sought; despairing of resistance, he took with him squadrons of half-dead men to the enemy's camp, and stood in supplication before the conqueror's feet. The suppliant maintained

his dignity unbroken by disaster; between his former high position and his recent misfortune, he had all the bearing of a general, though a defeated general, and he asked pardon with a mind at ease: "Had Fortune laid me low beneath an unworthy foeman, my own strong arm would not have failed to snatch death by violence; as it is, my sole reason for begging life is that I consider you, Caesar, worthy to grant it. We are not moved by party spirit; nor did we take up arms in opposition to your designs. In fact, the civil war found us at the head of an army; and, while we could, we were loyal to our former cause. We make no attempt to hinder destiny: to you we surrender the nations of the West and open the way to the East; we enable you to feel no anxiety for the region you leave in your rear. Your victory has not been gained by blood poured forth upon the plains, nor by the sword plied till the arm was weary; pardon your foes their one crime — that you are victorious over us. We do not ask much: only give rest to the weary, and suffer those to whom you grant life to spend it unarmed. Deem that our ranks lie prostrate on the field; for captives must not share in your triumph, nor warriors condemned by fate be mingled with conquerors: my army has completed its own destiny. This we beg — that you will not compel us whom you have conquered to conquer along with you."

dixerat; at Caesar facilis uoluitque serenus
flectitur atque usus belli poenamque remittit.
ut primum iustae placuerunt foedera pacis, 365
incustoditos decurrit miles ad amnes,
incumbit ripis permissaque flumina turbat.
continuis multis subitarum tractus aquarum
aera non passus uacuis discurrere uenis
artauit clausitque animam; nec feruida pestis 370
cedit adhuc, sed morbus egens iam gurgite plenis
uisceribus sibi poscit aquas. mox robora neruis
et uires rediere uiris. o prodiga rerum
luxuries numquam paruo contenta paratis
et quaesitorum terra pelagoque ciborum 375
ambitiosa fames et lautae gloria mensae,
discite quam paruo liceat producere uitam

et quantum natura petat. non erigit aegros
nobilis ignoto diffusus consule Bacchus,
non auro murraque bibunt, sed gurgite puro 380
uita reddit. satis est populis fluuiusque Ceresque.

Thus he spoke; and Caesar readily gave way with unclouded brow; he excused them from service in his army and from all punishment. As soon as the treaty of peace was settled in due form, the men rushed down to the unguarded rivers, lay down upon the banks, and made muddy the streams thrown open to them. While they gulped down the water, the uninterrupted draught prevented the air from passing through the empty arteries: it contracted and blocked the windpipes of many; nor does the burning plague yet abate, but the craving malady demands yet more when the stomach is full of water already. Soon the muscles recovered power, and the soldiers grew strong again. O Luxury, extravagant of resources and never satisfied with what costs little; and ostentatious hunger for dainties sought over land and sea; and ye who take pride in delicate eating — hence ye may learn how little it costs to prolong life, and how little nature demands. No famous vintage, bottled in the year of a long forgotten consul, restores these to health; they drink not out of gold or agate, but gain new life from pure water; running water and bread are enough for mankind.

heu miseri qui bella gerunt! tunc arma relinquens
uictori miles spoliato pectore tutus
innocuusque suas curarum liber in urbes
spargitur. o quantum donata pace potitos 385
excussis umquam ferrum uibrasse lacertis
paenituit, tolerasse sitim frustraue rogasse
prospera bella deos! nempe usis Marte secundo
tot dubiae restant acies, tot in orbe labores;
ut numquam fortuna labet successibus anceps, 390
uincendum totiens; terras fundendus in omnis
est cruor et Caesar per tot sua fata sequendus.
felix qui potuit mundi nutante ruina
quo iaceat iam scire loco. non proelia fessos

ulla uocant, certos non rumpunt classica somnos. 395
iam coniunx natiue rudes et sordida tecta
et non deductos recipit sua terra colonos.
hoc quoque securis oneris fortuna remisit,
sollicitus menti quod abest fauor: ille salutis
est auctor, dux ille fuit. sic proelia soli 400
felices nullo spectant ciuilia uoto.

Alas for those who still fight on! These men abandon their arms to the conqueror; safe, though they are stripped of their breast-plates, harmless and free from care, they are scattered among their native cities. Now that they possess the gift of peace, how much they regret that they ever hurled the steel with vigorous arms, and endured thirst, and prayed mistakenly to the gods for victory! For the victors, it is sure, so many doubtful battles and hardships over all the world still lie ahead; even though Fortune never fail — Fortune fickle in her favours — still they must conquer again and again, and shed their blood on every land, and follow Caesar through all his chances and changes. When the whole world is nodding to its fall, happy the man who has been able to learn already the lowly place appointed for him. No battles call them from where they rest; no trumpet-call breaks their sound slumbers. They are welcomed now by their wives and innocent babes, by their simple dwellings and their native soil, nor are they settled there as colonists. Of another burden too Fortune relieves them: their minds are rid of the trouble of partisanship; for, if Caesar granted them their lives, Pompey was once their leader. Thus they alone are happy, looking on at civil war with no prayer for the success of either.

non eadem belli totum fortuna per orbem
constitit, in partes aliquid sed Caesaris ausa est.
qua maris Hadriaci longas ferit unda Salonas
et tepidum in molles Zephyros excurrit Iader, 405
illic bellaci confisus gente Curictum,
quos alit Hadriaco tellus circumflua ponto,
clauditur extrema residens Antonius ora
cautus ab incursu belli, si sola recedat,

expugnat quae tuta, fames. non pabula tellus 410
pascendis summittit equis, non proserit ullam
flaua Ceres segetem; spoliarat gramine campum
miles et attonso miseris iam dentibus aruo
castrorum siccas de caespite uolserat herbas.
ut primum aduersae socios in litore terrae 415
et Basilum uidere ducem, noua furta per aequor
exquisita fugae. neque enim de more carinas
extendunt puppesque leuant, sed firma gerendis
molibus insolito contexunt robora ductu.
namque ratem uacuae sustentant undique cupae 420
quarum porrectis series constricta catenis
ordinibus geminis obliquas excipit alnos;
nec gerit expositum telis in fronte patenti
remigium, sed, quod trabibus circumdedit aequor,
hoc ferit et taciti praebet miracula cursus, 425
quod nec uela ferat nec apertas uerberet undas.
tum freta seruantur, dum se declinibus undis
aestus agat refluoque mari nudentur harenae.
iamque relabenti crescebant litora ponto:
missa ratis prono defertur lapsa profundo 430
et geminae comites. cunctas super ardua turris
eminet et tremulis tabulata minantia pinnis.
noluit Illyricae custos Octavius undae
confestim temptare ratem, celeresque carinas
continuit, cursu crescat dum praeda secundo, 435
et temere ingressos repetendum inuitat ad aequor
pace maris. sic, dum pauidos formidine ceruos
claudat odoratae metuentis aera pinnae
aut dum dispositis attollat retia uaris,
uenator tenet ora leuis clamosa Molossi, 440
Spartanos Cretasque ligat, nec creditur ulli
silua cani, nisi qui presso uestigia rostro
colligit et praeda nescit latrare reperta
contentus tremulo monstrasse cubilia loro.
nec mora, conplentur moles, auideque petitis 445
insula deseritur ratibus, quo tempore primas

inpedit ad noctem iam lux extrema tenebras.
at Pompeianus fraudes innectere ponto
antiqua parat arte Cilix, passusque uacare
summa freti medio suspendit uincula ponto 450
et laxe fluitare sinit, religatque catenas
rupis ab Illyricae scopulis. nec prima nec illam
quae sequitur tardata ratis, sed tertia moles
haesit et ad cautes adducto fune secuta est.
inpendent caua saxa mari, ruituraque semper 455
stat, mirum, moles et siluis aequor inumbrat.
huc fractas Aquilone rates summersaque pontus
corpora saepe tulit caecisque abscondit in antris;
restituit raptus tectum mare, cumque cauernae
euomuere fretum contorti uerticis undae 460
Tauromenitanam uincunt feruore Charybdim.
hic Opiterginis moles onerata colonis
constitit; hanc omni puppes statione solutae
circumeunt, alii rupes ac litora complent.
Vulteius tacitas sensit sub gurgite fraudes 465
(dux erat ille ratis); frustra qui uincula ferro
rumpere conatus poscit spe proelia nulla
incertus qua terga daret, qua pectora bello.
hoc tamen in casu quantum deprensa ualebat
effecit uirtus: inter tot milia captae 470
circumfusa rati et plenam uix inde cohortem
pugna fuit, non longa quidem; nam condidit umbra
nox lucem dubiam pacemque habuere tenebrae.

The fortune of war did not remain unchanged all the world over, but dared to strike one blow against Caesar's side. Where the Adriatic wave beats on the straggling town of Salonae, and where mild Iader runs out towards the soft West winds, there Antonius, trusting in the warlike race of the Curictae, who dwell in an island surrounded by the Adriatic waters, was pent up within his camp on the edge of the shore. He was safe against armed attack, if only he could keep famine at bay — famine which takes the impregnable fortress. The earth sends up no fodder to feed his horses; golden Ceres puts forth

no corn there; the soldiers had robbed the field of its grass; and, when they had nibbled the blades close with starving teeth, they had torn the withered tufts from the sods that formed the camp. As soon as they saw a friendly force commanded by Basilus on the mainland opposite, they devised a novel plan to steal in flight across the deep. They built no long hulls, no high sterns, as the custom is, but joined stout planks together on unwonted lines to carry heavy structures. This raft rested entirely upon empty barrels, a succession of which, lashed together in double rows by long chains, supported the planks laid transversely across them. Nor were the rowers she carried exposed to missiles along an open front; but they struck the water enclosed by the timbers; and the raft presented the puzzle of mysterious motion, because it carried no sail and did not thrash the waves visibly. Next they watched the sea till the time when the tide should move with downward-flowing waters and the sand be left bare by the ebb. So, when the sea began to flow back and the shore to grow, the raft was launched and sped gliding down the current, and her two consorts with her. High above each rose a tower and stages that threatened with nodding battlements. Octavius, who guarded the Illyrian waters, would not at once attack the raft, but held his swift ships back, until his prey should be increased by a prosperous passage. When they had begun their rash venture, he encouraged them, by leaving the sea open, to try a second voyage. So the hunter proceeds: until he pens in the stags, alarmed by the "scare" and dreading the scent of the tainted feathers, or until he sets up his nets on the line of props, he shuts the noisy mouth of the swift Molossian hound, and keeps in leash the hounds of Sparta and Crete; the only dog allowed to range the forest is he who puzzles out the scent with nose to the ground and never thinks of barking when his prey is discovered, content to indicate the creature's lair by tugging at the leash. Soon the hulks are manned; eagerly they embark on the rafts and abandon the island; it was the time when the last lingering light, hinders the first darkness from bringing on the night. But the Cilicians in Pompey's pay, resorting to their ancient skill, prepared to lay a trap in the sea. Leaving the surface empty, they hung ropes at half the depth of the water and suffered them to drift about at large, and bound the cables to the cliffs of the Illyrian shore. Neither the

first raft nor the second was hampered, but the third hulk stuck fast and was drawn to the rocks when the rope was tightened. Hollow cliffs overhang the sea, and their mass, ever in act to fall, stands marvellously firm, and shadows the water with trees. Hither the tide often bore ships wrecked by the North wind and the bodies of drowned men, and buried them in hidden caverns; but the sea beneath the rocks restored its prey, and whenever the caves vomited forth the tide, the waves of the whirling eddy surpassed the fury of Sicilian Charybdis. Here the hulk halted, weighed down with men of Opitergium; and all the ships, casting loose from their anchorage, surround it, while other foes cover the rocks and the shore. Vulteius, the captain of the raft, perceived the trap concealed beneath the water, and tried in vain to sever the ropes with his sword; then he called for battle with no hope of victory, not knowing on which side he was offering his back or his front to attack. Yet even in this plight valour did all that valour could do, when taken at a disadvantage: a battle was fought between the many thousands who swarmed round the captured raft and the men on board, who were barely six hundred; but the battle soon ended; for the shades of night hid the twilight, and the darkness brought a truce.

tum sic attonitam uenturaque fata pauentem
rexit magnanima Vulteius uoce cohortem: 475
‘libera non ultra parua quam nocte iuuentus,
consulite extremis angusto in tempore rebus.
uita breuis nulli superest qui tempus in illa
quaerendae sibi mortis habet; nec gloria leti
inferior, iuuenes, admoto occurrere fato. 480
omnibus incerto uenturae tempore uitae
par animi laus est et, quos speraueris, annos
perdere et extremae momentum abrumperre lucis,
accersas dum fata manu: non cogitur ullus
uelle mori. fuga nulla patet, stant undique nostris 485
intenti ciues iugulis: decernite letum,
et metus omnis abest. cupias quodcumque necesse est.
non tamen in caeca bellorum nube cadendum est
aut cum permixtas acies sua tela tenebris

inuoluent. conferta iacent cum corpora campo, 490
in medium mors omnis abit, perit obruta uirtus:
nos in conspicua sociis hostique carina
constituere dei; praebebunt aequora testes,
praebebunt terrae, summis dabit insula saxis,
spectabunt geminae diuerso litore partes. 495
nescio quod nostris magnum et memorabile fati
exemplum, Fortuna, paras. quaecumque per aeuum
exhibuit monimenta fides seruataque ferro
militiae pietas, transisset nostra iuuentus.
namque suis pro te gladiis incumbere, Caesar, 500
esse parum scimus; sed non maiora supersunt
obsessis tanti quae pignora demus amoris.
abscidit nostrae multum fors inuida laudi,
quod non cum senibus capti natisque tenemur.
indomitos sciat esse uiros timeatque furentis 505
et morti faciles animos et gaudeat hostis
non plures haesisse rates. temptare parabunt
foederibus turpique uolent corrumpere uita.
o utinam, quo plus habeat mors unica famae,
promittant ueniam, iubeant sperare salutem, 510
ne nos, cum calido fodiemus uiscera ferro,
desperasse putent. magna uirtute merendum est,
Caesar ut amissis inter tot milia paucis
hoc damnum clademque uocet. dent fata recessum
emittantque licet, uitare instantia nolim. 515
proieci uitam, comites, totusque futurae
mortis agor stimulis: furor est. agnoscere solis
permissum, quos iam tangit uicinia fati,
uicturosque dei celant, ut uiuere durent,
felix esse mori.' sic cunctas sustulit ardor 520
mobilium mentes iuuenum. cum sidera caeli
ante ducis uoces oculis umentibus omnes
aspicerent flexoque Vrsae temone pauerent,
idem, cum fortes animos praecepta subissent,
optauere diem. nec segnis uergere ponto 525
tunc erat astra polus; nam sol Ledaea tenebat

sidera, uicino cum lux altissima Cancro est;
nox tum Thessalicas urguebat parua sagittas.

Then thus Vulteius with noble speech kept his men steady, appalled as they were with dread of coming death: "Soldiers, free for no longer than the brief space of a night, use the short interval to decide upon your course in this extremity. No life is short that gives a man time to slay himself; nor does it lessen the glory of suicide to meet doom at close quarters. For all men the future of life is uncertain; and, though it is noble in the mind to forfeit years that you look forward to, it is no less noble to cut short even a moment of remaining life, provided that you summon death by your own act. No man is forced to die voluntarily. No escape is open to us; our countrymen surround us, eager for our lives; resolve upon death, and then all fear is dispelled: let a man desire whatever he cannot avoid. Yet we are not compelled to fall on the blind haze of battle, or when their own missiles cover the confused armies with darkness. When the dead lie thick upon the field, each death is merged in a common account, and valour, thus overlaid, is wasted. But us the gods have placed on a ship that is seen by friend and foe: sea and land and the topmost cliffs of the island will provide witnesses; the two parties from the two opposite shores will look on. By our death Fortune designs some mighty and memorable example for posterity. Our company would have surpassed all records that time has preserved of loyalty and military devotion, maintained by the sword. For we know that it is not enough for Caesar's men to fall upon their swords in his defence; but, hemmed in as we are, we have no greater pledge to give of our deep devotion. Grudging Fortune has subtracted much from our glory, inasmuch as we are not held prisoners together with our old men and our little ones. But let the foe learn that our men are unconquerable; let him dread the mad courage that welcomes death; and let him thank his stars that only one of the rafts stuck fast. They will try to tempt us with terms of peace, and will seek to bribe us by the offer of dishonourable life. I wish that they would promise pardon and encourage us to hope for life; for so our matchless death would gain greater renown, and they would not think, when they see us pierce our vitals with the warm steel, that we have abandoned

hope. It requires a mighty deed of valour to make Caesar, when he loses a few men out of so many thousands, call it a disaster and a defeat. Should Fate now suffer me to withdraw and release me from her grasp, I should refuse to shun what lies before me. I have cast life behind me, comrades, and am wholly driven on by the excitement of coming death; it is a veritable possession. None but those whom the approach of death already overshadows are suffered to know that death is a blessing; from those who have life before them the gods conceal this, in order that they may go on living.” By his words the hearts of all the warriors were changed, and swelled with martial ardour. Before their leader spoke they all watched the stars in heaven with weeping eyes, and trembled when the pole of the Wain went round; but now, when his exhortation had sunk into their stout hearts, they prayed for daylight. Nor at that season did the sky take long to sink the stars in the sea; for the sun was in the constellation of Gemini, when his disk reaches its zenith and Cancer is close at hand; short was the night that then brooded over the Thessalian Archer.

detegit orta dies stantis in rupibus Histros
pugnacesque mari Graia cum classe Liburnos. 530
temptauere prius suspensio uincere bello
foederibus, fieret captis si dulcior ipsa
mortis uita mora. stabat deuota iuuentus
damnata iam luce ferox securaque pugnae
promisso sibi fine manu, nullique tumultus 535
excussere uiris mentes ad summa paratas;
innumerasque simul pauci terraque marique
sustinuere manus: tanta est fiducia mortis.
utque satis bello uisum est fluxisse cruoris
uersus ab hoste furor. primus dux ipse carinae 540
Vultei iugulo poscens iam fata relecto
‘ecquis’ ait ‘iuuenum est cuius sit dextra cruore
digna meo certa fide per uulnera nostra
testetur se uelle mori?’ nec plura locuto
uiscera non unus iam dudum transigit ensis. 545
conlaudat cunctos, sed eum cui uulnera prima
debebat grato moriens interficit ictu.

concurrunt alii totumque in partibus unis
bellorum fecere nefas. sic semine Cadmi
emicuit Dircaea cohors ceciditque suorum 550
uolneribus, dirum Thebanis fratribus omen;
Phasidos et campis insomni dente creati
terrigenae missa magicis e cantibus ira
cognato tantos inplerunt sanguine sulcos,
ipsaque inexpertis quod primum fecerat herbis 555
expauit Medea nefas. sic mutua pacti
fata cadunt iuuenes, minimumque in morte uirorum
mors uirtutis habet. pariter sternuntque caduntque
uolnere letali, nec quemquam dextra fefellit
cum feriat moriente manu. nec uolnus adactis 560
debetur gladiis: percussum est pectore ferrum
et iuguli pressere manum. cum sorte cruenta
fratribus incurrunt fratres natusque parenti,
haud trepidante tamen toto cum pondere dextra
exegere enses. pietas ferientibus una 565
non repetisse fuit. iam latis uiscera lapsa
semianimes traxere foris multumque cruorem
infudere mari. despectam cernere lucem
uictoresque suos uoltu spectare superbo
et mortem sentire iuuat. iam strage cruenta 570
conspicitur cumulata ratis, bustisque remittunt
corpora uictores, ducibus mirantibus ulli
esse ducem tanti. nullam maiore locuta est
ore ratem totum discurrens Fama per orbem.
non tamen ignauae post haec exempla uirorum 575
percipient gentes quam sit non ardua uirtus
seruitium fugisse manu, sed regna timentur
ob ferrum et saeuis libertas uritur armis,
ignorantque datos, ne quisquam seruiat, enses.
mors, utinam pavidos uitae subducere nolles, 580
sed uirtus te sola daret.

Dawn came and revealed the Histrians posted on the cliffs and the fierce Liburnians on the sea with the Greek fleet. They suspended the

fight and tried first to conquer by agreement, hoping that the mere postponement of death might make life sweeter to the prisoners in the trap. But the devoted men stood firm: contempt of life made them bold, and they were indifferent to the issue of the fight, because they had engaged to kill themselves; no uproar of assault could dislodge the resolution that was prepared for the worst; and their small company withstood the countless hands that attacked them by land and sea at once; so great is the confidence inspired by death. Then, when they deemed that blood enough had been shed in battle, they turned their fury away from the foe. First Vulteijs himself, the captain of the craft, bared his throat and called for death. "Is any soldier here," he cried, "whose right arm is worthy of my blood, who will prove his wish to die beyond all doubt by slaying me?" Before he could speak another word, his body was pierced instantly by more swords than one. He thanked them all, but dying slew with grateful stroke him to whom he owed his first wound. Others met in combat; and there the horrors of civil war were enacted in full by one faction alone. Thus from the seed sown by Cadmus the Theban warriors started up and were slain by the swords of their kinsmen — a dismal omen for the Theban brothers; and thus in the land of the Phasis the sons of Earth, who sprang from the teeth of the sleepless dragon, filled the vast furrows with kindred blood, when magic spells had filled them with fury; and Medea herself was appalled by the first crime which her herbs, untried before, had wrought. So the soldiers fell, sworn to slay each other; and in the death of those heroes death itself called for least courage; at the same instant they dealt a fatal wound and received it; and no man's right hand failed him, though he struck with dying arm. Nor were their wounds due to the pressure of the sword; but their breasts dashed against the steel, and their throats struck the hand of the striker. At a time when murderous destiny made brother rush on brother and son on his father, yet their right hands never hesitated but drove the sword home with all its weight. The only proof of affection the slayer could give was to strike no second blow. By now half dead, they dragged their protruding entrails over the wide gangways and poured streams of blood into the sea. They rejoice to see the light they have rejected, to watch their conquerors with disdainful eyes, and to feel the approach

of death. And now when the raft was seen piled high with carnage, the victors yield up the dead to the funeral pyre, while their leaders marvel that any man should prize his leader so highly. Fame, that flies abroad over the whole earth, never spoke with louder voice of any vessel. Yet even after the example set by these heroes, cowardly nations will not understand how simple a feat it is to escape slavery by suicide; and the tyrant is dreaded for his sword, and freedom is weighed down by cruel weapons, and men are ignorant that the purpose of the sword is to save every man from slavery. O that death were the reward of the brave only, and would refuse to release the coward from life!

non segnior illo

Marte fuit, qui tum Libycis exarsit in aruis.
namque rates audax Lilybaeo litore soluit
Curio, nec forti uelis Aquilone recepto
inter semirutas magnae Carthaginiis arces 585
et Clipeam tenuit stationis litora notae,
primumque castra locat cano procul aequore, qua se
Bagrada lentus agit siccae sulcator harenae.
inde petit tumulos exesasque undique rupes,
Antaei quas regna uocat non uana uetustas. 590
nominis antiqui cupientem noscere causas
cognita per multos docuit rudis incola patres.

No less fiercely the fire of war blazed up then in the land of Libya. For bold Curio weighed anchor on the shore of Sicily, and a gentle North wind filled the sails, till he gained the shore of famous anchorage between Clipea and the half-ruined citadels of great Carthage. His first camp he pitched at some distance from the hoary sea, where the Bagrada slowly pushes on and furrows the thirsty sand. From there he marched to the rocky eminence, hollowed out on all sides, which tradition with good reason calls the realm of Antaeus. When he sought to learn the origin of that ancient name, he was told by an unlettered countryman a tale handed down through many generations:

‘nondum post genitos Tellus ecfeta gigantas
terribilem Libycis partum concepit in antris.
nec tam iusta fuit terrarum gloria Typhon 595
aut Tityos Briareusque ferox; caeloque pepercit
quod non Phlegraeis Antaeum sustulit aruis.
hoc quoque tam uastas cumulauit munere uires
Terra sui fetus, quod, cum tetigere parentem,
iam defecta uigent renouato robore membra. 600
haec illi spelunca domus; latuisse sub alta
rupe ferunt, epulas raptos habuisse leones;
ad somnos non terga ferae praebere cubile
adsuerunt, non silua torum, uiresque resunit
in nuda tellure iacens. periery coloni 605
aruorum Libyae, pereunt quos appulit aequor;
auxilioque diu uirtus non usa cadendi
terrae spernit opes: inuictus robore cunctis,
quamuis staret, erat. tandem uolgata cruenti
fama mali terras monstris aequorque leuantem 610
magnanimum Alciden Libycas exciuit in oras.
ille Cleonaei proiecit terga leonis,
Antaeus Libyci; perfudit membra liquore
hospes Olympiacae seruato more palaestrae,
ille parum fidens pedibus contingere matrem 615
auxilium membris calidas infudit harenas.
conseruere manus et multo bracchia nexu;
colla diu grauibus frustra temptata lacertis,
inmotumque caput fixa cum fronte tenetur,
miranturque habuisse parem. nec uiribus uti 620
Alcides primo uoluit certamine totis,
exhausitque uirum, quod creber anhelitus illi
prodidit et gelidus fesso de corpore sudor.
tum ceruix lassata quati, tum pectore pectus
urgueri, tunc obliqua percussa labare 625
crura manu. iam terga uiri cedentia uictor
alligat et medium conpressis ilibus artat
inguinaque insertis pedibus distendit et omnem
explicuit per membra uirum. rapit arida tellus

sudorem; calido conplentur sanguine uenae, 630
 intumueret tori, totosque induruit artus
 Herculeosque nouo laxauit corpore nodos.
 constitit Alcides stupefactus robore tanto,
 nec sic Inachiis, quamuis rudis esset, in undis
 desectam timuit reparatis anguibus hydram. 635
 confluxere pares, Telluris uiribus ille,
 ille suis. numquam saeuae sperare nouercae
 plus licuit: uidet exhaustos sudoribus artus
 ceruicemque uiri, siccam cum ferret Olympum.
 utque iterum fessis iniecit brachia membris 640
 non expectatis Antaeus uiribus hostis
 sponte cadit maiorque accepto robore surgit.
 quisquis inest terris in fessos spiritus artus
 egeritur, Tellusque uiro luctante laborat.
 ut tandem auxilium tactae prodesse parentis 645
 Alcides sensit, 'standum est tibi,' dixit 'et ultra
 non credere solo, sternique uetabere terra.
 haerebis pressis intra mea pectora membris:
 huc, Antae, cades.' sic fatus sustulit alte
 nitentem in terras iuuenem. morientis in artus 650
 non potuit nati Tellus permittere uires:
 Alcides medio tenuit iam pectora pigro
 stricta gelu terrisque diu non credidit hostem.
 hinc, aevi ueteris custos, famosa uetustas,
 miratrixque sui, signauit nomine terras. 655
 sed maiora dedit cognomina collibus istis
 Poenum qui Latiis reuocauit ab arcibus hostem
 Scipio; nam sedes Libyca tellure potito
 haec fuit. en, ueteris cernis uestigia ualli.
 Romana hos primum tenuit uictoria campos.' 660

“Even after the birth of the Giants Earth was not past bearing, and she conceived a fearsome offspring in the caves of Libya. She had more cause to boast of him than of Typhon or Tityos and fierce Briareus; and she dealt mercifully with the gods when she did not raise up Antaeus on the field of Phlegra. Further she crowned the vast

strength of her child with this gift, that his limbs, whenever they touched their mother, recovered from weariness and renewed their strength. Yonder cave was his dwelling; men say that he hid beneath the towering cliff and feasted on the lions he had carried off; when he slept, no skins of wild beasts made him a bed, nor did the trees supply him with bedding; but his custom was to lie on the bare earth and so recover strength. He slew the tillers of the Libyan fields; he slew the strangers whom the sea brought to the shore; and for long, in his might, he spurned his mother's aid and never availed himself of the help that falling gave; so strong was he that even when he stood upright none could overcome him. The hero Alcides was then ridding land and sea of monsters, when the widespread report of this bloodstained ogre summoned him to the borders of Libya. Down on the ground he threw the skin of the Nemean lion ; the skin that Antaeus threw down came from a lion of Libya. The stranger, faithful to the fashion of wrestlers at Olympia, drenched his limbs with oil; the other, not trusting to contact with his mother Earth by means of his feet alone, poured hot sand over his limbs to help him. They locked, hands and arms in manifold embrace; for long they tried the strength of each other's necks with the pressure of arms, without result; each head remained unmoved with steadfast forehead; each marvelled to find that his match existed on earth. Unwilling to put forth all his strength at the beginning of the contest, Alcides wore down his opponent; and this was made clear to him by the quick panting and the cold sweat that poured from the weary frame. Soon his neck flagged and gave way, soon breast was borne down by breast, soon the legs tottered, struck by a sidelong blow of the fist. Then the victor pins his foe's yielding back, hugs his loins and squeezes his middle, thrusts his own feet to part the thighs, and lays his man at full length upon the ground, from top to toe. But, when the dry earth eagerly drank his sweat, his veins were replenished with warm blood, his muscles swelled out, his whole frame grew tough, and he loosened the grip of Hercules with fresh strength. Alcides stood astonished by such great might: even by the waters of Inachus, though he was inexperienced then, he felt less fear of the chopped Hydra when her snakes grew again. The combatants were well matched, one fighting with the strength of Earth, the other with his

own. Never was the cruel stepmother of Hercules more sanguine of success: she sees his body and his neck worn out with toil — that neck that never sweated when it supported Olympus. He grappled a second time with his weary foe; but Antaeus, without waiting for the pressure of his antagonist, fell down voluntarily and rose up more mighty with an accession of strength. All the vital power that resides in the earth poured into his wearied limbs; and Earth suffers in the wrestling-match of her son. When at last Alcides perceived that his foe got help by contact with his mother, ‘You must stand upright’ said he; ‘no more will I trust you to the ground or suffer you to lie down upon the earth; here you shall remain, with your body clasped in my embrace; if you fall, Antaeus, you shall fall on me.’ Thus Alcides spoke and lifted on high the giant who struggled to gain the ground. Earth was unable to convey strength into the frame of her dying son; for Alcides, standing between, gripped the breast that was already stiff with cold obstruction, and refused for long to trust his foe to the earth. Hence the land has got its name from long tradition which treasures the past and thinks highly of itself. But a greater name was given to these heights by Scipio, when he brought the Carthaginian invader back from the citadels of Latium. Here he encamped when he reached the soil of Libya; yonder you see the remains of his ancient rampart; these are the fields which the Roman conqueror first occupied.”

Curio laetatus, tamquam fortuna locorum
bella gerat seruetque ducum sibi fata priorum,
felici non fausta loco tentoria ponens
indulsit castris et collibus abstulit omen
sollicitatque feros non aequis uiribus hostis. 665

Curio heard this with joy, believing that the lucky spot would fight for him, and repeat for him the success of former leaders. Pitching his ill-starred tents on that lucky ground, he trusted too much to his encampment and robbed the heights of their good fortune. He challenged a fierce enemy who was too strong for him.

omnis Romanis quae cesserat Africa signis

tum Vari sub iure fuit; qui robore quamquam
confisus Latio regis tamen undique uires
exciuit, Libycas gentis, extremaque mundi
signa suum comitata Iubam. non fusior ulli 670
terra fuit domino: qua sunt longissima, regna
cardine ab occiduo uicinus Gadibus Atlans
terminat, a medio confinis Syrtibus Hammon;
at, qua lata iacet, uasti plaga feruida regni
distinet Oceanum zonaque exusta calentis. 675
sufficiunt spatio populi: tot castra secuntur,
Autololes Numidaeque uagi semperque paratus
inculto Gaetulus equo, tum concolor Indo
Maurus, inops Nasamon, mixti Garamante perusto
Marmaridae uolucres, aequaturusque sagittas 680
Medorum, tremulum cum torsit missile, Mazax,
et gens quae nudo residens Massylia dorso
ora leui flectit frenorum nescia uirga,
et solitus uacuis errare mapalibus Afer
uenator ferrique simul fiducia non est 685
uestibus iratos laxis operire leones.
nec solum studiis ciuilibus arma parabat
priuatae sed bella dabat Iuba concitus irae.
hunc quoque quo superos humanaque polluit anno
lege tribunicia solio depellere auorum 690
Curio temptarat, Libyamque auferre tyranno
dum regnum te, Roma, facit. memor ille doloris
hoc bellum sceptri fructum putat esse retenti.
hac igitur regis trepidat iam Curio fama
et quod Caesareis numquam deuota iuuentus 695
illa nimis castris nec Rheni miles in undis
exploratus erat, Corfini captus in arce,
infidusque nouis ducibus dubiusque priori
fas utrumque putat. sed, postquam languida segni
cernit cuncta metu nocturnaue munera ualli 700
desolata fuga, trepida sic mente profatur:

All of Africa that had yielded to the Roman arms was then

commanded by Varus; and he, though he relied on Roman soldiers, nevertheless summoned from every quarter the forces of King Juba — the nations of Libya and the troops from the world's end that followed their king to battle. No ruler possessed a broader realm than he: at its greatest length his kingdom is bounded on its western point by Atlas, neighbour of Gades, and on the East by Ammon, bordering on the Syrtes; and on the line of its breadth, the hot region of his huge domain separates the Ocean from the burnt-up torrid zone. The population matches the area: the king's camp is followed by so many tribes — Autololes, unsettled Numidians, and Gaetulians good at need with their bare-backed horses; then there are Moors black as Indians, needy Nasamonians, swift Marmaridae joined with sun-blackened Garamantes, Mazaces who can rival the archery of the Parthians when they hurl their quivering javelins, and the Massylian people, who ride barebacked and use a light switch to guide their horses whose mouths have never felt the bit; there follows too the African hunter, whose habit it is to stray through deserted villages and to smother angry lions in the folds of his garment, when he has lost confidence in his spear. Not party zeal alone stirred up Juba to arms: war was a concession to personal anger as well. For Curio, in that year during which he outraged heaven and earth, had also tried to dislodge Juba from his ancestral throne by means of a tribune's law — he sought, at the same time, to take Africa from its rightful king and to set up a king at Rome! Juba, nursing his grievance, considered this war the chief advantage he had gained by retaining his crown. Hence this rumour of the king now alarmed Curio. He was alarmed also because his soldiers had never been overmuch devoted to Caesar's cause: never tested on the waters of the Rhine, they had been taken prisoners in the citadel of Corfinium; faithless to their leader before and distrusted by Curio now, they think it lawful to take either side. But when Curio saw the slackness of sluggish fear on every hand, and the nightly service on the ramparts left undone by desertion, he spoke thus in the trouble of his soul:

‘audendo magnus tegitur timor; arma capessam
ipse prior. campum miles descendat in aequum
dum meus est; uariam semper dant otia mentem.

eripe consilium pugna: cum dira uoluptas 705
ense subit presso, galeae texere pudorem,
quis conferre duces meminit, quis pendere causas?
qua stetit inde fauet; ueluti fatalis harenae
muneribus non ira uetus concurrere cogit
productos, odere pares.' sic fatus apertis 710
instruxit campis acies; quem blanda futuris
deceptura malis belli fortuna recepit.
nam pepulit Varum campo nudataque foeda
terga fuga, donec uetuerunt castra, cecidit.

“Boldness is a mask for fear, however great; I will take the field before the foe. Let my soldiers, while they are still mine, march down to the level ground. Idleness is ever the root of indecision; snatch from them by battle the power to form a plan; once the dreadful passion rises, once the sword is grasped and the helmet hides the blush of shame, who thinks then of comparing leaders or balancing causes? Each man backs the side on which he stands. So those who are brought forth at the shows of the deathly arena are not driven to fight by long-cherished anger: they hate whoever is pitted against them.” Thus he spoke and drew up his line upon the open plain; and the fortune of war, meaning to betray him by future disasters, welcomed him now with smiles; for he drove Varus from the field and cut up his defenceless rear in shameful flight until the camp put a stop to the pursuit.

tristia sed postquam superati proelia Vari 715
sunt audita Iubae, laetus quod gloria belli
sit rebus seruata suis, rapit agmina furtim,
obscuratque suam per iussa silentia famam
hoc solum incauto metuentis ab hoste, timeri.
mittitur, exigua qui proelia prima lacessat 720
eliciatque manu, Numidis a rege secundus,
ut sibi commissi simulator Sabbura belli;
ipse caua regni uires in ualle retentat:
aspidas ut Pharias cauda sollertior hostis
ludit et iratas incerta prouocat umbra 725

obliquusque caput uanas serpentis in auras
effusae tuto comprehendit guttura morsu
letiferam citra saniem; tunc inrita pestis
exprimitur faucesque fluunt pereunte ueneno.
fraudibus euentum dederat fortuna, feroxque 730
non exploratis occulti uiribus hostis
Curio nocturnum castris erumpere cogit
ignotisque equitem late decurrere campis.
ipse sub aurorae primos excedere motus
signa iubet castris, multum frustraue rogatus 735
ut Libycas metuat fraudes infectaque semper
Punica bella dolis. leti fortuna propinqui
tradiderat fatis iuuenem, bellumque trahebat
auctorem ciuile suum. super ardua ducit
saxa, super cautes, abrupto limite signa; 740
cum procul e summis conspecti collibus hostes
fraude sua cessere parum, dum colle relicto
effusam patulis aciem committeret aruis.
ille fugam credens simulatae nescius artis,
ut uictor, mersos aciem deiecit in agros. 745
ut primum patuere doli, Numidaeque fugaces
undique completis clausurunt montibus agmen,
obstipuit dux ipse simul perituraque turba.
non timidi petiere fugam, non proelia fortes,
quippe ubi non sonipes motus clangore tubarum 750
saxa quatit pulsu rigidos uexantia frenos
ora terens spargitque iubas et subrigit auris
incertoque pedum pugnat non stare tumultu:
fessa iacet ceruix, fumant sudoribus artus
oraeque proiecta squalent arentia lingua, 755
pectora rauca gemunt, quae creber anhelitus urguet,
et defecta grauis longe trahit ilia pulsus
siccaque sanguineis durescit spuma lupatis.
iamque gradum neque uerberibus stimulisque coacti
nec quamuis crebris iussi calcaribus addunt: 760
uolneribus coguntur equi; nec profuit ulli
cornipedis rupisse moras, neque enim impetus ille

incursusque fuit: tantum perfertur ad hostis
et spatium iaculis oblato uolnere donat.
at, uagus Afer equos ut primum emisit in agmen, 765
tum campi tremuere sono, terraque soluta,
quantus Bistonio torquetur turbine, puluis
aera nube sua texit traxitque tenebras.
ut uero in pedites fatum miserabile belli
incubuit, nullo dubii discrimine Martis 770
incipites steterunt casus, set tempora pugnae
mors tenuit; neque enim licuit procurrere contra
et miscere manus. sic undique saepta iuuentus
comminus obliquis et rectis eminus hastis
obruitur, non uolneribus nec sanguine solum, 775
telorum nimbo peritura et pondere ferri.
ergo acies tantae paruum spissantur in orbem,
ac, si quis metuens medium correpsit in agmen,
uix inpune suos inter conuertitur enses;
densaturque globus, quantum pede prima relato 780
constrinxit gyros acies. non arma mouendi
iam locus est pressis, stipataque membra teruntur;
frangitur armatum conliso pectore pectus.
non tam laeta tulit uictor spectacula Maurus
quam Fortuna dabat; fluuios non ille cruoris 785
membrorumque uidet lapsum et ferientia terram
corpora: compressum turba stetit omne cadauer.

But when Juba heard of the lost battle of conquered Varus, he rejoiced that the glory of the campaign was reserved for his arms. He marched in haste and secrecy, masking the report of his movement by enforcing silence; his one fear was that his rash foe might feel fear of *him*. Sabbura, second to the king in command of the Numidians, was sent out with a small force to challenge the foe and tempt them to begin battle; he was to sham an attack and pretend that he was in charge of it, while the king kept back his main body in a hollow valley. So snakes in Egypt are fooled by the craftier foe with his tail: he stirs up their wrath with its flickering shadow, while the snake spends its force upon the air in vain, and then, holding his head

aslant, he grips the throat and bites in safety, too close for the deadly fluid to touch him; at last the baffled bane is squeezed forth, and the poison streams idly from the throat. Fortune gave success to the trick; and daring Curio, without reconnoitring the strength of his hidden foe, made his cavalry sally forth from the camp by night and range far and wide over the unknown plains. He himself at the first stirring of dawn bids his infantry leave their camp; in vain was he warned repeatedly to beware of Libyan deceit and Punic warfare ever tainted by guile. The doom of speedy death had handed the youth over to destruction, and civil war was claiming the man who made it. Along a perilous path he led his men, over high rocks and cliffs, and then the enemy was sighted far away from the top of the hills. They, with their native craft, drew back a little, till he should leave the height and trust his army in loose array to the open fields. Curio, ignorant of their treacherous device, believed that they were fleeing, and, as if victorious, marched his army down to the fields below. As soon as the trick was revealed, and the light Numidian cavalry covered the heights and surrounded the Romans on every side, the leader himself and his doomed army were stupefied alike: the coward did not flee, nor the brave man fight. For there the war-horse was not roused by the trumpet's blare, nor did he scatter the stones with stamping hoof, or champ the hard bit that chafes his mouth, with flying mane and ears erect, or refuse to stand still, and shift his clattering feet. The weary neck sinks down, the limbs reek with sweat, the tongue protrudes and the mouth is rough and dry; the lungs, driven by quick pants, give a hoarse murmur; the labouring breath works the spent flanks hard; and the froth dries and cakes on the blood-stained bit. Now the horses refuse to go faster, though urged by blows and goads and called on by constant spurring: they are stabbed to make them move; yet no man profited by overcoming the resistance of his horse; for no charge and onset was possible there: the rider was merely carried close to the foe and, by offering a mark, saved the javelin a long flight. But as soon as the African skirmishers launched their steeds at the host, the plains shook with their trampling, the earth was loosened, and a pillar of dust, vast as is whirled by Thracian stormwinds, veiled the sky with its cloud and brought on darkness. And when the piteous doom of battle bore

down upon the Roman infantry, the issue never hung uncertain through any chance of war's lottery, but all the time of fighting was filled by death: it was impossible to rush forward in attack and close with the enemy. So the soldiers, surrounded on all sides, were crushed by slanting thrusts from close quarters and spears hurled straight forward from a distance — doomed to destruction not merely by wounds and blood but by the hail of weapons and the sheer weight of steel. Thus a great army was crowded into a small compass; and, if any man in fear crawled into the midst of the press, he could scarce move about unhurt among the swords of his comrades; and the pack grew thicker, whenever the foremost rank stepped back and narrowed the circle. The crowded soldiers have no longer space to ply their weapons; their bodies are squeezed and ground together; and the armoured breast is broken by pressure against another breast. The victorious Moors did not enjoy to the full the spectacle that Fortune granted them: they could not see the rivers of blood, the collapsing limbs, and the bodies striking the ground; for each dead man was held bolt upright by the dense array.

excitet inuisas dirae Carthaginis umbras
inferiis fortuna nouis, ferat ista cruentus
Hannibal et Poeni tam dira piacula manes. 790
Romanam, superi, Libyca tellure ruinam
Pompeio prodesse nefas uotisque senatus.
Africa nos potius uincat sibi. Curio, fusas
ut uidit campis acies et cernere tantas
permisit clades compressus sanguine puluis, 795
non tulit adflictis animam producere rebus
aut sperare fugam, ceciditque in strage suorum
inpiger ad letum et fortis uirtute coacta.

Let Fortune call to life the hated ghost of dread Carthage to enjoy this new sacrifice; let bloodstained Hannibal and his Carthaginian dead accept this awful expiation! But it is an outrage, ye gods, that the fall of Romans on Libyan soil should forward the success of Pompey and the desires of the Senate. Rather let Africa defeat us for her own objects. When Curio saw his ranks prostrate on the field, and

when the dust was laid by blood, so that he could survey that awful carnage, he would not stoop to survive defeat or hope for escape, but fell amid the corpses of his men, prompt to face death and brave with the courage of despair.

quid nunc rostra tibi prosunt turbata forumque
unde tribunicia plebeius signifer arce 800
arma dabas populis? quid prodita iura senatus
et gener atque socer bello concurrere iussi?
ante iaces quam dira duces Pharsalia confert,
spectandumque tibi bellum ciuile negatum est.
has urbi miserae uestro de sanguine poenas 805
ferre datis, luitis iugulo sic arma, potentes.
felix Roma quidem ciuisque habitura beatos,
si libertatis superis tam cura placeret
quam uindicta placet. Libycas, en, nobile corpus,
pascit aues nullo contextus Curio busto. 810
at tibi nos, quando non proderit ista silere
a quibus omne aeui senium sua fama repellit,
digna damus, iuuenis, merita praekoniam uitae.
haut alium tanta ciuem tulit indole Roma
aut cui plus leges deberent recta sequenti; 815
perdita tunc urbi nocuerunt saecula, postquam
ambitus et luxus et opum metuenda facultas
transuerso mentem dubiam torrente tulerunt,
momentumque fuit mutatus Curio rerum
Gallorum captus spoliis et Caesaris auro. 820
ius licet in iugulos nostros sibi fecerit ensis
Sulla potens Mariusque ferox et Cinna cruentus
Caesareaeque domus series, cui tanta potestas
concessa est? emere omnes, hic uendidit urbem.

What does it avail him now that he stirred up turmoil on the Rostrum in the Forum — that stronghold of the tribunes, where he bore the standard of the populace and from which he armed all nations? What avails it that he betrayed the rights of the Senate and bade Pompey and his wife's father meet in the clash of arms? Low he lies, before

the fatal field of Pharsalia confronts the leaders; and the spectacle of civil war is withheld from him. This is the penalty which the great ones of the earth suffer their unhappy country to exact; thus they pay for the wars they make with their own blood and their own deaths. Fortunate indeed would Rome be, and happy her citizens hereafter, if the gods were as careful to preserve her freedom as they are to avenge it. Behold! the unburied body of Curio, a noble carrion, feeds the birds of Libya. But to suppress those deeds which are insured by their own glory against all decay of time will not avail; and therefore we award a due meed of praise to the praiseworthy part of his life. Rome never bore a citizen of such high promise, nor one to whom the constitution owed more while he trod the right path. But then the corruption of the age proved fatal to the State, when ambition and luxury and the formidable power of wealth swept away with their cross-current the unstable principles of Curio; and, when he yielded to the booty of Gaul and Caesar's gold, his change turned the scale of history. Though powerful Sulla and bold Marius, like bloodstained Cinna and all the line of Caesar's house, secured the power to use the sword against our throats, yet to none of them was granted so high a privilege; for they all bought their country, but Curio sold it.

LIBER QVINTVS — BOOK V

Sic alterna duces bellorum uolnera passos
in Macetum terras miscens aduersa secundis
seruauit fortuna pares. iam sparserat Haemo
bruma niues gelidoque cadens Atlantis Olympo,
instabatque dies qui dat noua nomina fastis 5
quique colit primus ducentem tempora Ianum.
dum tamen emeriti remanet pars ultima iuris
consul uterque uagos belli per munia patres
elicit Epirum. peregrina ac sordida sedes
Romanos cepit proceres, secretaque rerum 10
hospes in externis audiuit curia tectis.
nam quis castra uocet tot strictas iure securis,
tot fasces? docuit populos uenerabilis ordo
non Magni partes sed Magnum in partibus esse.

THUS the leaders in turn suffered the wounds of war, and Fortune, blending failure with success, kept them for the land of the Macedonians equal in strength. Winter had already sprinkled Mount Haemus with snow, and the daughter of Atlas was setting in a chilly sky. The day was coming that gives new names to the Calendar and begins the worship of Janus, leader of the months. But, before the last days of their expiring office ran out, the two consuls summoned to Epirus those senators who were scattered here and there on military duties. Mean and foreign was the chamber that held the magnates of Rome; and the Senate sat, as guests beneath an alien roof, to hear the business of the State. For who could apply the name of “camp” to all those rods and all those axes bared by right of law? The worshipful body taught the world that they were not the party of Magnus but that Magnus was only one of their partisans.

ut primum maestum tenuere silentia coetum, 15
Lentulus e celsa sublimis sede profatur.
‘indole si dignum Latia, si sanguine prisco
robur inest animis, non qua tellure coacti

quamque procul tectis captae sedeamus ab urbis
cernite, sed uestrae faciem cognoscite turbae, 20
cunctaque iussuri primum hoc decernite, patres,
quod regnis populisque liquet, nos esse senatum.
nam uel Hyperboreae plastrum glaciale sub Vrsae
uel plaga qua torrens claususque uaporibus axis
nec patitur noctes nec iniquos crescere soles, 25
si fortuna ferat, rerum nos summa sequetur
imperiumque comes. Tarpeia sede perusta
Gallorum facibus Veiosque habitante Camillo
illic Roma fuit. non umquam perdidit ordo
mutato sua iura solo. maerentia tecta 30
Caesar habet uacuasque domos legesque silentis
clausaque iustitio tristi fora; curia solos
illa uidet patres plena quos urbe fugauit:
ordine de tanto quisquis non exulat hic est.
ignaros scelerum longaque in pace quietos 35
bellorum primus sparsit furor: omnia rursus
membra loco redeunt. en, totis uiribus orbis
Hesperiam pensant superi: iacet hostis in undis
obrutus Illyricis, Libyae squalentibus aruis
Curio Caesarei cecidit pars magna senatus. 40
tollite signa, duces, fatorum inpellite cursum,
spem uestram praestate deis, fortunaque tantos
det uobis animos quantos fugientibus hostem
causa dabat. nostrum exhausto ius clauditur anno:
uos, quorum finem non est sensura potestas, 45
consulite in medium, patres, Magnumque iubete
esse ducem.' laeto nomen clamore senatus
excipit et Magno fatum patriaeque suumque
inposuit. tunc in reges populosque merentis
sparsus honor, pelagique potens Phoebeia donis 50
exornata Rhodos gelidique inculta iuuentus
Taygeti, fama ueteres laudantur Athenae,
Massiliaeque suae donatur libera Phocis;
tum Sadalam fortemque Cotyn fidumque per arma
Deiotarum et gelidae dominum Rhascypolin orae 55

conlaudant, Libyamque iubent auctore senatu
sceptrafero parere Iubae. pro tristia fata!
et tibi, non fidae gentis dignissime regno,
fortunae, Ptolemaee, pudor crimenque deorum,
cingere Pellaeo pressos diademate crinis 60
permissum. saeuum in populos puer accipis ensem,
atque utinam in populos! donata est regia Lagi,
accessit Magni iugulus, regnumque sorori
ereptum est soceroque nefas. iam turba soluto
arma petit coetu; quae cum populique ducesque 65
casibus incertis et caeca sorte parent,
solus in ancipites metuit descendere Martis
Appius euentus, finemque expromere rerum
sollicitat superos multosque obducta per annos
Delphica fatidici reserat penetralia Phoebi. 70

As soon as silence prevailed in the sorrowing assembly, Lentulus rose up from his high seat of dignity and thus addressed them. "Senators, if you have the stout hearts that befit your Latian stock and ancient blood, consider not the land in which we meet, or the distance which divides us from the dwellings of captured Rome; recognise rather the aspect of this body, and, having power to pass any measure, decree this first of all — and the fact is clear to all kings and nations — that we are the Senate. For whether beneath the icy Wain of the Northern Bear, or in the torrid zone and the clime fenced in by heat, where neither night nor day may grow beyond equality, wherever Fortune carry us, the State will go with us and empire attend us. When the Tarpeian sanctuary was consumed by the firebrands of the Gauls, Camillus dwelt at Veii, and Veii was Rome. Never has this order forfeited its rights by changing its place. Caesar has in his power the sorrowing buildings, the empty houses, the silenced laws, and the law-courts closed by a dismal holiday; but that Senate House sees no senators save those whom it expelled ere Rome was deserted: every member of this great body who is not an exile is present here. When we knew naught of civil war and had rested long in peace, the first fury of warfare drove us apart; but now all the scattered limbs return to the body. See how the gods make good the

loss of Italy by the armed strength of the whole world! Our enemies lie deep in Illyrian waters; and Curio, a mighty man in Caesar's Senate, has fallen on the barren fields of Libya. Lift up your standards, ye leaders of armies; hasten the course of destiny; convince the gods that you have hope; and draw from success the confidence which your good cause gave you when you fled before Caesar. For us the time of office expires when the year closes; but your authority, senators, can never be subject to any limits; and therefore take counsel for the common good, and vote for Magnus as your leader." That name was hailed with applause by the senators; and they laid on the shoulders of Magnus the burden of their country's fate and of their own. Next, rewards for good service were freely bestowed on kings and peoples: gifts of honour were conferred on the rugged soldiery of cold Taygetus, and on Rhodes, queen of the seas and island of Apollo; Athens of ancient fame was commended; and Phocis was declared free, in compliment to Massilia, her daughter city. Praise was given also to Sadalas and brave Cotys, to the faithful ally, Deiotarus, and to Rhascypolis, lord of a frozen land; and Libya was bidden to obey King Juba by the authority of the Senate. And next — O cruelty of Fate — to Ptolemy, right worthy to rule a treacherous people, to Ptolemy, that disgrace of Fortune and reproach of the gods, it was permitted to place on his head the weight of the Macedonian crown. The boy received the sword to use it ruthlessly against his people. Would that they alone had suffered! But, while the Senate gave the throne of Lagus, the life of Magnus was thrown in as well; and so Cleopatra lost her kingdom, and Caesar the power to murder his son-in-law. Then the meeting dispersed, and all took up arms. But, while the nations and their leaders prepared for war, uncertain of the future and blind to their destiny, Appius alone feared to commit himself to the lottery of battle; therefore he appealed to the gods to reveal the issue of events; and Delphi, the oracular shrine of Apollo, closed for many years, was by him unbarred.

Hesperio tantum quantum summotus Eoo
cardine Parnasos gemino petit aethera colle,
mons Phoebo Bromioque sacer, cui numine mixto

Delphica Thebanae referunt trieterica Bacchae.
hoc solum fluctu terras mergente cacumen 75
eminuit pontoque fuit discrimen et astris.
tu quoque uix summam, seductus ab aequore, rupem
extuleras, unoque iugo, Parnase, latebas.
ultor ibi expulsaе, premeret cum uiscera partus,
matris adhuc rudibus Paeon Pythona sagittis 80
explicuit, cum regna Themis tripodasque teneret.
ut uidit Paeon uastos telluris hiatus
diuinam spirare fidem uentosque loquaces
exhalare solum, sacris se condidit antris,
incubuitque adyto uates ibi factus Apollo. 85

At equal distance from the limits of East and West, the twin peaks of Parnassus soar to heaven. The mountain is sacred to Phoebus and to Bromios, in whose honour the Bacchantes of Thebes, treating the two gods as one, hold their triennial festival at Delphi. When the Flood covered the earth, this height alone rose above the level and was all that separated sea from sky; and even Parnassus, parted in two by the flood, only just displayed a rocky summit, and one of its peaks was submerged. There Apollo, with yet unpractised shafts, laid low the Python and so avenged his mother who had been driven forth when great with child. Themis was then queen and mistress of the oracle; but, when Apollo saw that the huge chasm in the earth breathed forth divine truth, and that the ground gave out a wind that spoke, then he enshrined himself in the sacred caves, brooded over the holy place, and there became a prophet.

quis latet hic superum? quod numen ab aethere pressum
dignatur caecas inclusum habitare cauernas?
quis terram caeli patitur deus, omnia cursus
aeterni secreta tenens mundoque futuri
consciis, ac populis sese proferre paratus 90
contactumque ferens hominis, magnusque potensque,
siue canit fatum seu, quod iubet ille canendo,
fit fatum? forsan, terris inserta regendis
aere libratum uacuo quae sustinet orbem,

totius pars magna Iouis Cirrhaea per antra 95
exit et aetherio trahitur conexa Tonanti.
hoc ubi uirgineo conceptum est pectore numen,
humanam feriens animam sonat oraque uatis
soluit, ceu Siculus flammis urgentibus Aetnam
undat apex, Campana fremens ceu saxa uaporat 100
conditus Inarimes aeterna mole Typhoeus.

Which of the immortals is hidden here? What deity, descending from heaven, deigns to dwell pent up in these dark grottoes? What god of heaven endures the weight of earth, knowing every secret of the eternal process of events, sharing with the sky the knowledge of the future, ready to reveal himself to the nations, and patient of contact with mankind? A great and mighty god is he, whether he merely predicts the future or the future is itself determined by the fiat of his utterance. It may be that a large part of the whole divine element is embedded in the world to rule it, and supports the globe poised upon empty space; and this part issues forth through the caves of Cirrha, and is inhaled there, though closely linked to the Thunderer in heaven. When this inspiration has found a harbour in a maiden's bosom, it strikes the human soul of the priestess audibly, and unlocks her lips, even as the crown of Etna in Sicily boils over from the pressure of the flames; and as Typhoeus, where he lies beneath the everlasting mass of Inarime, makes hot the rocks of Campania by his unrest.

hoc tamen expositum cunctis nullique negatum
numen ab humani solum se labe furoris
uindicat. haud illic tacito mala uota susurro
concipiunt, nam fixa canens mutandaque nulli 105
mortales optare uetat; iustisque benignus
saepe dedit sedem totas mutantibus urbes,
ut Tyriis, dedit ille minas inpellere belli,
ut Salaminia cum meminit mare; sustulit iras
telluris sterilis monstrato fine, resoluit 110
aera tabificum. non ullo saecula dono
nostra carent maiore deum, quam Delphica sedes

quod siluit, postquam reges timuere futura
et superos uetere loqui. nec uoce negata
Cirrhæae maerent uates, templique fruuntur 115
iustitio. nam, siqua deus sub pectora uenit,
numinis aut poena est mors inmatura recepti
aut pretium; quippe stimulo fluctuque furoris
conpages humana labat, pulsusque deorum
concutiunt fragiles animas. sic tempore longo 120
inmotos tripodas uastæque silentia rupis
Appius Hesperii scrutator ad ultima fati
sollicitat. iussus sedes laxare uerendas
antistes pauidamque deis inmittere uatem
Castalios circum latices nemorumque recessus 125
Phemonœn errore uagam curisque uacantem
corripuit cogitque fores inrumpere templi.
limine terrifico metuens consistere Phœbas
absterrere ducem noscendi ardore futura
cassa fraude parat. ‘quid spes’ ait ‘inproba ueri 130
te, Romane, trahit? muto Parnasos hiatu
conticuit pressitque deum, seu spiritus istas
destituit fauces mundique in deua uersum
duxit iter, seu, barbarica cum lampade Python
arsit, in immensas cineres abiere cauernas 135
et Phœbi tenuere uiam, seu sponte deorum
Cirrhæa silet farique sat est arcana futuri
carmina longæuæ uobis commissæ Sibyllæ,
seu Pæan solitus templis arcere nocentis,
ora quibus soluat, nostro non inuenit æuo.’ 140

This sacred shrine, which welcomes all men and is denied to none, nevertheless alone is free from the taint of human wickedness. There no sinful prayers are framed in stealthy whisper; for the god forbids mankind to pray for anything, and only proclaims the doom that none may change. To the righteous he shows favour: when whole cities, as in the case of Tyre, were abandoned by their inhabitants, he has often given them a place to dwell in; he has enabled others to dispel the dangers of war, as the sea of Salamis has not forgotten; he has

removed the anger of the barren earth by revealing a remedy; he has cleared the air from the taint of plague. But the Delphian oracle became dumb, when kings feared the future and stopped the mouth of the gods; and no divine gift is more sorely missed by our age. Yet the priestesses of Delphi feel no grief that utterance is denied them: nay, they rejoice in the cessation of the oracle. For, if the god enters the bosom of any, untimely death is her penalty, or her reward, for having received him; because the human frame is broken up by the sting and surge of that frenzy, and the stroke from heaven shatters the brittle life. — So when Appius, probing the last secrets of Roman destiny, urged his quest, the tripods had long been motionless and the mighty rock silent. When the priest was bidden to unbar the awful shrine and usher the terrified priestess into the divine presence, Phemonoe was wandering free from care about the spring of Castalia and the sequestered grove; he laid hands upon her and compelled her to rush within the temple doors. Fearing to take her stand on that dread threshold, Apollo's priestess sought by vain deceit to discourage Appius from his eagerness to learn the future. "Why," she asked, "does presumptuous hope of learning the truth draw you hither, O Roman? The chasm of Parnassus, fallen dumb and silent, has buried its god. Either the breath of inspiration has failed yonder outlet and has shifted its path to a distant region of the world; or, when Pytho was burned by the brands of barbarians, the ashes sank into the vast caverns and blocked the passage of Phoebus; or Delphi is dumb by the will of Heaven, and it is thought enough that the verses of the ancient Sibyl, entrusted to your nation, should tell forth the hidden future; or else Apollo, accustomed to exclude the guilty from his shrine, finds none in our age for whose sake to unseal his lips."

uirginei patuere doli, fecitque negatis
numinibus metus ipse fidem. tum torta priores
stringit uitta comas, crinesque in terga solutos
candida Phocaica conplectitur infula lauro.
haerentem dubiamque premens in templa sacerdos 145
inpulit. illa pauens adyti penetrabile remoti
fatidicum prima templorum in parte resistit

atque deum simulans sub pectore ficta quieto
uerba refert, nullo confusae murmure uocis
instinctam sacro mentem testata furore, 150
haud aequae laesura ducem cui falsa canebat
quam tripodas Phoebique fidem. non rupta trementi
uerba sono nec uox antri complere capacis
sufficiens spatium nulloque horrore comarum
excussae laurus inmotaque limina templi 155
securumque nemus ueritam se credere Phoebo
prodiderant. sensit tripodas cessare furensque
Appius ‘et nobis meritas dabis, impia, poenas
et superis, quos fingis,’ ait ‘nisi mergeris antris
deque orbis trepidi tanto consulta tumultu 160
desinis ipsa loqui’. tandem conterrita uirgo
confugit ad tripodas uastisque adducta cauernis
haesit et insueto concepit pectore numen,
quod non exhaustae per tot iam saecula rupis
spiritus ingessit uati; tandemque potitus 165
pectore Cirrhaeo non umquam plenior artus
Phoebados inrupit Paeon mentemque priorem
expulit atque hominem toto sibi cedere iussit
pectore. bacchatur demens aliena per antrum
colla ferens, uittasque dei Phoebeaque sarta 170
erectis discussa comis per inania templi
ancipiti ceruice rotat spargitque uaganti
obstantis tripodas magnoque exaestuat igne
iratum te, Phoebe, ferens. nec uerbere solo
uteris et stimulis flammasque in uiscera mergis: 175
accipit et frenos, nec tantum prodere uati
quantum scire licet. uenit aetas omnis in unam
congeriem, miserumque premunt tot saecula pectus,
tanta patet rerum series, atque omne futurum
nititur in lucem, uocemque petentia fata 180
luctantur; non prima dies, non ultima mundi,
non modus Oceani, numerus non derat harenae.
qualis in Euboico uates Cumana recessu
indignata suum multis seruire furorem

gentibus ex tanta fatorum strage superba 185
excerpsit Romana manu, sic plena laborat
Phemonoe Phoebo, dum te, consultor operti
Castalia tellure dei, uix inuenit, Appi,
inter fata diu quaerens tam magna latentem.
spumea tum primum rabies uaesana per ora 190
effluit et gemitus et anhelus clara meatu
murmura, tum maestus uastis ululatus in antris
extremaeque sonant domita iam uirgine uoces:
'effugis ingentes, tanti discriminis expers,
bellorum, Romane, minas, solusque quietem 195
Euboici uasta lateris conualle tenebis'.
cetera suppressit faucesque obstruxit Apollo.

The maiden's craft was plain, and even her fears proved the reality of the deity she denied. Then the circling band confined the tresses above her brow; and the hair that streamed down her back was bound by the white fillet and the laurel of Phocis. When still she paused and hesitated, the priest thrust her by force into the temple. Dreading the oracular recess of the inner shrine, she halted by the entrance, counterfeiting inspiration and uttering feigned words from a bosom unstirred; and no inarticulate cry of indistinct utterance proved that her mind was inspired with the divine frenzy. To Appius, who heard her false prophecy, she could do less harm than to the oracle and Apollo's reputation for truth. Her words, that rushed not forth with tremulous cry; her voice, which had not power to fill the space of the vast cavern; her laurel wreath, which was not raised off her head by the bristling hair; the unmoved floor of the temple and the motionless trees — all these betrayed her dread of trusting herself to Apollo. Appius perceived that the oracle was dumb, and cried out in fury: "Profane wretch, I myself and the gods whom you counterfeit will punish you even as you deserve, unless you go down into the cave and cease, when consulted concerning the mighty turmoil of a terrified world, to speak your own words." Scared at last the maiden took refuge by the tripods; she drew near to the vast chasm and there stayed; and her bosom for the first time drew in the divine power, which the inspiration of the rock, still active after so many centuries,

forced upon her. At last Apollo mastered the breast of the Delphian priestess; as fully as ever in the past, he forced his way into her body, driving out her former thoughts, and bidding her human nature to come forth and leave her heart at his disposal. Frantic she careers about the cave, with her neck under possession; the fillets and garlands of Apollo, dislodged by her bristling hair, she whirls with tossing head through the void spaces of the temple; she scatters the tripods that impede her random course; she boils over with fierce fire, while enduring the wrath of Phoebus. Nor does he ply the whip and goad alone, and dart flame into her vitals: she has to bear the curb as well, and is not permitted to reveal as much as she is suffered to know. All time is gathered up together: all the centuries crowd her breast and torture it; the endless chain of events is revealed; all the future struggles to the light; destiny contends with destiny, seeking to be uttered. The creation of the world and its destruction, the compass of the Ocean and the sum of the sands — all these are before her. Even as the Sibyl of Cumae in her Euboean cave, resenting that her inspiration should be at the service of many nations, chose among them with haughty hand and picked out from the great heap of destiny the fate of Rome, so Phemonoe, possessed by Phoebus, was troubled and sought long ere she found the name of Appius concealed among the names of mightier men — Appius, who came to question the god hidden in the land of Castalia. When she found it, first the wild frenzy overflowed through her foaming lips; she groaned and uttered loud inarticulate cries with panting breath; next, a dismal wailing filled the vast cave; and at last, when she was mastered, came the sound of articulate speech: “Roman, thou shalt have no part in the mighty ordeal and shalt escape the awful threats of war; and thou alone shalt stay at peace in a broad hollow of the Euboean coast.” Then Apollo closed up her throat and cut short her tale.

custodes tripodes fatorum arcanaque mundi
tuque, potens ueri Paeon nullumque futuri
a superis celate diem, suprema ruentis 200
imperii caesosque duces et funera regum
et tot in Hesperio conlapsas sanguine gentis

cur aperire times? an nondum numina tantum
decreuere nefas et adhuc dubitantibus astris
Pompei damnare caput tot fata tenentur? 205
uindicis an gladii facinus poenasque furorum
regnaque ad ultores iterum redeuntia Brutos,
ut peragat fortuna, taces? tum pectore uatis
inpactae cessere fores, expulsaque templis
prosiluit; perstat rabies, nec cuncta locutae 210
quem non emisit, superest deus. illa feroces
torquet adhuc oculos totoque uagantia caelo
lumina, nunc uoltu pauido, nunc torua minaci;
stat numquam facies; rubor igneus inficit ora
liuentisque genas; nec, qui solet esse timenti, 215
terribilis sed pallor inest; nec fessa quiescunt
corda, sed, ut tumidus Boreae post flamina pontus
rauca gemit, sic muta leuant suspiria uatem.
dumque a luce sacra, qua uidit fata, refertur
ad uolgare iubar mediae uenere tenebrae. 220
inmisit Stygiam Paeon in uiscera Lethen,
quae raperet secreta deum. tum pectore uerum
fugit et ad Phoebi tripodas rediere futura,
uixque relecta cadit. nec te uicinia leti
territat ambiguis frustratum sortibus, Appi; 225
iure sed incerto mundi subsidere regnum
Chalcidos Euboicae uana spe rapte parabas.
heu demens, nullum belli sentire fragorem,
tot mundi caruisse malis, praestare deorum
excepta quis Morte potest? secreta tenebis 230
litoris Euboici memorando condite busto,
qua maris angustat fauces saxosa Carystos
et, tumidis infesta colit quae numina, Rhamnus,
artatus rapido feruet qua gurgite pontus
Euripusque trahit, cursum mutantibus undis, 235
Chalcidicas puppes ad iniquam classibus Aulin.

Ye oracles that watch over destiny, ye mysteries of the universe, and
thou, O Paeon, master of truth from whom no day of future time is

hidden by the gods, why is it that thou darest to reveal the last phase in the collapse of empire, the fall of captains and deaths of kings, and the destruction of so many nations in the carnage of Italy? Have the gods not yet resolved on so great a crime, and, because the stars still hesitate to doom Pompey to death, is the fate of many held in suspense? Or is this the object of thy silence — that Fortune may carry through the heroic deed of the avenging sword, that mad ambition may be punished, and that tyranny may meet once more the vengeance of a Brutus? — Now the doors gave way when the priestess dashed her breast against them, and forth she rushed, driven from the temple. The frenzy abides; and the god, whom she has not shaken off, still controls her, since she has not told all her tale. She still rolls wild eyes, and eyeballs that roam over all the sky; her features are never quiet, now showing fear, and now grim with menacing aspect; a fiery flush dyes her face and the leaden hue of her cheeks; her paleness is unlike that of fear but inspires fear; her heart finds no rest after its labour; and, as the swollen sea moans hoarsely when the North wind has ceased to blow, so voiceless sighs still heave her breast. While she was returning to the common light of day from the divine radiance in which she had seen the future, a darkness intervened. For Apollo poured Stygian Lethe into her inward parts, to snatch the secrets of heaven from her. Then the truth vanished from her bosom, and knowledge of the future went back to the tripods of the god; and down she fell, recovering with difficulty. But Appius, deceived by a riddling oracle, was not alarmed by the nearness of death: urged by vain hope, he was eager to take possession of a domain at Chalcis in Euboea, while the lordship over the world was still unsettled. Madman! what deity save Death alone can assure to a man that he will feel no crash of warfare and escape such worldwide suffering? Laid in a memorable tomb, you shall occupy a sequestered spot on the shore of Euboea, where a gorge of the sea is narrowed by the quarries of Carystos and by Rhamnus that worships a goddess who hates the proud; there the sea boils in the narrows with rushing waters, and there the Euripus with irregular current carries the ships of Chalcis to Aulis unkind to fleets.

interea domitis Caesar remeabat Hiberis

uictrices aquilas alium laturus in orbem,
cum prope fatorum tantos per prospera cursus
auertere dei. nullo nam Marte subactus 240
intra castrorum timuit tentoria ductor
perdere successus scelerum, cum paene fideles
per tot bella manus satiatae sanguine tandem
destituere ducem, seu maesto classica paulum
intermissa sono claususque et frigidus ensis 245
expulerat belli furias, seu, praemia miles
dum maiora petit, damnat causamque ducemque
et scelere inbutos etiamnunc uenditat enses.
haud magis expertus discrimine Caesar in ullo est
quam non e stabili tremulo sed culmine cuncta 250
despiceret staretque super titubantia fultus.
tot raptis truncus manibus gladioque relictus
paene suo, qui tot gentis in bella trahebat,
scit non esse ducis strictos sed militis enses.
non pauidum iam murmur erat nec pectore tecto 255
ira latens; nam quae dubias constringere mentes
causa solet, dum quisque pauet, quibus ipse timori est,
seque putat solum regnorum iniusta grauari,
haud retinet. quippe ipsa metus exsoluerat audax
turba suos: quidquid multis peccatur inultum est. 260
effudere minas. 'liceat discedere, Caesar,
a rabie scelerum. quaeris terraque marique
his ferrum iugulis animasque effundere uiles
quolibet hoste paras; partem tibi Gallia nostri
eripuit, partem duris Hispania bellis, 265
pars iacet Hesperia, totoque exercitus orbe
te uincente perit. terris fudisse cruorem
quid iuuat Arctois Rhodano Rhenoque subactis?
tot mihi pro bellis bellum ciuile dedisti.
cepimus expulso patriae cum tecta senatu, 270
quos hominum uel quos licuit spoliare deorum?
imus in omne nefas manibus ferroque nocentes,
paupertate pii. finis quis quaeritur armis?
quid satis est, si Roma parum est? iam respice canos

inualidasque manus et inanis cerne lacertos. 275
usus abit uitae, bellis consumpsimus aeuum:
ad mortem dimitte senes. en improba uota:
non duro liceat morientia caespite membra
ponere, non anima galeam fugiente ferire
atque oculos morti clausuram quaerere dextram, 280
coniugis inlabi lacrimis, unique paratum
scire rogam; liceat morbis finire senectam;
sit praeter gladios aliquod sub Caesare fatum.
quid uelut ignaros ad quae portenta paremur
spe trahis? usque adeo soli ciuilibus armis 285
nescimus cuius sceleris sit maxima merces?
nil actum est bellis, si nondum conperit istas
omnia posse manus. nec fas nec uincula iuris
hoc audere uetant: Rheni mihi Caesar in undis
dux erat, hic socius; facinus quos inquinat aequat. 290
adde quod ingrato meritorum iudice uirtus
nostra perit: quidquid gerimus fortuna uocatur.
nos fatum sciat esse suum. licet omne deorum
obsequium speres, irato milite, Caesar,
pax erit.' haec fatus totis discurrere castris 295
coeperat infestoque ducem deposcere uoluit.
sic eat, o superi: quando pietasque fidesque
destituunt moresque malos sperare relictum est,
finem ciuili faciat discordia bello.

Meanwhile Caesar was returning triumphant over conquered Spain to carry into a new world his victorious eagles, when the flowing tide of his successes was almost turned aside by Heaven. For, unsubdued in the field, the general feared, within the tents of his camp, to lose the fruits of crime, when those troops that had been faithful through so many wars, sated at last with blood, came near to forsaking him. Was it perhaps the brief lull in the trumpet's dismal note, and the cooling of the sword in its sheath, that had cast out the evil spirit of war? Or was it greed for greater rewards that made the soldiers repudiate their cause and their leader, and again put up for sale the swords already stained with guilt? In no peril was Caesar more clearly taught how

insecure and even tottering was the eminence from which he looked down on the world, and how the ground he stood on quaked beneath him. Maimed by the loss of so many hands, and almost left to the protection of his own weapon, he, who was dragging to war so many nations, learned that the sword, once drawn, belongs to the soldier and not to the general. There was an end of timid muttering, an end of anger hidden in the secret heart; for what often binds a wavering allegiance — that each fears those to whom he himself is a terror, and each thinks that he alone resents the injustice of oppression — that motive had lost its hold. For their mere numbers had dispelled their fears and made them bold: the sin of thousands always goes unpunished. Thus they poured forth their threats: “Give us leave, Caesar, to depart from the madness of civil war. You search over land and sea for swords to pierce our hearts, and you are ready to spill our worthless lives by the hand of any foe. Some of us were snatched from you by Gaul, others by the hard campaigns in Spain; others lie in Italy; over all the world you are victorious and your soldiers die. What boots it to have shed our blood in Northern lands, where we conquered the Rhone and the Rhine? As a reward for so many campaigns you have given me civil war. When we drove forth the Senate and captured our native city, what men or what gods did you suffer us to rob? As we go on to every crime, though our hands and swords are guilty, our poverty absolves us. What limit of warfare do you seek? What will satisfy you if Rome is not enough? Consider at last our grey hairs; behold our enfeebled hands and wasted arms. We have lost the enjoyment of life, we have spent all our days in fighting. Now that we are old, disband us to die. See how extravagant are our demands! Save us from laying our dying limbs on the hard rampart of the camp, from breathing out our last breath against the bars of the helmet, and from looking in vain for a hand to close our dying eyes; and suffer us to sink into the arms of a weeping wife, and to know that the pyre stands ready for one corpse alone. Suffer us to end our old age by sickness; let not death by the sword be the only end for Caesar’s soldiers. Why do you lure us on with promises, as if we did not know the horrors of which we are to be the instruments? Are we the only combatants in civil war who are ignorant what crime earns the richest reward? All our fighting has been in vain if Caesar

has yet to learn that our hands stick at nothing. Neither our oath nor the bonds of law forbid us to be thus bold. Though Caesar was my general on the banks of the Rhine, he is my comrade here; crime levels those whom it pollutes. Besides, our valour is wasted, since the judge of merit is ungrateful; all our achievements are called good luck. Let Caesar learn that we are his destiny; though he hope for entire compliance from the gods, yet the anger of his soldiers will bring peace.” Thus they spoke and began to run to and fro about the camp, and to demand their general with fury in their faces. So be it, ye gods! Since duty and loyalty are no more and our only remaining hope is in wickedness, let mutiny make an end of civil war.

quem non ille ducem potuit terrere tumultus? 300
fata sed in praeceps solitus demittere Caesar
fortunamque suam per summa pericula gaudens
exercere uenit; nec dum desaeuiat ira
expectat: medios properat temptare furores.
non illis urbes spoliandaque templa negasset 305
Tarpeiamque Iouis sedem matresque senatus
passurasque infanda nurus. uult omnia certe
a se saeua peti, uult praemia Martis amari;
militis indomiti tantum mens sana timetur.
non pudet, heu, Caesar, soli tibi bella placere 310
iam manibus damnata tuis? hos ante pigebit
sanguinis? his ferri graue ius erit, ipse per omne
fasque nefasque rues? lassare et discere sine armis
posse pati; liceat scelerum tibi ponere finem.
saeue, quid insequeris? quid iam nolentibus instas? 315
bellum te ciuile fugit. stetit aggere fulti
caespitis intrepidus uultu meruitque timeri
non metuens, atque haec ira dictante profatur:
‘qui modo in absentem uultu dextraque furebas,
miles, habes nudum promptumque ad uulnera pectus. 320
hic fuge, si belli finis placet, ense relicto.
detegit inbelles animas nil fortiter ausa
seditio tantumque fugam meditata iuuentus
ac ducis inuicti rebus lassata secundis.

uadite meque meis ad bella relinquitte fati. 325
inuenient haec arma manus, uobisque repulsis
tot reddet Fortuna uiros quot tela uacabunt.
anne fugam Magni tanta cum classe secuntur
Hesperiae gentes, nobis uictoria turbam
non dabit, impulsus tantum quae praemia belli 330
auferat et uestri rapta mercede laboris
lauriferos nullo comitetur uolnere currus?
uos despecta senes exhaustaque sanguine turba
cernetis nostros iam plebs Romana triumphos.
Caesaris an cursus uestrae sentire putatis 335
damnum posse fugae? ueluti, si cuncta minentur
flumina quos miscent pelago subducere fontes,
non magis ablatis umquam descenderit aequor,
quam nunc crescit, aquis. an uos momenta putatis
ulla dedisse mihi? numquam sic cura deorum 340
se premet, ut uestrae morti uestraeque saluti
fata uacent: procerum motus haec cuncta secuntur;
humanum paucis uiuit genus. orbis Hiberi
horror et Arctoi nostro sub nomine miles
Pompeio certe fugeres duce. fortis in armis 345
Caesareis Labienus erat: nunc transfuga uilis
cum duce praelato terras atque aequora lustrat.
nec melior mihi uestra fides, si bella nec hoste
nec duce me geritis. quisquis mea signa relinquens
non Pompeianis tradit sua partibus arma, 350
hic numquam uult esse meus. sunt ista profecto
curae castra deis, qui me committere tantis
non nisi mutato uoluerunt milite bellis.
heu, quantum Fortuna umeris iam pondere fessis
amolitur onus! sperantis omnia dextras 355
exarmare datur, quibus hic non sufficit orbis:
iam certe mihi bella geram. discedite castris,
tradite nostra uiris ignaui signa Quirites.
at paucos, quibus haec rabies auctoribus arsit,
non Caesar sed poena tenet. procumbite terra 360
infidumque caput feriendaque tendite colla.

et tu, quo solo stabunt iam robore castra,
tiro rudis, specta poenas et disce ferire,
disce mori.' tremuit saeua sub uoce minantis
uolgu iners, unumque caput tam magna iuuentus 365
priuatum factura timet, uelut ensibus ipsis
imperet inuito moturus milite ferrum.
ipse pauet ne tela sibi dextraeque negentur
ad scelus hoc Caesar: uicit patientia saeui
spem ducis, et iugulos, non tantum praestitit ensis. 370
nil magis adsuetas sceleri quam perdere mentis
atque perire tenet. tam diri foederis ictu
parta quies, poenaeque redit placata iuuentus.

Such an uproar might have terrified any general; but Caesar was accustomed to stake his fortune upon desperate measures, and glad to put it to the proof in utmost risks; he came, without waiting till their rage should die down, and hastened to defy their fury at its height. Unforbidden by him, they might have sacked cities and temples, even the Tarpeian sanctuary of Jupiter; they might have inflicted unspeakable outrage on the mothers and daughters of senators; he wished undoubtedly that they should demand of him leave for all atrocities, he wished that the rewards of war should be coveted; he dreaded one prospect only — that his fierce soldiers might return to their senses. Do you not blush, Caesar, that you alone find pleasure in war which your instruments have already condemned? Shall they, sooner than you, sicken of bloodshed and resent the tyranny of the sword, while you rush on through right and wrong without limit? Grow weary; learn to find life endurable without fighting; suffer yourself to set a limit to wickedness. Why this ruthless pressure, this compulsion of men who have lost the will to fight? Civil war is slipping out of your grasp. — He took his stand on a mound of turf piled high; his countenance was undismayed, and his own fearlessness justly inspired fear in others. Anger prompted the words he spoke: "Soldiers, who lately raged against an absent man, with fury in your faces and gestures, here is my breast bare and ready for your stabs. Plant here your swords and fly, if you wish to end the war. That you have no stomach for fighting is revealed; for your

mutiny ends in words; you are warriors whose only purpose is flight; your leader's victories have known no check, and yet you have had enough. Begone! leave me to my own fortune to carry on war. These swords will find hands to hold them; and when I have discarded you, Fortune will give me in exchange a brave man for every unused weapon. If Pompey, in flight, is followed by a mighty fleet and the peoples of Italy, shall not victory give me a host, merely to carry off the prizes of a war already decided, to snatch the reward of your hardships, and to walk unwounded by my laurelled car, while you, a despised mob, old men drained of blood, sunk to be the rabble of Rome, will watch us triumph? Think you that Caesar's career can feel the loss of your desertion. 'Tis as if all the rivers threatened to withdraw the waters they mingle with the sea: if those waters were removed, the sea-level would not fall any more than now their presence raises it. Think you that you have ever turned the scale in my favour? Providence will never stoop so low that fate can attend to the life and death of such as you. All these events depend upon the actions of the leaders; it is for the sake of a few that mankind in general lives. While you bore the name of Caesar, you were the terror of the Spanish world, and of the North; but, had Pompey led you, you would certainly have fled. Labienus was eminent in war while he bore my arms; now, a despised deserter, he hurries over land and sea with the leader whom he preferred to me. I shall think no better of your loyalty if you fight neither for me nor against me. If any man leaves my standards without offering his sword to Pompey's faction, he desires never to be mine. This camp is beyond doubt favoured by heaven; for the gods designed that I should change my soldiers before embarking on such great wars. Ah! how great a burden Fortune is lifting now from shoulders that are already overweighted! I have the chance to disband men whose greed is unbounded, and for whom the world is not enough. Henceforward at least I shall fight battles to please myself. Begone from the camp and surrender my standards to men, ye cowards and civilians! Those few, at whose instigation this madness broke out, are detained here not by their general but by their punishment. Down with you upon the ground, and stretch out for the axe your traitorous heads and necks! And you raw recruits, who alone will form the backbone of the army

in future, watch their execution, and learn how to slay and to be slain.” — The spiritless mob cowered before his fierce and menacing words; and the great army feared a single man whom they could have stripped of his command, as if he could control their very swords and make the steel obey him when the men refused obedience. Caesar himself dreaded that weapons and hands would be refused him for the performance of this crime; but they put up with more than their cruel commander thought possible, and provided not only executioners but the victims also. Between hearts inured to crime there is no stronger bond than inflicting and enduring death. Order was restored by the conclusion of this dreadful pact, and the men returned to their duty: the execution had settled their grievances.

Brundisium decumis iubet hanc attingere castris
et cunctas reuocare rates quas auis Hydrus 375
antiquosque Taras secretaque litora Leucæ,
quas recipit Salpina palus et subdita Sipus
montibus, Ausoniam qua torquens frugifer oram
Delmatico Boreæ Calabroque obnoxius Austro
Apulus Hadriacas exit Garganus in undas. 380
ipse petit trepidam tutus sine milite Romam
iam doctam seruire togæ, populoque precanti
scilicet indulgens summo dictator honori
contigit et laetos fecit se consule fastos.
namque omnis uoces, per quas iam tempore tanto 385
mentimur dominis, hæc primum repperit ætas
qua, sibi ne ferri ius ullum, Caesar, abesset,
Ausonias uoluit gladiis miscere secures
addidit et fasces aquilis et nomen inane
imperii rapiens signauit tempora digna 390
maesta nota; nam quo melius Pharsalicus annus
consule notus erit? fingit sollemnia Campus
et non admissæ dirimit suffragia plebis
decantatque tribus et uana uersat in urna.
nec caelum seruare licet: tonat augure surdo, 395
et lætæ iurantur aues bubone sinistro.
inde perit primum quondam ueneranda potestas

iuris inops; tantum careat ne nomine tempus
menstruus in fastos distinguit saecula consul.
nec non Iliacae numen quod praesidet Albae, 400
haud meritum Latio sollemnia sacra subacto,
uidit flammifera confectas nocte Latinas.

They receive orders to reach Brundisium in nine days' march, and to summon thither all vessels that find harbour in remote Hydrus or ancient Tarentum or the sequestered shore of Leuca or in the Salapinian pool and Sipus beneath the hills, where Garganus curves the Italian coast with its oak-woods, and meets the North wind from Dalmatia and the South wind from Calabria, as it juts out from Apulia into the waters of the Adriatic. Caesar himself, safe without his army, hastened to terrified Rome; she had learned by now to obey him even when he wore the garb of peace. Yielding forsooth to the people's prayer, a dictator was added to the list of consuls, and Caesar, by his consulship, made glad the Calendar. For that age invented all the lying titles that we have used so long to our masters — that age in which Caesar, that he might grasp every right to use the sword, desired to combine the Roman axes with his blades and add the fasces to his eagles. Snatching at the empty name of legal office, he set a fitting mark upon that time of sorrow; for what consul has more right to give his name to the year of Pharsalia? The Campus sees a travesty of the annual ceremonies: the people are excluded, but their votes are sorted, the names of the tribes are rehearsed, and a pretence is made of shaking them in the urn. It is not permitted to watch the sky: it thunders, but the augur is deaf; and they swear that the omens are favourable, though an owl flies on the left hand. Then first the office once so venerable lost its power and began to decay: only, that the period might not lack a name, consuls appointed from month to month mark off the years upon the record-roll. Further, the god who presides over Trojan Alba, though, when Latium was conquered, he had ceased to deserve his customary rites, witnessed the bonfire at night that ends the Latin festival.

inde rapit cursus et, quae piger Apulus arua
deseruit rastris et inertī tradidit herbae,

ocior et caeli flammis et tigride feta 405
transcurrit, curuique tenens Minoia tecta
Brundisii clausas uentis brumalibus undas
inuenit et pauidas hiberno sidere classes.
turpe duci uisum rapiendi tempora belli
in segnes exisse moras, portuque teneri 410
dum pateat tutum uel non felicibus aequor.
expertis animos pelagi sic robore conplet:
‘fortius hiberni flatus caelumque fretumque,
cum cepere, tenent, quam quos incumbere certos
perfida nubiferi uetat inconstantia ueris. 415
nec maris anfractus lustrandaque litora nobis,
sed recti fluctus soloque Aquilone secandi.
hic utinam summi curuet carchesia mali
incumbatque furens et Graia ad moenia perflēt,
ne Pompeiani Phaeacum e litore toto 420
languida iactatis comprehendant carbasa remis.
rumpite quae retinent felices uincula proras:
iam dudum nubes et saeuas perdimus undas.’

Hurrying away from Rome, Caesar, swifter than the lightning or the mother tigress, sped over the land which the Apulians, reduced to idleness, had ceased to till with rakes and surrendered to the weeds. When he reached the Cretan city of Brundisium on its bay, he found the sea closed by winter storms and the fleets scared by the weather of that season. He thought it shame that the time for hastening the war to a close had ended in sloth and idleness, and that he should be detained in harbour, till others, who were no favourites of Fortune, found the sea safe and open. Thus he filled with confidence men who knew naught of the sea: “When the gales of winter have mastered sky and sea, they keep their hold more strongly than those which the treacherous fickleness of rainy spring prevents from blowing steadily. We have no need to track the curves of sea and shore; we have merely to cut the waves in a straight line, with the help of the North wind only. May it blow in all its fury, till it bends the tops of our masts, and drive us all the way to the cities of Greece; else Pompey’s sailors, issuing from all the coast of Phaeacia, may

overtake our flagging sails by the stroke of their oars. Cut the cables which detain our victorious prows; we have long been wasting the chance given us by cloudy skies and angry waves.”

sidera prima poli Phoebo labente sub undas
exierant et luna suas iam fecerat umbras, 425
cum pariter soluere rates, totosque rudentes
laxauere sinus et flexo nauita cornu
obliquat laeuo pede carbasa summaque pandens
sipara uelorum perituras colligit auras.
uix primum leuior propellere lintea uentus 430
incipit exiguumque tument, et reddita malo
in mediam cecidere ratem, terraque relict
non ualet ipsa sequi puppes quae uexerat aura.
aequora lenta iacent, alto torpore ligatae
pigrius inmotis haesere paludibus undae. 435
sic stat iners Scythicas astringens Bosporos undas,
cum glacie retinente fretum non inpulit Hister,
inmensumque gelu tegitur mare; comprimit unda
deprendit quascumque rates, nec peruia uelis
aequora frangit eques, fluctuque latente sonantem 440
orbita migrantis scindit Maeotida Bessi.
saeua quies pelagi, maestoque ignaua profundo
stagna iacentis aquae; ueluti deserta regente
aequora natura cessant, pontusque uetustas
oblitus seruare uices non commeat aestu, 445
non horrore tremit, non solis imagine uibrat.
casibus innumeris fixae patuere carinae.
illinc infestae classes et inertia tonsis
aequora moturae, grauis hinc languore profundi
obsessis uentura fames. noua uota timori 450
sunt inuenta nouo, fluctus nimiasque precari
uentorum uires, dum se torpentibus unda
excutiat stagnis et sit mare. nubila nusquam
undarumque minae; caelo languente fretoque
naufragii spes omnis abit. sed nocte fugata 455
laesum nube dies iubar extulit imaque sensim

concussit pelagi mouitque Ceraunia nautis.
inde rapi coepere rates atque aequora classem
curua sequi, quae iam uento fluctuque secundo
lapsa Palaestinas uncis confixit harenas. 460

The sun sank beneath the sea, the first stars had come out in the sky, and the moon had begun to throw shadows of her own, when they cast loose their ships all together. The ropes shook out the sails at full stretch; the sailors bent the yards and slanted the canvas, keeping the sheet to the left, and spread the high topsails to catch the breeze that would otherwise be lost. Hardly had the light air begun to drive the sails till they puffed out a little, when they fell back on the mast and drooped towards the centre of the ship; and, when land was left behind, the very breeze that had carried them could not keep pace with the vessels. The sea lay motionless; chained in dead calm, the waves had less movement than a stagnant pool. — Thus the Bosphorus lies idle and binds the Northern Sea, when the Danube, arrested by frost, no longer urges on the deep, and the vast sea is covered with ice; the water holds in a vice every ship it has grasped; the rider strikes the solid floor that no sail may traverse; and the wheel-track of the Bessian nomad furrows the Maeotian mere, while the surge groans beneath. A grim stillness broods over the dismal deep; and the sluggish pools of the flat expanse stand idle; as though abandoned by the natural force that governs it, the sea forgets to keep its ancient alternations, and is not moved to and fro by the tides; no ripple ruffles it, nor does it twinkle with any reflection of the sun. — Caesar's becalmed ships were exposed to countless dangers. On one side were the hostile vessels that might stir the sluggish waters with their oars; on the other was the dread approach of famine, while they were yet beleaguered by the calm. New prayers were found to meet the new danger — prayers for stormy seas and violent winds, if only the sea would rouse from its dead stagnation and be sea indeed. But no clouds nor angry waves were visible anywhere: the stillness of sky and ocean robbed them of all hope of shipwreck. When, however, darkness was dispelled, day lifted up the sunlight obscured by cloud, and stirred the ocean depths by degrees, and brought the Ceraunian mountains nearer to the fleet. Soon the ships gathered

speed, and the breakers followed in their wake, till they sped along with favouring wind and tide and grappled with their anchor-flukes the sands of Palaeste.

prima duces iunctis uidit consistere castris
tellus, quam uolucer Genusus, quam mollior Hapsus
circumeunt ripis. Hapso gestare carinas
causa palus, leni quam fallens egerit unda;
at Genusum nunc sole niues nunc imbre solutae 465
praecipitant. neuter longo se gurgite lassat,
sed minimum terrae uicino litore nouit.
hoc fortuna loco tantae duo nomina famae
conposuit, miserique fuit spes inrita mundi
posse duces parua campi statione diremptos 470
admotum damnare nefas; nam cernere uoltus
et uoces audire datur, multosque per annos
dilectus tibi, Magne, socer post pignora tanta,
sanguinis infausti subolem mortemque nepotum,
te nisi Niliaca propius non uidit harena. 475

The first place that saw the rivals halt and pitch their camps side by side was the land which the swift Genusus and gentler Hapsus encompass with their banks. The Hapsus is made navigable by a lake, which it drains imperceptibly with quiet flow; but the Genusus is driven fast by the snows thawed now by sun and now by rain; neither river is wearied by the length of its course: the sea is close, and they know little of the land. This was the place where Fortune matched two names of such high renown; but the suffering world was disappointed in the hope that the rivals, when parted by but a little space of ground, might repudiate wickedness thus forced upon their notice. For each could see the other's face and hear his voice; and the father-in-law whom Magnus had loved for many years never but once had a nearer view of him after the close tie was broken and when the grandchildren, offspring of an ill-starred union, were dead — and that once was on the sands of the Nile.

Caesaris attonitam miscenda ad proelia mentem

ferre moras scelerum partes iussere relictæ.
ductor erat cunctis audax Antonius armis
iam tum ciuili meditatus Leucada bello.
illum saepe minis Caesar precibusque morantem 480
euocat. 'o mundi tantorum causa laborum,
quid superos et fata tenes? sunt cetera cursu
acta meo, summam rapti per prospera belli
te poscit fortuna manum. non rupta uadosis
Syrtribus incerto Libye nos diuidit aestu. 485
numquid inexperto tua credimus arma profundo
inque nouos traheris casus? ignaue, uenire
te Caesar, non ire iubet. prior ipse per hostes
percussi medios alieni iuris harenas:
tu mea castra times? pereuntia tempora fati 490
conqueror, in uentos inpendo uota fretumque.
ne retine dubium cupientis ire per aequor:
si bene nota mihi est, ad Caesaris arma iuuentus
naufragio uenisse uolet. iam uoce doloris
utendum est: non ex aequo diuisimus orbem; 495
Epirum Caesarque tenet totusque senatus,
Ausoniam tu solus habes.' his terque quaterque
uocibus excitum postquam cessare uidebat,
dum se desse deis ac non sibi numina credit,
sponte per incautas audet temptare tenebras 500
quod iussi timuere fretum, temeraria prono
expertus cessisse deo, fluctusque uerendos
classibus exigua sperat superare carina.

Though Caesar was frantic to join battle, he was forced to endure a postponement of wicked war by the partisans he had left in Italy. Bold Antony, who commanded all those forces, thus early, during the civil war, was plotting an Actium. Again and again Caesar urged him to haste with threats and entreaties: "On you lies the blame for the sore troubles that afflict mankind; why do you arrest the course of destiny and the will of Heaven? All else has been done with my accustomed speed, and Fortune now demands of you the finishing touch for a war that has rushed on from victory to victory. We are not

parted by the shifting tides of Libya — Libya whose coast is broken by the shoals of the Syrtes. Am I risking your army on a sea I have not tried, or drawing you into dangers unknown? Coward! Caesar bids you come, not go. I myself went before through the midst of the enemy, and my prow struck a shore that others controlled; do you fear *my* camp? I complain that you waste the hours granted by destiny; I spend my prayers upon the winds and waves. Check not the hearts that are eager to cross the treacherous main; the soldiers, if I know them, will be willing to join my forces at the cost of shipwreck. I must even use the language of resentment: the division of the world between us is unfair: Caesar and all the Senate share Epirus between them, while you keep Italy all to yourself.” Again and again he summoned Antony forth by these appeals; and, when he saw him still delay, believing that Heaven was more true to him than he to Heaven, he ventured in the dangerous darkness to defy the sea, thus doing of his own accord what others had feared to do when bidden. He knew by experience that rashness succeeds when Heaven favours, and hoped to surmount in a little boat the waves that even fleets must fear.

soluerat armorum fessas nox languida curas,
parua quies miseris, in quorum pectora somno 505
dat uires fortuna minor; iam castra silebant,
tertia iam uigiles commouerat hora secundos:
Caesar sollicito per uasta silentia gressu
uix famulis audenda parat, cunctisque relictis
sola placet Fortuna comes. tentoria postquam 510
egressus uigilum somno cedentia membra
transsiluit questus tacite, quod fallere posset,
litora curua legit, primisque inuenit in undis
rupibus exesis haerentem fune carinam.
rectorem dominumque ratis secure tenebat 515
haud procul inde domus, non ullo robore fulta
sed sterili iunco cannaque intexta palustri
et latus inuersa nudum munita phaselo.
haec Caesar bis terque manu quassantia tectum
limina commouit. molli consurgit Amyclas 520

quem dabat alga toro. 'quisnam mea naufragus' inquit
 'tectā petit, aut quem nostrae fortuna coegit
 auxilium sperare casae?' sic fatus ab alto
 aggere iam tepidae sublato fune fauillae
 scintillam tenuem commotos paut in ignes, 525
 securus belli: praedam ciuilibus armis
 scit non esse casas. o uitae tuta facultas
 pauperis angustique lares! o munera nondum
 intellecta deum! quibus hoc contingere templis
 aut potuit muris, nullo trepidare tumultu 530
 Caesarea pulsante manu? tum poste recluso
 dux ait 'expecta uotis maiora modestis
 spesque tuas laxa, iuuenis: si iussa secutus
 me uehis Hesperiam, non ultra cuncta carinae
 debebis manibusque <inportunamue fereris 535
 pauperiem deflens> inopem duxisse senectam. 535a
 ne cessa praebere deo tua fata uolenti
 angustos opibus subitis implere penates.'
 sic fatur, quamquam plebeio tectus amictu,
 indocilis priuata loqui. tum pauper Amyclas
 'multa quidem prohibent nocturno credere ponto. 540
 nam sol non rutilas deduxit in aequora nubes
 concordēsque tulit radios: Noton altera Phoebi,
 altera pars Borean diducta luce uocabat.
 orbe quoque exhaustus medio languensque recessit
 spectantis oculos infirmo lumine passus. 545
 lunaque non gracili surrexit lucida cornu
 aut orbis medii puros exesa recessus,
 nec duxit recto tenuata cacumina cornu,
 uentorumque notam rubuit; tum lurida pallens
 ora tulit uoltu sub nubem tristis ituro. 550
 sed mihi nec motus nemorum nec litoris ictus
 nec placet incertus qui prouocat aequora delphin,
 aut siccum quod mergus amat, quodque ausa uolare
 ardea sublimis pinnae confisa natanti,
 quodque caput spargens undis, uelut occupet imbrem, 555
 instabili gressu metitur litora cornix.

sed, si magnarum poscunt discrimina rerum,
haud dubitem praebere manus: uel litora tangam
iussa, uel hoc potius pelagus flatusque negabunt.’
haec fatur, soluensque ratem dat carbasa uentis; 560
ad quorum motus non solum lapsa per altum
aera dispersos traxere cadentia sulcos
sidera, sed summis etiam quae fixa tenentur
astra polis sunt uisa quati. niger inficit horror
terga maris, longo per multa uolumina tractu 565
aestuat unda minax, flatusque incerta futuri
turbida testantur conceptos aequora uentos.
tum rector trepidae fatur ratis ‘aspice saeuum
quanta paret pelagus: Zephyros intendat an Austros
incertum est; puppem dubius ferit undique pontus. 570
nubibus et caelo Notus est; si murmura ponti
consulimus, Cori ueniet mare. gurgite tanto
nec ratis Hesperias tanget nec naufragus oras:
desperare uiam et uetitos conuertere cursus
sola salus. liceat uexata litora puppe 575
prendere, ne longe nimium sit proxima tellus.’

Drowsy night had relaxed the weary toil of war — night, a brief respite to the wretches over whose breasts their humbler estate suffers sleep to prevail; there was silence in the camp, and the third hour of night had roused the second watch. Stepping anxiously through the desolate silence, Caesar prepares to do what even slaves hardly could dare: he left all behind him and chose Fortune for his sole companion. He passed outside the tents; he sprang over the bodies of the sleeping sentries, vexed within himself that he was able to elude them; he traced the winding shore and found by the edge of the sea a boat moored by a rope to the hollowed rocks. The skipper and owner of the boat had a dwelling not far away that gave him shelter and safety; no timber supported it, but it was wattled with barren rush and reed from the marshes, and the side exposed to the sea was protected by a skiff turned upside down. Here Caesar smote again and again upon the door till the roof shook. Amyclas rose up from the soft bed that seaweed gave him. “What shipwrecked sailor

seeks my roof?" he asked, "or whom has chance compelled to hope for aid from my cabin?" Thus speaking, he withdrew a rope from a high pile of ashes which time had cooled, and fanned the slender spark till he fed it into flame. No thought of the war had he: he knew that poor men's huts are not plundered in time of civil war. How safe and easy the poor man's life and his humble dwelling! How blind men still are to Heaven's gifts! What temple, what fortified town, could say as much — that it thrills with no alarm when Caesar knocks? Then, when the door was unfastened, Caesar spoke: "Enlarge your hopes, young man, and look forward to bounty beyond your humble prayers. If you obey my orders and carry me to Italy, you shall not henceforward owe all to your boat and your own arms, nor shall you be said to have spent a needy old age in lamenting cruel poverty. Be swift to place your destiny in the hands of Heaven, which wishes to fill your pinched home with sudden wealth." Thus he spoke; for though the garb he wore was humble, he knew not how to speak the language of a private man. Then the poor man, Amyclas, answered: "Many signs, indeed, prevent me from trusting the sea to-night. Thus the sun carried down into the Ocean no ruddy clouds, and showed no symmetrical ring of rays; for with divided beams one half of his disk summoned the South wind, the other the North. Also, his centre was hollowed and dim at sunset, and the feeble light suffered the eye to gaze on it. The moon too, when she appeared, did not shine with slender horn; nor was she carved out in a clear-cut hollow of her central orb; nor did she prolong her tapering extremities with upright horn. She was red, with an indication of storms; then she was pale and showed a sallow face, and saddened as her countenance began to pass behind a cloud. For the rest, I like not the tossing of the trees or the beat of the waves on the shore; or when the dolphin with changing course challenges the sea to rise, and the cormorant prefers the land, and the heron dares to fly aloft and trusts his water-cleaving pinion, and the crow, sprinkling his head with brine, seems to forestall the rain and paces the shore with lurching gait — I like not these signs. Nevertheless, if a great crisis requires it, I cannot hesitate to lend my aid: either I will land you where you bid me, or the wind and waves, not I, shall say you nay." — With these words he unmoored his boat and spread his canvas to the winds. At

the motion of the winds, not only the meteors which glide through the high heaven drawing after them trains of diffused light as they fall, but also the stars which remain fixed in the summit of the sky, seemed to be shaken. A shudder of darkness blackened the ridges of the sea; the angry deep boiled with a long swell, wave following wave; and the swollen billows, uncertain of the coming storm, gave token that they were in travail with tempest. Then said the skipper of the restless boat: "See what mighty mischief the cruel sea is brewing. I know not whether it threatens us with winds from West or South; for the shifting current strikes the boat from every side. The South wind prevails in the clouds and in the sky; but if we mark the moaning of the sea, a gale from the North-west will master the main. In such a flood neither ship nor shipwrecked sailor will ever reach the shore of Italy. Our one chance is to resign all hope of a passage and retrace our forbidden course. Suffer me to make the shore with my battered craft, or else the nearest land may prove too distant."

fisus cuncta sibi cessura pericula Caesar
 'sperne minas' inquit 'pelagi uentoque furenti
trade sinum. Italiam si caelo auctore recusas
me pete. sola tibi causa est haec iusta timoris, 580
uctorem non nosse tuum, quem numina numquam
destituunt, de quo male tunc fortuna meretur
cum post uota uenit. medias perrumpe procellas
tutela secure mea. caeli iste fretique,
non puppis nostrae labor est: hanc Caesare pressam 585
a fluctu defendet onus. nec longa furori
uentorum saeuo dabitur mora: proderit undis
ista ratis. ne flecte manum, fuge proxima uelis
litora; tum Calabro portu te crede potitum
cum iam non poterit puppi nostraeque saluti 590
altera terra dari. quid tanta strage paretur
ignoras: quaerit pelagi caelique tumultu
quod praestet Fortuna mihi.' non plura locuto
auolsit laceros percussa puppe rudentis
turbo rapax fragilemque super uolitantia malum 595
uela tulit; sonuit uictis conpagibus alnus.

But Caesar was confident that all dangers would make way for him. "Despise the angry sea," he cried, "and spread your sail to the raging wind. If you refuse to make for Italy when Heaven forbids, then make for it when I command. One cause alone justifies your fear — that you know not whom you carry. He is a man whom the gods never desert, whom Fortune treats scurvily when she comes merely in answer to his prayer. Burst through the heart of the storm, relying on my protection. Yonder trouble concerns the sky and sea, but not our bark; for Caesar treads the deck, and her freight shall insure her against the waves. No long duration shall be permitted to the fierce fury of the winds: this bark shall be the salvation of the sea. Turn not your helm; use your sail to flee from the neighbouring shore; then you must believe that you have gained an Italian harbour, when it is no longer possible for any other land to shelter our boat and secure our safety. You know not the meaning of this wild confusion: by this hurly-burly of sea and sky Fortune is seeking a boon to confer on me." Ere he spoke another word, the raging whirlwind smote the vessel and tore away the tattered cordage, and bore off the sails that fluttered over the frail mast, the hull groaned as the seams gave way.

inde ruunt toto concita pericula mundo.
primus ab oceano caput exeris Atlanteo,
Core, mouens aestus. iam te tollente furebat
pontus et in scopulos totas erexerat undas: 600
occurrit gelidus Boreas pelagusque retundit,
et dubium pendet, uento cui concidat, aequor.
sed Scythici uicit rabies Aquilonis et undas
torsit et abstrusas penitus uada fecit harenas.
nec perfert pontum Boreas ad saxa, suumque 605
in fluctus Cori frangit mare, motaque possunt
aequora subductis etiam concurrere uentis.
non Euri cessasse minas, non imbribus atrum
Aeolii iacuisse Notum sub carcere saxi
crediderim; cunctos solita de parte ruentis 610
defendisse suas uiolento turbine terras,
sic pelagus mansisse loco. nam priua procellis
aequora rapta ferunt; Aegaeas transit in undas

Tyrrhenum, sonat Ionio uagus Hadria ponto.
a quotiens frustra pulsatos aequore montis 615
obruit ille dies! quam celsa cacumina pessum
tellus uicta dedit! non ullo litore surgunt
tam ualidi fluctus, alioque ex orbe uoluti
a magno uenere mari, mundumque coercens
monstriferos agit unda sinus. sic rector Olympi 620
cuspidem fraterna lassatum in saecula fulmen
adiuuat, regnoque accessit terra secundo,
cum mare conuoluit gentes, cum litora Tethys
noluit ulla pati caelo contenta teneri.
tum quoque tanta maris moles creuisset in astra 625
ni superum rector pressisset nubibus undas.
non caeli nox illa fuit: latet obsitus aer
infernae pallore domus nimbisque grauatus
deprimitur, fluctusque in nubibus accipit imbrem.
lux etiam metuenda perit, nec fulgura currunt 630
clara, sed obscurum nimbosus dissilit aer.
tum superum conuexa tremunt atque arduus axis
intonuit motaque poli conpage laborant.
extimuit natura chaos; rupisse uidentur
concordes elementa moras rursusque redire 635
nox manes mixtura deis. spes una salutis,
quod tanta mundi nondum periit ruina.
quantum Leucadio placidus de uertice pontus
despicitur, tantum nautae uidere trementes
fluctibus e summis praeceps mare; cumque tumentes 640
rursus hiant undae uix eminet aequore malus.
nubila tanguntur uelis et terra carina.
nam pelagus, qua parte sedet, non celat harenas
exhaustum in cumulos, omnisque in fluctibus unda est.
artis opem uicere metus, nescitque magister 645
quam frangat, cui cedat aquae. discordia ponti
succurrit miseris, fluctusque euertere puppem
non ualet in fluctum: uictum latus unda repellens
erigit, atque omni surgit ratis ardua uento.
non humilem Sasona uadis [non litora curuae 650

Thessaliae saxosa pauent] oraeque malignos
 Ambraciae portus, scopulosa Ceraunia nautae
 summa timent. credit iam digna pericula Caesar
 fatis esse suis. 'quantusne euertere' dixit
 'me superis labor est, parua quem puppe sedentem 655
 tam magno petiere mari! si gloria leti
 est pelago donata mei bellisque negamur,
 intrepidus quamcumque datis mihi, numina, mortem
 accipiam. licet ingentis abruperit actus
 festinata dies fatis, sat magna peregi. 660
 Arctoas domui gentes, inimica subegi
 arma metu, uidit Magnum mihi Roma secundum,
 iussa plebe tuli fasces per bella negatos;
 nulla meis aberit titulis Romana potestas,
 nec sciet hoc quisquam nisi tu, quae sola meorum 665
 conscia uotorum es, me, quamuis plenus honorum
 et dictator eam Stygias et consul ad umbras,
 priuatum, Fortuna, mori. mihi funere nullo
 est opus, o superi: lacerum retinete cadauer
 fluctibus in mediis, desint mihi busta rogosque, 670
 dum metuar semper terraque expecter ab omni.'
 haec fatum decumus, dictu mirabile, fluctus
 inualida cum puppe leuat, nec rursus ab alto
 aggere deiecit pelagi sed pertulit unda
 scruposisque angusta uacant ubi litora saxis 675
 inposuit terrae. pariter tot regna, tot urbes
 fortunamque suam tacta tellure recepit.

And now dangers, summoned from all the world, came rushing on. First the North-west wind raised his head above the Atlantic Ocean and stirred the tides; and soon the sea, roused by him, was raging and would have lifted up all its waves to cover the cliffs; but the cold North wind struck athwart and beat back the flood, till the sea hung doubtful before which wind it would fall. But the fury of the Scythian North wind prevailed: it lashed the waves in circles and changed to shallows the sands hidden far below. But it could not carry the sea right to the shore, but broke its tide against the waves

raised by the North-west wind; and, even if the winds were hushed, the angry waters might carry on their strife. I cannot but believe that the fierce East wind was active then, and that the South wind, black with storm, was not idle in the prison of Aeolus' cave, and that all the winds, rushing from their accustomed quarters, protected their own regions with furious hurricane; and that therefore the sea remained in its place. Separate seas were caught up by the storm and carried away by the winds: the Tyrrhene Sea migrated to the Aegean, and the Adriatic moved and roared in the Ionian basin. That day buried mountains which the waves had often before battered in vain; and the defeated earth sent lofty peaks to the bottom. No shore gave birth to these mighty waves: they came rolling from another region and from the outer sea, and the waters which encircle the world drove on these teeming billows. Thus, when his own thunderbolt was weary, the Ruler of Olympus called in his brother's trident to help in punishing mankind; and earth became an appanage of the second kingdom, when the Ocean swallowed up the human race and refused to endure any limits, content with no bound except the sky. Now once more the mighty mass of waters would have risen to the stars, had not the Ruler of the gods kept down the sea with clouds. The darkness was not the common darkness of night: the heavens were hidden and veiled with the dimness of the infernal regions, and weighed down by clouds; and in the midst of the clouds the rain poured into the sea. Light, even dreadful light, died; no bright lightnings darted, but the stormy sky gave dim flashes. Next, the dome of the gods quaked, the lofty sky thundered, and the heavens, with all their structure jarred, were troubled. Nature dreaded chaos: it seemed that the elements had burst their harmonious bonds, and that Night was returning, to blend the shades below with the gods above; the one hope of safety for the gods is this — that in the universal catastrophe they have not yet been destroyed. Far as the eye looks down from the Leucadian peak upon calm sea, so high a precipice of water was seen by trembling mariners on the top of the billows; and when once again the swollen waves open their jaws, the mast barely projects above the surface. The sails reach the clouds, the keel rests on the bottom. For the water, where it sinks down, does not cover the bottom: it all goes to form mounds and is used up in the waves. The

danger was too great for the aid derived from skill: the steersman knows not when to face the current and when to evade it. The strife of the waters is helpful to the wretched sailors; for one wave is powerless against another to upset the vessel; when her side is struck, another sea beats her back and rights her, and she rises erect because all the winds blow at once. It is not the shoals of low-lying Sason that frighten the crews, nor yet the rocky shore of winding Thessaly, nor the scanty harbours of the Ambracian coast, but rather the tops of the Ceraunian mountains. — Caesar considers at last that the danger is on a scale to match his destiny. “What trouble the gods take,” he cried, “to work my ruin, assailing me on my little boat with such a mighty storm! If the glory of my death, denied to the battle-field, has been granted to the deep, I shall not shrink from meeting whatever end Heaven appoints for me. Although the date, hastened on by destiny, cuts short a great career, my achievements are sufficient: I have conquered the Northern peoples; by fear alone I have quelled the Roman forces opposed to me; Rome has seen me take precedence of Magnus; by appeal to the people I won the consulship denied to me by force of arms; no Roman office will be found missing from my record; and none other than Fortune, who shares with me the secret of my ambition, shall ever know that, though I go down to the Stygian shades loaded with honours, dictator as well as consul, nevertheless I am dying a private citizen. I ask no burial of the gods: let them leave my mutilated corpse amid the waves; I can dispense with grave and funeral pyre, provided I am feared for ever and my appearance is dreaded by every land.” As he spoke thus, a tenth wave — marvellous to tell — upbore him and his battered craft; nor did the billow hurl him back again from the high watery crest but bore him onwards till it laid him on the land, where a narrow strip of shore was clear of jagged rocks. He touched the land and recovered in one moment realms and cities innumerable and his own lucky star.

sed non tam remeans Caesar iam luce propinqua
quam tacita sua castra fuga comitesque fefellit.
circumfusa duci fleuit gemituque suorum 680
et non ingratis incessit turba querellis.
‘quo te, dure, tulit uirtus temeraria, Caesar,

aut quae nos uiles animas in fata relinquens
inuitis spargenda dabas tua membra procellis?
cum tot in hac anima populorum uita salusque 685
pendeat et tantus caput hoc sibi fecerit orbis,
saeuitia est uoluisse mori. nullusne tuorum
emeruit comitum fatis non posse superstes
esse tuis? cum te raperet mare, corpora segnis
nostra sopor tenuit. pudet, heu! tibi causa petendae 690
haec fuit Hesperiae, uisum est quod mittere quemquam
tam saeuo crudele mari. sors ultima rerum
in dubios casus et prona pericula morti
praecipitare solet: mundi iam summa tenentem
permisisse mari tantum! quid numina lassas? 695
sufficit ad fatum belli fauor iste laborque
Fortunae, quod te nostris inpegit harenis?
hine usus placuere deum, non rector ut orbis
nec dominus rerum, sed felix naufragus esses?
taliam iactantis discussa nocte serenus 700
oppressit cum sole dies, fessumque tumentis
conposuit pelagus uentis patientibus undas.

But when Caesar returned next day to his army and his officers, they were not taken unawares by his return as they had been by his secret departure. Crowding round their leader, they shed tears and assailed him with lament and expostulations not unpleasing to his ear. "Hardhearted Caesar, to what lengths your rash courage has carried you! And at the mercy of what fate did you leave our worthless lives, when you gave your limbs to be torn in pieces by the reluctant winds? When the existence and safety of so many nations depend upon your single life, and so large a part of the world has chosen you for its head, it is cruel of you to court death. Did none of your comrades deserve the honour of being prevented from surviving your end? While the sea drove you along, our limbs were held by slothful sleep; you put us to the blush. You made for Italy yourself, because you deemed it heartless to bid any other cross such a stormy sea. In general it is utter despair that hurls men into jeopardy and danger that runs straight to death; but that you, who are now master of the world,

should grant such licence to the sea! Why do you overtask the goodwill of Heaven? Fortune has hurled you here upon the shore; for the issue of the war, are you content with that instance of her favour and assistance? Is this the use you prefer to make of Heaven, that you should be, not the ruler of the world or the master of mankind, but a shipwrecked wretch who escapes from drowning?" As thus they argued, darkness was dispelled and clear daylight came upon them together with the sun; and the weary sea, permitted by the winds, calmed its swollen billows.

nec non Hesperii lassatum fluctibus aequor
ut uidere duces, purumque insurgere caelo
fracturum pelagus Borean, soluere carinas. 705
quas uentus doctaeque pari moderamine dextrae
permixtas habuere diu, latumque per aequor,
ut terrestre, coit consertis puppibus agmen.
sed nox saeua modum uenti uelique tenorem
eripuit nautis excussitque ordine puppes. 710
Strymona sic gelidum bruma pellente relinquunt
poturae te, Nile, grues, primoque uolatu
effingunt uarias casu monstrante figuras;
mox, ubi percussit tensas Notus altior alas,
confusos temere inmixtae glomerantur in orbes, 715
et turbata perit dispersis littera pinnis.
cum primum redeunte die uiolentior aer
puppibus incubuit Phoebeo concitus ortu,
praetereunt frustra temptati litora Lissi
Nymphaeumque tenent: nudas Aquilonibus undas 720
succedens Boreae iam portum fecerat Auster.

The commanders in Italy also, when they saw that the sea was weary of waves, and that a clear North wind, rising in the sky, would soon break the force of the waters, cast loose their ships; and these were long kept close together by the wind and by skilled hands all steering the same course: like soldiers marching on land, the fleet sailed together over the broad sea, vessel keeping close to vessel. But night, proving unkind, robbed the sailors of steady wind, stopped the even

progress of the sails, and threw the ships out of station. Thus, when cranes are driven by winter from the frozen Strymon to drink the water of the Nile, at the beginning of their flight they describe various chance-taught figures; but later, when a loftier wind beats on their outspread wings, they combine at random and form disordered packs, until the letter is broken and disappears as the birds are scattered. As soon as day returned, and the brisker air roused by the dawn bore down on the ships, after trying in vain to land at Lissus, they sailed past to reach Nymphaeum, where the sea, unprotected on the North, had been turned into a harbour by the shift of wind from North to South.

undique conlatis in robur Caesaris armis
summa uidens duri Magnus discrimina Martis
iam castris instare suis seponere tutum
coniugii decreuit onus Lesboque remota 725
te procul a saeui strepitu, Cornelia, belli
occulere. heu, quantum mentes dominatur in aequas
iusta Venus! dubium trepidumque ad proelia, Magne,
te quoque fecit amor; quod nolles stare sub ictu
fortunae quo mundus erat Romanaque fata, 730
coniunx sola fuit. mentem iam uerba paratam
destituunt, blandaeque iuuat uentura trahentem
indulgere morae et tempus subducere fatis.
nocte sub extrema pulso torpore quietis
dum fouet amplexu grauidum Cornelia curis 735
pectus et auersi petit oscula grata mariti,
umentis mirata genas percussaue caeco
uolnere non audet flentem deprendere Magnum.
ille gemens ‘non nunc uita mihi dulcior,’ inquit
‘cum taedet uitae, laeto sed tempore, coniunx, 740
uenit maesta dies et quam nimiumque parumque
distulimus; iam totus adest in proelia Caesar.
cedendum est bellis, quorum tibi tuta latebra
Lesbos erit. desiste preces temptare: negaui
iam mihi. non longos a me patiere recessus; 745
praecipites aderunt casus: properante ruina

summa cadunt. satis est audisse pericula Magni;
meque tuus decepit amor, ciuilia bella
si spectare potes. nam me iam Marte parato
seculos cepisse pudet cum coniuge somnos, 750
eque tuo, quatiunt miserum cum classica mundum,
surrexisse sinu. uereor ciuilibus armis
Pompeium nullo tristem committere damno.
tutior interea populis et tutior omni
rege late, positamque procul fortuna mariti 755
non tota te mole premat. si numina nostras
inpulerint acies, maneat pars optima Magni,
sitque mihi, si fata prement uictorque cruentus,
quo fugisse uelim.' uix tantum infirma dolorem
cepit, et attonito cesserunt pectore sensus. 760
tandem uox maestas potuit proferre querellas.
'nil mihi de fatis thalami superisque relictum est,
Magne, queri: nostros non rumpit funus amores
nec diri fax summa rogi, sed sorte frequenti
plebeiaque nimis careo dimissa marito. 765
hostis ad aduentum rumpamus foedera taedae,
placemus socerum. sic est tibi cognita, Magne,
nostra fides? credisne aliquid mihi tutius esse
quam tibi? non olim casu pendemus ab uno?
fulminibus me, saeue, iubes tantaeque ruinae 770
absentem praestare caput? segura uidetur
sors tibi, cum facias etiamnunc uota, perisse?
ut nolim seruire malis sed morte parata
te sequar ad manes, feriat dum maesta remotas
fama procul terras, uiuam tibi nempe superstes. 775
adde quod adsuescis fatis tantumque dolorem,
crudelis, me ferre doces. ignosce fatenti,
posse pati timeo. quod si sunt uota, deisque
audior, euentus rerum sciet ultima coniunx.
sollicitam rupes iam te uictore tenebunt, 780
et puppem quae fata feret tam laeta timebo.
nec soluent audita metus mihi prospera belli,
cum uacuis proiecta locis a Caesare possim

uel fugiente capi. notescent litora clari
nominis exilio, positaque ibi coniuge Magni 785
quis Mytilenaeas poterit nescire latebras?
hoc precor extremum: si nil tibi uicta relinquent
tutius arma fuga, cum te commiseris undis,
quolibet infaustam potius deflecte carinam:
litoribus quaerere meis.' sic fata relictis 790
exiluit stratis amens tormenta nulla
uult differre mora. non maesti pectora Magni
sustinet amplexu dulci, non colla tenere,
extremusque perit tam longi fructus amoris,
praecipitantque suos luctus, neuterque recedens 795
sustinuit dixisse uale, uitamque per omnem
nulla fuit tam maesta dies; nam cetera damna
durata iam mente malis firmaque tulerunt.

When Caesar's forces were collected from every quarter to full strength, Magnus saw that his army must soon face the supreme crisis of stern war, and therefore decided to place in safety his wife, a precious charge, and to hide Cornelia in the retirement of Lesbos, far from the tumult of cruel warfare. Ah! how mighty is the power of wedded love over gentle hearts! Even Magnus was made anxious and afraid of battle by his love; one thing alone he wished to save from the stroke that overhung the world and the destiny of Rome; and that one thing was his wife. Though his mind was made up already, words failed him: he preferred to postpone what must come, to yield to the allurements of delay, and to steal a reprieve from destiny. Night was ending and the drowsiness of sleep was banished, when Cornelia clasped in her arms the care-laden breast of her husband and sought the dear lips of him who turned from her; wondering at his wet cheeks and smitten by a trouble she could not understand, she was abashed to discover Magnus in tears. Sighing, he said: "O my wife, dearer to me than life when life was sweet, not now when I am weary of it, the sad day which we have put off at once too long and not long enough has come at last: Caesar with all his forces is upon us now; war cannot be resisted, but Lesbos will hide you safe from war. Cease to urge me with entreaty; I have already said no' to

myself. You will not long suffer separation from me: the decisive event will come speedily; the mightiest fall with rapid overthrow. It is enough for you to know by report the dangers that Magnus incurs; and you love me less than I imagined, if you can bear to look on at civil war. As for me, now that battle is at hand, I am ashamed to enjoy peaceful sleep at my wife's side, and to rise from her embrace when the war-note rouses the suffering world. I fear to trust myself to civil war, unless I am saddened by a loss of my own. You meanwhile must lie hidden, safer than any nation or any king; and if you are far away, the destiny of your husband need not crush you with its full weight. If Heaven hurls my armies to destruction, let the best part of me survive, and let me have a welcome hiding-place from the pursuit of Fortune and the conqueror's cruelty." Scarce could she in her weakness sustain so great a sorrow; her senses fled from her stricken breast. At last she was able to utter her sad remonstrances: "No power is left me, Magnus, to complain of our destiny in marriage or of the gods. For it is not death that divorces us, nor the final brand of the awful funeral pyre; no, by a lot all too common and familiar, I lose my husband, because he sends me from him. Because the enemy draws near, let us dissolve our marriage-bond and so appease the father of your former wife! Is this the opinion you have formed of my troth, Magnus? Do you believe that my safety can be different from your safety? Have we not for long been dependent upon the same hazard? Are you so cruel as to bid me, apart from you, expose my head to the thunder and the downfall of the world? Do you think it is an easy lot for me to have already perished, while you are still praying for success? Suppose I refuse to be mastered by misfortune, and follow you to the nether world by a prompt death; yet, until the sad news falls on regions far away, I shall surely live on after you are dead. Besides, you are cruel in habituating me to my fate, and teaching me to bear so great a sorrow. Forgive the confession — but I fear that I may find life endurable. But if prayers avail and the gods hear mine, then your wife will be the last to learn the issue of events. After your victory, I shall haunt the cliffs of Lesbos in my anxiety; and I shall dread the ship that brings such news of battle won. The report of victory will not allay my fears, because in the deserted places whither I am cast out I may be taken prisoner by Caesar, even

when he is a fugitive. The exile of one who bears a famous name will throw a light upon the shore of Lesbos; and who can remain ignorant of the asylum of Mitylene, when it harbours the wife of Magnus? This is my last prayer: if defeat makes flight your safest course and you entrust yourself to the sea, steer your ill-starred bark to any land but Lesbos; where I am, the foe will seek you.” Having thus spoken, she sprang forth from the bed in frenzy, refusing to put off her agony for a moment. She cannot bear to clasp in her dear arms the breast or head of her sorrowing husband, and the last chance of enjoying their long and faithful love was thrown away. They hurry their grief to an end, and neither had the heart to say a parting farewell. Of their whole lives this was the saddest day. For all the losses that were to follow were borne with hearts already strengthened and steeled by misfortune.

labitur infelix manibusque excepta suorum
fertur ad aequoreas, ac se prosternit, harenas, 800
litoraue ipsa tenet, tandemque inlata carinaest.
non sic infelix patriam portusque reliquit
Hesperios, saeui premerent cum Caesaris arma.
fida comes Magni uadit duce sola relicto
Pompeiumque fugit. quae nox tibi proxima uenit, 805
insomnis; uiduo tum primum frigida lecto
atque insueta quies uni, nudumque marito
non haerente latus. somno quam saepe grauata
deceptis uacuum manibus complexa cubile est
atque oblita fugae quaesiuit nocte maritum! 810
nam quamuis flamma tacitas urente medullas
non iuuat in toto corpus iactae cubili:
seruatur pars illa tori. caruisse timebat
Pompeio; sed non superi tam laeta parabant:
instabat miserae, Magnum quae redderet, hora.

The hapless lady swooned and fell, but was caught in the arms of her attendants and carried towards the sea-sands. There she fell down and clutched the very strand, till at last she was borne on shipboard. She had suffered less when she left her native land and the harbours

of Italy, hard pressed by the armies of cruel Caesar. Once the faithful companion of Magnus, now she departs without him, leaving him behind in her flight. The next night she spent brought her no sleep: her bed was widowed for the first time; its coldness and silence were strange to her in her solitude; and her side was unprotected, with no husband near her. How often, weighed down by drowsiness, she clasped the empty couch with cheated arms! How often, forgetful of her flight, she sought her husband in the darkness! For, though her secret heart burned with love's fire, she would not toss her limbs over all the bed, but abstained from touching his side of it. She feared that she had lost Pompey for ever; but Heaven intended a worse fate than that. The hour was soon coming that was to restore Magnus to his unhappy wife.

LIBER SEXTVS — BOOK VI

Postquam castra duces pugnae iam mente propinquis
inposuere iugis admotaque comminus arma
parque suum uidere dei, capere omnia Caesar
moenia Graiorum spernit Martemque secundum
iam nisi de genero fatis debere recusat. 5
funestam mundo uotis petit omnibus horam
in casum quae cuncta ferat; placet alea fati
alterutrum mersura caput. ter collibus omnis
explicuit turmas et signa minantia pugnam
testatus numquam Latiae se desse ruinae. 10
ut uidet ad nullos exciri posse tumultus
in pugnam generum sed clauso fidere uallo,
signa mouet tectusque uia dumosa per arua
Dyrrachii praeceps rapiendas tendit ad arcis.
hoc iter aequoreo praecepit limite Magnus, 15
quemque uocat collem Taulantius incola Petram
insedit castris Ephyraeaeque moenia seruat
defendens tutam uel solis turribus urbem.
non opus hanc ueterum nec moles structa tuetur
humanusque labor facilis, licet ardua tollat, 20
cedere uel bellis uel cuncta mouentibus annis,
sed munimen habet nullo quassabile ferro
naturam sedemque loci; nam clausa profundo
undique praecipiti scopulisque uomentibus aequor
exiguo debet, quod non est insula, colli. 25
terribiles ratibus sustentant moenia cautes,
Ioniumque furens, rapido cum tollitur Austro,
templa domosque quatit, spumatque in culmina pontus.

THUS the leaders, with minds now made up for battle, had pitched their camps on neighbouring heights, the armies were brought face to face, and the gods saw their pair of combatants before them; and Caesar, too proud to take city after city of the Greeks, refused to accept from fate any further victory except over his kinsman. All his

prayers were for that hour, fatal to the world, that should stake all on a cast of the die; he chose the hazard of destiny that must destroy one head or the other. Thrice he deployed upon the hills all his squadrons and warlike standards, and proved that he was never backward in the overthrow of Rome. But when he saw that Pompey, trusting to his ring of entrenchments, could not be drawn forth to battle by any demonstrations, he struck his camp and marched in haste to seize the fortress of Dyrrachium through a wooded country that concealed his movements. Pompey forestalled this march by following the coast-line; encamping on the hill which the Taulantians call Petra, he protected the Corinthian city — a city which its cliffs alone keep safe. No work of ancient times protects it, nor masonry piled by men's hands, which, though it raise its structures high, falls an easy prey to the besieger or all-destroying time; its natural position is a protection that no engine can shatter. On all sides it is surrounded by sea deep up to the shore, and by cliffs that spout forth the sea-water; and only a hill of moderate size prevents it from being an island. Precipices dreaded by ships support its walls; and the raging Ionian sea, when lifted up by Southern gales, shakes its temples and houses, and hurls the spray to its highest roofs.

hic auidam belli rapuit spes inproba mentem
Caesaris, ut uastis diffusum collibus hostem 30
cingeret ignarum ducto procul aggere ualli.
metatur terras oculis, nec caespite tantum
contentus fragili subitos attollere muros
ingentis cautes auolsaque saxa metallis
Graiorumque domos direptaque moenia transfert. 35
extruitur quod non aries inpellere saeuus,
quod non ulla queat uiolenti machina belli.
franguntur montes, planumque per ardua Caesar
ducit opus; pandit fossas turritaque summis
disponit castella iugis magnoque recessu 40
amplexus fines saltus nemorosaque tesqua
et siluas uastaque feras indagine claudit.
non desunt campi, non desunt pabula Magno,
castraque Caesareo circumdatus aggere mutat:

flumina tot cursus illic exorta fatigant, 45
illic mersa suos; operumque ut summa reuisat
defessus Caesar mediis intermanet agris.

Here Caesar's mind, eager for war, was caught by an extravagant design: though the enemy's forces were scattered over a wide extent of hills, he planned to draw a distant line of entrenchments and surround them without their knowing it. He used his eyes to survey the ground; and, not content merely to rear hasty walls of crumbling turf, he carries for his use huge boulders and blocks torn from the quarries, whole houses of the natives and dismantled city-walls. A structure rose, that no fierce battering-ram nor any engine of forceful war could overthrow. The mountains were broken through, and Caesar carried his works of even height across the hills; he opens up trenches and builds turreted forts at intervals on the tops of ridges; with a wide concave line he takes in territories and upland lawns, wooded wastes and forests, and encloses the wild animals with far-flung snare. Magnus had plains and fodder in abundance, and shifted his camp within the circle of Caesar's lines; within that space many rivers take their rise and run their restless course down to the sea; and, when Caesar wishes to inspect his most distant works, he rests a while from his weariness when half-way round.

nunc uetus Iliacos attollat fabula muros
ascribatque deis; fragili circumdata testa
moenia mirentur refugi Babylonia Parthi. 50
en, quantum Tigris, quantum celer ambit Orontes,
Assyriis quantum populis telluris Eoae
sufficit in regnum, subitum bellicque tumultu
raptum clausit opus. tanti periere labores.
tot potuere manus aut iungere Seston Abydo 55
ingestoque solo Phrixium elidere pontum,
aut Pelopis latis Ephyren abrumpere regnis
et ratibus longae flexus donare Maleae,
aut aliquem mundi, quamuis natura negasset,
in melius mutare locum. coit area belli: 60
hic alitur sanguis terras fluxurus in omnis,

hic et Thessalicae clades Libycaeque tenentur;
aestuat angusta rabies ciuilis harena.

After this, let ancient legend praise the walls of Troy and ascribe the building to the gods; let Parthians, who fight retreating, marvel at the brick walls round Babylon. Behold! a space as great as is surrounded by the Tigris or swift Orontes — a space large enough to form a kingdom for the Assyrian nations of the East — is here enclosed by works hastily thrown up in the stress of war. But all that labour was wasted. Such an army of busy hands might have joined Sestos to Abydos, piling up soil till the sea of Phrixus was forced from its place; they might have torn Corinth loose from the wide realm of Pelops, so as to save ships from the long circuit of Cape Malea; or they might, in defiance of Nature, have changed for the better some other region of earth. The field of war was now contracted; here is preserved the blood that will flow hereafter over every land; here the victims of Thessaly and the victims of Africa are penned up; the madness of civil war seethes within narrow lists.

prima quidem surgens operum structura fefellit
Pompeium, ueluti mediae qui tutus in aruis 65
Sicaniae rabidum nescit latrare Pelorum,
aut, uaga cum Tethys Rutupinaque litora feruent,
unda Caledonios fallit turbata Britannos.
ut primum uasto saeptas uidet aggere terras,
ipse quoque a tuta deducens agmina Petra 70
diuersis spargit tumultis, ut Caesaris arma
laxet et effuso claudentem milite tendat;
ac tantum saepti uallo sibi uindicat agri,
parua Mycenaeae quantum sacrata Dianae
distat ab excelsa nemoralis Aricia Roma, 75
quoque modo terrae praelapsus moenia Thybris
in mare descendit, si nusquam torqueat amnem.
classica nulla sonant iniussaue tela uagantur
et fit saepe nefas iaculum temptante lacerto.
maior cura duces miscendis abstrahit armis: 80
Pompeium exhaustae praebenda ad gramina terrae,

quae currens obtruiuit eques gradibusque citatis
ungula frondentem discussit cornea campum.
belliger attonsis sonipes defessus in aruis,
aductos cum plena ferant praesepia culmos, 85
ore nouas poscens moribundus labitur herbas
et tremulo medios abrumpit poplite gyros.
corpora dum soluit tabes et digerit artus,
traxit iners caelum fluuidae contagia pestis
obscuram in nubem. tali spiramine Nesis 90
emittit Stygium nebulosis aera saxis
antraque letiferi rabiem Typhonis anhelant.
inde labant populi, caeloque paratior unda
omne pati uirus durauit uiscera caeno.
iam riget arta cutis distentaque lumina rumpit, 95
igneaque in uoltus et sacro feruida morbo
pestis abit, fessumque caput se ferre recusat.
iam magis atque magis praeceps agit omnia fatum,
nec medii dirimunt morbi uitamque necemque,
sed languor cum morte uenit; turbaque cadentum 100
aucta lues, dum mixta iacent incondita uiuis
corpora; nam miseros ultra tentoria ciues
spargere funus erat. tamen hos minuere labores
a tergo pelagus pulsusque Aquilonibus aer
litoraue et plenae peregrina messe carinae. 105
at liber terrae spatiosis collibus hostis
aere non pigro nec inertibus angitur undis,
sed patitur saeuam, ueluti circumdatus arta
opsidione, famem. nondum turgentibus altam
in segetem culmis cernit miserabile uolgu 110
in pecudum cecidisse cibos et carpere dumos
et foliis spoliare nemus letumque minantis
uellere ab ignotis dubias radicibus herbas.
quae mollire queunt flamma, quae frangere morsu,
quaeque per abrasas utero demittere fauces, 115
plurimaque humanis ante hoc incognita mensis
diripiens miles saturum tamen obsidet hostem.

The construction of these works passed unnoticed by Pompey when first they rose: so he who dwells safe in the centre of Sicily knows not that the mad dogs of Pelorus are barking; or when the tides of Ocean and the Rutupian shore are raging, the stormy waves are not heard by the Britons of the North. But as soon as he saw that his position was shut in by a wide entrenchment, he too led down his forces from the protection of Petra and scattered them upon different heights, hoping to relax the pressure of Caesar's army, and to put a strain upon him, as he carried on the blockade with scattered troops. For himself he claims a space surrounded by a palisade — a space equal to the distance that divides lofty Rome from little Aricia with its grove, sacred to Diana of Mycenae; and in the same distance Tiber that flows by the walls of Rome would reach the sea, if the stream made no bend at any point. No war-note sounds; missiles fly to and fro unbidden, and many a murder is done when the arm is merely testing the javelin. A more pressing anxiety restrains the leaders from joining battle. Pompey was prevented by the failure of the district to provide fodder: the horsemen in their speed had trodden it down, when the horny hoofs galloped over the grassy plain and tore it up. The war-horse flagged on the close-cropped fields; and though the well-filled mangers offered him imported hay, he neighed for fresh grass as he fell down to die, and stopped short with quivering haunches in the act of wheeling. While their bodies rotted away and parted limb from limb, the stagnant air drew up the infection of that putrefying plague into a murky cloud. With such an exhalation Nesis sends forth a deathly atmosphere from her misty rocks, while the caverns of Typhon breathe forth death and madness. The men were stricken next; and the water, ever readier than air to absorb poison, made hard their inward parts with its foulness. Now the skin grew tight and hard, causing the straining eyes to start out, and the fiery plague, inflamed with erysipelas, moved to the face; and the heavy head refused to carry its own weight. Swift death, ever more and more, swept all away; no interval of sickness divided death from life, but death kept pace with the ailment; and the pestilence was made worse by the crowd of victims, because unburied bodies lay in contact with the living. For to cast out the corpses of their hapless countrymen beyond the circle of tents was all the burial that

men gave. Nevertheless, these calamities were lessened by the sea at their backs and the air set in motion by the North wind, by the shore and the ships laden with foreign corn. Caesars army, on the other hand, encamped on spacious heights and free to range the earth, was not troubled by stifling air or stagnant waters; but they suffered from the pinch of hunger like men closely besieged. The corn-blades were not yet swelling to the height of harvest; and therefore Caesar saw his wretched men lying on the ground to eat the food of beasts, plucking the bushes, rifling the trees of their leaves, and culling from strange roots suspicious plants that threatened death. The men fought for food — whatever they could soften with fire, or break with their teeth, or swallow down with rasped gullets, and many things never tried before for human consumption; and yet they went on besieging a well-fed foe.

ut primum libuit ruptis euadere claustris
Pompeio cunctasque sibi permittere terras,
non obscura petit latebrosae tempora noctis, 120
et raptum furto soceri cessantibus armis
dedignatur iter: latis exire ruinis
quaerit, et impulso tures confringere uallo,
perque omnis gladios et qua uia caede paranda est.
opportuna tamen ualli pars uisa propinqui, 125
qua Minici castella uacant, et confraga densis
arboribus dumeta tegunt. hic puluere nullo
proditus agmen agit subitusque in moenia uenit.
tot simul e campis Latiae fulsere uolucres,
tot cecinere tubae. nequid uictoria ferro 130
deberet, pauor attonitos confecerat hostes.
quod solum ualuit uirtus, iacuere perempti
debuerant quo stare loco. qui uolnera ferrent
iam derant, et nimbus agens tot tela peribat.
tum piceos uoluunt inmissae lampades ignes, 135
tum quassae nutant tures lapsusque minantur,
roboris in tacti crebros gemit agger ad ictus.
iam Pompeianae celsi super ardua ualli
exierant aquilae, iam mundi iura patebant:

quem non mille simul turmis nec Caesare toto 140
auferret Fortuna locum uictoribus unus
eripuit uetuitque capi, seque arma tenente
ac nondum strato Magnum uicisse negauit.
Scaeuia uiro nomen: castrorum in plebe merebat
ante feras Rhodani gentes; ibi sanguine multo 145
promotus Latiam longo gerit ordine uitem,
pronus ad omne nefas et qui nesciret in armis
quam magnum uirtus crimen ciuilibus esset.
hic ubi quaerentis socios iam Marte relicto
tuta fugae cernit, 'quo uos pauor' inquit 'adegit 150
inpius et cunctis ignotus Caesaris armis?
terga datis morti? cumulo uos desse uiro-
rum 153
non pudet et bustis interque cadauera quaeri?
non ira saltem, iuuenes, pietate remota
stabitis? e cunctis, per quos erumperet hostis,
nos sumus electi. non paruo sanguine Magni
iste dies ierit. peterem felicior umbras
Caesaris in uultu: testem hunc fortuna negauit:
Pompeio laudante cadam. confringite tela 160
pectoris impulsu iugulisque retundite ferrum.
iam longinqua petit puluis sonitusque ruinae,
securasque fragor concussit Caesaris aures.
uincimus, o socii: ueniet qui uindictae arces
dum morimur.' mouit tantum uox illa furorem, 165
quantum non primo succendunt classica cantu,
mirantesque uirum atque auidi spectare secuntur
scituri iuuenes, numero deprensa loquace
an plus quam mortem uirtus daret. ille ruenti
aggere consistit, primumque cadauera plenis 170
turribus euoluit subeuntisque obruit hostis
corporibus, totaque uiro dant tela ruinae,
roboraque et moles hosti seque ipse minatur.
nunc sude nunc duro contraria pectora conto
detrudat muris, et ualli summa tenentis 175
amputat ense manus; caput obterit ossaque saxo
ac male defensum fragili conpage cerebrum

dissipat; alterius flamma crinesque genasque
succendit, strident oculis ardentibus ignes.

When Pompey first saw fit to burst his barriers and sally forth, and to allow himself the range of all the earth, he did not seek the darkness and cover of night, but scorned to steal a march while Caesar's army rested. He desired to pass out through a wide breach, overthrowing the ramparts and breaking down the towers; to face every armed foe and take a path that bloodshed must open up. Yet a section of the rampart that lay near seemed to suit his purpose; here the fortress of Minicius afforded an open space, and the broken wooded ground screened him with a covering of trees. Hither he marched his men; no cloud of dust betrayed him and he reached the wall unexpected. Then all at once the Roman eagles glittered from the plain, and his trumpets all sounded. That his victory might owe nothing to the sword, the alarm and surprise had already disposed of the enemy. All that valour could do they did: they lay dead at the post where duty bade them stand. There were no longer any men to be wounded, and the tempest that bore those many darts was wasted. Then torches were hurled, rolling smoky fires; then the battered towers reeled and threatened to fall; and the mound echoed under the repeated blows of the timber hurled against it. Now Pompey's eagles had passed out over the top of the high rampart; now the freedom of the whole world was before them. But though Fortune with a thousand squadrons combined and all Caesar's might could not make good the post, one man snatched it from the conquerors and forbade its capture: "While I still wield my weapons and have not yet been laid low, Magnus has not yet been victorious he cried. Scaeva was his name; he served in the ranks before the fierce tribes of the Rhone were heard of; there he got promotion by shedding much of his blood and carried the Roman vine-staff in the long line of centurions. Ready for any wickedness, he knew not that valour in civil war is a heinous crime. When he saw his comrades drop their arms and seek safety in flight, "Whither," he cried, "has fear driven you — disloyal fear that no soldier of Caesar's has ever felt? Do you turn your backs on death? Are you not ashamed that you are not added to the heap of gallant dead, and that you are missing among the corpses? If duty be disregarded, will not

rage at least make you stand your ground, ye soldiers? The enemy has chosen us out of all the army to sally forth through our ranks. This day shall cost Magnus not a little blood. I should die happier with Caesar watching; as chance has denied me his presence, Pompey shall praise me as I fall. Dash your breasts against their weapons till you break them; blunt the edge of their steel with your life-blood. Already the dust and noise of destruction are rolling far away, and the ear of Caesar, fearing no danger, has been smitten by the crashing sound. We are conquerors, my comrades: while we are dying, he will come to assert his right to the stronghold.” His words roused greater fury than the war-note kindles with its first blast: marvelling at Scaeva and eager to watch him, the soldiers follow, to find out whether valour, outnumbered and entrapped, could give them aught more than death. Taking his stand on the tottering mound, Scaeva first rolled out the corpses that filled the towers, and buried the assailants under dead bodies. All the falling fabric supplies him with weapons: he threatens the foe with wooden beams, blocks of stone, and his own body. Now with stakes, now with tough poles, he dislodges from the wall the breasts of the adversaries; his sword cuts off the hands that clutch the battlements; with a stone he crushes one man’s head and skull, scattering the brains ill protected by their brittle covering: he sets fire to the hair and beard of another, and the flames crackle as the eyes burn.

ut primum cumulo crescente cadauera murum 180
admouere solo, non signior extulit illum
saltus et in medias iecit super arma cateruas,
quam per summa rapit celerem uenabula pardum.
tunc densos inter cuneos compressus et omni
uallatus bello uincit, quem respicit, hostem. 185
iamque hebes et crasso non asper sanguine mucro
[percussum Scaevae frangit, non uolnerat, hostem;]
perdidit ensis opus, frangit sine uolnere membra.
illum tota premit moles, illum omnia tela,
nulla fuit non certa manus, non lancea felix; 190
parque nouum Fortuna uidet concurrere, bellum
atque uirum. fortis crebris sonat ictibus umbo,

et galeae fragmenta cauae compressa perurunt
tempora, nec quicquam nudis uitalibus obstat
iam praeter stantis in summis ossibus hastas. 195

The heap of dead rose till it made the ground level with the wall; at once he sprang off and hurled himself over their weapons into the centre of the foe, swift as a leopard springs over the points of the spears. Then wedged tight among the ranks and encompassed by a whole army, he slays a man whom he looks behind to see. No longer can his sword-point do the duty of a sword: dulled and blunted by coagulated blood, it bruises but cannot wound. All the host and all the weapons make him their sole object; no hand missed its aim, no lance failed of its mark; and Fortune sees a new pair meet in combat — a man against an army. The stout boss of his shield rings with repeated blows; his hollow helmet, battered to pieces, galls the forehead which it covers; and nothing any longer protects his exposed vitals except the spears which stick fast when they reach his bones.

quid nunc, uaesani, iaculis leuibusue sagittis
perditis haesuros numquam uitalibus ictus?
hunc aut tortilibus uibrata falarica neruis
obruat aut uasti muralia pondera saxi,
hunc aries ferro ballistae limine portae 200
promoueat. stat non fragilis pro Caesare murus
Pompeiumque tenet. iam pectora non tegit armis,
ac ueritus credi clipeo laeuaque uacasse
aut culpa uixisse sua tot uulnera belli
solus obit densamque ferens in pectore siluam 205
iam gradibus fessis, in quem cadat, eligit hostem.
[par pelagi monstribus Libycae sic belua terrae]
sic Libycus densis elephans oppressus ab armis
omne repperit squalenti missile tergo
frangit et haerentis mota cute discutit hastas: 210
uiscera tuta latent penitus, citraque cruorem
confixae stant tela ferae: tot facta sagittis,
tot iaculis unam non explent uulnera mortem.

Dictaea procul, ecce, manu Gortynis harundo
tenditur in Scaeuam, quae uoto certior omni 215
in caput atque oculi laeuom descendit in orbem.
ille moras ferri neruorum et uincula rumpit
adfixam uellens oculo pendente sagittam
intrepidus, telumque suo cum lumine calcatur.
Pannonis haud aliter post ictum saeuior ursa, 220
cum iaculum parua Libys ammentauit habena,
se rotat in uolnus telumque irata receptum
inpetit et secum fugientem circumit hastam.
perdiderat uoltum rabies, stetit imbre cruento
informis facies. laetus fragor aethera pulsatur 225
uictorum: maiora uiris e sanguine paruo
gaudia non faceret conspectum in Caesare uolnus.
ille tegens alta suppressum mente furorem,
mitis et a uoltu penitus uirtute remota,
'parcite', ait 'ciues; procul hinc auertite ferrum. 230
conlatura meae nil sunt iam uulnera morti:
non eget ingestis sed uolsis pectore telis.
tollite et in Magni uiuentem ponite castris.
hoc uestro praestate duci: sit Scaeuam relictum
Caesaris exemplum potius quam mortis honestae.' 235
credidit infelix simulatis uocibus Aulus
nec uidit recto gladium mucrone tenentem,
membraque captiui pariter laturus et arma
fulmineum mediis exceptit faucibus ense.
incaluit uirtus, atque una caede reffectus 240
'soluat' ait 'poenas, Scaeuam quicumque subactum
sperauit. pacem gladio si quaerit ab isto
Magnus, adorato summittat Caesare signa.
an similem uestri segnemque ad fata putatis?
Pompei uobis minor est causaeque senatus 245
quam mihi mortis amor.' simul haec effatur, et altus
Caesareas puluis testatur adesse cohortes.
dedecus hic belli Magno crimenque remisit,
ne solum totae fugerent, te Scaeuam, cateruae.
subducto qui Marte ruis; nam sanguine fuso 250

uires pugna dabat. labentem turba suorum
excipit atque umeris defectum inponere gaudet;
ac uelut inclusum perfosso in pectore numen
et uiuam magnae speciem Virtutis adorant;
telaque confixis certant euellere membris, 255
exornantque deos ac nudum pectore Martem
armis, Scaeuam, tuis: felix hoc nomine famae,
si tibi durus Hiber aut si tibi terga dedisset
Cantaber exiguis aut longis Teutonus armis.
non tu bellorum spoliis ornare Tonantis 260
templa potes, non tu laetis ululare triumphis.
infelix, quanta dominum uirtute parasti!

Fools! why waste your shots of light javelins and arrows? They can never reach the seat of life. To crush him, you must use either a missile sped by twisted cords, or the wall-battering weight of a huge boulder; to drive him from the threshold of the gate, an iron battering-ram and a catapult are needed. He stands fast, a stone wall in defence of Caesar, and keeps Pompey at bay. He ceases to guard his breast with his armour; and fearing to have it thought that his left hand and shield are idle, or that he is to blame for surviving, he meets single-handed all the wounds of war and carries in his breast a thick forest of spears, and chooses, with gait grown weary, an enemy to crush in his fall. So the African elephant, when attacked by a throng of assailants, breaks all their missiles rebounding from his horny hide, and twitches his skin to dislodge the spears sticking in his body; his vital parts are safe and hidden far below, and the weapons that pierce him and stick fast draw no blood from the animal; the wounds of countless arrows and countless javelins are too few to end one life. But see! a Gortynian shaft, aimed from a distance at Scaeva by a Cretan archer, lights on his head and pierces the ball of his left eye — a surer shot than any archer could pray for. Together with the steel that hampers him, Scaeva breaks off the ligaments of the muscles; boldly he pulls out the clinging arrow with the eye hanging to it, and treads upon arrow and eye together. Even so, when the Libyan has sped his javelin straight by means of a little thong, the Pannonian bear, infuriated by the wound, whirls round

towards the injured part; in her rage she attacks the weapon that has struck her, and pursues in a circle the spear that flies along with her. Mad rage had destroyed his features; his mutilated face was one mass of streaming gore. A shout from his conquerors made the welkin ring; a wound seen upon Caesar's self would not have delighted them more, by reason of a little blood. Then Scaeva suppressed his rage and hid it deep in his heart; banishing martial ardour far from his features, he said with an air of mildness: "Spare me, fellow-citizens; take far away your steel. Wounds can no longer do aught to kill me; what is needed is not to hurl fresh weapons but to pluck forth from my breast what stick there already, lake me up and place me in the camp of Magnus before I die; do this service for your leader; let me set an example of desertion from Caesar, and not of glorious death." Ill-fated Aulus was taken in by this guileful speech; he saw not that Scaeva was holding his sword with point ready to thrust; he was in act to lift the captive's body and his weapons together, when the sword, swift as lightning, struck him full in the throat. Scaeva's ardour rose: the slaughter of a foe was the sole remedy for his plight: "If any believed that Scaeva was conquered, let him pay the penalty," he cried; "if Magnus wants peace from my sword, first let him bow his head and sink his standards before Caesar. Think you that I am like yourselves and unwilling to die? Death is dearer to me than Pompey and the Senate's cause are to you." Even as he spoke these words, a pillar of dust showed that cohorts of Caesar's were near; and it saved Magnus from shameful defeat and from the reproach of having his whole force routed by Scaeva singlehanded. When the enemy withdrew, Scaeva collapsed; for his blood was all spent, and only fighting gave him strength. Friends, crowding round, caught him as he fell and joyfully raised his fainting body on their shoulders; they worshipped the deity that seemed to dwell in that mutilated breast, and the living semblance of the great goddess, Valour. They vie with one another in plucking the weapons forth from his pierced limbs, and they use his armour to deck the statues of the gods and of Mars with naked breast. Happy had he been in this title to fame, had he routed hardy Iberians or Cantabrians with their targets or Teutons with their long shields. But Scaeva can never deck the Thunderer's temple with his trophies nor shout for joy in the

triumph. Unhappy wretch, how bravely you fought that a tyrant might rule over you!

nec magis hac Magnus castrorum parte repulsus
intra claustra piger dilato Marte quieuit,
quam mare lassatur, cum se tollentibus Euris 265
frangentem fluctus scopulum ferit aut latus alti
montis adest seramque sibi parat unda ruinam.
hinc uicina petens placido castella profundo
incurso gemini Martis rapit, armaque late
spargit et effuso laxat tentoria campo, 270
mutandaeque iuuat permissa licentia terrae.
sic pleno Padus ore tumens super aggere tutas
excurrit ripas et totos concutit agros;
succubuit siqua tellus cumuloque furentem
undarum non passa ruit, tum flumine toto 275
transit et ignotos operit sibi gurgite campos:
illos terra fugit dominos, his rura colonis
accedunt donante Pado. uix proelia Caesar
senserat, elatus specula quae prodidit ignis:
inuenit impulsos presso iam puluere muros, 280
frigidaque, ut ueteris, deprendit signa ruinae.
accendit pax ipsa loci, mouitque furorem
Pompeiana quies et uicto Caesare somnus.
ire uel in clades properat dum gaudia turbet.
Torquato ruit inde minax, qui Caesaris arma 285
segnius haud uidit, quam malo nauta tremente
omnia subducit Circaeae uela procellae;
agminaque interius muro breuiore recepit,
densius ut parua disponderet arma corona.
transierat primi Caesar munimina ualli, 290
cum super e totis immisit collibus arma
effuditque acies obsaeptum Magnus in hostem.
non sic Hennaeis habitans in uallibus horret
Enceladum spirante Noto, cum tota cauernas
egerit et torrens in campos defluit Aetna, 295
Caesaris ut miles glomerato puluere uictus

ante aciem caeci trepidus sub nube timoris
hostibus occurrit fugiens inque ipsa pauendo
fata ruit. totus mitti ciuilibus armis
usque uel in pacem potuit cruor: ipse furentis 300
dux tenuit gladios. felix ac libera regum,
Roma, fores iurisque tui, uicisset in illo
si tibi Sulla loco. dolet, heu, semperque dolebit
quod scelerum, Caesar, prodest tibi summa tuorum,
cum genero pugnasse pio. pro tristia fata! 305
non Vticae Libye clades, Hispania Mundae
flesset et infando pollutus sanguine Nilus
nobilius Phario gestasset rege cadauer,
nec Iuba Marmaricas nudus pressisset harenas
Poenorumque umbras placasset sanguine fuso 310
Scipio, nec sancto caruisset uita Catone.
ultimus esse dies potuit tibi Roma malorum,
exire e mediis potuit Pharsalia fatis.

But though he was beaten back at this point of the lines, Magnus did not postpone war or stay idle within his enclosure, any more than the sea grows weary, when it is driven by rising winds against a cliff that breaks the tide, or when its waves gnaw the side of a high mountain and so prepare an avalanche for themselves in time to come. He turned his arms against the forts that lay near the calm sea, attacking them on both elements at once; he scattered his forces far and wide, enlarging his bivouac on the broad plain, and taking advantage of the opportunity to shift his ground. Thus the river Po, swollen with brimming estuary, overflows its banks though defended by dykes, and oversets whole districts; if the earth anywhere gives way and collapses, unable to withstand the stream raging with its crest of waters, the whole river passes over and drowns plains which it never knew before; some owners their land deserts, while others gain new acres by the river's gift. Caesar had hardly been aware of the fighting; the news of it was conveyed to him by a fire-signal from a lofty tower. He found the walls overthrown and the dust already laid; the signs of destruction that met him were cold, as if it had happened long ago. His rage was kindled and stirred by the very peacefulness

of the scene, by the fact that the Pompeians were idle and took their rest after defeating Caesar! He rushed on even into disaster, provided he could disturb their rejoicing. He flew on to threaten Torquatus; but Torquatus bestirred himself at sight of Caesar's troops, as briskly as the sailor furls every sail on his quivering mast before the gale that blows off Circeii; so Torquatus led back his men behind an inner wall, that he might marshal them in closer ranks and a narrower ring. Caesar had already passed the defences of his outmost palisade, when Magnus launched his army against him from all the heights and poured out his forces upon a foe entrapped. When the South wind blows and Etna discharges all her caverns and runs as a river of fire over the plains, the dwellers in the vale of Henna dread Enceladus; but direr dread was felt then by Caesar's soldiers, conquered before the battle by the rolling dust, and quaking under a cloud of blind terror; flight brings them face to face with the foe, and they rush straight on death by retreating. Civil war might then have shed its last drop of blood, and peace might even have followed; but Pompey himself kept back his furious soldiers. Rome might have been saved, free from tyrants and mistress of her own actions, if a Sulla had won that victory for her. Grievous alas! is it, and ever will be, that Caesar profited by his worst crime — his fighting against a kinsman who had scruples. Out upon cruel destiny! Libya and Spain would not have lamented the disasters at Utica and Munda; the Nile, defiled by horrid bloodshed, would not have borne a corpse nobler than the King of Egypt; the naked body of Juba would never have fallen on African sands; Scipio would not have bled to appease the Carthaginian dead, nor would the land of the living have lost the stainless Cato — that day might have ended Rome's agony, and Pharsalia might have been blotted out from the central scroll of destiny.

deserit auerso possessam numine sedem
Caesar et Emathias lacero petit agmine terras. 315
arma secuturum soceri, quacumque fugasset,
temptauere suo comites deuertere Magnum
hortatu, patrias sedes atque hoste carentem
Ausoniam peteret. 'numquam me Caesaris' inquit

'exemplo reddam patriae, numquamque uidebit 320
 me nisi dimisso redeuntem milite Roma.
 Hesperiam potui motu surgente tenere,
 si uellem patriis aciem committere templis
 ac medio pugnare foro. dum bella relegem,
 extremum Scythici transcendam frigoris orbem 325
 ardentisque plagas. uictor tibi, Roma, quietem
 eripiam, qui, ne premerent te proelia, fugi?
 a potius, nequid bello patiaris in isto,
 te Caesar putet esse suam.' sic fatus in ortus
 Phoebeos condixit iter, terraeque secutus 330
 deuia, qua uastos aperit Candauia saltus,
 contigit Emathiam, bello quam fata parabant.

Caesar abandoned a position he had occupied against the will of Heaven, and made for the land of Thessaly with his battered forces. Magnus intended to pursue Caesar's army along the line of their flight, whatever it might be; and when his officers tried to turn him from his purpose and urged him to return to his native land of Italy, now that no foe was there, "Never," he replied, "shall I go back to my country in Caesar's fashion; never shall Rome see me return before I have disbanded my soldiers. When the troubles began, I might have held Italy, had I been willing to join battle in the Roman temples and fight in the centre of the Forum. To keep war far away, I would go beyond the uttermost region of Scythian cold, beyond the torrid zone. Shall I, who fled from Rome to save her from war's horrors, rob her of peace now that I am victorious? Nay, to spare her from suffering in this contest, rather let Caesar reckon her as his own." Thus Pompey spoke, and gave orders for marching eastwards; and following a devious route, where Candavia opens out its huge defiles, he reached Thessaly — the land which destiny was preparing for the war.

Thessaliam, qua parte diem brumalibus horis
 attollit Titan, rupes Ossaea coeracet;
 cum per summa poli Phoebum trahit altior aestas, 335
 Pelion opponit radiis nascentibus umbras;

at medios ignes caeli rapidique Leonis
solstitiale caput nemorosus summuet Othrys.
excipit aduersos Zephyros et Iapyga Pindus
et maturato praecidit uespere lucem; 340
nec metuens imi Borean habitator Olympi
lucentem totis ignorat noctibus Arcton.
hos inter montis media qui ualle premuntur,
perpetuis quondam latuere paludibus agri,
flumina dum campi retinent nec peruia Tempe 345
dant aditus pelagi, stagnumque inplentibus unum
crescere cursus erat. postquam discessit Olympo
Herculea grauis Ossa manu subitaeque ruinam
sensit aquae Nereus, melius mansura sub undis
Emathis aequorei regnum Pharsalos Achillis 350
eminet et, prima Rhoeteia litora pinu
quae tetigit, Phylace Pteleosque et Dorion ira
flebile Pieridum; Trachin pretioque nefandae
lampados Herculeis fortis Meliboea pharetris
atque olim Larisa potens; ubi nobile quondam 355
nunc super Argos arant, ueteres ubi fabula Thebas
monstrat Echionias, ubi quondam Pentheos exul
colla caputque ferens supremo tradidit igni
questa quod hoc solum nato rapuisset Agaue.
ergo abrupta palus multos discessit in amnes. 360
purus in occasus, parui sed gurgitis, Aeus
Ionio fluit inde mari, nec fortior undis
labitur auectae pater Isidis, et tuus, Oeneu,
paene gener crassis oblimat Echinadas undis,
et Meleagream maculatus sanguine Nessi 365
Euhenos Calydonia secatur. ferit amne citato
Maliacas Spercheos aquas, et flumine puro
inrigat Amphrysos famulantis pascua Phoebi.
accipit Asopos cursus Phoenixque Melasque 374
quique nec umentis nebulas nec rore madentem 369
aera nec tenues uentos suspirat Anauros,
et quisquis pelago per se non cognitus amnis
Peneo donauit aquas: it gurgite raptō

Apidanos numquamque celer nisi mixtus Enipeus;
solus, in alterius nomen cum uenerit undae, 375
defendit Titaesos aquas lapsusque superne
gurgite Penei pro siccis utitur aruis.
hunc fama est Stygiis manare paludibus amnem
et capitis memorem fluuii contagia uilis
nolle pati superumque sibi seruare timorem. 380

Thessaly is bounded by the peak of Ossa in the quarter where the sun rises in winter; and when advancing summer makes the sun move through the zenith, Pelion confronts the rising beams with its shade. But wooded Othrys repels the southern fires of the sky and the head of the parching Lion at midsummer; and Pindus faces and meets the West and North-west winds, and shortens day by hastening on evening; the dweller at the foot of Olympus never dreads the North wind, and knows nothing of the Bear, though it shine all night. The land which lies low in the depression between these mountains was once covered over with continuous swamps; for the plains detained the rivers, nor did the outlet of Tempe suffer them to reach the sea; they filled a single basin, and their only way of running was to rise. But when the weight of Ossa was severed from Olympus by the hand of Hercules, and the sea first felt a sudden avalanche of waters, then Thessalian Pharsalos, the realm of sea-born Achilles, rose above the surface — better had it remained drowned for ever! And other cities rose: Phylace, whose bark was first to land on the shores of Troy; Pteleos, and Dorion that laments the wrath of the Muses; Trachis, and Meliboea, strong with the quiver of Hercules that paid for the funeral torch; Larisa, powerful in ancient times; and the place where the plough now passes over what once was famous Argos, where legend points out the older Thebes of Echion, and where Agave, then an exile, once bore the head and neck of Pentheus and gave them up to the funeral fire, lamenting that she had carried off no more from her son's body. — In this way the swamp was parted and broken up into many rivers. From there the Aeas, clear but of little volume, flows westward to the Ionian sea; with no stronger stream glides the father of ravished Isis; and he who came near to marrying the daughter of Oeneus and silts up with his muddy waves the Echinad

islands; and there the Euehenos, stained with the blood of Nessus, runs through Meleager's Calydon. There the swift stream of the Spercheos strikes the waves of the Maliac gulf, and the pure waters of the Amphrysos irrigate the pastures where Apollo herded cattle. Here the Asopos starts its course, the Phoenix, and the Black river; and the Anauros, which breathes out neither moist vapours nor dew-drenched air nor light breezes. Then there are the rivers which the sea knows not in their own shape, and which give their waters to the Peneus: the Apidanus, robbed of its stream; the Enipeus, which never hastens until it mingles with the Peneus; and the Titaresos, which alone, after taking the name of the other river, guards its waters: gliding on the surface, it treats the flood of the Peneus as if it were dry land. For legend tells that this river flows from the Stygian pool, and, mindful of its source, spurns admixture with a common stream, and retains the awe that the gods feel for it.

ut primum emissis patuerunt amnibus arua,
pinguis Bebrycio discessit uomere sulcus;
mox Lelegum dextra pressum descendit aratrum,
Aeolidae Dolopesque solum fregere coloni
et Magnes equis, Minyae gens cognita remis. 385
illic semiferos Ixionidas Centauros
feta Pelethroniis nubes effudit in antris:
aspera te Pholoes frangentem, Monyche, saxa,
teque sub Oetaeo torquentem uertice uolsas,
Rhoece ferox, quas uix Boreas inuerteret ornos, 390
hospes et Alcidae magni Phole, teque, per amnem
inprobe Lernaeas uector passure sagittas,
teque, senex Chiron, gelido qui sidere fulgens
inpetis Haemonio maiorem Scorpion arcu.

As soon as the rivers flowed off and the land was revealed, the fertile furrows were cleft by the plough shares of the Bebryces; and next the hands of the Leleges drove the plough deep. The soil was broken by Aeolidae and Dolopians, by Magnesians famous for horses and Minyae famous for ships. There the cloud, pregnant by Ixion, brought forth in the caves of Pelethronium the Centaurs, half men

and half beasts — Monychus who broke with his hoofs the hard rocks of Pholoe; bold Rhoecus who uprooted ash-trees for missiles beneath Oeta's crest, ash-trees that the North wind could hardly overset; Pholus, who entertained great Alcides; presumptuous Nessus who ferried passengers across the river and was doomed to feel the arrows of Hercules; and old Chiron, whose star shines in the winter sky and aims his Thessalian bow at the Scorpion, larger than himself.

hac tellure feri micuerunt semina Martis. 395
primus ab aequorea percussis cuspidē saxi
Thessalicus sonipes, bellis feralibus omen,
exiluit, primus chalybem frenosque momordit
spumauitque nouis Lapithae domitoris habenis.
prima fretum scindens Pagasaeo litore pinus 400
terrenum ignotas hominem proiecit in undas.
primus Thessalicae rector telluris Ionos
in formam calidae percussit pondera massae
fudit et argentum flammis aurumque moneta
fregit et inmensis coxit fornacibus aera. 405
illic, quod populos scelerata inpegit in arma,
diuitias numerare datum est. hinc maxima serpens
descendit Python Cirrhaeaeque fluxit in arua,
unde et Thessalicae ueniunt ad Pythia laurus.
inpius hinc prolem superis inmisit Aloeus, 410
inseruit celsis prope se cum Pelion astris
sideribusque uias incurrens abstulit Ossa.

In this land the seeds of cruel war first sprang to life. From her rocks, smitten by the trident of the sea, leaped forth first the Thessalian charger, to portend dreadful warfare; here he first champed the steel bit, and the bridle of his Lapith tamer, unfelt before, brought the foam to his mouth. The shore of Pagasae launched the ship that first cleft the sea and flung forth man, a creature of the land, upon the untried waves. Ionos, a king of Thessaly, was the first to hammer into shape ingots of molten metal; he melted silver in the fire, and broke up gold and stamped it, and smelted copper in vast furnaces; there it became possible to count wealth, and this drove mankind into

the wickedness of war. From Thessaly the Python, hugest of serpents, came down and glided on to the land of Cirrha; for which reason also the laurels for the Pythian games are brought from Thessaly. From here the rebel Aloeus launched his sons against Heaven, when Pelion raised its head almost to the height of the stars, and Ossa, encroaching upon the planets, stopped their courses.

hac ubi damnata fatis tellure locarunt
castra duces, cunctos belli praesaga futuri
mens agitat, summique grauem discriminis horam 415
aduentare palam est, propius iam fata moueri.
degeneres trepidant animi peioraque uersant;
ad dubios pauci praesumpto robore casus
spemque metumque ferunt. turbae sed mixtus inerti
Sextus erat, Magno proles indigna parente, 420
cui mox Scyllaeis exul grassatus in undis
polluit aequoreos Siculus pirata triumphos.
qui stimulante metu fati praenoscere cursus,
inpatiensque morae uenturisque omnibus aeger,
non tripodas Deli, non Pythia consulit antra, 425
nec quaesisse libet primis quid frugibus altrix
aere Iouis Dodona sonet, quis noscere fibra
fata queat, quis prodat aues, quis fulgura caeli
seruet et Assyria scrutetur sidera cura,
aut siquid tacitum sed fas erat. ille supernis 430
detestanda deis saeuorum arcana magorum
nouerat et tristis sacris feralibus aras,
umbrarum Ditisque fidem, miseroque liquebat
scire parum superos. uanum saeuumque furorem
adiuuat ipse locus uicinaque moenia castris 435
Haemonidum, ficti quas nulla licentia monstri
transierit, quarum quidquid non creditur ars est.
Thessala quin etiam tellus herbasque nocentes
rupibus ingenuit sensuraque saxa canentes
arcanum feralia magos. ibi plurima surgunt 440
uim factura deis, et terris hospita Colchis
legit in Haemoniis quas non aduexerat herbas.

inpia tot populis, tot surdas gentibus aures
caelicolum dirae conuertunt carmina gentis.
una per aetherios exit uox illa recessus 445
uerbaque ad inuitum perfert cogentia numen,
quod non cura poli caelique uolubilis umquam
auocat. infandum tetigit cum sidera murmur,
tum, Babylon Persea licet secretaque Memphis
omne uetustorum soluat penetrale magorum, 450
abducet superos alienis Thessalis aris.
carmine Thessalidum dura in praecordia fluxit
non fatis adductus amor, flammisque seueri
inlicitis arsere senes. nec noxia tantum
pocula proficiunt aut cum turgentia suco 455
frontis amaturae subducunt pignora fetae:
mens hausti nulla sanie polluta ueneni
excantata perit. quos non concordia mixti
alligat ulla tori blandaque potentia formae
traxerunt torti magica uertigine fili. 460
cessauere uices rerum, dilataque longa
haesit nocte dies. legi non paruit aether,
torpuit et praeceps audito carmine mundus,
axibus et rapidis impulsos Iuppiter urguens
miratur non ire polos. nunc omnia complent 465
imbribus et calido praeducunt nubila Phoebus,
et tonat ignaro caelum Ioue: uocibus isdem
umentis late nebulas nimbosque solutis
excussere comis. uentis cessantibus aequor
intumuit, rursus uetitum sentire procellas 470
conticuit turbante Noto; puppemque ferentes
in uentum tumuere sinus. de rupe pependit
abscisa fixus torrens, amnisque cucurrit
non qua pronus erat. Nilum non extulit aestas,
Maeander dexit aquas, Rhodanumque morantem 475
praecipitauit Arar. summisso uertice montes
explicuere iugum, nubes suspexit Olympus,
solibus et nullis Scythicae, cum bruma rigeret,
dimaduere niues. impulsam sidere Tethyn

reppulit Haemonium defenso litore carmen. 480
terra quoque inmoti concussit ponderis axes,
et medium uergens titubauit nisus in orbem.
tantae molis onus percussum uoce recessit
perspectumque dedit circum labentis Olympi.
omne potens animal leti genitumque nocere 485
et pauet Haemonias et mortibus instruit artes.
has auidae tigres et nobilis ira leonum
ore fouent blando; gelidos his explicat orbes
inque pruinoso coluber distenditur aruo;
uiperei coeunt abrupto corpore nodi, 490
humanoque cadit serpens adflata ueneno.
quis labor hic superis cantus herbasque sequendi
spernendique timor? cuius commercia pacti
obstrictos habuere deos? parere necesse est,
an iuuat? ignota tantum pietate merentur, 495
an tacitis ualuere minis? hoc iuris in omnis
est illis superos, an habent haec carmina certum
imperiosa deum, qui mundum cogere quidquid
cogitur ipse potest? illis et sidera primum
praecipiti deducta polo, Phoebeque serena 500
non aliter diris uerborum obsessa uenenis
palluit et nigris terrenisque ignibus arsit,
quam si fraterna prohiberet imagine tellus
insereretque suas flammis caelestibus umbras;
et patitur tantos cantu depressa labores 505
donec suppositas propior despumet in herbas.

When the rivals had pitched their camps in this accursed country, every heart was disturbed by presentiments of war; it was plain that the stern hour of final decision was at hand, and that doom was drawing nearer and nearer. Base minds quaked and dwelt upon the worst; a few, fortifying themselves beforehand for the uncertain issue, felt hope as well as fear. Among the helpless throng was Sextus, the unworthy son of Magnus, he who later as an exile infested the waters of Scylla, and stained by piracy in Sicily the glory his father had gained from the sea. Fear urged him on to learn

beforehand the course of destiny; he was impatient of delay and distracted by all that was to come. But he sought not the tripods of Delos nor the caverns of Delphi: he cared not to inquire what sound Dodona makes with the cauldron of Jupiter — Dodona that grew the food of primitive man; he asked not who could read the future by means of entrails, or interpret birds, or watch the lightnings of heaven and investigate the stars with Assyrian lore — he sought no knowledge which, though secret, is permissible. To him were known the mysteries of cruel witchcraft which the gods above abominate, and grim altars with funeral rites; he knew the veracity of Pluto and the shades below; and the wretch was convinced that the gods of heaven are ignorant. The place itself fed his false and cruel delusion: the camp was near the habitation of those Thessalian witches, whom no boldness of imaginary horror can outdo, and who practise all that is deemed impossible. Moreover, the land produces baneful herbs on her heights, and her rocks yield to the deadly spell chanted by her wizards. Full many a plant grows there that can put constraint upon the gods; and the Colchian stranger gathered on Thessalian soil herbs she had not brought with her across the sea. The profane spells of that ill-omened race compel the attention of the gods, who turn a deaf ear to so many peoples and nations. Their voice alone speeds through the remote parts of heaven, and conveys the words that bind the reluctant deity, whom no care for the sky and revolving firmament ever distracts from listening. When her hideous hum has reached the stars, then, even though Persian Babylon and weird Memphis unlock every shrine of their ancient magicians, the Thessalian witch will call the gods away from all altars but her own. By their spells love steals into insensible hearts against the decree of destiny, and austere old age burns with forbidden passion. And not only their baleful philtres have power, or their act when they steal from the mare the sign that she will love her foal — the sign that grows, swollen with juice, upon its forehead; but even when defiled by no horrid draught of poison, men's minds are destroyed by incantations. Those whom no bond of wedlock and no attraction of alluring beauty can bind together are compelled by the mystic twirling of the twisted thread. The natural changes cease to operate: daylight lingers and is delayed by the length of night; the ether is disobedient to its law; listening to

their spells, the swift firmament is arrested, and Jupiter, while driving on the heavens that speed on their swift axles, marvels that they stand still. At one time they drench the world with rain and veil the hot sun with clouds, and the heavens thunder while Jupiter knows nothing of it; and also by spells they disperse the canopy of watery vapour and the dishevelled tresses of the storm-clouds. Though the winds are still, the sea rises high; or again it is forbidden to be affected by storms, and is silent while the South wind blusters, and the sails that speed a vessel belly out against the breeze. The waterfall is arrested on the steep face of the cliff; and the running river forsakes its downward channel. The Nile fails to rise in summer; the Maeander straightens its course; the Arar hurries on the sluggish Rhone; the mountains lower their tops and level their ridges; Mount Olympus sees the clouds above it; and the Scythian snows thaw without any sun in winter's cold. When the tide is driven on by the moon, the spells of Thessalian witches drive it back and defend the shore. The earth too throws the poles of her stable mass out of gear, and the pressure that tends to the centre of the sphere becomes unsteady. Smitten by a spell, that mighty weight parts asunder and reveals to sight the stars revolving around it. Every creature that has power to kill and was born to do mischief dreads the Thessalian witches and provides their skill with the means of death. The fierce tiger and the angry lion, king of beasts, lick their hands and fawn upon them; for them the snake unfolds his chilly coils and stretches at full length on the frosty ground; knotted vipers split apart and unite again; and the serpent dies, blasted by human poison. — Why do the gods trouble to heed these spells and herbs, and fear to despise them? What mutual bond puts constraint upon them? Must they obey, or do they take pleasure in obedience? Is this subservience the reward of some piety unknown to us, or is it extorted by unuttered threats? Has witchcraft power over all the gods, or are these tyrannical spells addressed to one special deity who can inflict upon the world all the compulsion that he suffers himself? — By these witches the stars were first brought down from the swiftly-moving sky; and the clear moon, beset by dread incantations, grew dim and burned with a dark and earthy light, just as if the earth cut her off from her brother's reflection and thrust its shadow athwart the fires of

heaven. Lowered by magic, she suffers all that pain, until from close quarters she drops foam upon the plants below.

hos scelerum ritus, haec dirae crimina gentis
effera damnarat nimiae pietatis Erictho
inque nouos ritus pollutam duxerat artem.
illi namque nefas urbis summittere tecto 510
aut laribus feral caput, desertaque busta
incolit et tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris
grata deis Erebi. coetus audire silentum,
nosse domos Stygias arcanaque Ditis operti
non superi, non uita uetat. tenet ora profanae 515
foeda situ macies, caeloque ignota sereno
terribilis Stygio facies pallore grauatur
inplexis onerata comis: si nimbus et atrae
sidera subducunt nubes, tunc Thessala nudis
egreditur bustis nocturna fulmina captat. 520
semina fecundae segetis calcata perussit
et non letiferas spirando perdidit auras.
nec superos orat nec cantu supplice numen
auxiliare uocat nec fibras illa litantis
nouit: funereas aris inponere flammis 525
gaudet et accenso rapuit quae tura sepulchro.
omne nefas superi prima iam uoce precantis
concedunt carmenque timent audire secundum.
iuuentis animas et adhuc sua membra regentis
infodit busto, fatis debentibus annos 530
mors inuita subit; peruersa funera pompa
rettulit a tumulis, fugere cadauera letum.
fumantis iuuenum cineres ardentiaque ossa
e mediis rapit illa rogis ipsamque parentes
quam tenuere facem, nigroque uolantia fumo 535
feralis fragmenta tori uestesque fluentis
colligit in cineres et olentis membra fauillas.
ast, ubi seruantur saxis, quibus intimus umor
ducitur, et tracta durescunt tabe medullae
corpora, tunc omnis auide desaeuit in artus 540

inmergitque manus oculis gaudetque gelatos
effodisse orbes et siccae pallida rodit
excrementa manus. laqueum nodosque nocentis
ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit
abrasitque cruces percussaque uiscera nimbis 545
uolsit et incoctas admisso sole medullas.
insertum manibus chalybem nigramque per artus
stintis tabi saniem uirusque coactum
sustulit et neruo morsus retinente pependit.
et, quodcumque iacet nuda tellure cadauer, 550
ante feras uolucresque sedet; nec carpere membra
uolt ferro manibusque suis, morsusque luporum
expectat siccis raptura e faucibus artus.
nec cessant a caede manus, si sanguine uiuo
est opus, erumpat iugulo qui primus aperto, 555
[nec refugit caedes, uiuum si sacra cruorem]
extaque funereae poscunt trepidantia mensae.
uolnere sic uentris, non qua natura uocabat,
extrahitur partus calidis ponendus in aris;
et quotiens saeuus opus est ac fortibus umbris 560
ipsa facit manes. hominum mors omnis in usu est.
illa genae florem primaueo corpore uolsit,
illa comam laeua morienti abscidit ephebo.
saepe etiam caris cognato in funere dira
Thessalis incubuit membris atque oscula figens 565
truncauitque caput compressaque dentibus ora
laxauit siccoque haerentem gutture linguam
praemordens gelidis infudit murmura labris
arcanumque nefas Stygias mandauit ad umbras.

These criminal rites and malpractices of an accursed race fierce Erictho had scouted as not wicked enough, and had turned her loathsome skill to rites before unknown. To her it was a crime to shelter her ill-omened head in a city or under a roof: dear to the deities of Erebus, she inhabited deserted tombs, and haunted graves from which the ghosts had been driven. Neither the gods of Heaven, nor the fact that she was still living, prevented her from hearing the

speechless converse of the dead, or from knowing the abodes of Hell and the mysteries of subterranean Pluto. Haggard and loathly with age is the face of the witch; her awful countenance, overcast with a hellish pallor and weighed down by uncombed locks, is never seen by the clear sky; but if storm and black clouds take away the stars, then she issues forth from rifled tombs and tries to catch the nocturnal lightnings. Her tread blights the seeds of the fertile cornfield, and her breath poisons air that before was harmless. She addresses no prayer to Heaven, invokes no divine aid with suppliant hymn, and knows nothing of the organs of victims offered in sacrifice; she rejoices to lay on the altar funeral fires and incense snatched from the kindled pyre. At the first sound of her petition the gods grant every horror, dreading to hear a second spell. She buries in the grave the living whose souls still direct their bodies: while years are still due to them from destiny, death comes upon them unwillingly; or she brings back the funeral from the tomb with procession reversed, and the dead escape from death. The smoking ashes and burning bones of the young she snatches from the centre of the pyre, and the very torch from the hands of the parents; she gathers up the pieces of the bier, fluttering in the black smoke, and the grave-clothes as they crumble into ashes, and the cinders that reek of the corpse. But, when the dead are coffined in stone, which drains off the internal moisture, absorbs the corruption of the marrow, and makes the corpse rigid, then the witch eagerly vents her rage on all the limbs, thrusting her fingers into the eyes, scooping out gleefully the stiffened eyeballs, and gnawing the yellow nails on the withered hand. She breaks with her teeth the fatal noose, and mangles the carcass that dangles on the gallows, and scrapes the cross of the criminal; she tears away the rain-beaten flesh and the bones calcined by exposure to the sun. She purloins the nails that pierced the hands, the clotted filth, and the black humour of corruption that oozes over all the limbs; and when a muscle resists her teeth, she hangs her weight upon it. Whenever any corpse lies exposed on the ground, she sits by it before beast or bird can come; but she will not mangle the limbs with the knife or her bare hands; she waits for the wolves to tear it, and means to snatch the prey from their unwetted throats. Nor is she slow to take life, if such warm

blood is needed as gushes forth at once when the throat is slit, and if her ghoulish feast demands still palpitating flesh. In the same way she pierces the pregnant womb and delivers the child by an unnatural birth, in order to place it on the fiery altar; and whenever she requires the service of a bold, bad spirit, she takes life with her own hand. Every death of man serves her turn. She tears off the bloom of the face on the young man's body, and her left hand severs the lock of hair on the head of the dying lad. Often too, when a kinsman is buried, the dreadful witch hangs over the loved body: while kissing it, she mutilates the head and opens the closed mouth with her teeth; then, biting the tip of the tongue that lies motionless in the dry throat, she pours inarticulate sound into the cold lips, and sends a message of mysterious horror down to the shades of Hell.

hanc ut fama loci Pompeio prodidit, alta 570
nocte poli, Titan medium quo tempore ducit
sub nostra tellure diem, deserta per arua
carpit iter. fidi scelerum suetique ministri
effractos circum tumulos ac busta uagati
conspexere procul praerupta in caute sedentem, 575
qua iuga deuexus Pharsalica porrigit Haemus.
illa magis magicisque deis incognita uerba
temptabat carmenque nouos fingeat in usus.
namque timens, ne Mars alium uagus iret in orbem
Emathis et tellus tam multa caede careret, 580
pollutos cantu dirisque uenefica sucis
conspersos uetuit transmittere bella Philippos,
tot mortes habitura suas usuraque mundi
sanguine: caesorum truncare cadauera regum
sperat et Hesperiae cineres auertere gentis 585
ossaque nobilium tantosque adquirere manes.
hic ardor solusque labor, quid corpore Magni
proiecto rapiat, quos Caesaris inuolet artus.

The rumour of the country told Pompeius of Erictho, and he took his way through deserted fields when night was high in heaven — at the hour when the sun ushers in the noonday beneath our earth. Men who

were wont to act as the trusted instruments of her wickedness went to and fro about the rifled graves and the tombs, till they sighted her far away sitting on a steep rock, where the Balkan slopes down and extends its range to Pharsalia. She was framing a spell unknown to wizards and the gods of wizardry, and inventing an incantation for a special purpose. She feared that the war might stray away to some other region, and that the land of Thessaly might miss so great a carnage; and therefore the witch forbade Philippi, defiled by her spells and sprinkled with her noxious drugs, to allow the warfare to change its place. Then all those dead would be hers, and the blood of the whole world would be at her disposal. She hopes to mutilate the corpses of slaughtered kings, to plunder the ashes of the Roman nation and the bones of nobles, and to master the ghosts of the mighty. One passion only and one anxiety she feels — what part may she snatch from the exposed body of Magnus, and on what limbs of Caesar may she pounce?

quam prior adfatur Pompei ignaua propago.
'o decus Haemonidum, populis quae pandere fata 590
quaeque suo uentura potes deuertere cursu,
te precor ut certum liceat mihi noscere finem
quem belli fortuna paret. non ultima turbae
pars ego Romanae, Magni clarissima proles,
uel dominus rerum uel tanti funeris heres. 595
mens dubiis perculsa pauet rursusque parata est
certos ferre metus: hoc casibus eripe iuris,
ne subiti caecique ruant. uel numina torque
uel tu parce deis et manibus exprime uerum.
Elysias resera sedes ipsamque uocatam, 600
quos petat e nobis, Mortem mihi coge fateri.
non humilis labor est: dignum, quod quaerere cures
uel tibi, quo tanti praeponderet alea fati.'
incipia laetatur uulgato nomine famae
Thessalis, et contra 'si fata minora moueres, 605
prorum erat, o iuuenis, quos uelles' inquit 'in actus
inuitos praebere deos. conceditur arti,
unam cum radiis presserunt sidera mortem,

inseruisse moras; et, quamuis fecerit omnis
stella senem, medios herbis abrumpimus annos. 610
at, simul a prima descendit origine mundi
causarum series, atque omnia fata laborant
si quicquam mutare uelis, unoque sub ictu
stat genus humanum, tum, Thessala turba fatemur,
plus Fortuna potest. sed, si praenosceret casus 615
contentus, facilesque aditus multique patebunt
ad uerum: tellus nobis aetherque chaosque
aequoraque et campi Rhodopaeaque saxa loquentur.
sed pronum, cum tanta nouae sit copia mortis,
Emathiis unum campis attollere corpus, 620
ut modo defuncti tepidique cadaueris ora
plena uoce sonent, nec membris sole perustis
auribus incertum feralis strideat umbra.'

The unworthy son of Pompey spoke first and addressed her. "Famous among Thessalian women, you who have power to reveal the future to mankind and to turn aside the course of events, I pray you that I may be allowed certain knowledge of the issue which the hazard of war is preparing. Not the meanest among Romans am I, but the renowned offspring of Magnus, and I shall be either lord of the world or inheritor of an awful doom. My heart quakes and is overcome by uncertainty, but is ready on the other hand to endure definite dangers. Take away from calamity the power of swooping down suddenly and unforeseen. Either put the gods to the question, or leave them alone and extort the truth from the dead. Unbar the gates of Elysium, summon Death himself, and force him to reveal to me which among us must be his prey. It is no mean service that I ask of you; even in your own interest, it is worth your pains to enquire, which way the hazard of so great an issue inclines." Proud of her wide-spread fame, the wicked witch thus replied: "If you sought to alter a lesser decree of fate, it would have been easy, young man, to force the gods to any course of action at your desire. When the planets by their shining bear down a single soul to death, witchcraft has power to interpose a respite; and, though all the stars promise a man old age, we cut short his life half-way by our magic herbs. But in some cases the chain of

causes comes down from the creation of the world, and all destinies suffer if it is sought to make a single change, and the same blow affects the whole of mankind; and there Fortune has more power than all the witches of Thessaly, and we admit it. If, however, it is enough for you to learn calamity before it comes, the ways of approaching the truth are many and will prove easy of access: earth and sky and the abyss, the seas and the plains and the cliffs of Rhodope, will find a tongue for us. But, since there is such abundance of recent slaughter, the simplest plan is to lift one dead man from the Thessalian fields; then the mouth of a corpse still warm and freshly slain will speak with substantial utterance, and no dismal ghost, whose limbs are dried up by the sun, will gibber sounds unintelligible to our ears.”

dixerat, et noctis geminatis arte tenebris
maestum tecta caput squalenti nube pererrat 625
corpora caesorum tumulis proiecta negatis.
continuo fugere lupi, fugere reuolsis
unguibus inpastae uolucres, dum Thessala uatem
eligit et gelidas leto scrutata medullas
pulmonis rigidi stantis sine uolnere fibras 630
inuenit et uocem defuncto in corpore quaerit.
fata peremptorum pendent iam multa uirorum,
quem superis reuocasse uelit. si tollere totas
temptasset campis acies et reddere bello,
cessissent leges Erebi, monstroque potenti 635
extractus Stygio populus pugnasset Auerno.
electum tandem traiecto gutture corpus
ducit, et inserto laqueis feralibus unco
per scopulos miserum trahitur per saxa cadauer
uicturum, montisque caui, quem tristis Erictho 640
damnarat sacris, alta sub rupe locatur.

Thus she spoke and made dark night twice as dark by her magic. Then, with her gruesome head veiled in a hideous mist, she moved here and there among the bodies of the slain that were thrown out and denied burial. At once the wolves took flight, the vultures

sheathed their talons and flew away ungorged; meanwhile the witch picks out her prophet, prying into the inmost parts cold in death, till she finds the substance of the stiffened lungs unwounded and still firm, and seeking the power of utterance in a corpse. The destiny of many victims of battle is hanging now in the balance — which of them will she decide to restore to the upper world? Had she tried to raise up the whole army on the plain and make them fight again, the laws of Erebus would have yielded to her, and a multitude, brought up from Stygian Avernus by the power of the fiend, would have taken the field. At last she chose a corpse and drew it along with the neck noosed, and in the dead man's noose she inserted a hook. The hapless body was dragged over rocks and stones, to live a second time, and was laid beneath a high rock of the hollow mountain which cruel Erictho had condemned to witness her rites.

haud procul a Ditis caecis depressa cauernis
in praeceps subsedit humus, quam pallida pronis
urguet silua comis et nullo uertice caelum
suspiciens Phoebus non peruia taxus opacat. 645
marcentes intus tenebrae pallensque sub antris
longa nocte situs numquam nisi carmine factum
lumen habet. non Taenariis sic faucibus aer
sedit iners, maestum mundi confine latentis
ac nostri, quo non metuant admittere manes 650
Tartarei reges. nam, quamuis Thessala uates
uim faciat fatis, dubium est, quod traxerit illuc
aspiciat Stygias an quod descenderit umbras.
discolor et uario furialis cultus amictu
induitur, uoltusque aperitur crine remoto, 655
et coma uipereis substringitur horrida sertis.
ut pauidos iuuenis comites ipsumque trementem
conspicit exanimi defixum lumina uoltu,
'ponite' ait 'trepida conceptos mente timores:
iam noua, iam uera reddetur uita figura, 660
ut quamuis pauidi possint audire loquentem.
si uero Stygiosque lacus ripamque sonantem
ignibus ostendam, si me praebente uideri

Eumenides possint uillosaque colla colubris
Cerberus excutiens et uincti terga gigantes, 665
quis timor, ignaui, metuentis cernere manes?’

There the ground fell in a sheer descent, sinking almost to the depth of the invisible caverns of Pluto. A dim wood with forward-bending trees borders it, and yew-trees shade it — yew-trees that the sun cannot penetrate, and that turn no tops towards the sky. In the caves within dank darkness reigns, and the colourless mould caused by unbroken night; the only light there is due to magic. Even in the gorge of Taenarus the air is less dead and stagnant; it is the gloomy boundary between the unseen world and ours; and the Rulers of Tartarus would not fear to let the dead travel thus far. For, though the Thessalian witch tyrannises over destiny, it is doubtful whether she sees the lost souls because she has haled them to her cave, or because she has gone down to Hell herself. She put on motley raiment, whose parti-coloured woof was fit for a fiend to wear; she threw back her hair and revealed her face; and she looped up her bristling locks with festoons of vipers. When she saw that the companions of Pompeius were afraid, and that he himself trembled, with staring eyes and lifeless features, “Lay aside,” she said, “the fears which your fluttering hearts have framed. A new life shall soon be restored to him — life in its familiar aspect, so that even those who fear can hear him speaking. Even if I were to display the pools of Styx and the bank that crackles with fire — if my consent should bring before your eyes the Furies, and Cerberus shaking his mane of snakes, and the chained bodies of the Giants, why dread, ye cowards, to behold the dead who fear me?”

pectora tum primum feruenti sanguine supplet
uolneribus laxata nouis taboque medullas
abluit et uirus large lunare ministrat.
huc quidquid fetu genuit natura sinistro 670
miscetur: non spuma canum quibus unda timori est,
uiscera non lyncis, non durae nodus hyaenae
defuit et cerui pastae serpente medullae,
non puppem retinens Euro tendente rudentis

in mediis echenais aquis oculique draconum 675
quaeque sonant feta tepefacta sub alite saxa,
non Arabum uolucer serpens innataque rubris
aequoribus custos pretiosae uipera conchae
aut uiuentis adhuc Libyci membrana cerastae
aut cinis Eoa positi phoenicis in ara. 680
quo postquam uiles et habentis nomina pestis
contulit, infando saturatas carmine frondis
et, quibus os dirum nascentibus inspuit, herbas
addidit et quidquid mundo dedit ipsa ueneni.
tum uox Lethaeos cunctis pollentior herbis 685
excantare deos confundit murmura primum
dissona et humanae multum discordia linguae.
latratus habet illa canum gemitusque luporum,
quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur,
quod strident ululantque ferae, quod sibilat anguis; 690
exprimit et planctus inlissae cautibus undae
siluarumque sonum fractaeque tonitrua nubes:
tot rerum uox una fuit. mox cetera cantu
explicat Haemonio penetratque in Tartara lingua.
'Eumenides Stygiumque nefas Poenaeque nocentum 695
et Chaos innumeros auidum confundere mundos
et rector terrae, quem longa in saecula torquet
mors dilata deum; Styx et quos nulla meretur
Thessalis Elysios; caelum matremque perosa
Persephone, nostraeque Hecates pars ultima, per quam 700
manibus et mihi sunt tacitae commercia linguae,
ianitor et sedis laxae, qui uiscera saeuo
spargis nostra cani, repetitaque fila sorores
tracturae, tuque o flagrantis portitor undae,
iam lassate senex ad me redeuntibus umbris, 705
exaudite preces. si uos satis ore nefando
pollutoque uoco, si numquam haec carmina fibris
humanis ieiuna cano, si pectora plena
saepe deo laui calido prosecta cerebro,
si quisquis uestris caput extaque lancibus infans 710
inposuit uicturus erat, parete precanti.

non in Tartareo latitantem poscimus antro
adsuetamque diu tenebris, modo luce fugata
descendentem animam; primo pallentis hiatu
haeret adhuc Orci, licet has exaudiat herbas, 715
ad manes uentura semel. ducis omnia nato
Pompeiana canat nostri modo militis umbra,
si bene de uobis ciuilia bella merentur.’

Then she began by piercing the breast of the corpse with fresh wounds, which she filled with hot blood; she washed the inward parts clean of clotted gore; she poured in lavishly the poison that the moon supplies. With this was blended all that Nature inauspiciously conceives and brings forth. The froth of dogs that dread water was not wanting, nor the inwards of a lynx, nor the hump of a foul hyena, nor the marrow of a stag that had fed on snakes; the *echenais* was there, which keeps a ship motionless in mid-ocean, though the wind is stretching her corda«re; eyes of dragons were there, and stones that rattle when warmed under a breeding eagle; the flying serpent of Arabia, and the viper that is born by the Red Sea and guards the precious pearl-shell; the skin which the horned snake of Libya casts off in its lifetime, and ashes of the Phoenix which lays its body on the Eastern altar. These ordinary banes that bear names she added to her brew; and next she put in leaves steeped with magic unutterable, and herbs which her own dread mouth had spat upon at their birth, and all the poison that she herself gave to the world; and lastly her voice, more powerful than any drug to bewitch the powers of Lethe, first uttered indistinct sounds, sounds untunable and far different from human speech. The dog’s bark and the wolf’s howl were in that voice; it resembled the complaint of the restless owl and the night-flying screech-owl, the shrieking and roaring of wild beasts, the serpent’s hiss, the beat of waves dashing against rocks, the sound of forests, and the thunder that issues from a rift in the cloud: in that one voice all these things were heard. Then she went on to speak plainly in a Thessalian spell, with accents that went down to Tartarus: “I invoke the Furies, the horror of Hell, the punishments of the guilty, and Chaos, eager to blend countless worlds in ruins; I cry to the Ruler of the world below, who suffers age-long pain because

gods are so slow to die; to Styx, and Elysium where no Thessalian witch may enter; to Persephone who shuns her mother in heaven, and to her, the third incarnation of our patron, Hecate, who permits the dead and me to converse together without speech; I call on the custodian of the spacious dwelling, who casts the flesh of men to the ravening hound; on the Sisters, who must spin a second thread of life; and on the ancient ferryman of the fiery river, whose arms are weary of rowing the dead back to me — hear ye my prayer. If these lips that address you have enough of horror and pollution; if I never chant these spells when fasting from human flesh; if I have often chopped up bosoms inhabited by the divinity, and washed them with warm brains; if any infant would have lived when his head and inner organs were laid upon your platters — then comply with my petition. I ask not for one who lurks in the depths of Tartarus and has long been accustomed to the darkness, but for some soul that is just going down and leaving the light behind him; he still lingers at the entrance of the chasm that leads to gloomy Orcus, and, though he obey my spells now, he will go down but once to the shades. Let the ghost of a Pompeian, who but lately was alive, foretell all the future to Pompey's son, if ye owe gratitude to the civil war.”

haec ubi fata caput spumantiaque ora leuauit,
aspicit astantem proiecti corporis umbram, 720
exanimis artus inuisaque claustra timentem
carceris antiqui. pauet ire in pectus apertum
uisceraque et ruptas letali uolnere fibras.
a miser, extremum cui mortis munus inique
eripitur, non posse mori. miratur Erictho 725
has fatis licuisse moras, irataque morti
uerberat inmotum uiuo serpente cadauer,
perque cauas terrae, quas egit carmine, rimas
manibus inlatrat regnique silentia rumpit.
'Tisiphone uocisque meae secura Megaera, 730
non agitis saeuis Erebi per inane flagellis
infelicem animam? iam uos ego nomine uero
eliciam Stygiasque canes in luce superna
destituam; per busta sequar per funera custos,

expellam tumulis, abigam uos omnibus urnis. 735
teque deis, ad quos alio procedere uoltu
ficta soles, Hecate pallenti tabida forma,
ostendam faciemque Erebi mutare uetabo.
eloquar inmenso terrae sub pondere quae te
contineant, Hennaëa, dapes, quo foedere maestum 740
regem noctis ames, quae te contagia passam
noluerit reuocare Ceres. tibi, pessime mundi
arbiter, inmittam ruptis Titana cauernis,
et subito feriere die. paretis, an ille
conpellendus erit, quo numquam terra uocato 745
non concussa tremit, qui Gorgona cernit apertam
uerberibusque suis trepidam castigat Erinyn,
indespecta tenet uobis qui Tartara, cuius
uos estis superi, Stygias qui perierat undas?’
protinus astrictus caluit cruor atraque fouit 750
uolnera et in uenas extremaque membra cucurrit.
percussae gelido trepidant sub pectore fibrae,
et noua desuetis subrepens uita medullis
miscetur morti. tunc omnis palpitat artus,
tenduntur nerui; nec se tellure cadauer 755
paulatim per membra leuat, terraque repulsum est
erectumque semel. distento lumina rictu
nudantur. nondum facies uiuentis in illo,
iam morientis erat: remanet pallorque rigorque,
et stupet inlatus mundo. set murmure nullo 760
ora astricta sonant: uox illi linguaque tantum
responsura datur. ‘dic’ inquit Thessala ‘magna,
quod iubeo, mercede mihi; nam uera locutum
inmunem toto mundi praestabimus aeuo
artibus Haemoniis: tali tua membra sepulchro, 765
talibus exuram Stygio cum carmine siluis,
ut nullos cantata magos exaudiat umbra.
sit tanti uixisse iterum: nec uerba nec herbae
audebunt longae somnum tibi soluere Lethes
a me morte data. tripodas uatesque deorum 770
sors obscura decet: certus discedat, ab umbris

quisquis uera petit duraeque oracula mortis
fortis adit. ne parce, precor: da nomina rebus,
da loca; da uocem qua mecum fata loquantur.’
addidit et carmen, quo, quidquid consulit, umbram 775
scire dedit. maestum fletu manante cadauer
‘tristia non equidem Parcarum stamina’ dixit
‘aspexi tacitae reuocatus ab aggere ripae;
quod tamen e cunctis mihi noscere contigit umbris
effera Romanos agitat discordia manes 780
inopiaque infernam ruperunt arma quietem;
Elysias Latii sedes ac Tartara maesta
diuersi liquere duces. quid fata pararent
hi fecere palam. tristis felicibus umbris
uoltus erat: uidi Decios natumque patremque, 785
lustrales bellis animas, flentemque Camillum
et Curios, Sullam de te, Fortuna, querentem;
deplorat Libycis perituram Scipio terris
infaustam subolem; maior Carthagini hostis
non seruituri maeret Cato fata nepotis: 790
solum te, consul depulsis prime tyrannis
Brute, pias inter gaudentem uidimus umbras.
abruptis Catilina minax fractisque catenis
exultat Mariique truces nudique Cethegi;
uidi ego laetantis, popularia nomina, Drusos 795
legibus inmodicos ausosque ingentia Gracchos;
aeternis chalybis nodis et carcere Ditis
constrictae plausere manus, camposque piorum
poscit turba nocens. regni possessor inertis
pallentis aperit sedes, abruptaque saxa 800
asperat et durum uinclis adamanta, paratque
poenam uictori. refer haec solacia tecum,
o iuuenis, placido manes patremque domumque
expectare sinu regnique in parte serena
Pompeis seruare locum. nec gloria paruae 805
sollicitet uitae: ueniet quae misceat omnis
hora duces. properate mori, magnoque superbi
quamuis e paruis animo descendite bustis

et Romanorum manes calcate deorum.
quem tumulum Nili, quem Thybridis adluat unda 810
quaeritur, et ducibus tantum de funere pugna est.
tu fatum ne quaere tuum: cognoscere Parcae
me reticente dabunt; tibi certior omnia uates
ipse canet Siculis genitor Pompeius in aruis,
ille quoque incertus quo te uocet, unde repellat, 815
quas iubeat uitare plagas, quae sidera mundi.
Europam, miseri, Libyamque Asiamque timete:
distribuit tumulos uestris fortuna triumphis.
o miseranda domus, toto nil orbe uidebis
tutius Emathia.' sic postquam fata peregit, 820
stat uoltu maestus tacito mortemque reposcit.
carminibus magicis opus est herbisque, cadauer
ut cadat, et nequeunt animam sibi reddere fata
consumpto iam iure semel. tunc robore multo
extruit illa rogam; uenit defunctus ad ignes. 825
accensa iuuenem positum strue liquit Erictho
tandem passa mori, Sextoque ad castra parentis
it comes; et caelo lucis ducente colorem,
dum ferrent tutos intra tentoria gressus,
iussa tenere diem densas nox praestitit umbras. 830

When she had spoken thus, she raised her head and foaming mouth, and saw beside her the ghost of the unburied corpse. It feared the lifeless frame and the hateful confinement of its former prison; it shrank from entering the gaping bosom, the vital parts, and the flesh divided by a mortal wound. Hapless wretch! unjustly robbed of death's last gift — the inability to die a second time. Erictho marvelled that fate had power to linger thus. Enraged with death, she lashed the passive corpse with a live serpent; and through the chinks into which the earth was split by her spells she barked like a dog at the shades and burst the silence of their kingdom: "Tisiphone, and Megaera heedless of my voice, will you not drive with your cruel scourges that wretched soul through the waste of Erebus? Soon will I summon you forth by your real names, and leave you, hounds of Hell, helpless in the light of the upper world; through graves and

burials I shall follow you and mark you; I shall drive you from tombs, and banish you from all urns of the dead. And you, Hecate, wasted and pale of aspect, who are wont to make up your face before you visit the gods above, I shall show you to them as you are and prevent you from putting off the hue of Hell. I shall tell the world the nature of that food which confines Proserpina beneath the huge weight of earth, the bond of love that unites her to the gloomy king of night, and the defilement she suffered, such that her mother would not call her back. And on you, worst of the world's Rulers, I shall launch the sun's light, bursting open your den; and the sudden light shall blast you. Do ye obey me? Or must I appeal to Him, at the sound of whose name the earth ever quakes and trembles. He looks on the Gorgon's head unveiled; He lashes the cowering Fury with her own scourge; He dwells in a Tartarus beneath your view; to Him ye are the gods above; He swears by the Styx, and breaks his oath." — Instantly the clotted blood grew warm; it warmed the livid wounds, coursing into the veins and the extremities of the limbs. Struck by it, the vital organs thrilled within the cold breast; and a new life, stealing into the inward parts that had lost it, wrestled with death. Next, the dead man quivered in every limb; the sinews were strained, and he rose, not slowly or limb by limb, but rebounding from the earth and standing erect at once. His mouth gaped wide and his eyes were open; he looked as if he were not yet alive but already like a man dying. The pallor and stiffness remained; and he was dazed by his restoration to this world. The mouth was fettered and gave forth no sound: voice and utterance were given him but only for the purpose of reply. "Speak at my command," said the witch, "and great shall be your reward; for if you speak truth, I shall make you safe from witchcraft throughout all time. On such a pyre and with such fuel shall I burn your body, chanting a Stygian spell the while, that your ghost shall remain deaf to the incantation of all sorcerers. Consider a second life a price worth paying for this: neither herbs nor spells will dare to break your long sleep of oblivion, once you receive death from me. A riddling answer befits the oracles and prophets of the gods; but if any man seeks to know the truth from the dead and has courage to approach the oracles of stern death, let him depart assured. Be not grudging, I pray: give events their names,

their places; and provide a voice by which Fate may communicate with me.” Then she added a spell, which enabled the ghost to know all that she asked. The dead man spoke in sorrow, and his tears flowed fast: “ Brought back from the high bank of the silent river, I saw not the cruel Fates at their spinning; but this I was able to learn from all the shades — that furious strife prevails among the Roman dead, and that civil war has shattered the peace of the infernal world. From opposite quarters the mightiest Romans have left Elysium and gloomy Tartarus; and they have made clear what fate has in store. For the blessed dead wore a sorrowful aspect: I saw the Decii, the father and son who devoted their lives to the gods in battle, and Camillus, and Curius; they all wept, and Sulla railed against Fortune. Scipio was grieved that the unhappy scion of his race should fall on Libyan soil; and Cato, a still fiercer foe of Carthage, lamented the death which his descendant prefers to slavery. Only one of the blest I saw rejoicing — it was Brutus, the first consul after the kings were thrown down. But formidable Catiline had snapped and broken his fetters, and was exulting, together with fierce Marius and Cethegus of the naked arm; I saw the delight of Drusus, the demagogue and rash legislator, and of the Gracchi, whose boldness knew no limit. Their hands, fettered by everlasting links of steel and by Pluto’s prison-house, clapped for joy; and the wicked claimed the plains of the blessed. The lord of that stagnant realm throws wide his dim abode; he sharpens his steep rocks and the hard steel for fetters, preparing punishment for the victorious rival. Take back this consolation with you, Pompeius, — that the dead look to welcome your father and his family in a peaceful retreat, and are keeping a place for him and his in the bright portion of their kingdom. Let not short-lived glory trouble you: the hour will soon come that makes all the leaders equal. Make haste to die; proud of your high hearts, go down from graves however humble, and trample on the ghosts of the gods of Rome. By whose grave shall flow the Nile, and by whose the Tiber — that is the question; and the battle of the rivals settles nothing but their place of burial. For yourself, enquire not concerning your destiny; the Fates will enlighten you, with no words from me; for your father himself, a surer prophet, will tell you all in the land of Sicily; and even he knows not whither to summon you and whence to

warn you away, what region or clime he must bid you avoid. Ill-fated house! you must fear Europe and Africa and Asia; Fortune divides your graves among the lands you have triumphed over; you shall find no place in all the world less dangerous than Pharsalia.” — When he had ended thus his prophecy, he stood still in silence and sorrow, demanding to die once more. Spells and drugs were needed before the corpse could die; and death, having exerted all its power already, could not claim the life again. Then the witch built up a great pyre of wood; the dead man walked to the fire; and Erictho left him stretched upon the lighted pile, and suffered him at last to die. Together with Sextus she went to his father’s camp. The sky was now taking on the hue of dawn; but, at her bidding, night held back day and gave them thick darkness until they should set foot in safety within the encampment.

LIBER SEPTIMVS — BOOK VII

Segnior, Oceano quam lex aeterna uocabat,
luctificus Titan numquam magis aethera contra
egit equos cursumque polo rapiente retorsit,
defectusque pati uoluit raptaeque labores
lucis, et attraxit nubes, non pabula flammis 5
sed ne Thessalico purus luceret in orbe.

UNPUNCTUAL to the summons of eternal law, the sorrowing Sun
rose from Ocean, driving his steeds harder than ever against the
revolution of the sky, and urging his course backwards, though the
heavens whirled him on fain would he have suffered eclipse and the
pain of losing his light; and he drew clouds towards him, not to feed
his flames, but to prevent him from shining unsullied in the region of
Thessaly.

at nox felicitis Magno pars ultima uitae
sollicitos uana decepit imagine somnos.
nam Pompeiani uisus sibi sede theatri
innumeram effigiem Romanae cernere plebis 10
attollique suum laetis ad sidera nomen
uocibus et plausu cuneos certare sonantes;
qualis erat populi facies clamorque fauentis
olim, cum iuuenis primique aetate triumphis,
post domitas gentes quas torrens ambit Hiberus 15
et quaecumque fugax Sertorius inpulit arma,
Vespere pacato, pura uenerabilis aequae
quam currus ornante toga, plaudente senatu
sedit adhuc Romanus eques; seu fine bonorum
anxia mens curis ad tempora laeta refugit, 20
siue per ambages solitas contraria uisis
uaticinata quies magni tulit omina planctus,
seu uetito patrias ultra tibi cernere sedes
sic Romam Fortuna dedit. ne rumpite somnos,
castrorum uigiles, nullas tuba uerberet aures. 25

crastina dira quies et imagine maesta diurna
undique funestas acies feret, undique bellum.
unde pares somnos populi noctemque beatam?
o felix, si te uel sic tua Roma uideret!
donassent utinam superi patriaeque tibique 30
unum, Magne, diem, quo fati certus uterque
extremum tanti fructum raperetis amoris.
tu uelut Ausonia uadis moriturus in urbe,
illa rati semper de te sibi conscia uoti
hoc scelus haud umquam fatis haerere putauit, 35
sic se dilecti tumulum quoque perdere Magni.
te mixto flesset luctu iuuenisque senexque
iniussusque puer; lacerasset crine soluto
pectora femineum ceu Bruti funere uolgus.
nunc quoque, tela licet paueant uictoris iniqui, 40
nuntiet ipse licet Caesar tua funera, flebunt,
sed dum tura ferunt, dum laurea sarta Tonanti.
o miseri, quorum gemitus edere dolorem,
qui te non pleno pariter planxere theatro.

That night, the end of happiness in the life of Magnus, beguiled his troubled sleep with a hollow semblance. He dreamed that he was sitting in his own theatre and saw in a vision the countless multitudes of Rome; and that his name was lifted to the sky in their shouts of joy, while all the tiers vied in proclaiming his praise. Such was the aspect of the people, such was their loud applause, in his distant youth, at the time of his first triumph: he had conquered the clans surrounded by the swift Hiberus, and defeated every force that Sertorius had hurled against him in guerrilla warfare; he had given peace to the West, and now he sat and was cheered by senators, himself no more as yet than a Roman knight, but no less worshipped in his in 61. In 71 he was still an *eques*, but he began his first consulship on January 1st, 70. plain robe of white than in that which adorns the triumphal car. Perhaps his dreams took refuge in happier days because they feared the future and because prosperity was ended; perhaps sleep indirectly, as her custom is, presaged the opposite of his dream and foretold a great lamentation; or else

Fortune brought Rome before him thus, because it was ordained that he should never see his home again. Break not his sleep, watchmen of the camp; let no trumpet beat upon his ear. To-morrow his sleep will be haunted: saddened by visions of the day, it will present nothing but the fatal field, nothing but war. Would that the Romans could have had a night of happiness and such a sleep as his! Fortunate had been the Rome he loved, if she had seen him even in a dream. One day at least the gods should have granted to him and to his country, on which each, with full knowledge of the future, might have snatched the last enjoyment of their great love for one another. He goes forth, believing that he is destined to die at Rome; and Rome, knowing that her prayers for him had always been answered, refused to believe that this horror was written in the book of destiny — that she should thus lose even the grave of her beloved Magnus. Young and old, blending their grief, would have mourned for him, and even children uncompelled; the crowd of women would have let down their hair and torn their breasts, as when Brutus was buried. Even as it is, though men dread the arms of the tyrannous conqueror, though Caesar himself announce the death, weep they will, even while offering incense and laurel wreaths to the Thunderer. Unhappy Romans! whose groans swallowed down their grief, and who could not all together make lamentation for Pompey in the crowded theatre.

uicerat astra iubar, cum mixto murmure turba 45
castrorum fremuit fatisque trahentibus orbem
signa petit pugnae. miseri pars maxima uolgi
non totum uisura diem tentoria circum
ipsa ducis queritur magnoque accensa tumultu
moris uicinae properantis admouet horas. 50
dira subit rabies: sua quisque ac publica fata
praecipitare cupit; segnis pauidusque uocatur
ac nimium patiens soceri Pompeius, et orbis
indulgens regno, qui tot simul undique gentis
iuris habere sui uellet pacemque timeret. 55
nec non et reges populique queruntur Eoi
bella trahi patriaque procul tellure teneri.
hoc placet, o superi, cum uobis uertere cuncta

propositum, nostris erroribus addere crimen?
cladibus inruimus nocituraque poscimus arma; 60
in Pompeianis uotum est Pharsalia castris.
cunctorum uoces Romani maximus auctor
Tullius eloquii, cuius sub iure togaque
pacificas saeuos tremuit Catilina securis,
pertulit iratus bellis, cum rostra forumque 65
optaret passus tam longa silentia miles.
addidit inualidae robur facundia causae.

Sunshine had conquered the stars when the soldiery raged with confused muttering and demanded the signal for battle; Fortune was haling the world to destruction. Most of that hapless throng were fated not to see the day out; but they crowded close to the leaders tent and murmured; in heat and great disorder they brought nearer the hasting hour of imminent death. A dreadful frenzy comes over them; each is eager to hurry on his own fate and the fate of his country. They call Pompey slow and cowardly and too indulgent to his kinsman; he is seduced, say they, by the sovereignty of the world; he wishes to keep under his own sway so many nations from every quarter; and he dreads a peace. The kings and peoples of the East also complain that the campaign drags on too long, and that they are detained far from their own countries. Ye gods, when it is your set purpose to ruin all things, does it please you to add guilt on our part to mere mistakes? We rush upon disaster, and clamour for battle that will destroy us; and in Pompey's camp men pray for Pharsalia. The protests of the multitude were conveyed by Cicero, the chief model of Roman eloquence, Cicero, beneath whose civilian authority fierce Catiline dreaded the axes of peace. Longing for the rostrum and the Forum, and muzzled so long by military service, he detested war. His eloquence gave force to an unsound argument.

‘hoc pro tot meritis solum te, Magne, precatur
uti se Fortuna uelis, proceresque tuorum
castrorum regesque tui cum supplice mundo 70
adfusi uinci socerum patiare rogamus.
humani generis tam longo tempore bellum

Caesar erit? merito Pompeium uincere lente
gentibus indignum est a transcurrente subactis.
quo tibi feruor abit aut quo fiducia fati? 75
de superis, ingratis, times causamque senatus
credere dis dubitas? ipsae tua signa reuellent
prosilientque acies: pudeat uicisse coactum.
si duce te iusso, si nobis bella geruntur,
sit iuris, quocumque uelint, concurrere campo. 80
quid mundi gladios a sanguine Caesaris arces?
uibrant tela manus, uix signa morantia quisquam
expectat: propera, ne te tua classica linquant.
scire senatus auet, miles te, Magne, sequatur
an comes.' ingemuit rector sensitque deorum 85
esse dolos et fata suae contraria menti.
'si placet hoc' inquit 'cunctis, si milite Magno,
non duce tempus eget, nil ultra fata morabor:
inuoluat populos una fortuna ruina
sitque hominum magnae lux ista nouissima parti. 90
testor, Roma, tamen Magnum quo cuncta perirent
accepisse diem. potuit tibi uolnere nullo
stare labor belli; potui sine caede subactum
captiuumque ducem uiolatae tradere paci.
quis furor, o caeci, scelerum? ciuilia bella 95
gesturi metuunt ne non cum sanguine uincant.
abstulimus terras, exclusimus aequare toto,
ad praematuras segetum ieiuna rapinas
agmina conpulimus, uotumque effecimus hosti
ut mallet sterni gladiis mortemque suorum 100
permiscere meis. belli pars magna peracta est
his, quibus effectum est ne pugnam tiro paueret,
si modo uirtutis stimulis iraeque calore
signa petunt. multos in summa pericula misit
uenturi timor ipse mali. fortissimus ille est 105
qui, promptus metuenda pati, si comminus instent,
et differre potest. placet haec tam prospera rerum
tradere fortunae, gladio permittere mundi
discrimen; pugnare ducem quam uincere malunt.

res mihi Romanas dederas, Fortuna, regendas: 110
accipe maiores et caeco in Marte tuere.
Pompei nec crimen erit nec gloria bellum.
uincis apud superos uotis me, Caesar, iniquis:
pugnatur. quantum scelerum quantumque malorum
in populos lux ista feret! quot regna iacebunt! 115
sanguine Romano quam turbidus ibit Enipeus!
prima uelim caput hoc funesti lancea belli,
si sine momento rerum partisque ruina
casurum est, feriat; neque enim uictoria Magno
laetior. aut populis inuisum hac clade peracta 120
aut hodie Pompeius erit miserabile nomen:
omne malum uicti, quod sors feret ultima rerum,
omne nefas uictoris erit.' sic fatur et arma
permittit populis frenosque furentibus ira
laxat et ut uictus uiolento nauita Coro 125
dat regimen uentis ignauumque arte relict
puppis onus trahitur. trepido confusa tumultu
castra fremunt, animique truces sua pectora pulsant
ictibus incertis. multorum pallor in ore
mortis uenturae faciesque simillima fato. 130
aduenisse diem qui fatum rebus in aeuum
conderet humanis, et quaeri, Roma quid esset,
illo Marte, palam est. sua quisque pericula nescit
attonitus maiore metu. quis litora ponto
obruta, quis summis cernens in montibus aequor 135
aetheraque in terras deiecto sole cadentem,
tot rerum finem, timeat sibi? non uacat ullos
pro se ferre metus: urbi Magnoque timetur.
nec gladiis habuere fidem, nisi cautibus asper
exarsit mucro; tunc omnis lancea saxo 140
erigitur, tendunt neruis melioribus arcus,
cura fuit lectis pharetras implere sagittis,
auget eques stimulos frenorumque artat habenas.
si liceat superis hominum conferre labores,
non aliter Phlegra rabidos tollente gigantas 145
Martius incaluit Siculis incudibus ensis

et rubuit flammis iterum Neptunia cuspis
spiculaque extenso Paeon Pythone recoxit,
Pallas Gorgoneos diffudit in aegida crines,
Pallenaëa Ioui mutauit fulmina Cyclops. 150

“Magnus, in return for all her favours Fortune makes one request of you — that you will deign to make use of her; and we, the chief men of your army, and the kings you made, together with the whole world upon its knees, now prostrate ourselves at your feet and ask that you will consent to the conquest of your father-in-law. Shall Caesar remain for ever the cause of war to mankind? Nations whom Pompey subdued while he hurried past them have a right to resent his slowness to conquer now. What has become of your eager haste, or of your confidence in your star? Are you ungrateful enough to doubt Heaven’s favour? Do you hesitate to trust the cause of the Senate to the gods? The soldiery, of their own accord, will wrench up your standards and rush forward; you should blush to have victory forced upon you. If we have appointed you to lead us, and if the war is waged for our benefit, then let the men have leave to fight on whatever field they will. Why do you keep away the swords of all mankind from Caesar’s throat? Arms are brandished, and scarce can any man bear to wait for the lagging signal; make haste, or else your own trumpets will leave you behind. The senators would fain know this, Magnus, whether they follow you in order to fight or merely to escort you where you go.” The leader groaned: he perceived that the gods were playing him false, and that destiny was thwarting his purpose. “If this,” said he, “is the desire of all, and if the crisis needs me, not as a commander but as a soldier, I will keep doom at bay no longer. Let Fortune overwhelm the nations in a single overthrow, and let yonder light be the last for half mankind. At least I call Rome to witness that the day of universal destruction has been forced upon me. The toil of war might have cost Rome no bloodshed; I might have won a bloodless victory over Caesar and handed him over, a captive, to the peace he has outraged. What guilty madness, what blindness is this! Men about to wage civil war are actually afraid of winning a bloodless victory. We have wrenched the land from the enemy, and expelled him utterly from the sea; we have forced his

starving ranks to snatch the corn ere it was ripe; we have made him pray to fall rather by the sword and to mingle the corpses of his soldiers with the corpses of mine. By the strategy, thanks to which my recruits have no fear of battle, the campaign is half won already, if indeed the spur of valour and the heat of pugnacity make them demand the signal for action. But many are driven to utmost peril by the mere dread of coming danger. He is truly brave, who is both quick to endure the ordeal, if it be close and pressing, and willing also to let it wait. It is resolved to hand over our present prosperous condition to chance, and to let the sword decide the doom of the world; men had rather see their leader fight than conquer. Fortune gave me the Roman State to rule; I give it back now greater than I received it, and I call upon her to guard it in the hurly-burly of war. The act of fighting will never bring either reproach or glory to me. In the court of Heaven Caesar's prayers for evil prevail over me; and battle there is to be. How much crime and how much suffering this day will bring to the nations! How many thrones will be upset! How dark the Enipeus will flow with Roman blood! The first missile hurled in this fatal war is welcome to find its billet in my head, if that head could fall without influence on the issue and without the destruction of our cause; for to me victory is no more welcome than defeat. When to-day's carnage is complete, the name of Pompey will be one for the world either to hate or to pity: every woe that utter ruin brings will the vanquished suffer, and every horror will the conqueror commit." With these words he suffers the nations to arm, and gave a loose to their frenzied passion; so the sailor, when mastered by the fury of the gale, makes no use of his skill, but leaves the steering to the winds, and is swept along, an ignominious burden of his vessel. The camp hums with the confusion of haste and disorder, and fierce hearts beat with irregular throbbing against the breasts that contain them. The pale flag of coming death appeared on many faces; and their aspect was the very picture of doom. It was clear to all that a day had come which must settle the destiny of mankind for ages, and that this battle must decide what Rome was to be. Each man ignores his personal danger, appalled by a mightier fear. Who that saw the shore covered by the sea and the waves reaching the mountain-tops, the sky falling down upon the earth and the sun dashed from his

place, could regard with selfish fear such wide destruction? Men's minds are not at leisure to fear for themselves: they tremble for Rome and for Magnus. The soldiers put no trust in their swords, unless the whetted points struck fire from the grindstone; every lance too was sharpened against the stone, bows were strung with better cords, and care was taken to fill the quivers with picked arrows. The horseman enlarged his spurs and tightened the straps of his bridle. Even so, if it is permissible to compare the activity of men to that of gods — even so, when Phlegra upreared the furious Giants, the sword of Mars was heated on the anvils of Etna; the trident of Neptune glowed in the flame a second time; Apollo smelted again the arrows which had unwound the coils of Python; Pallas scattered the Gorgon tresses over all her aegis; and the Cyclopes made for Jupiter new thunderbolts for use at Pallene.

non tamen abstinuit uenturos prodere casus
per uarias Fortuna notas. nam, Thessala rura
cum peterent, totus uenientibus obstitit aether
[inque oculis hominum fregerunt fulmina nubes]
aduersasque faces inensoque igne columnas 155
et trabibus mixtis auidos typhonas aquarum
detulit atque oculos ingesto fulgure clausit;
excussit cristas galeis capulosque solutis
perfudit gladiis ereptaque pila liquauit,
aetherioque nocens fumauit sulphure ferrum; 160
[nec non innumero cooperta examine signa]
uixque reuolsa solo maiori pondere pressum
signiferi mersere caput rorantia fletu
usque ad Thessaliam Romana et publica signa.
admotus superis discussa fugit ab ara 165
taurus et Emathios praeceps se iecit in agros,
nullaque funestis inuenta est uictima sacris.
(at tu quos scelerum superos, quas rite uocasti
Eumenidas, Caesar? Stygii quae numina regni
infernumque nefas et mersos nocte furores 170
inpia tam saeue gesturus bella litasti?)
iam (dubium, monstrisne deum, nimione pauore

crediderint) multis concurrere uisus Olympo
Pindus et abruptis mergi conuallibus Haemus,
edere nocturnas belli Pharsalia uoces, 175
ire per Ossaeam rapidus Boebeida sanguis;
inque uicem uoltus tenebris mirantur opertos
et pallere diem galeisque incumbere noctem
defunctosque patres et iuncti sanguinis umbras
ante oculos uolitare suos. sed mentibus unum 180
hoc solamen erat, quod uoti turba nefandi
conscia, quae patrum iugulos, quae pectora fratrum
sperabat, gaudet monstribus, mentisque tumultum
atque omen scelerum subitos putat esse furores.

Fortune, however, did not forbear from revealing the future by means of divers signs. When the army made for Thessaly, the whole sky set itself against their march: it hurled down meteors in their faces, and huge columns of fire, and whirlwinds that suck up water, together with fireballs; it dashed lightning at them and so closed their eyes; it knocked the crests off their helmets, it flooded the scabbards with the molten blades, it tore the javelins from their grasp and fused them; and the guilty sword smoked with the sulphur of the sky. The standards could scarce be plucked out of the ground; their increased weight bowed down the head of the standard-bearer; and they shed tears — down to the time of Pharsalia they belonged to Rome and to the State. A bull, when brought forward for sacrifice, upset the altar and fled, rushing headlong into the fields of Thessaly; and no victim was forthcoming for the ill-omened rite. (But Caesar — what powers of darkness, what fiends did he invoke without let or hindrance? what deities of the Stygian realm, what Horror of Hell, and Madness shrouded in gloom? Though he was soon to fight an infamous battle with such cruelty, his prayer was heard.) Whether men were convinced by divine portents or their own excessive terror, who can tell? But many also believed that they saw Pindus collide with Olympus, and the Balkan subside in precipitous hollows, while Pharsalia sent forth the din of battle by night, and a torrent of blood spread over lake Boebeis beside Ossa. Men gaze with wonder at each other's faces veiled with darkness, at the dimness of the light, at the

blackness that brooded over the helmets, at the ghosts that moved to and fro before their sight — ghosts of parents dead and of kindred. But their souls had this one solace: the host, conscious of their own horrible desire, and hoping to pierce a father's throat or a brother's bosom, took pleasure in the portents, believing that the ferment of their minds and their sudden madness boded success to their crimes.

quid mirum populos quos lux extrema manebat 185
lymphato trepidasse metu, praesaga malorum
si data mens homini est? Tyriis qui Gadibus hospes
adiacet Armeniumque bibit Romanus Araxen,
sub quocumque die, quocumque est sidere mundi,
maeret et ignorat causas animumque dolentem 190
corripit, Emathiis quid perdat nescius aruis.
Euganeo, si uera fides memorantibus, augur
colle sedens, Aponus terris ubi fumifer exit
atque Antenorei dispergitur unda Timaui,
'uenit summa dies, geritur res maxima,' dixit 195
'inpia concurrunt Pompei et Caesaris arma',
seu tonitrus ac tela Iouis praesaga notauit,
aethera seu totum discordi obsistere caelo
perspexitque polos, seu numen in aethere maestum
solis in obscuro pugnam pallore notauit. 200
dissimilem certe cunctis quos explicat egit
Thessalicum natura diem: si cuncta perito
augure mens hominum caeli noua signa notasset,
spectari toto potuit Pharsalia mundo.
o summos hominum, quorum fortuna per orbem 205
signa dedit, quorum fatis caelum omne uacauit!
haec et apud seras gentes populosque nepotum,
siue sua tantum uenient in saecula fama
siue aliquid magnis nostri quoque cura laboris
nominibus prodesse potest, cum bella legentur, 210
spesque metusque simul perituraque uota mouebunt,
attonitique omnes ueluti uenientia fata,
non transmissa, legent et adhuc tibi, Magne, fauebunt.

If the power to presage misfortune has been granted to mankind, what wonder that those whose last day was at hand quaked with panic fear? Whether he be a sojourner by Tyrian Gades or drink of the Araxes in Armenia, whatever his clime and whatever the star of heaven beneath which he lives — every Roman grieves and knows not why and chides himself for his sadness; for he knows not what loss he is suffering now in the land of Thessaly. If those who tell the tale may be believed, an augur sat that day on the Euganean hills, where the smoking spring of Aponus issues from the ground and the Timavus, river of Antenor, splits into channels; and he cried: “The decisive day has come; the great battle is being fought; the armies of Pompey and Caesar meet in unnatural conflict.” Either he observed the thunder and the warning bolts of Jupiter; or he saw that all the firmament and the poles were at strife with the warring sky; or else the sorrowing deity in heaven signified the battle by the dimness and obscurity of the sun. At least it is certain that Nature made the day of Pharsalia pass unlike all other days which she reveals; if human intelligence, by means of skilled augurs, had observed all the strange signs in heaven, then the battle might have been watched all the world over. How great were these men, whose fortunes were advertised over the whole world, and to whose destiny all heaven was attentive! Even in later ages and among posterity, these events, whether their own fame alone immortalises them or I too, by my pains and study, can do some service to famous men, will excite hope and fear together and useless prayers, when the story of battle is read; and all men will be spell-bound as they read the tragedy, as if it were still to come and not past; and all will still take sides with Magnus.

miles, ut aduerso Phoebi radiatus ab ictu
descendens totos perfudit lumine colles, 215
non temere inmissus campis: stetit ordine certo
infelix acies. cornus tibi cura sinistri,
Lentule, cum prima, quae tum fuit optima bello,
et quarta legione datur. tibi, numine pugnax
aduerso Domiti, dextri frons tradita Martis. 220
at medii robur belli fortissima densant

agmina, quae Cilicum terris deducta tenebat
Scipio, miles in hoc, Libyco dux primus in orbe.
at iuxta fluuios et stagna undantis Enipei
Cappadocum montana cohors et largus habenae 225
Ponticus ibat eques. sicci sed plurima campi
tetrarchae regesque tenent magnique tyranni
atque omnis Latio quae seruit purpura ferro.
illuc et Libye Numidas et Creta Cydonas
misit, Ityraeis cursus fuit inde sagittis, 230
inde, truces Galli, solitum prodistis in hostem,
illic pugnaces commouit Hiberia caetras.
eripe uictori gentis et sanguine mundi
fuso, Magne, semel totos consume triumphos.

When the soldiers came down, lighted up by the sunbeams facing them, the glitter of their arms flooded all the hills. They were not launched at random upon the plain: the doomed army was stationed according to a definite plan. Lentulus had charge of the left wing with two legions — the first, which was then the most fit for war, and the fourth; the right wing of the host was entrusted to Domitius, that brave but ill-starred warrior. The main strength of the centre was in the close ranks of brave men whom Scipio, their general, had brought from Cilicia; here he was but a combatant but was yet to hold the chief command in Africa. Then by the channel of the Enipeus and the pools of its overflow rode the horsemen of the Cappadocian hills and the riders of Pontus with loose reins. Of the dry ground most was occupied by the tetrarchs and kings and mighty potentates, and all wearers of the purple who bow before the Roman steel. Thither Libya sent Numidians, and Crete her Cydonians; from there the arrows of the Ituraeans took their flight; from there the fierce Gauls went forth against their familiar foe; and there the Spaniards brandished their shields for battle. Let Magnus rob the conqueror of the subject peoples and use up on one day all the means of future triumphs by shedding the blood of all mankind!

illo forte die Caesar statione relictā 235
ad segetum raptus moturus signa repente

conspicit in planos hostem descendere campos,
oblatumque uidet uotis sibi mille petitem
tempus, in extremos quo mitteret omnia casus.
aeger quippe morae flagransque cupidine regni 240
coeperat exiguo tractu ciuilia bella
ut lentum damnare nefas. discrimina postquam
aduentare ducum supremaque proelia uidit
casuram <et> fatis sensit nutare ruinam,
illa quoque in ferrum rabies promptissima paulum 245
languit, et casus audax spondere secundos
mens stetit in dubio, quam nec sua fata timere
nec Magni sperare sinunt. formidine mersa
prosilit hortando melior fiducia uolgo.
'o domitor mundi, rerum fortuna mearum, 250
miles, adest totiens optatae copia pugnae.
nil opus est uotis, iam fatum accersite ferro.
in manibus uestris, quantus sit Caesar, habetis.
haec est illa dies mihi quam Rubiconis ad undas
promissam memini, cuius spe mouimus arma, 255
in quam distulimus uetitos remeare triumphos,
[haec eadem est hodie quae pignora quaeque penates
reddat et emerito faciat uos Marte colonos]
haec, fato quae teste probet, quis iustius arma
sumpserit; haec acies uictum factura nocentem est. 260
si pro me patriam ferro flammisque petistis,
nunc pugnate truces gladioque exsoluite culpam:
nulla manus, belli mutato iudice, pura est.
non mihi res agitur, sed, uos ut libera sitis
turba, precor gentes ut ius habeatis in omnes. 265
ipse ego priuatae cupidus me reddere uitae
plebeiaque toga modicum componere ciuem,
omnia dum uobis liceant, nihil esse recuso.
inuidia regnate mea. nec sanguine multo
spem mundi petitis: Graius delecta iuuentus 270
gymnasiis aderit studioque ignaua palaestrae
et uix arma ferens, aut mixtae dissona turbae
barbaries, non illa tubas, non agmine moto

clamorem latura suum. ciuilia paucae
bella manus facient: pugnae pars magna leuabit 275
his orbem populis Romanumque obteret hostem.
ite per ignauas gentes famosaque regna
et primo ferri motu prosternite mundum;
sitque palam, quas tot duxit Pompeius in urbem
curribus, unius gentes non esse triumphii. 280
Armeniosne mouet Romana potentia cuius
sit ducis, aut emptum minimo uolt sanguine quisquam
barbarus Hesperiiis Magnum praeponere rebus?
Romanos odere omnes, dominosque grauantur,
quos nouere, magis. sed me fortuna meorum 285
commisit manibus, quarum me Gallia testem
tot fecit bellis. cuius non militis ensem
agnoscam? caelumque tremens cum lancea transit
dicere non fallar quo sit uibrata lacerto.
quod si, signa ducem numquam fallentia uestrum, 290
conspicio faciesque truces oculosque minaces,
uicistis. uideor fluuios spectare cruoris
calcatosque simul reges sparsumque senatus
corpus et inmensa populos in caede natantis.
sed mea fata moror, qui uos in tela furentis 295
uocibus his teneo. ueniam date bella trahenti:
spe trepido; haud umquam uidi tam magna daturos
tam prope me superos; camporum limite paruo
absumus a uotis. ego sum cui Marte peracto
quae populi regesque tenent donare licebit. 300
quone poli motu, quo caeli sidere uerso
Thessalicae tantum, superi, permittitis orae?
aut merces hodie bellorum aut poena parata.
Caesareas spectate cruces, spectate catenas,
et caput hoc positum rostris effusaque membra 305
Saeptorumque nefas et clausi proelia Campi.
cum duce Sullano gerimus ciuilia bella.
uestri cura mouet; nam me secura manebit
sors quaesita manu: fodientem uiscera cernet
me mea qui nondum uicto respexerit hoste. 310

di, quorum curas abduxit ab aethere tellus
Romanusque labor, uincat quicumque necesse
non putat in uictos saeuum destringere ferrum
quique suos ciues, quod signa aduersa tulerunt,
non credit fecisse nefas. Pompeius in arto 315
agmina uestra loco uetita uirtute moueri
cum tenuit, quanto satiauit sanguine ferrum!
uos tamen hoc oro, iuuenes, ne caedere quisquam
hostis terga uelit: cuius qui fugerit esto.
sed, dum tela micant, non uos pietatis imago 320
ulla nec aduersa conspecti fronte parentes
commoueant; uoltus gladio turbate uerendos.
siue quis infesto cognata in pectora ferro
ibit, seu nullum uiolarit uolnere pignus,
ignoti iugulum tamquam scelus inputet hostis. 325
sternite iam uallum fossasque inplete ruina,
exeat ut plenis acies non sparsa manipulis.
parcite ne castris: uallo tendetis in illo
unde acies peritura uenit.' uix cuncta locuto
Caesare quemque suum munus trahit, armaque raptim 330
sumpta Ceresque uiris. capiunt praesagia belli
calcatisque ruunt castris; stant ordine nullo,
arte ducis nulla, permittuntque omnia fati.
si totidem Magni soceros totidemque petentis
urbis regna suae funesto in Marte locasses, 335
non tam praecipiti ruerent in proelia cursu.

It happened on that day that Caesar had left his position, and was about to march his men to plunder the cornfields, when suddenly he saw his enemy come down to the level plains. Before him lay the opportunity he had prayed for a thousand times — the opportunity of staking all his fortunes on a final cast. For sick of delay and burning with desire for a regal throne, he had begun to loathe the short space of the civil war as a crime which took too long in the doing. But when he saw that the ordeal of the rivals and the decisive battle was drawing near, and when he perceived that the crash which fate must bring was nodding to its fall, even that wild desire for instant

slaughter waxed faint for a time; his heart, ever ready to vouch for victory, hesitated now: how was fear possible, when he viewed his own career? how was hope, when he thought of Pompey's? Fear sank down, and boldness sprang forth — a better means for inspiring his men: "Soldiers, who have conquered the world, and on whom my destiny depends, behold the chance of battle you have so often prayed for. Prayer is no longer needed; with your swords you must now summon fate. The greatness of Caesar is yours to determine. That day has come, which, as I remember, you promised me by the waters of the Rubicon, the day which encouraged us to take up arms, the day to which we postponed the triumphant return denied us; and this day must decide, on the evidence of destiny, which of the two combatants had justice on his side: this battle will pronounce the guilt of him who loses it. If in defence of me you have attacked your native land with fire and sword, fight fiercely to-day and use your swords to clear your guilt. Not one of you has guiltless hands, if I be no longer the judge of war. It is not my fortunes that are at stake: my prayer is for you — that you, for your freedom's sake, may bear rule over all nations. My own desire is to return to private life, to wear the people's dress, and to play the part of an ordinary citizen; but provided you are all-powerful, I am willing to accept any position; yours be the kingly power, mine the discredit! Nor will the world you hope to win cost you much bloodshed: you will meet an army enlisted from the training-schools of Greece, enfeebled by the practice of the wrestling-ground, and scarce able to carry the weight of their arms; or else barbarians with disordered ranks and discordant tongues, who will not endure the sound of the trumpet or even the noise of their own march. Few of you will lift their hands against Romans: most of the fighting will rid the world of inferior races and crush underfoot the enemies of Rome. Make your way through these cowardly nations and kingdoms of evil fame; lay a whole world low with the first stroke of the steel; reveal to all that the peoples who so often followed Pompey's triumphal car to Rome are not material enough for even a single triumph. Do the Armenians care which among rivals has power at Rome? Or would any barbarian give a drop of his blood in order to set Magnus over Italy? They hate all Romans and resent their domination; but they hate

most the Romans they know. But me Fortune has entrusted to the hands of my own soldiers; and full many a war in Gaul made me the witness of their prowess. I shall know again the sword of every fighter; and when the lance flies quivering through the sky, I shall make no mistake in naming the arm that hurled it. But if I see those tokens that never play your leader false — fierce countenances and threatening eyes — then victory is yours. Methinks I see rivers of blood, kings trodden under foot together, mangled bodies of senators, and whole nations weltering in unlimited carnage. But I delay the course of my destiny, when these words of mine detain you — you who are frantic for the fray. Pardon me for putting off the battle; my hopes unsettle me; never have I seen the gods so near me and ready to give so much; only a little strip of land divides us from all we pray for. I am the man, who, when the fighting is over, will have power to give away all that now belongs to nations and kings. What shift has taken place in the sky, what star in heaven has suffered change, that the gods grant such a privilege to Thessaly? To-day either the reward or the penalty of war is before us. Picture to yourselves the cross and the chains in store for Caesar, my head stuck upon the Rostrum and my limbs unburied; think of the crime of the Saepta and the battle fought in the enclosed Campus: the general, against whom we carry on civil war, is Sulla's pupil. My anxiety is for you; I — shall win safety for myself by suicide; if any man looks back before the foe is beaten, he will see me stabbing my own vitals. Ye gods, whose attention has been drawn away from heaven by the agony of Rome on earth, give victory to him who does not feel bound to draw the ruthless sword against beaten men, and does not believe that his fellow citizens committed a crime by fighting against him. When Pompey held fast your ranks in a narrow space where your valour had no power to move, he glutted his sword with rivers of blood. But this is my prayer to you, soldiers: none of you must smite a foe in the back, and every fugitive must pass for a countryman. But while their weapons glitter, no thought of natural affection, no sight of your sires in the front rank of the foe, must weaken your purpose; mangle with the sword the faces that demand reverence. If any man smite the breast of a kinsman with ruthless steel, let him claim credit for his crime; or, if his blow does violence to no tie of kinship, still let him

claim credit for the death of an unknown foe, as if it were a crime. Level the rampart without delay and fill up the trench with the wreckage, that the army may pass out with full ranks and in solid formation. Be not careful of your camp; you will find quarters behind the rampart from which the doomed army is coming.” Almost before Caesar had ceased to speak, each went to his appointed task; in haste they armed and took food. Accepting the omen of victory, they tread down the fortifications and rush on, with no ordered ranks, no tactics on their leader’s part; they leave all to destiny. Had each man drawn up on the fatal field been the kinsman of Magnus, and each been ambitious to reign over his country, they could not have rushed with such headlong speed to the fray.

uidit ut hostiles in rectum exire cateruas
Pompeius nullasque moras permittere bello
sed superis placuisse diem, stat corde gelato
attonitus; tantoque duci sic arma timere 340
omen erat. premit inde metus, totumque per agmen
sublimi praeuectus equo ‘quem flagitat’ inquit
‘uestra diem uirtus, finis ciuilibus armis,
quem quaesistis, adest. totas effundite uires:
extremum ferri superest opus, unaque gentis 345
hora trahit. quisquis patriam carosque penates,
qui subolem ac thalamos desertaque pignora quaerit,
ense petat: medio posuit deus omnia campo.
causa iubet melior superos sperare secundos:
ipsi tela regent per uiscera Caesaris, ipsi 350
Romanas sancire uolent hoc sanguine leges.
si socero dare regna meo mundumque pararent,
praecipitare meam fatis potuere senectam:
non iratorum populis urbique deorum est
Pompeium seruare ducem. quae uincere possent 355
omnia contulimus. subiere pericula clari
sponte uiri sacraque antiquus imagine miles.
si Curios his fata darent reducesque Camillos
temporibus Deciosque caput fatale uouentis,
hinc starent. primo gentes oriente coactae 360

innumeraeque urbes, quantas in proelia numquam,
exciuere manus. toto simul utimur orbe.
quidquid signiferi comprehensum limite caeli
sub Noton et Borean hominum sumus, arma mouemus.
nonne superfusus collectum cornibus hostem 365
in medium dabimus? paucas uictoria dextras
exigit, at plures tantum clamore cateruae
bella gerent: Caesar nostris non sufficit armis.
credite pendentes e summis moenibus urbis
crinibus effusus hortari in proelia matres; 370
credite grandaeuum uetitumque aetate senatum
arma sequi sacros pedibus prosternere canos
atque ipsam domini metuentem occurrere Romam;
credite qui nunc est populus populumque futurum
permixtas adferre preces: haec libera nasci, 375
haec uult turba mori. siquis post pignora tanta
Pompeio locus est, cum prole et coniuge supplex,
imperii salua si maiestate liceret,
uolueret ante pedes. Magnus, nisi uincitis, exul,
ludibrium soceri, uester pudor, ultima fata 380
deprecor ac turpes extremi cardinis annos,
ne discam seruire senex.' tam maesta locuti
uoce ducis flagrant animi, Romanaque uirtus
erigitur, placuitque mori, si uera timeret.

When Pompey saw the hostile army sally forth directly opposite him, to force on a battle without delay, and realised that this was the day fixed by Heaven, he stood appalled with frozen blood; and to so great a general it was an evil omen that he should thus dread a conflict. But soon he suppressed his fears and rode all along the line on his tall warhorse. "Behold the day," he said, "which your courage demands; behold the welcome end of the civil war. Put forth your whole strength; there remains but one last effort of arms; a single hour is dragging all nations into conflict. If any man yearns for his country and loved home, for wife and children and dear ones left behind, he must strike to gain them: Heaven has set all the prizes in the open field. Our better cause bids us expect the favour of the gods: they

themselves will guide our weapons through Caesar's heart, they themselves will wish to ratify the Roman constitution by his blood. If they intended to give my kinsman rule over the world, it was in their power to hurry this grey head into the grave; and, since they have preserved my life to command the army, surely they are not wrath with the nations ' and with Rome. We have brought together all that could make victory secure. Famous men have volunteered to face the danger; and our army has the august aspect of past times. A Curius and a Camillus, and the Decii who devoted their lives to death, if destiny restored them to our age and brought them back to earth, would stand on our side. The nations of the far East and countless cities have gathered together, and summoned to battle such hordes as were never seen before; the whole world is at our disposal at one time. Our force includes every man, up to the verge of South and North, who lives enclosed within the bound of the Zodiac. Shall we not shut in the whole hostile army, outflanking them with our wings? Victory requires but a handful of combatants: shouting is the only service that most of our squadrons will perform: Caesar's force is too small for ours to deal with. Imagine that the matrons of Rome are hanging over the topmost walls of the city with dishevelled hair, and urging you to battle; imagine that aged senators, whose years prevent them from following the camp, lay at your feet their venerable grey hairs, and that Rome herself, in her fear of a master, comes to meet you. Imagine that both generations, the present and the future, address their joint entreaties to you: the one would fain be born, and the other die, in freedom. If after such solemn appeals there is room for my own name, then, together with my wife and sons, on my knees I would grovel at your feet, if I could do it without sullyng the dignity of my command. Unless you conquer, I, Magnus, am an exile, scorned by my kinsman and a disgrace to you, and I pray to escape that utmost misery — shame in the closing years of life, and learning in old age to bear the yoke." Thus mournful was his speech; and his voice kindled their courage till Roman valour rose high; and they resolved to die, if his fears proved true.

ergo utrimque pari procurrunt agmina motu 385
irarum; metus hos regni, spes excitat illos.

hae facient dextrae, quidquid nona explicat aetas,
[ulla nec humanum reparet genus omnibus annis]
ut uacet a ferro. gentes Mars iste futuras
obruet et populos aeui uenientis in orbem 390
erepto natale feret. tunc omne Latinum
fabula nomen erit; Gabios Veiosque Coramque
puluere uix tectae poterunt monstrare ruinae
Albanosque lares Laurentinosque penates,
rus uacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte coacta 395
inuitus questusque Numam iussisse senator.
non aetas haec carpsit edax monimentaue rerum
putria destituit: crimen ciuile uidemus
tot uacuas urbes. generis quo turba redacta est
humani! toto populi qui nascimur orbe 400
nec muros implere uiris nec possumus agros:
urbs nos una capit. uincto fossore coluntur
Hesperiae segetes, stat tectis putris auitis
in nullos ruitura domus, nulloque frequentem
ciue suo Romam sed mundi faece repletam 405
cladis eo dedimus, ne tanto in corpore bellum
iam possit ciuile geri. Pharsalia tanti
causa mali. cedant feralia nomina Cannae
et damnata diu Romanis Allia fastis.
tempora signauit leuiorum Roma malorum, 410
hunc uoluit nescire diem. pro tristia fata!
aera pestiferum tractu morbosque fluentis
insanamque famem permissasque ignibus urbes
moeniaque in praeceps laturos plena tremores
hi possunt explere uiri, quos undique traxit 415
in miseram Fortuna necem, dum munera longi
explicat eripiens aeui populosque ducesque
constituit campis, per quos tibi, Roma, ruenti
ostendat quam magna cadas. quae latius orbem
possedit, citius per prospera fata cucurrit? 420
omne tibi bellum gentis dedit, omnibus annis
te geminum Titan procedere uidit in axem;
haud multum terrae spatium restabat Eoae.

ut tibi nox, tibi tota dies, tibi curreret aether,
omniaque errantes stellae Romana uiderent. 425
sed retro tua fata tulit par omnibus annis
Emathiae funesta dies. hac luce cruenta
effectum, ut Latios non horreat India fasces,
nec uetitos errare Dahas in moenia ducat
Sarmaticumque premat succinctus consul aratrum, 430
quod semper saeuas debet tibi Parthia poenas,
quod fugiens ciuile nefas redituraque numquam
libertas ultra Tigrim Rhenumque recessit
ac, totiens nobis iugulo quaesita, uagatur
Germanum Scythicumque bonum, nec respicit ultra 435
Ausoniam, uellem populis incognita nostris.
uolturis ut primum laeue fundata uolatu
Romulus infami conpleuit moenia luco,
usque ad Thessalicas seruisses, Roma, ruinas.
de Brutis, Fortuna, queror. quid tempora legum 440
egimus aut annos a consule nomen habentis?
felices Arabes Medique Eoaeque tellus,
quam sub perpetuis tenuerunt fata tyrannis.
ex populis qui regna ferunt sors ultima nostra est,
quos seruire pudet. sunt nobis nulla profecto 445
numina: cum caeco rapiantur saecula casu,
mentimur regnare Iouem. spectabit ab alto
aethere Thessalicas, teneat cum fulmina, caedes?
scilicet ipse petet Pholoen, petet ignibus Oeten
inmeritaeque nemus Rhodopes pinusque Mimantis, 450
Cassius hoc potius feriet caput? astra Thyestae
intulit et subitis damnauit noctibus Argos:
tot similis fratrum gladios patrumque gerenti
Thessaliae dabit ille diem? mortalia nulli
sunt curata deo. cladis tamen huius habemus 455
uindictam, quantam terris dare numina fas est:
bella pares superis facient ciuilia diuos,
fulminibus manes radiisque ornabit et astris
inque deum templis iurabit Roma per umbras.

Therefore the armies rushed forward, each inspired with the same passionate ardour, the one eager to escape a tyranny, the other to gain it. These hands will bring it to pass that, whatever the ninth century unfolds, it shall be free from warfare. This battle will destroy nations yet unborn; it will deprive of their birthtime and sweep away the men of the generation coming into the world. Then all the Latin race will be a legend; dust-covered ruins will scarce be able to indicate the site of Gabii and Veii and Cora, the houses of Alba and the dwellings of Laurentum — a depopulated country, where no man dwells except the senators who are forced to spend one night there by Numa's law which they resent. It is not the tooth of time that has wrought this destruction and consigned to decay the memorials of the past: in all these uninhabited cities we see the guilt of civil war. How far reduced are the numbers of the human race! All the people born on earth cannot supply inhabitants for town or country; a single city contains us all. The corn-fields of Italy are tilled by chained labourers; the ancient roof-tree is rotten and ready to fall, but none dwell beneath it; Rome is not peopled by her own citizens but swarms with the refuse of mankind, and we have sunk her so low, that civil war, for all her many inmates, is no longer possible. Pharsalia is the cause of so great a mischief. The fatal names of Cannae and of Allia, cursed long ago by the Roman Calendar, must give place to Pharsalia. Rome has marked the date of lighter calamities, but has decided to ignore this day. O cruel destiny! Air fatal to inhale, and epidemic disease; maddening famine, cities consigned to the flames, and earthquakes that could bring to ruin populous cities — all these might be glutted by the men whom Fortune drew from every quarter to premature death, snatching away the gifts of long ages even while she displayed them, and arraying nations and chiefs upon the battle-field; by them she wished to show to collapsing Rome, what greatness fell with her. What city ever possessed a wider empire, or ran more quickly from success to success? Each war added nations to Rome; each year the sun saw her move forward towards either pole; a small part of the East excepted, night, and day from beginning to end, and all the sky revolved for Rome, and the stars in their courses saw nothing that was not hers. But the fatal day of Pharsalia reversed her destiny and undid the

work of all the past. Thanks to that bloody field, India dreads not the Roman rods, no Roman consul arrests the nomad Dahae and makes them dwell in cities, or leans on the plough in Sarmatia with his robe looped up; it is owing to Pharsalia that Parthia still owes us stern retribution, and that Freedom, banished by civil war, has retreated beyond the Tigris and the Rhine, never to return; often as we have wooed her with our life-blood, she wanders afar, a blessing enjoyed by Germans and Scythians, and never turns an eye on Italy: would that our nation had never known her! Ever since Romulus founded his city by the flight of a vulture on the left, and peopled it with the criminals of the Asylum, down to the catastrophe of Pharsalia, Rome ought to have remained in slavery. I have a grudge against Fortune on the score of the Bruti. Why did we enjoy a period of lawful government, or years named after the consuls? Fortunate are the Arabs and Medes and Eastern nations, whom destiny has kept continuously under tyrants. Of all the nations that endure tyranny our lot is the worst, because we blush for our slavery. In very truth there are no gods who govern mankind: though we say falsely that Jupiter reigns, blind chance sweeps the world along. Shall Jupiter, though he grasps the thunderbolt, look on idly from high heaven at the slaughter of Pharsalia? Shall he forsooth aim his fires at Pholoe and Oeta, at the pines of Mimas and the innocent forest of Rhodope, and shall Cassius, rather than he, strike Caesar down? He brought night upon Thyestes and doomed Argos to premature darkness: will he then grant daylight to Pharsalia that sees the guilt as great, of so many swords wielded by brothers and fathers? Man's destiny has never been watched over by any god. Yet for this disaster we have revenge, so far as gods may give satisfaction to mortals: civil war shall make dead Caesars the peers of gods above; and Rome shall deck out dead men with thunderbolts and haloes and constellations, and in the temples of the gods shall swear by ghosts.

ut rapido cursu fati suprema morantem 460
consumpsere locum, parua tellure dirempti,
quo sua pila cadant aut quam sibi fata minentur 463
inde manum, spectant. uultus, quo noscere possent 462
facturi quae monstra forent, uidere parentum 464

frontibus aduersis fraternaue comminus arma,
nec libuit mutare locum. tamen omnia torpor
pectora constrinxit, gelidusque in uiscera sanguis
percussa pietate coit, totaeque cohortes
pila parata diu tensis tenuere lacertis.
di tibi non mortem, quae cunctis poena paratur, 470
sed sensum post fata tuae dent, Crastine, morti,
cuius torta manu commisit lancea bellum
primaue Thessaliam Romano sanguine tinxit.
o praeceps rabies! cum Caesar tela teneret,
inuenta est prior ulla manus? tum stridulus aer 475
elusus lituis conceptaque classica cornu,
tunc ausae dare signa tubae, tunc aethera tendit
extremique fragor conuexa inrumpit Olympi,
unde procul nubes, quo nulla tonitrua durant.
excepit resonis clamorem uallibus Haemus 480
Peliacisque dedit rursus geminare cauernis,
Pindus agit fremitus Pangaeaeque saxa resultant
Oetaeaeque gemunt rupes, uocesque furoris
expauere sui tota tellure relatas.
spargitur innumerum diuersis missile uotis: 485
uolnera pars optat, pars terrae figere tela
ac puras seruare manus. rapit omnia casus
atque incerta facit quos uolt fortuna nocentes.
tunc et Ityraei Medique Arabesque soluti, 514
arcu turba minax, nusquam rexere sagittas,
sed petitur solus qui campis inminet aer;
inde cadunt mortes. sceleris sed crimine nullo
externum maculant chalybem: stetit omne coactum
circa pila nefas. ferro subtexitur aether
noxque super campos telis conserta pependit. 520
set quota pars cladis iaculis ferroque uolanti 489
exacta est! odiis solus ciuilibus ensis
sufficit, et dextras Romana in uiscera ducit.
Pompei densis acies stipata cateruis
iunxerat in seriem nexis umbonibus arma,
uixque habitura locum dextras ac tela mouendi

constiterat gladiosque suos conpressa timebat. 495
praecipiti cursu uaesanim Caesaris agmen
in densos agitur cuneos, perque arma, per hostem
quaerit iter. qua torta graues lorica catenas
opponit tutoque latet sub tegmine pectus,
hac quoque peruentum est ad uiscera, totque per arma 500
extremum est quod quisque ferit. ciuilia bella
una acies patitur, gerit altera; frigidus inde
stat gladius, calet omne nocens a Caesare ferrum.
nec Fortuna diu rerum tot pondera uertens
abstulit ingentis fato torrente ruinas. 505

When they had traversed at speed the ground that delayed the fiat of destiny, and were parted only by a little space, each looked to see where his own javelin would light, or whose hand on the other side destiny threatened to use against him. That they might learn what horrors they were about to commit, they saw their fathers' faces over against them and their brothers' weapons close beside them; but they cared not to shift their ground. Nevertheless, a numbness froze each bosom and the blood gathered cold at each heart, from the shock to natural affection; and whole companies long held their javelins in rest with rigid muscles. Heaven punish Crastinus! and not with death alone, for that is a punishment in store for all mankind alike; but may his body after death keep the power to feel, because a lance that his hand brandished began the battle and first stained Pharsalia with Roman blood. What headlong frenzy! When Caesar grasped weapons, was any hand found to anticipate his? Then a strident blast broke from the trumpets, and the war-note was sounded by the horn; then the clarions dared to give the signal; then the uproar mounted skyward and assailed the dome of furthest Olympus — Olympus, from which the clouds keep far away, and whither no thunders reach. The Balkan took up the noise in its echoing valleys and gave it to the caves of Pelium to repeat; Pindus roared, the Pangaeian rocks echoed, and the cliffs of Oeta bellowed, till the armies were terrified by the sound of their own madness repeated from all the earth. Countless javelins were hurled, but with different desires: some pray to deal wounds, and others to bury their points in the ground and keep their

hands unstained; but chance and haste are supreme, and random Fortune makes whom she will guilty. Next, the Ituraeans and Medes and free Arabs, formidable archers, shot their arrows at no mark, aiming only at the sky overhead; and from the sky death came down; but the archers stained their foreign steel with no guilt — all the weight of wickedness was confined to the Roman javelins. The air was veiled with steel, and darkness made by interlacing missiles hung over the plain. But not much of the slaughter was wrought by the flying steel of the javelins: the sword alone can gratify the hate of civil war, and leads the hand to the hearts of Romans. Pompey's soldiers, closely packed in serried ranks, had joined their shields, boss against boss, to form an unbroken line; they scarce had room, as they stood, to ply their hands and weapons, and their close order made their swords a danger to themselves. With headlong speed and fury Caesar's men charged the close-packed columns, forcing a way through shields and through soldiers. Where the plaited breastplate presents its heavy rings and the breast is concealed under the protection of the cuirass, even there the heart was reached, and what lies beneath all the armour is the mark of every thrust. One army endures, and the other inflicts, civil warfare: on Pompey's side the swords are cold and idle, but every guilty blade on Caesar's side is hot. And Fortune, taking little time to work such a mighty reversal, swept away the vast wreck with the flood of doom.

ut primum toto diduxit cornua campo
Pompeianus eques bellicus per ultima fudit,
sparsa per extremos levis armatura maniplos
insequitur saevasque manus inmittit in hostem:
illic quaeque suo miscet gens proelia telo, 510
Romanus cunctis petitur cruor; inde sagittae,
inde faces et saxa uolant spatium solutae
aeris et calido liquefactae pondere glandes;
cum Caesar, metuens ne frons sibi prima labaret 521
incursu, tenet obliquas post signa cohortes,
inque latus belli, qua se uagus hostis agebat,
emittit subitum non motis cornibus agmen.
inmemores pugnae nulloque pudore timendi 525

praecipites fecere palam ciuilia bella
non bene barbaricis umquam commissa cateruis.
ut primum sonipes transfixus pectora ferro
in caput effusi calcauit membra regentis,
omnis eques cessit campis, glomerataque nubes 530
in sua conuersis praeceps ruit agmina frenis.
perdidit inde modum caedes, ac nulla secutast
pugna, sed hinc iugulis, hinc ferro bella geruntur;
nec ualet haec acies tantum prosternere quantum
inde perire potest. utinam, Pharsalia, campis 535
sufficiat cruor iste tuis, quem barbara fundunt
pectora; non alio mutantur sanguine fontes;
hic numerus totos tibi uestiat ossibus agros.
aut, si Romano conpleri sanguine mauis,
istis parce precor; uiuant Galataeque Syrique, 540
Cappadoces Gallique extremique orbis Hiberi,
Armenii, Cilices; nam post ciuilia bella
hic populus Romanus erit. semel ortus in omnis
it timor, et fatis datus est pro Caesare cursus.

When Pompey's cavalry drew their wings apart over the whole plain and extended them beyond the flanks of the fighters, at once his light-armed troops in loose order pressed on through the outmost ranks and launched fierce hordes against Caesar's troops. There each people engaged with its native weapon, but all alike sought Roman blood; they discharge volleys of arrows, firebrands and stones, and bullets, melted by passing through the air and fused by their heated weight. But Caesar, fearing that his front line might be shaken by their attack, moved the cohorts which he kept at an angle to his front behind the standards, and suddenly sent them forward, while the wings stood still, to that part of the field where the enemy was fighting in disorder. Forgetful of battle, unashamed of cowardice, the cavalry fled headlong, proving that it is never safe to trust civil warfare to barbaric hordes. When the first charger, stabbed in the chest, threw his rider headlong and trampled on his body, all the horsemen fled from the field: turning their horses round, they rushed furiously in a dense cloud against their own ranks. Unlimited

slaughter followed: there was no battle, but only steel on one side and throats to pierce on the other. The one army cannot lay low all of the other that can be slain. Would that the blood shed by foreign breasts could content the plain of Pharsalia, that her springs could be dyed with no gore but theirs, that their numbers could clothe all her fields with skeletons! Or, if she prefers to be glutted with Roman blood, then let her spare the lives of these — Galatians and Syrians, Cappadocians and Gauls and remotest Iberians, Armenians and Cilicians; for after the civil war these will be the Roman people. Panic, when once it began, spread to all; and free course was given to destiny in Caesar's favour.

uentum erat ad robur Magni mediasque cateruas. 545
quod totos errore uago perfuderat agros
constitit hic bellum, fortunaque Caesaris haesit.
non illic regum auxiliis collecta iuuentus
bella gerit ferrumque manus mouere rogatae:
ille locus fratres habuit, locus ille parentis. 550
hic furor, hic rabies, hic sunt tua crimina, Caesar.
hanc fuge, mens, partem belli tenebrisque relinque,
nullaque tantorum discat me uate malorum,
quam multum bellis liceat ciuilibus, aetas.
a potius pereant lacrimae pereantque querellae: 555
quidquid in hac acie gessisti, Roma, tacebo.
hic Caesar, rabies populis stimulusque furorum,
nequa parte sui pereat scelus, agmina circum
it uagus atque ignes animis flagrantibus addit.
inspicit et gladios, qui toti sanguine manent, 560
qui niteant primo tantum mucrone cruenti,
quae presso tremat ense manus, quis languida tela,
quis contenta ferat, quis praestet bella iubenti,
quem pugnare iuuat, quis uoltum ciue preempto
mutet; obit latis proiecta cadauera campis; 565
uulnera multorum totum fusura cruorem
opposita premit ipse manu. quacumque uagatur,
sanguineum ueluti quatiens Bellona flagellum
Bistonas aut Mauors agitans si uerbere saeuo

Palladia stimulet turbatos aegide currus, 570
 nox ingens scelerum est; caedes oriuntur et instar
 immensae uocis gemitus, et pondere lapsi
 pectoris arma sonant confractique ensibus enses.
 ipse manu subicit gladios ac tela ministrat
 aduersosque iubet ferro confundere uoltus, 575
 promouet ipse acies, inpellit terga suorum,
 uerbere conuersae cessantis excitat hastae,
 in plebem uetat ire manus monstratque senatum:
 scit cruor imperii qui sit, quae uiscera rerum,
 unde petat Romam, libertas ultima mundi 580
 quo steterit ferienda loco. permixta secundo
 ordine nobilitas uenerandaque corpora ferro
 urguntur; caedunt Lepidos caeduntque Metellos
 Coruinosque simul Torquataque nomina, rerum
 saepe duces summosque hominum te, Magne, remoto. 585
 illic plebeia contextus casside uoltus
 ignotusque hosti quod ferrum, Brute, tenebas!
 o decus imperii, spes o suprema senatus,
 extremum tanti generis per saecula nomen,
 ne rue per medios nimium temerarius hostis, 590
 nec tibi fatales admoueris ante Philippos,
 Thessalia periture tua. nil proficis istic
 Caesaris intentus iugulo: nondum attigit arcem,
 iuris et humani columen, quo cuncta premuntur,
 egressus meruit fatis tam nobile letum. 595
 uiuat et, ut Bruti procumbat uictima, regnet.

It was now the turn of Pompey's centre, where his main strength lay. The fight which had ranged at random all over the field was concentrated here, and Caesar's fortune received a check. The men who fought here and plied their weapons were not brought from many quarters or borrowed by aid of the kings: here stood the brothers and fathers of the slayers. This place comprised the rage and madness and wickedness of Caesar. Let my pen turn away from this phase of the war and leave it to darkness; I refuse to tell such horrors, and no age shall learn from me the full licence of civil war. Rather let

our tears be shed in vain, and our complaints be uttered in vain: of the part that Rome played in this battle I shall say nothing. Here Caesar, maddening the men and stirring up their frenzy, moved to and fro round the ranks and added fuel to the fire of their passion, in order that wickedness might not anywhere be wrought in vain: his eye marks whether their blades stream with blood from point to hilt, or glitter still with only the points reddened; whose hand trembles as it grasps the sword; whose arm is slack and whose braced; who merely obeys the order to fight, and who delights in it; and who changes countenance when he has slain a countryman. He visits the corpses that sprawl on the wide plain; with his own hand he staunches the wound that would otherwise pour out all the blood of many a man. Wherever he moves, like Bellona brandishing her bloody scourge, or like Mars urging on the Bistones, when with fierce blows he lashes on his steeds terrified by the aegis of Pallas, a mighty darkness of crime and slaughter arises, and a groaning like one great cry, and a rattle of the breastplate when a man falls heavily, and a snapping of blade against blade. His hand supplies fresh swords and provides missiles; his voice bids them hack with the steel the faces of the foe. In person he advances the fighting line and urges on his rearguard; he rouses the laggards with blows from the butt-end of his spear. Bidding them spare those of low degree, he points out the senators. For he knows where the blood of the empire runs, the pulse of the machine; he knows in what quarter Rome must be struck, and the vulnerable points of Liberty now making her last stand on earth. Senators mixed with knights are borne down by the steel, and noble corpses lie low; they slay Lepidi and Metelli, they slay Corvini together with the stock of Torquatus — often leaders of the State, and raised above all men, Magnus alone excepted. But what did Brutus there, sword in hand and hiding his face from the foe in the disguise of a common soldier's helmet? O glory of Rome, last hope of the Senate and last scion of a house famous throughout our history, rush not too rashly through the midst of the enemy, nor seek to anticipate the doom of Philippi: death will come to you in a Pharsalia of your own. Your design against Caesar's life is bootless here: not yet has he attained the tyrant's stronghold; not yet has he risen beyond the lawful summit of human greatness that dwarfs all

other things; and therefore he has not earned from destiny so glorious a death. Let him live to reign; and then let him fall a victim to the dagger of Brutus.

hic patriae perit omne decus: iacet aggere magno
patricium campis non mixta plebe cadauer.
mors tamen eminuit clarorum in strage uirorum
pugnacis Domiti, quem clades fata per omnis 600
ducebant: nusquam Magni fortuna sine illo
succubuit. uictus totiens a Caesare salua
libertate perit: tunc mille in uolnera laetus
labitur ac uenia gaudet caruisse secunda.
uiderat in crasso uersantem sanguine membra 605
Caesar, et increpitans ‘iam Magni deseris arma,
successor Domiti; sine te iam bella geruntur’
dixerat. ast illi suffecit pectora pulsans
spiritus in uocem morientiaque ora resoluit.
‘non te funesta scelerum mercede potitum 610
sed dubium fati, Caesar, generoque minorem
aspiciens Stygias Magno duce liber ad umbras
et securus eo: te, saeuo Marte subactum,
Pompeioque grauis poenas nobisque daturum,
cum moriar, sperare licet.’ non plura locutum 615
uita fugit, densaeque oculos uertere tenebrae.

All the glory of our country fell there: the corpses of the patricians lay in a great heap upon the field, with no plebeians among them. Yet one death was most noticeable in that carnage of famous men — the death of that stubborn warrior, Domitius. Fate led him from defeat to defeat; never was he absent when Pompey’s cause was worsted. Though conquered so often by Caesar, he died without losing his freedom. Now he fell gladly under a thousand wounds, and rejoiced not to be pardoned a second time. Caesar saw him weltering in a pool of blood and taunted him thus: “Domitius, inheritor of my province, you are now deserting Pompey’s cause; you have no part henceforward in the war.” Thus he spoke; and the breath that heaved the other’s breast was enough for speech, and he opened his dying

lips: "Caesar, you have not grasped the fatal reward of your guilt: your fate remains uncertain and you are inferior to your son-in-law; and seeing your plight, I go free and untroubled to the Stygian shades, and Pompey is still my leader. Though I die, I still can hope that you, borne down in fierce battle, will pay a heavy reckoning to Pompey and to me." Before he could say more, life left him and thick darkness closed his eyes.

inpendisse pudet lacrimas in funere mundi
mortibus innumeris, ac singula fata sequentem
quaerere letiferum per cuius uiscera uolnus
exierit, quis fusa solo uitalia calcet, 620
ore quis aduerso demissum faucibus ensem
expulerit moriens anima, quis corruat ictus,
quis steterit dum membra cadunt, qui pectore tela
transmittant aut quos campis adfixerit hasta,
quis cruor emissis perruperit aera uenis 625
inque hostis cadat arma sui, quis pectora fratris
caedat et, ut notum possit spoliare cadauer,
abscisum longe mittat caput, ora parentis
quis laceret nimiaque probet spectantibus ira
quem iugulat non esse patrem. mors nulla querella 630
digna sua est, nullosque hominum lugere uacamus.
non istas habuit pugnae Pharsalia partes
quas aliae clades: illic per fata uirorum,
per populos hic Roma perit; quod militis illic,
mors hic gentis erat: sanguis ibi fluxit Achaeus, 635
Ponticus, Assyrius; cunctos haerere cruores
Romanus campisque uetat consistere torrens.
maius ab hac acie quam quod sua saecula ferrent
uolnus habent populi; plus est quam uita salusque
quod perit: in totum mundi prosternimur aeuum. 640
uincitur his gladiis omnis quae seruiet aetas.
proxima quid suboles aut quid meruere nepotes
in regnum nasci? pauide num gessimus arma
teximus aut iugulos? alieni poena timoris
in nostra ceruice sedet. post proelia natis 645

si dominum, Fortuna, dabas, et bella dedisses.

Where a whole world died, it were shame to spend tears upon any of a myriad deaths, or to follow the fate of individuals and ask, through whose vitals the death-dealing sword passed, who trod upon his own entrails poured out upon the ground, who faced the foe and dying drove out with his last gasp the blade buried in his throat. Some fell to earth when stricken; others stood upright while their arms were lopped off; the weapon passed right through the breasts of some, while others were pinned to the ground by the spear; the blood of some, pouring from the veins, spouted through the air and fell on the armour of their foes; one man pierced a brother's breast, and then cut off the head and hurled it to a distance, that he might be able to rob the kindred corpse, while another mangled his father's face and tried by excess of fury to convince the eye-witnesses that his victim was not his father. But no death deserves a lament to itself, and we have no leisure to mourn any individual. Pharsalia played a different part in battle from all other defeats: in them Rome suffered by the death of men, but here she was destroyed by the death of nations; a people died here, for every soldier there; here the blood of Achaea, Pontus, and Assyria was poured out, and all that bloodshed the torrent of Roman gore forbids to linger and stagnate on the field. A blow too heavy for their own age to bear was dealt to all nations by this battle: more was lost there than mere life and existence: we were overthrown for all time to come; all future generations doomed to slavery were conquered by those swords. For what fault of their own were the sons or grandsons of the combatants at Pharsalia born to slavery? Did *we* play the coward in battle or screen our throats from the sword? The penalty of cowardice not our own is fastened upon our necks. To us, born after that battle, Fortune gave a master; she should have given us also the chance to fight for freedom.

iam Magnus transisse deos Romanaque fata
senserat infelix, tota uix clade coactus
fortunam damnare suam. stetit aggere campi,
eminus unde omnis sparsas per Thessala rura 650
aspiceret clades, quae bello obstante latebant.

tot telis sua fata peti, tot corpora fusa
ac se tam multo pereuntem sanguine uidit.
nec, sicut mos est miseris, trahere omnia secum
mersa iuuat gentesque suae miscere ruinae: 655
ut Latiae post se uiuat pars maxima turbae,
sustinuit dignos etiam nunc credere uotis
caelicolas, uouitque, sui solacia casus.
'parcite,' ait 'superi, cunctas prosternere gentes.
stante potest mundo Romaque superstiti Magnus 660
esse miser. si plura iuuant mea uulnera, coniunx
est mihi, sunt nati: dedimus tot pignora fati.
ciuiline parum est bello, si meque meosque
obruit? exiguae clades sumus orbe remoto?
omnia quid laceras? quid perdere cuncta laboras? 665
iam nihil est, Fortuna, meum.' sic fatur et arma
signaque et adflictas omni iam parte cateruas
circumit et reuocat matura in fata ruentis
seque negat tanti. nec derat robur in enses
ire duci iuguloque pati uel pectore letum. 670
sed timuit, strato miles ne corpore Magni
non fugeret, supraque ducem procumberet orbis;
Caesaris aut oculis uoluit subducere mortem.
nequiquam, infelix: socero spectare uolenti
praestandum est ubicumque caput. sed tu quoque, coniunx, 675
causa fugae uoltusque tui fatisque negatum
parte apse mori. tum Magnum concitus aufert
a bello sonipes non tergo tela pauentem
ingentisque animos extrema in fata ferentem.
non gemitus, non fletus erat, saluaque uerendus 680
maiestate dolor, qualem te, Magne, decebat
Romanis praestare malis. non inpare uoltu
aspicis Emathiam: nec te uidere superbum
prospera bellorum nec fractum aduersa uidebunt;
quamque fuit laeto per tres infida triumphos 685
tam misero Fortuna minor. iam pondere fati
deposito securus abis; nunc tempora laeta
respexisse uacat, spes numquam implenda recessit;

quid fueris nunc scire licet. fuge proelia dira
ac testare deos nullum, qui perstet in armis, 690
iam tibi, Magne, mori. ceu flebilis Africa damnis
et ceu Munda nocens Pharioque a gurgite clades,
sic et Thessalicae post te pars maxima pugnae
non iam Pompei nomen populare per orbem
nec studium belli, sed par quod semper habemus, 695
libertas et Caesar, erit; teque inde fugato
ostendit moriens sibi se pugnasse senatus.

By now Magnus, unhappy man, was aware that Heaven and the destiny of Rome had gone over to the enemy, though the full extent of the disaster could scarce compel him to despair of his fortunes. Far off on a rising ground he stayed, to see from there the carnage spread through the land of Thessaly, which the battle had hidden from his sight; he saw all the missiles aimed at his life, and all the prostrate corpses; he saw himself dying with all that bloodshed. But he desired not, as the wretched often do, to draw all things in destruction after him and make mankind share his ruin. Deigning to consider Heaven even yet worthy of his prayers, he consoled himself in calamity by praying that the most of the Romans might survive him. "Stop here, ye gods," he said, "and refrain from destroying all nations. The world may remain and Rome survive, though Magnus is doomed. If you desire to add to my afflictions, I have a wife, I have sons; all these hostages have I given to fortune. Is civil war still unsatisfied, if it destroy me and mine? Is our overthrow not enough, unless the world be added? Why does Fortune mangle all things and seek universal destruction? Nothing is left now of my own." Thus he spoke, and rode round his army and the standards and the troops now shattered on every hand, recalling them from rushing upon instant death, and saying that he was not worth the sacrifice. He lacked not the courage to confront the swords and offer throat or breast to the fatal blow; but he feared that, if he lay low, his soldiers would refuse to flee and the whole world would be laid upon the body of their leader; or else he wished to remove his death from Caesar's sight. Vain hope, alas! If his kinsman desires to look upon that head, it must be presented to him in any and every land. And there was another cause for his flight

— his wife and her loved face, and the decree of fate that he should not die with part of himself absent. Then Magnus rode swiftly from the field, fearing not the missiles behind him but moving with high courage to his final doom. There was no lamentation nor tears — only a noble sorrow with no loss of dignity, such a sorrow as the calamities of Rome deserved to receive from Magnus. With countenance unchanged he beholds Pharsalia; victory never saw him lifted up, and defeat shall never see him cast down; and treacherous Fortune, who found him her superior at the time of his three triumphs, is as far beneath him now in his fall. He goes away free from care, having laid down the burden Fate put upon him; now he has leisure to look back at past happiness; and hope, never to be fulfilled, has departed; now he can realise what once he was. Let him flee from the fatal field, and call Heaven to witness that those who continue the fight are no longer giving their lives for Pompey. Like the woeful losses in Africa, like guilty Munda and the slaughter by the Nile, so most of the fighting at Pharsalia, after Pompey's departure, ceased to represent the world's love of Pompey or the passion for war: it was the never-ending contest between Freedom and Empire; and when Pompey had fled from Pharsalia, the senators proved by dying that they had fought in their own quarrel.

nonne iuuat pulsum bellis cessisse nec istud
perspectasse nefas? spumantes caede cateruas
respice, turbatos incursu sanguinis amnes, 700
et soceri miserere tui. quo pectore Romam
intrabit factus campis felicior istis?
quidquid in ignotis solus regionibus exul,
quidquid sub Phario positus patiēre tyranno,
crede deis, longo fatorum crede fauori, 705
uincere peius erat. prohibe lamenta sonare,
flere ueta populos, lacrimas luctusque remitte.
tam mala Pompei quam prospera mundus adoret.
aspice securus uoltu non supplice reges,
aspice possessas urbes donataque regna, 710
Aegypton Libyamque, et terras elige morti.

Is it not happiness to you, Pompey, to have withdrawn defeated from the battle, without witnessing that horror to its close? Look back on the ranks reeking with carnage, and the rivers darkened by the inrush of blood, and then pity your kinsman. With what feelings will he enter Home, owing his good fortune to yonder field? Whatever you have yet to endure, as a lonely exile in strange lands or at the mercy of the Egyptian king, take the word of Heaven and Fortune so long favourable: victory was worse than defeat. Forbid the sound of lamentation and stop the mourning of mankind; forgo their tears and grief. The world must bow before Pompey in his misfortune as they bowed before his success. Calmly and with no petitionary aspect look upon the kings, look upon the cities you took and the thrones of Egypt and Africa which you gave, and choose a land to die in.

uidit prima tuae testis Larisa ruinae
nobile nec uictum fatis caput. omnibus illa
ciuibus effudit totas per moenia uires
obuia ceu laeto: promittunt munera flentes, ⁷¹⁵
pandunt templa, domos, socios se cladibus optant.
scilicet inmenso superest ex nomine multum,
teque minor solo cunctas inpellere gentes
rursus in arma potes rursusque in fata redire.
sed 'quid opus uicto populis aut urbibus?' inquit ⁷²⁰
'uictori praestate fidem'. tu, Caesar, in alto
caedis adhuc cumulo patriae per uiscera uadis,
at tibi iam populos donat gener. auehit inde
Pompeium sonipes; gemitus lacrimaeque secuntur
plurimaque in saeuos populi conuicia diuos. ⁷²⁵
nunc tibi uera fides quaesiti, Magne, fauoris
contigit ac fructus: felix se nescit amari.

Larisa was the first witness of his fallen greatness — the first to behold that noble head unconquered by disaster. She poured out all her population through her gates, and met him like a conqueror with all her inhabitants; with tears they promise gifts, they open their temples and houses, they pray to share his defeat. In truth much remains of that boundless fame; with no superior except his former

self, he might again rouse all nations to battle and resume his victorious course. But he refused: "What need has a conquered man of nations or cities? Offer your loyalty to the conqueror." While Caesar is still treading on corpses piled high and marching over the very life of his country, he receives from his kinsman nations as a gift. When Pompey rode away from Larisa, the cries and tears of the people followed him, and many a reproach against the cruelty of Heaven. That day gave proof to Pompey of the favour he had gained, and gave him enjoyment of it: the prosperous are never sure that they are loved for themselves.

Caesar, ut Hesperio uidit satis arua natare
sanguine, parcendum ferro manibusque suorum
iam ratus ut uiles animas perituraque frustra 730
agmina permisit uitae. sed, castra fugatos
ne reuocent pellatque quies nocturna pauorem,
protinus hostili statuit succedere uallo,
dum fortuna calet, dum conficit omnia terror,
non ueritus graue ne fessis aut Marte subactis 735
hoc foret imperium. non magno hortamine miles
in praedam ducendus erat. 'uictoria nobis
plena, uiri:' dixit 'superest pro sanguine merces,
quam monstrare meum est; neque enim donare uocabo
quod sibi quisque dabit. cunctis, en, plena metallis 740
castra patent; raptum Hesperiiis e gentibus aurum
hic iacet Eoasque premunt tentoria gazas.
tot regum fortuna simul Magnique coacta
expectat dominos: propera praecedere, miles,
quos sequeris; quascumque tuas Pharsalia fecit 745
a uictis rapiuntur opes.' [nec plura locutus
inpulit amentes aurique cupidine caecos
ire super gladios supraque cadauera patrum
et caesos calcare duces.] quae fossa, quis agger
sustineat pretium belli scelerumque petentis? 750
scire ruunt, quanta fuerint mercede nocentes.
inuenere quidem spoliato plurima mundo
bellorum in sumptus congestae pondera massae,

sed non inpleuit cupientis omnia mentes.
quidquid fodit Hiber, quidquid Tagus expulit auri, 755
quod legit diues summis Arimaspus harenis,
ut rapiant, paruo scelus hoc uenisse putabunt.
cum sibi Tarpeias uictor desponderit arces,
cum spe Romanae promiserit omnia praedae,
decipitur quod castra rapit. capit in pia plebes 760
caespitem patricio somnos, stratumque cubile
regibus infandus miles premit, inque parentum
inque toris fratrum posuerunt membra nocentes.
quos agitat uaesana quies, somnique furentes
Thessalicam miseris uersant in pectore pugnam. 765
inuigilat cunctis saeuum scelus, armaque tota
mente agitant, capuloque manus absente mouentur.
ingemuisse putem campos, terramque nocentem
inspirasse animas, infectumque aera totum
manibus et superam Stygia formidine noctem. 770
exigit a meritis tristes uictoria poenas,
sibilaque et flammam infert sopor. umbra perempti
ciuis adest; sua quemque premit terroris imago:
ille senum uultus, iuuenum uidet ille figuras,
hunc agitant totis fraterna cadauera somnis, 775
pectore in hoc pater est, omnes in Caesare manes.
haud alios nondum Scythica purgatus in ara
Eumenidum uidit uultus Pelopeus Orestes,
nec magis attonitos animi sensere tumultus,
cum fureret, Pentheus aut, cum desisset, Agaue. 780
hunc omnes gladii, quos aut Pharsalia uidit
aut ultrix uisura dies stringente senatu,
illa nocte premunt, hunc infera monstra flagellant.
et quantum poenae misero mens conscia donat,
quod Stygia, quod manes ingestaque Tartara somnis 785
Pompeio uiuente uidet! tamen omnia passo,
postquam clara dies Pharsalica damna rexit,
nulla loci facies reuocat feralibus aruis
haerentis oculos. cernit propulsa cruore
flumina et excelsos cumulis aequantia colles 790

corpora, sidentis in tabem spectat acervos
et Magni numerat populos, epulisque patur
ille locus, uoltus ex quo faciesque iacentum
agnoscat. iuuat Emathiam non cernere terram
et lustrare oculis campos sub clade latentes. 795
fortunam superosque suos in sanguine cernit.
ac, ne laeta furens scelerum spectacula perdat,
inuidet igne rogi miseris, caeloque nocenti
ingerit Emathiam. non illum Poenus humator
consulis et Libyca succensae lampade Cannae 800
conpellunt hominum ritus ut seruet in hoste,
sed meminit nondum satiata caedibus ira
ciues esse suos. petimus non singula busta
discretosque rogos: unum da gentibus ignem,
non interpositis urantur corpora flammis; 805
aut, generi si poena iuuat, nemo extrue Pindi,
erige congestas Oetaeo robore siluas,
Thessalicam uideat Pompeius ab aequore flammam.
nil agis hac ira: tabesne cadauera soluat
an rogos, haud refert; placido natura receptat 810
cuncta sinu, finemque sui sibi corpora debent.
hos, Caesar, populos si nunc non usserit ignis,
uret cum terris, uret cum gurgite ponti.
communis mundo superest rogos ossibus astra
mixturus. quocumque tuam fortuna uocabit, 815
hae quoque sunt animae: non altius ibis in auras,
non meliore loco Stygia sub nocte iacebis.
libera fortunae mors est; capit omnia tellus
quae genuit; caelo tegitur qui non habet urnam.
tu, cui dant poenas inhumato funere gentes, 820
quid fugis hanc cladem? quid olentis deseris agros?
has trahe, Caesar, aquas, hoc, si potes, utere caelo.
sed tibi tabentes populi Pharsalica rura
eripiunt camposque tenent uictore fugato.

When Caesar saw that the fields were flooded deep enough with Italian blood, he thought it time to restrain the sword in the hands of

his soldiers, and suffered to survive the worthless lives by whose death he had nothing to gain. But fearing that their camp would rally the fugitives, and that a night's rest would dispel their fears, he decided to march at once up to the enemy's rampart, and to strike while the iron was hot and panic irresistible. He felt no fear that this command would be grievous to his weary veterans. The soldiers needed but little encouragement to lead them to plunder. "Our victory is complete, my men," he said; "all that remains is the reward for our blood; and that reward it is for me to point out — I shall not speak of bestowing what each of you will give to himself. Before you lies their camp, filled with all precious metals: the gold robbed from the Western nations is piled there, and their tents are crammed with the treasures of the East. The wealth of so many kings and the wealth of Magnus are here gathered together, waiting for owners. Make haste to outstrip the fugitives; all the riches that Pharsalia has made yours are being seized by the vanquished." What trench, what rampart, could withstand men who sought the reward of victory and crime? They are wild to know what the wages of their wickedness amount to. They found indeed many a mass of metal, collected from a plundered world to defray the cost of war; but these could not glut their boundless avarice. Even if they seized all the gold mined by Spaniards or thrown up by the Tagus or gathered from the surface of the sand by rich Arimaspians, still they would consider their crime poorly paid. They counted on the Tarpeian citadel as their own in case of victory; they had promised their utmost to their leader in hope of sacking Rome; and they are disappointed by the pillage of a mere camp. Base-born and bloodstained, they slept on the turf piled for patricians; the infamous rank and file lay down on couches prepared for kings; and the guilty rested their limbs where their fathers and brothers had slept. But a night of madness disturbed their rest, and frenzied dreams kept the battle of Pharsalia ever before their tortured minds. Their pitiless crime is awake in every heart, their whole mind is busy with battle, and their hands that grasp no hilt are never still. I can well believe that the battle-field sent forth a cry, and that the guilty soil breathed its airs upon them; that all the sky was tainted by the dead, and the night of the upper world darkened with the terrors of Hell. Their victory justly demands grim retribution;

sleep brings flames and hissing of serpents against them. The ghost of a slain countryman stands by the bed; each man has a different shape of terror to haunt him: one sees the faces of old men, another the forms of youths; one is disturbed all night by his brother's corpse, another's breast is weighed down by his father's ghost, but all the ghosts alike attack Caesar. Even so Pelopean Orestes beheld the faces of the Furies, before he was purified at the Scythian altar; nor did Pentheus in his madness, or Agave, when she had returned to her senses, feel more horror and disturbance of mind. All the swords that Pharsalia saw, and all that the day of vengeance was to see drawn by the Senate, were aimed at Caesar's breast that night; and the monsters of Hell scourged him. And yet his guilt excused the wretch great part of his penalty; for when Caesar beheld the Styx and its ghosts and all Hell let loose upon his sleep, Pompey was still alive. All this he suffered; and yet, when daylight revealed the casualties of Pharsalia, no feature of the land recalled his eyes from dwelling on the fatal field. He sees rivers running fast with gore, and heaps of corpses like high hills; he beholds the piles of dead settling down into corruption, and counts the nations that followed Magnus; and a spot, from which he can recognise the faces and features of the dead, is prepared for his feasting. He rejoices that he cannot see the soil of Emathia, and that the plain which his eyes pass over is hidden by carnage. In bloodshed he sees his victorious fortune and the favour of Heaven. And in his madness, loath to lose the welcome sight of his wickedness, he denies the wretches a pyre and thrusts the sight of Pharsalia upon the guilty gods. When the Carthaginian buried a consul, Cannae was lit up by African torches; but that example did not move Caesar to observe the rule of humanity in treatment of the foe: his rage is not yet glutted with the slaughter, and he remembers that the men are his own countrymen. We ask not a pyre for each or a separate burning: provide a single fire for all; let the bodies be burnt with one continuous flame; or, if you wish to punish your kinsman, pile up the timber from Pindus and build aloft all the oak-trees from Oeta's forests, that Pompey may see from his ship the blaze of Pharsalia. But Caesar's rage is bootless: it matters not whether the corpses are burnt on the pyre or decompose with time; nature finds room for them all in her gentle arms, and the dead

owe their end to themselves alone. If fire does not consume this host now, it will consume them hereafter, together with the earth and the waters of the sea; there remains a conflagration which will destroy all the world and bring the stars and dead men's bones together. Whithersoever destiny summons your spirit, Caesar, there the spirits of these men are also: you will not soar higher than they, you will not find any better place, if you lie in Stygian darkness. The dead are free from Fortune; Mother Earth has room for all her children, and he who lacks an urn has the sky to cover him. But you, who punish the nations by refusing them burial, why do you flee this carnage and abandon these pestilential fields? Drink this water, Caesar, and breathe this air, if you can. No: the nations that turn to corruption there rob you of Pharsalia: they have routed the conqueror and possess the field.

non solum Haemonii funesta ad pabula belli 825
Bistonii uenere lupi tabemque cruentae
caedis odorati Pholoen liquere leones.
tunc ursae latebras, obscaeni tecta domosque
deseruere canes, et quidquid nare sagaci
aera non sanum motumque cadauere sentit. 830
iamque diu uolucres ciuilia castra secutae
conueniunt. uos, quae Nilo mutare soletis
Threicias hiemes, ad mollem serius Austrum
istis, aues. numquam tanto se uolture caelum
induit aut plures presserunt aera pinnae. 835
omne nemus misit uolucres omnisque cruenta
alite sanguineis stillauit roribus arbor.
saepe super uoltus uictoris et inopia signa
aut cruor aut alto defluxit ab aethere tabes
membraque deiecit iam lassissimis unguibus ales. 840
sic quoque non omnis populus peruenit ad ossa
inque feras discerptus abit; non intima curant
uiscera nec totas auidae sorbere medullas:
degustant artus. Latiae pars maxima turbae
fastidita iacet; quam sol nimbique diesque 845
longior Emathiis resolutam miscuit aruis.

The Bistonian wolves came to the grisly feast afforded by the battle in Thessaly, and the lions left Pholoe when they scented out the corruption of the slain. And not they alone; but bears left their dens, obscene dogs came from the dwellings and houses of men, and every creature that perceives by the power of scent air that is unwholesome and tainted with death. The birds that long had followed the armies of civil war now flocked together. The cranes that each year leave the Thracian winter for the Nile were late in migrating to the warm south. Never did the sky clothe itself with such a host of vultures; never did more wings beat the air. Every wood sent its birds, and when the birds were bloodstained, every tree dripped with a crimson dew. Rotting flesh or drops of blood often fell from the sky upon the face and accursed standards of the conqueror, when the birds grew weary and dropt the dead limbs from their talons. But even so not all that host was picked to the bones or torn and devoured by beasts: bird and beast pay no heed to the inmost organs, and are not eager to suck all the marrow of the bones; they merely taste the limbs. Most of the Roman dead they left to lie unheeded; but sun and rain and time dissolved their bodies and blended them with the soil of Thessaly.

Thessalia, infelix, quo tantum crimine, tellus,
laesisti superos, ut te tot mortibus unam,
tot scelerum fatis premerent? quod sufficit aeuum
inmemor ut donet belli tibi damna uetustas? 850
quae seges infecta surget non decolor herba?
quo non Romanos uiolabis uomere manes?
ante nouae uenient acies, scelerique secundo
praestabis nondum siccis hoc sanguine campos.
omnia maiorum uertamus busta licebit, 855
et stantis tumulos et qui radice uetusta
effudere suas uictis conpagibus urnas,
plus cinerum Haemoniae sulcis telluris aratur
pluraque ruricolis feriantur dentibus ossa.
nullus ab Emathio religasset litore funem 860
nauita, nec terram quisquam mouisset arator,
Romani bustum populi, fugerentque coloni

umbrarum campos, gregibus dumeta carerent,
nullusque auderet pecori permittere pastor
uellere surgentem de nostris ossibus herbam, ⁸⁶⁵
ac, uelut inpatiens hominum uel solis iniqui
limite uel glacie, nuda atque ignota iaceres,
si non prima nefas belli sed sola tulisses.
o superi, liceat terras odisse nocentis.
quid totum premitis, quid totum absolutis orbem? ⁸⁷⁰
Hesperiae clades et flebilis unda Pachyni
et Mutina et Leucas puros fecere Philippos.

Unhappy land of Thessaly! what sin of yours offended the gods so grievously that they visited you beyond other lands with such a holocaust of victims and such a myriad of deaths in civil war? No lapse of time is long enough to make posterity forget and forgive the losses which your battle wrought; each crop will rise discoloured and with tainted blades from your soil; and all your ploughshares will do violence to Roman dead. Meanwhile, fresh armies will meet, and you will offer your plains for a second crime before this blood has dried off them. Though we empty out all the tombs of our ancestors — both those that are still erect, and those which, when their masonry was split by ancient roots, spilt their urns — yet the plough turns up more relics in the furrows of Thessaly, and the harrows that till those fields strike against more bones. No sailor would fasten his cable to the shore of Thessaly; no ploughman would stir the soil where the Roman people lies buried; the husbandmen would flee from the haunted plains; the thickets would shelter no flocks, and no shepherd would dare to let his sheep crop the grass that grows from Roman bones — Thessaly would be an unknown desert, as if icy cold or the zone of oppressive heat made it unfit for habitation, if it had been the only land, and not merely the first, to be the scene of civil war. Ye gods, give us the power to curse the country that is guilty. Why do ye condemn all the world, and so acquit it all? The slaughter in the West and the mournful sea of Pachynum, Mutina and Leucas, have washed away the guilt of Philippi.

LIBER OCTAVVS — BOOK VIII

Iam super Herculeas fauces nemorosaque Tempe
Haemoniae deserta petens dispendia siluae
cornipedem exhaustum cursu stimulisque negantem
Magnus agens incerta fugae uestigia turbat
inplicitasque errore uias. pauet ille fragorem 5
motorum uentis nemorum, comitumque suorum
qui post terga redit trepidum laterique timentem
exanimat. quamuis summo de culmine lapsus
nondum uile sui pretium scit sanguinis esse,
seque, memor fati, tantae mercedis habere 10
credit adhuc iugulum, quantam pro Caesaris ipse
auolsa ceruice daret. deserta sequentem
non patitur tutis fatum celare latebris
clara uiri facies. multi, Pharsalica castra
cum peterent nondum fama prodente ruinas, 15
occursu stupuere ducis uertigine rerum
attoniti, cladisque suae uix ipse fidelis
auctor erat. grauis est Magno quicumque malorum
testis adest. cunctis ignotus gentibus esse
mallet et obscuro tutus transire per urbes 20
nomine; sed poenas longi Fortuna fauoris
exigit a misero, quae tanto pondere famae
res premit aduersas fatisque prioribus urguet.
nunc festinatos nimium sibi sentit honores
actaque lauriferae damnat Sullana iuuentae, 25
nunc et Corycias classes et Pontica signa
deiectum meminisse piget. sic longius aeuum
destruit ingentis animos et uita superstes
imperio. nisi summa dies cum fine bonorum
adfuit et celeri praeuertit tristia leto, 30
dedecori est fortuna prior. quisquamne secundis
tradere se fatis audet nisi morte parata?

AND now beyond wooded Tempe, the Gorge of Hercules, Magnus

made by circuitous paths for the lonely forests of Thessaly; as he urged on his horse which was worn out by rapid flight and deaf to the spur, he confused the traces of his retreat and made a labyrinth of his tracks. He dreads the sound of the trees in the wind; and any of his comrades who falls back to join him causes him terror in his agitation and fear for his own person. Though fallen from his lofty eminence, he knows that the price of his blood is still high; and, mindful of his career, he believes that his death can still earn as great a reward as he himself would give for the severed head of Caesar. Though he seeks solitude, his known features suffer him not to hide his disaster in safe concealment. Many who were on their way to the camp at Pharsalia, before rumour had published his defeat abroad, were startled to meet their leader and astounded by the sudden change of fortune; and he was scarcely believed when he reported his own defeat. The presence of any witness of his woes was grievous to him. He would choose to be unknown to all nations, and to pass safely through the cities with a name unknown to fame; but Fortune, who long had favoured him, now demands from her victim the penalty of that favour; she throws all the weight of his renown into the scale of adversity and crushes him beneath his former successes. Now he feels that his honours came too quick upon him; now he curses the exploits of his triumphant youth in Sulla's day; now he hates in his fall to remember the fleets of Cilicia and the armies of Pontus. Thus length of days and life surviving power humble the proudest heart. Unless the end of life comes together with the end of happiness, and anticipates sorrow by speedy death, past greatness is a mockery. Does any dare to trust prosperity, except he has the means of death at hand?

*litora contigerat per quae Peneius amnis
Emathia iam clade rubens exibat in aequor.
inde ratis trepidum uentis ac fluctibus inpar, 35
flumineis uix tuta uadis, euexit in altum.
cuius adhuc remis quatitur Corcyra sinusque
Leucadii, Cilicum dominus terraeque Liburnae
exiguam uector pauidus correpsit in alnum.
conscia curarum secretae in litora Lesbi 40*

flectere uela iubet, qua tunc tellure latebas
maestior, in mediis quam si, Cornelia, campis
Emathiae stares. tristis praesagia curas
exagitant, trepida quatitur formidine somnus,
Thessaliam nox omnis habet; tenebrisque remotis 45
rupis in abruptae scopulos extremaque curris
litora; prospiciens fluctus nutantia longe
semper prima uides uenientis uela carinae,
quaerere nec quicquam de fato coniugis audes.
en ratis, ad uestros quae tendit carbasa portus! 50
quid ferat ignoras, et nunc tibi summa pauoris
nuntius armorum tristis rumorque sinister.
uictus adest coniunx. quid perdis tempora luctus?
cum possis iam flere times. tum puppe propinqua
prosiluit crimenque deum crudele notauit, 55
deformem pallore ducem uoltusque prementem
canitiem atque atro squalentis puluere uestes.
obuia nox miserae caelum lucemque tenebris
abstulit atque animam clausit dolor; omnia neruis
membra relictia labant, riguerunt corda, diuque 60
spe mortis decepta iacet. iam fune ligato
litoribus lustrat uacuas Pompeius harenas.
quem postquam propius famulae uidere fideles,
non ultra gemitus tacitos incessere fatum
permisere sibi, frustra que attollere terra 65
semianimem conantur eram; quam pectore Magnus
ambit et astrictos refouet complexibus artus.
coeperat in summum reuocato sanguine corpus
Pompei sentire manus maestamque mariti
posse pati faciem: prohibet succumbere fati 70
Magnus et inmodicos castigat uoce dolores.
'nobile cur robur fortunae uolnere primo
femina tantorum titulis insignis auorum
frangis? habes aditum mansurae in saecula famae.
laudis in hoc sexu non legum iura nec arma, 75
unica materia est coniunx miser. erige mentem,
et tua cum fati pietas decertet, et ipsum

quod sum uictus ama. nunc sum tibi gloria maior,
a me quod fasces et quod pia turba senatus
tantaque discessit regum manus. incipe Magnum 80
sola sequi. deformis adhuc uiuente marito
summus et augeri uetitus dolor: ultima debet
esse fides lugere uirum. tu nulla tulisti
bello damna meo: uiuit post proelia Magnus
sed fortuna perit. quod defles, illud amasti.' 85

He had reached the shore where the river Peneus, already red with the slaughter of Pharsalia, passed out into the sea. From there a boat, no match for winds and waves and scarcely safe in the shallow river, bore him out trembling over the deep. He whose oars still churn the waters of Corcyra and the bays of Leucas, he, the lord of the Cilicians and the Liburnian land, slinks as a frightened passenger into a little boat. He bids them bend the sail towards the distant shore of Lesbos — the shore entrusted with his loved Cornelia; in that land she was hidden, but she was sadder than if she had stood in the centre of Pharsalia's field. For her sorrow is intensified by forebodings, and her sleep broken by anxious fears. Every night brings Pharsalia before her; and, when darkness disappears, she hastens to the peak of a steep cliff at the shore's edge and looks out over the waves; she is always the first to see the sails of an approaching vessel dipping in the distance, but she dare ask no question concerning her husband's fate. But see! a ship spreading her sail towards the harbours of Lesbos! What it brings, she knows not; and up till now her worst fear is evil news of the war and ominous report; but now the messenger is her husband, and his message, defeat. Why waste the time when you might mourn? Though you might weep already, you only fear. Then, as the ship came close, she sprang up and marked the guilt and cruelty of Heaven, the ghastly pallor of the general, the white hair that hid his face, and the black dust that defiled his garments. Darkness closed upon her grief and robbed her of the light of heaven; sorrow stopped her breath; betrayed by the muscles, all her limbs relaxed, her heart ceased to beat, and long she lay deceived by the hope that this was death. Now the cable was made fast to the shore, and Pompey trod the solitary strand. When her faithful handmaids

saw him close at hand, they dared not rail at destiny except with stifled groans, and tried in vain to lift their fainting mistress from the ground; but Pompey folded her in his arms and brings back life to the rigid limbs by his embrace. Back came the blood to the surface of the body; she began to be aware of Pompey's touch, and to be able to endure the sorrowful face of her husband. He forbids her to be conquered by destiny and thus reproves the excess of her sorrow: "Adorned as you are by the fame of such mighty ancestors, why do you suffer the first stroke of Fortune to break down the courage of your noble race? Here is your opportunity for undying fame. To your sex neither peaceful government nor war is a field for glory: a husband's sorrow alone can win it. Lift up your heart, let your devotion wrestle with destiny, and let the very fact that I have been conquered be dear to you. For I bring you greater distinction now, when the magistrates and devoted ranks of the Senate and all my retinue of kings have parted from me: from this time be the sole follower of Magnus. The depth of woe, woe that admits of no increase, is unbecoming while your husband lives; to mourn him dead should be your last proof of fidelity. My defeat has brought no loss to you; for Magnus survives the battle, though his greatness has gone; that which you weep for is what you really loved."

uocibus his correpta uiri uix aegra leuauit
membra solo talis gemitu rumpente querellas:
'o utinam in thalamos inuisi Caesaris issem
infelix coniunx et nulli laeta marito.
bis nocui mundo: me pronuba ducit Erinys 90
Crassorumque umbrae, deuotaque manibus illis
Assyrios in castra tuli ciuilia casus,
praecipitesque dedi populos cunctosque fugau
a causa meliore deos. o maxime coniunx,
o thalamis indigne meis, hoc iuris habebat 95
in tantum fortuna caput? cur inopia nupsi,
si miserum factura fui? nunc accipe poenas,
sed quas sponte luam: quo sit tibi mollius aequor,
certa fides regum totusque paratior orbis,
sparge mari comitem. mallet felicitibus armis 100

dependisse caput: nunc clades denique lustra,
Magne, tuas. ubicumque iaces ciuilibus armis
nostros ultra toros, ades huc atque exige poenas,
Iulia crudelis, placataque paelice caesa
Magno parce tuo.' sic fata iterumque refusa 105
coniugis in gremium cunctorum lumina soluit
in lacrimas. duri flectuntur pectora Magni,
siccaque Thessalia confudit lumina Lesbos.

Thus rebuked by her husband, slowly she raised her ailing limbs from the ground, and her wailing broke out into complaints like these: "Would that I had been wedded to hated Caesar; for disaster was my dower and I have brought happiness to no husband. Twice have I brought a curse on mankind; the Fury and the ghosts of the Crassi gave me in marriage; and I, devoted to those dead, have brought the disaster of Carrhae to the camp of civil war, and hurled nations to their doom, and driven all Heaven away from the better side. O mighty husband, too good for such a wife, had Fortune such power over one so great? Why was I guilty of marrying you, if I was to bring you sorrow? Now accept the penalty — a penalty which I will gladly pay: that the sea may be smoother for you, the kings steadfast in their loyalty, and the whole world more ready to serve you, scatter the limbs of your companion over the deep. I had rather have laid down my life to buy you victory; as it is, at least expiate your defeat by my death. Let relentless Julia, wherever she is buried, come here and exact the penalty; she has punished our marriage by civil strife; let her be appeased by the death of her rival and spare Magnus when he is hers." With these words she fell back into her husband's arms, and the eyes of all were melted to tears. The stern heart of Magnus was moved, and Lesbos made wet the eyes that were dry at Pharsalia.

tunc Mytilenaeum pleno iam litore uolgas
adfatur Magnum. 'si maxima gloria nobis 110
semper erit tanti pignus seruasse mariti,
tu quoque deuotos sacro tibi foedere muros
oramus sociosque lares dignere uel una

nocte tua: fac, Magne, locum, quem cuncta reuisant
saecula, quem ueniens hospes Romanus adoret. 115
nulla tibi subeunda magis sunt moenia uicto:
omnia uictoris possunt sperare fauorem,
haec iam crimen habent. quid, quod iacet insula ponto,
Caesar eget ratibus? procerum pars magna coibit
certa loci; noto reparandum est litore fatum. 120
accipe templorum cultus aurumque deorum;
accipe, si terris, si puppibus ista iuuentus
aptior est; tota, quantum ualet, utere Lesbo.
hoc solum crimen merita bene detrahe terrae, 125
ne nostram uideare fidem felixque secutus
et damnasse miser.' tali pietate uirorum
laetus in aduersis et mundi nomine gaudens
esse fidem 'nullum toto mihi' dixit 'in orbe
gratius esse solum non paruo pignore uobis 130
ostendi: tenuit nostros hac obside Lesbos
adfectus; hic sacra domus carique penates,
hic mihi Roma fuit. non ulla in litora puppem
ante dedi fugiens, saeui cum Caesaris iram
iam scirem meritam seruata coniuge Lesbon, 135
non ueritus tantam ueniae committere uobis
materiam. sed iam satis est fecisse nocentis:
fata mihi totum mea sunt agitanda per orbem.
heu nimium felix aeterno nomine Lesbos,
siue doces populos regesque admittere Magnum, 140
seu praestas mihi sola fidem. nam quaerere certum est,
fas quibus in terris, ubi sit scelus. accipe, numen
siquod adhuc mecum es, uotorum extrema meorum:
da similis Lesbo populos, qui Marte subactum
non intrare suos infesto Caesare portus, 145
non exire uetent.' dixit, maestamque carinae
inposuit comitem. cunctos mutare putares
tellurem patriaeque solum: sic litore toto
plangitur, infestae tenduntur in aethera dextrae.
Pompeiumque minus, cuius fortuna dolorem 150
mouerat, ast illam, quam toto tempore belli

ut ciuem uidere suam, discedere cernens
ingemuit populus; quam uix, si castra mariti
uictoris peteret, siccis dimittere matres
iam poterant oculis: tanto deuinxit amore 155
hos pudor, hos probitas castique modestia uoltus,
quod summissa <a>nimis, nulli grauis hospita turbæ,
stantis adhuc fati uixit quasi coniuge uicto.

Next the people of Mytilene, who had now flocked to the shore, addressed Magnus thus: "Since it will ever be our chief boast to have guarded the treasure of so great a husband, do you also honour the city bound to you by sacred ties, and deem our friendly dwellings worthy to shelter you for one night at least. Make this a place of pilgrimage for all ages, a place where strangers may come from Rome and worship. No city is more fit for you to enter after defeat: though all others may hope for the clemency of the conqueror, ours is already guilty. Besides, Lesbos is an island, and Caesar has no fleet. Most of the senators, knowing where to find you, will gather here; you must make good your failure on this famous shore. Take the ornaments of our temples and the treasure of our gods; take our manhood's strength, to use on land or at sea, wherever it is most serviceable; make use of all Lesbos to the utmost of her power. Accept our gifts; though conquered, take them that Caesar may not rob us of them. Only of this charge acquit a land that has served you well: let it not appear that in adversity you doubted our loyalty which you appealed to in your good fortune." Cheered in his hour of defeat to find such devotion, and glad, for the sake of humanity, that loyalty still existed, Pompey replied: "By a most dear pledge I have proved to you that no land on earth is more acceptable to me: Lesbos held my heart, while Cornelia was your hostage; Lesbos was my hearth and home, all that was dear and sacred; Lesbos was Rome to me. To no other shore did I first direct my vessel in my flight; and, though I knew that Lesbos had already earned Caesar's anger by keeping safe my wife, I did not fear to put in your hands so mighty a means of gaining his forgiveness. But here I must call a halt and make you guilty no more. My own future I must follow up over all the world. Ah, too happy Lesbos, and famous for ever, whether she teaches

other nations and kings to harbour me or alone proves faithful to me. For I am resolved to search the world and find out where goodness is, and where crime. Hear my last prayer, ye gods, if any god is still upon my side: may I find nations like to Lesbos, who will suffer a defeated man, pursued by Caesar, to enter their ports and also suffer him to sail out again.” Thus he spoke and set his sorrowing companion on board. One might have thought that all the people were leaving their native soil for a foreign land; such wailing rose from all the shore; and menacing hands were stretched towards heaven. Pompey’s departure they felt less — his ill-fortune only had stirred their grief; but when they saw Cornelia leaving them, Cornelia whom throughout the war they looked on as one of themselves, then the people groaned aloud; if she had sought the camp of a victorious husband, scarce could the matrons have parted from her without tears; with such love had she attached some by her gentleness, others by her goodness and her pure and modest looks, because, humble of heart and a burdensome guest to none of the people, she lived, while her husband’s fortune stood firm, as if he had been conquered already.

iam pelago medios Titan demissus ad ignes
nec quibus abscondit nec siquibus exerit orbem 160
totus erat. uigiles Pompei pectore curae
nunc socias adeunt Romani foederis urbes
et uarias regum mentes, nunc inuia mundi
arua super nimios soles Austrumque iacentis.
saepe labor maestus curarum odiumque futuri 165
proiecit fessos incerti pectoris aestus,
rectoremque ratis de cunctis consulit astris,
unde notet terras, quae sit mensura secandi
aequoris in caelo, Syriam quo sidere seruet
aut quotus in Plaustro Libyam bene derigat ignis. 170
doctus ad haec fatur taciti seruator Olympi
‘signifero quaecumque fluunt labentia caelo,
numquam stante polo miseros fallentia nautas,
sidera non sequimur, sed, qui non mergitur undis
axis inocciduus gemina clarissimus Arcto, 175

ille regit puppes. hic cum mihi semper in altum
surget et instabit summis minor Vrsa ceruchis,
Bosporon et Scythiae curuantem litora Pontum
spectamus. quidquid descendet ab arbore summa
Arctophylax propiorque mari Cynosura feretur, 180
in Syriae portus tendit ratis. inde Canopos
excipit, Australi caelo contenta uagari
stella, timens Borean: illa quoque perge sinistra
trans Pharon, in medio tanget ratis aequore Syrtim.
sed quo uela dari, quo nunc pede carbasa tendi 185
nostra iubes?’ dubio contra cui pectore Magnus
‘hoc solum toto’ respondit ‘in aequore serua,
ut sit ab Emathiis semper tua longius oris
puppis et Hesperiam pelago caeloque relinquo:
cetera da uentis. comitem pignusque recepi 190
depositum: tum certus eram quae litora uellem,
nunc portum fortuna dabit’. sic fatur; at ille
iusto uela modo pendentia cornibus aequis
torsit et in laeuum puppim dedit, utque secaret
quas Asinae cautes et quas Chios asperat undas 195
hos dedit in proram, tenet hos in puppe rudentes.
aequora senserunt motus aliterque secante
iam pelagus rostro nec idem spectante carina
mutauere sonum. non sic moderator equorum,
dexteriore rota laeuum cum circumit axem, 200
cogit inoffensae currus accedere metae.

By now the sun had sunk half his ball of fire in the sea, and his disc was not wholly seen either by those from whom he withdrew it, or by those, if such there be, to whom he revealed it. The care that kept watch in Pompey's breast turned at one time to the allied cities in league with Rome and to the wavering allegiance of the kings, at another time to the pathless lands of the region that lies beyond the burning suns of the south. So sad and weary were his thoughts, such his loathing of the morrow, that often he threw off the heavy load of his conflicting purposes, and questioned the steersman concerning all the stars; by what star does he mark the land? what rule and measure

for cleaving the sea does the sky afford? by what star does he keep a course to Syria? or which of the seven stars in the Wain is a sure guide to Libya? The skilled watcher of the silent sky replied to him thus: "All those lights which move and glide through the starry heavens mislead the hapless seaman, because the sky is ever shifting; to them we pay no heed; but the pole-star, which never sets or sinks beneath the waves, the brightest star in the two Bears, he it is that guides our course. When I see him mount ever towards the zenith, and when the Little Bear rises above the towering yards, then we face towards the Bosphorus and the Black Sea that hollows the Scythian shore. But whenever Bootes sinks from the topmast and the Little Bear moves nearer the horizon, the ship is making for the ports of Syria. Next after that conies Canopus, a star that shuns the North and limits its wanderings to the southern sky; if you keep it on the left and sail on past Pharos, your vessel will strike the Syrtis in mid-ocean. But whither do you bid me shape our course, and with which sheet shall the canvas be stretched?" With unsettled purpose, Magnus answered him thus: "Wherever we sail, be this your only care, to turn your bark ever further from the shore of Thessaly, and to leave the West behind in sailing and steering; all else trust to the winds. I have taken on board my companion, the pledge I left for safety; then I had no doubt what shore to make for, but now chance must provide a harbour." Thus he spoke; and the steersman tugged at the sails that hung in equal lengths from the level yard-arms, and turned the vessel to the left; and, that she might cleave the waves made rough by Chios and the rocks of Asina, he slackened the ropes at the bow and made taut those at the stern. The sea was conscious of the movement and gave a different sound, when the beak cut the water in a new direction and the ship's course was altered. With less skill the charioteer makes the right wheel spin round the left, and forces his car close to the turning-post without striking it.

ostendit terras Titan et sidera texit.

sparsus ab Emathia fugit quicumque procella,
adsequitur Magnum; primusque a litore Lesbi
occurrit gnatus, procerum mox turba fidelis. 205
nam neque deiecto fatis acieque fugato

abstulerat Magno reges fortuna ministros:
terrarum dominos et sceptrā Eoā tenentis
exul habet comites. iubet ire in deūia mundi
Deiotarum, qui sparsa ducis uestigia legit. 210
‘quando’ ait ‘Emathiis amissus cladibus orbis,
qua Romanus erat, superest, fidissime regum,
Eoam temptare fidem populosque bibentis
Euphraten et adhuc securum a Caesare Tigrim.
ne pigeat Magno quaerentem fata remotas 215
Medorum penetrare domos Scythicosque recessus
et totum mutare diem, uocesque superbo
Arsacidae perferre meas: “si foedera nobis
prisca manent mihi per Latium iurata Tonantem,
per uestros astricta magos, inplete pharetras 220
Armeniosque arcus Geticis intendite neruis,
si uos, o Parthi, peterem cum Caspia claustra
et sequerer duos aeterni Martis Alanos,
passus Achaemeniis late decurrere campis
in tutam trepidos numquam Babylona coegi. 225
arua super Cyri Chaldaeiue ultima regni,
qua rapidus Ganges et qua Nysaeus Hydaspes
accedunt pelago, Phoebi surgentis ab igne
iam propior quam Persis eram: tamen omnia uincens
sustinui nostris uos tantum desse triumphis, 230
solusque e numero regum telluris Eoae
ex aequo me Parthus adit. nec munere Magni
stant semel Arsacidae; quis enim post uulnera cladis
Assyriae iustas Latii conpescuit iras?
tot meritis obstricta meis nunc Parthia ruptis 235
excedat claustris uetitam per saecula ripam
Zeugmaque Pellaëum. Pompeio uincite, Parthi,
uinci Roma uolet.” regem parere iubenti
ardua non piguit, positisque insignibus aulae
egreditur famulo raptos indutus amictus. 240
in dubiis tutum est inopem simulare tyranno;
quanto igitur mundi dominis securius aeuum
uerus pauper agit! dimisso in litore rege

ipse per Icariae scopulos, Ephesonque relinquens
et placidi Colophona maris, spumantia paruae 245
radit saxa Sami; spirat de litore Coos
aura fluens; Cnidon inde fugit claramque relinquit
sole Rhodon magnosque sinus Telmessidos undae
compensat medio pelagi. Pamphylia puppi
occurrit tellus, nec se committere muris 250
ausus adhuc ullis te primum, parua Phaseli,
Magnus adit; nam te metui uetat incola rarus
exhaustaeque domus populis, maiorque carinae
quam tua turba fuit. tendens hinc carbasa rursus
iam Taurum Tauroque uidet Dipsunta cadentem. 255

The sun revealed the earth and veiled the stars. All who had fled far and wide from the fatal field of Pharsalia rallied round Magnus; first to meet him, after he quitted the shore of Lesbos, was his son, and next came his loyal band of senators; for even when cast down by destiny and routed in battle, he was not deprived by Fortune of kings to serve him: the exile was escorted by the lords of earth and the monarchs of the East. Deiotarus, who had tracked his leader through his wanderings, he bade repair to the ends of the earth. "Since," said he "the world, so far as it was Roman, has been lost by the disaster of Pharsalia, it remains, O most loyal of my kings, to test the allegiance of the East, of the nations who drink the Euphrates and the Tigris, rivers as yet unmolested by Caesar. Seeking success for me, refuse not to explore the distant home of the Medes and remote Scythia; be willing to change your clime completely, and bear to the proud scion of Arsaces this message from me: 'If our ancient treaty holds good — the treaty which I swore to observe in the name of the Roman Thunderer, and which was made fast by your Wise Men — then fill full your quivers, and stretch the bows of Armenia with the strings of the Getae; for, when I marched towards the Caspian Gates and pursued the hardy Alani, ever at war, I suffered the Parthians to ride at will over the Persian plains and never forced them to take hasty refuge in Babylon. I passed the realm of Cyrus and the uttermost parts of the Chaldean kingdom, where the impetuous Ganges and Nysaeen Hydaspes join the sea; and I — was nearer to the flame of

the rising sun than Persia is; though I was everywhere victorious, I forbore to add the Parthians, and them alone, to the list of my triumphs; and, alone among the kings of the East, the Parthian approached me on equal terms. And a second time, thanks to me, the sons of Arsaces were saved. For who else curbed the righteous anger of Rome that followed the blow of the defeat in Assyria? Now let Parthia, bound by so many benefits from me, burst her bounds, to cross the bank forbidden for many centuries and pass the Bridge of Alexander. If the Parthians conquer for Pompey's sake, Rome will welcome her conqueror.” Hard was the task enjoined, but the king did not refuse; he laid aside the badges of royalty and left the ship, wearing garments taken in haste from a menial. In danger a king finds safety in the disguise of a beggar; how much safer then is the lot of the really poor man than that of the lords of earth! The king was set ashore; and Pompey himself sailed past the rocks of Icaria, and skirted the foaming cliffs of little Samos, shunning Ephesus and Colophon with their calm waters; the breeze blew fresh from the shore of Cos; next he avoided Cnidos and Rhodes, famous island of the sun, and shortened the long circuit of the bay of Telmessus by keeping the open sea. The land of Pamphylia now confronted his vessel; so far he had not dared to trust himself to any city, but now he entered the walls of little Pliaselis; for she was robbed of her terrors by “her scanty population, and her houses were drained of their inhabitants; there were more men on board the ship than in all the town. From hence he set sail again, and soon came in view of Mount Taurus and Dipsus falling down the mountain-side.

crederet hoc Magnus, pacem cum praestitit undis,
et sibi consultum? Cilicum per litora tutus
parua puppe fugit. sequitur pars magna senatus
ad profugum collecta ducem; paruisque Syhedris,
quo portu mittitque rates recipitque Selinus, 260
in procerum coetu tandem maesta ora resolvit
uocibus his Magnus: ‘comites bellique fugaeque
atque instar patriae, quamuis in litore nudo,
in Cilicum terra, nullis circumdatus armis
consultem rebusque nouis exordia quaeram, 265

ingentis praestate animos. non omnis in aruis
Emathiis cecidi, nec sic mea fata premuntur
ut nequeam releuare caput cladesque receptas
excutere. an Libycae Marium potuere ruinae
erigere in fasces et plenis reddere fastis, 270
me pulsum leuiore manu fortuna tenebit?
mille meae Graio uoluuntur in aequore puppes,
mille duces; sparsit potius Pharsalia nostras
quam subuertit opes. sed me uel sola tueri
fama potest rerum toto quas gessimus orbe 275
et nomen quod mundus amat. uos pendite regna
uiribus atque fide, Libyam Parthosque Pharonque,
quemnam Romanis deceat succurrere rebus.
ast ego curarum uobis arcana mearum
expromam mentisque meae quo pondera uergant. 280
aetas Niliaci nobis suspecta tyranni est,
ardua quippe fides robustos exigit annos.
hinc anceps dubii terret sollertia Mauri;
namque memor generis Carthaginis inopia proles
inminet Hesperiae, multusque in pectore uano est 285
Hannibal, obliquo maculat qui sanguine regnum
et Numidas contingit auos. iam supplice Varo
intumuit uiditque loco Romana secundo.
quare agite Eoum, comites, properemus in orbem.
diuidit Euphrates ingentem gurgite mundum 290
Caspiaque inmensos seducunt claustra recessus,
et polus Assyrias alter noctesque diesque
uertit, et abruptum est nostro mare discolor unda
Oceanusque suus. regnandi sola uoluptas.
celsior in campo sonipes et fortior arcus, 295
nec puer aut senior letalis tendere neruos
segnis, et a nulla mors est incerta sagitta.
primi Pellaeas arcu fregere sarisas
Bactraque Medorum sedem murisque superbam
Assyrias Babylona domos. nec pila timentur 300
nostra nimis Parthis, audentque in bella uenire
experti Scythicas Crasso pereunte pharetras.

spicula nec solo spargunt fidentia ferro,
stridula sed multo saturantur tela ueneno;
uolnera parua nocent fatumque in sanguine summo est. 305
o utinam non tanta mihi fiducia saeuīs
esset in Arsacidis! fatis nimis aemula nostris
fata mouent Medos, multumque in gente deorum est.
effundam populos alia tellure reuolsos
excitosque suis inmittam sedibus ortus. 310
quod si nos Eoa fides et barbara fallent
foedera, uolgati supra commercia mundi
nafragium fortuna ferat: non regna precabor
quae feci. sat magna feram solacia mortis
orbe iacens alio, nihil haec in membra cruenta, 315
nil socerum fecisse pie. sed, cuncta reuoluens
uitae fata meae, semper uenerabilis illa
orbis parte fui, quantus Maeotida supra,
quantus apud Tanain toto conspectus in ortu!
quas magis in terras nostrum felicibus actis 320
nomen abit, aut unde redi maiore triumpho?
Roma, faue coeptis; quid enim tibi laetius umquam
praestiterint superi, quam, si ciuilia Partho
milite bella geras, tantam consumere gentem
et nostris miscere malis? cum Caesaris arma 325
concurrent Medis, aut me fortuna necesse est
uindicet aut Crassos.' sic fatus murmure sensit
consilium damnassee uiros; quos Lentulus omnis
uirtutis stimulis et nobilitate dolendi
praecessit dignasque tulit modo consule uoces. 330
'sicine Thessalicae mentem fregere ruinae?
una dies mundi damnauit fata? secundum
Emathiam lis tanta datur? iacet omne cruenti
uolneris auxilium? solos tibi, Magne, reliquit
Parthorum fortuna pedes? quid transfuga mundi, 335
terrarum totos tractus caelumque perosus,
auersosque polos alienaque sidera quaeris,
Chaldaeos culture focos et barbara sacra
Parthorum famulus? quid causa obtenditur armis

libertatis amor? miserum quid decipis orbem, 340
si seruire potes? te, quem Romana regentem
horruit auditu, quem captos ducere reges
uidit ab Hyrcanis, Indoque a litore, siluis,
deiectum fatis, humilem fractumque uidebit
<r>ex tolletque animos Latium uaesanus in orbem 345
se simul et Romam Pompeio supplice mensus?
nil animis fatisque tuis effabere dignum:
exiget ignorans Latiae commercia linguae
ut lacrimis se, Magne, roges. patimurne pudoris
hoc uolnus, clades ut Parthia uindictet ante 350
Hesperias, quam Roma suas? ciuilibus armis
elegit te nempe ducem: quid uolnera nostra
in Scythicos spargis populos cladesque latentis?
quid Parthos transire doces? solacia tanti
perdit Roma mali, nullos admittere reges 355
sed cui seruire suo? iuuat ire per orbem
ducentem saeuas Romana in moenia gentes
signaque ab Euphrate cum Crassis capta sequentem?
qui solus regum fato celante fauorem
defuit Emathiae, nunc tantas ille lacesset 360
auditi uictoris opes aut iungere fata
tecum, Magne, uolet? non haec fiducia genti est.
omnis, in Arcto is populus quicumque pruinis
nascitur, indomitus bellis et mortis amator:
quidquid ad Eoos tractus mundique teporem 365
ibitur, emollit gentes clementia caeli.
illic et laxas uestes et fluxa uirorum
uelamenta uides. Parthus per Medica rura,
Sarmaticos inter campos effusaque plano
Tigridis arua solo, nulli superabilis hosti est 370
libertate fugae; sed non, ubi terra tumebit,
aspera conscendet montis iuga, nec per opacas
bella geret tenebras incerto debilis arcu,
nec franget nando uiolenti uerticis amnem,
nec tota in pugna perfusus sanguine membra 375
exiget aestium calido sub puluere solem.

non aries illis, non ulla est machina belli
aut fossas implere ualent, Parthoque sequenti
murus erit quodcumque potest opstare sagittae.
pugna leuis bellumque fugax turmaeque uagantes, 380
et melior cessisse loco quam pellere miles;
inlita tela dolis, nec Martem comminus usquam
ausa pati uirtus, sed longe tendere neruos
et quo ferre uelint permittere uolnera uentis.
ensis habet uires, et gens quaecumque uirorum est 385
bella gerit gladiis. nam Medos proelia prima
exarmant uacuaque iubent remeare pharetra.
nulla manus illis, fiducia tota ueneni est.
credis, Magne, uiros, quos in discrimina belli
cum ferro misisse parum est? temptare pudendum 390
auxilium tanti est, toto diuisus ut orbe
a terra moriari tua, tibi barbara tellus
incumbat, te parua tegant ac uilia busta,
inuidiosa tamen Crasso quaerente sepulchrum?
sed tua sors leuior, quoniam mors ultima poena est 395
nec metuenda uiris. at non Cornelia letum
infando sub rege timet. num barbara nobis
est ignota Venus, quae ritu caeca ferarum
polluit innumeris leges et foedera taedae
coniugibus thalamique patent secreta nefandi 400
inter mille nurus? epulis uaesana meroque
regia non ullis exceptos legibus audet
concubitus: tot femineis complexibus unum
non lassat nox tota marem. iacuere sorores
in regum thalamis sacrataque pignora matres. 405
damnat apud gentes sceleris non sponte peracti
Oedipodionias infelix fabula Thebas:
Parthorum dominus quotiens sic sanguine mixto
nascitur Arsacides! cui fas implere parentem,
quid rear esse nefas? proles tam clara Metelli 410
stabit barbarico coniunx millesima lecto.
quamquam non ulli plus regia, Magne, uacabit
saeuitia stimulata Venus titulisque uirorum;

nam, quo plura iuuent Parthum portenta, fuisse
hanc sciet et Crassi: ceu pridem debita fatis 415
Assyriis trahitur cladis captiua uetustae.
haereat Eoae uolnus miserabile sortis,
non solum auxilium funesto ab rege petisse
sed gessisse prius bellum ciuile pudebit.
nam quod apud populos crimen socerique tuumque 420
maius erit, quam quod uobis miscentibus arma
Crassorum uindicta perit? incurrere cuncti
debuerant in Bactra duces et, nequa uacarent
arma, uel Arctoum Dacis Rhenique cateruis
imperii nudare latus, dum perfida Susa 425
in tumulos prolapsa ducum Babylonque iaceret.
Assyriae paci finem, Fortuna, precamur;
et, si Thessalia bellum ciuile peractum est,
ad Parthos qui uicit eat. gens unica mundi est
de qua Caesareis possim gaudere triumphis. 430
non tibi, cum primum gelidum transibis Araxen,
umbra senis maesti Scythicis confixa sagittis
ingeret has uoces? “tu, quem post funera nostra
ultorem cinerum nudae sperauimus umbrae,
ad foedus pacemque uenis?” tum plurima cladis 435
occurent monimenta tibi: quae moenia trunci
lustrarunt ceruice duces, ubi nomina tanta
obruit Euphrates et nostra cadauera Tigris
detulit in terras ac reddidit. ire per ista
si potes, in media socerum quoque, Magne, sedentem 440
Thessalia placare potes. quin respicis orbem
Romanum? si regna times proiecta sub Austro
infidumque Iubam, petimus Pharon aruaque Lagi.
Syrtribus hinc Libycis tuta est Aegyptos, at inde
gurgite septeno rapidus mare summouet amnis. 445
terra suis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis
aut Iouis: in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.
sceptra puer Ptolemaeus habet tibi debita, Magne,
tutelae commissa tuae. quis nominis umbram
horreat? innocua est aetas. ne iura fidemque 450

respectumque deum ueteri speraueris aula;
nil pudet adsuetos sceptris: mitissima sors est
regnum sub rege nouo.' non plura locutus
inpulit huc animos. quantum, spes ultima rerum,
libertatis habes! uicta est sententia Magni. 455

Could Magnus have believed, when he gave peace to the sea, that he would profit by it himself? Now he flees unharmed along the coast of the pirates in his little vessel. He was followed by a number of senators who rallied round their fugitive leader; and at little Syhedra — the harbour which sends forth and receives again the ships of Selinus — Magnus at last opened his sorrowful lips at a meeting of the nobles, and spoke thus: “Comrades in battle and in flight, you who represent our country, though I, who ask your counsel and seek to set a new enterprise on foot, stand here on a barren shore in the land of Cilicia, and have no armies round me, yet hear me with proud hearts. I did not fall for ever on the field of Pharsalia; nor has my destiny sunk so low that I can never again raise my head and shake off the defeat I have suffered. If the ruins of Carthage could raise Marius to office and replace him in the Calendar, full already of his name, shall Fortune keep me down, whom she has smitten with a lighter blow? Mine are a thousand ships that toss on Grecian waters, and mine a thousand leaders; Pharsalia scattered my resources but did not overthrow them. If it had, I could find safety merely in the fame of the mighty deeds I wrought over all the earth, and in that name which the whole world loves. It is for you to weigh well the kingdoms in point of strength and loyalty — Libya, Parthia, and Egypt — and to decide who may with honour retrieve the fortunes of Rome. But I will unveil to you my own secret thoughts and the purpose to which the balance of my mind inclines. I mistrust the youth of the Egyptian king; for dangerous loyalty requires the years of manhood. Next, I fear the two-faced cunning of the fickle Moor; for that impious son of Carthage, mindful of his pedigree, threatens Italy, and his empty head is full of Hannibal — Hannibal, who by collateral descent disgraces the dynasty and is related to his Numidian ancestors. Already, when Varus begged his aid, Juba swelled with pride to see Rome take the second place. Therefore, my

companions, let us be up and hasten to the Eastern clime. The waters of the Euphrates shut off from us a mighty world, and the Caspian Gates hide boundless solitudes; in Assyria a different hemisphere makes the changes of night and day; they have an ocean of their own, and a sea severed from ours and unlike in the colour of its water. Their one passion is for war. Tall is their warhorse on the plain, and strong their bow; youth and age are quick to stretch the deadly string, and death follows sure from every shaft. Their archers were the first to break the Macedonian phalanx, and they took Bactra, the seat of the Medes, and Babylon, the city of Assyria, with her proud walls. Nor is the Roman javelin much dreaded by the Parthians; but they come boldly to battle, having proved their Scythian quivers on the day when Crassus fell. And the shafts which they shower do not depend on steel alone, but their hurtling missiles are thoroughly steeped in poison. Even a slight wound is fatal, and death is in a mere scratch. (Would that my belief in the power of the cruel sons of Arsaces were not so strong! The destiny which controls the Medes rivals too closely that of Rome, and their nation is greatly blessed of Heaven.) I shall pour forth nations uprooted from another land; I shall summon all the East from its habitations and hurl it against my foe. But if the loyalty of the East and my treaty with the barbarians shall fail me, then let chance bear my shattered fortunes beyond the trodden highways of the world. I will not sue to the kings I made. If I fall at the end of the earth, this will be sufficient consolation for my death, that Caesar has been guilty of no outrage against my corpse, and guilty of no respect. But when I review the whole story of my life, I was ever worshipful in that Eastern world: how great was I beyond the Maeotian Mere and by the Tanais, the cynosure of all the East! Into no lands did my name go forth with more glorious exploits, and from none did I return more triumphant. Rome, smile on my enterprise! for no greater boon can Heaven confer on you than that you should use Parthians to fight your civil wars, and so destroy that great nation and make them share our calamities. When Caesar's armies clash with the Medes, the issue must avenge either me or the Crassi." Thus he spoke; but he perceived by their muttering that the meeting had condemned his plan. Lentulus was superior to them all in keen sense of honour and generous indignation; and thus he spoke

in terms befitting one who had just been consul: “Has the defeat of Pharsalia so utterly broken your spirit? Has a single day fixed the world’s destiny? Is the mighty issue to be decided by the result of Pharsalia? Is all cure for our bleeding wound impossible? Has Fortune left you no course, Magnus, save to fall at the Parthians’ feet? Why do you fly from our world, and shun whole regions of earth and sky? why seek a heaven turned from ours and foreign stars, in order to worship Chaldaean fires with savage rites, and to serve Parthians? Why was the love of freedom put forward as the pretext of war? Why thus deceive a suffering world, if you can stoop to be a slave to any? The Parthian king heard your name and trembled when you were ruler of Rome, and saw you lead kings captive from the Hyrcanian forests and Indian shores; shall he now see you cast down by destiny, a beaten, broken man, and raise his mad ambition against the Roman world, measuring himself and Rome together by the prayers of Pompey? You will utter nothing worthy of your pride and past history; unskilled to communicate in the Latin tongue, he will require you, Magnus, to appeal to him by your tears. Must we endure this stain upon our honour, that Parthia shall forestall Rome in avenging Rome’s own disaster in the West? Rome chose you surely as a leader for civil war only: why do you publish among the Scythian nations our mutual sufferings and disasters, of which they were ignorant? Why do you teach the Parthians to cross the Euphrates? Thus Rome loses the one mitigation of her great suffering — that she submits to no foreign ruler but owns a son of her own as master. Does it please you to march across the world against the walls of Rome, with savage nations at your back, and preceded by the standards taken together with the Crassi at the Euphrates? One king alone was absent from Pharsalia, while Fortune still concealed her preference; and will he now challenge the mighty strength of the conqueror when he hears tidings of his triumph? Will he now be willing to make common cause with you? Such self-reliance does not belong to that people. Every native of the Northern snows is vehement in war and courts death; but every step you go towards the East and the torrid zone, the people grow softer as the sky grows kinder. There one sees loose garments and flowing robes worn even by men. In the smiling land of Media, amid the plains of Sarmatia,

and in the level lands that extend by the Tigris, the Parthian cannot be conquered by any foe, because he has room for flight; but, where earth rises in hills, he will never climb the rough mountain ridges, nor fight on through thick darkness when crippled by the failure of his bow, nor stem a river in fierce eddy by swimming; nor, when every limb is drenched in blood of battle, will he endure the long summer day beneath the stifling dust. They have no battering-rams and no war-engines of any kind, and no strength to level ditches; but any defence that can keep out an arrow will be a wall against pursuing Parthians. Their battle is a skirmish, they flee while fighting, their squadrons rove at large. Their soldiers are more swift to yield their own ground than to dislodge the foe from his. Their missiles are smeared with guile; their valour nowhere dares to face the enemy at close quarters, but only to draw the bow at a distance and suffer the winds to carry their weapons whither they will. Strength belongs to the sword, and every manly race uses cold steel to fight with. But the first hour of battle disarms the Parthians and bids them retreat with emptied quivers. All their reliance is on poison, and none on the strong hand. Do you count those as men, Magnus, who are not content to face the risk of battle with the steel alone? Is it worth your while to seek a shameful alliance, in order that you may die parted by the whole world from your country, that foreign earth may rest upon your bones, that a tomb may cover you, poor indeed and petty, but yet shameful while Crassus seeks burial in vain? But your lot is easier, since death, the utmost penalty, is not terrible to the brave. But death is not what Cornelia has to fear in the power of that infamous king. Are we ignorant of that barbarous lust, which in the blind fashion of beasts defiles the binding sanctities of marriage with a myriad wives, and in which the secrets of the infamous bridal-chamber are displayed in the presence of a thousand women? The king, maddened with feasting and wine, ventures on unions that no laws have ever specified; a single male is not exhausted by a whole night spent in the arms of so many concubines. Their own sisters lie on the couches of the kings, and, for all the sanctity of the relation, their own mothers. Thebes, the city of Oedipus, is condemned in the eyes of mankind by the gloomy legend of the crime which he committed unwittingly: how often an Arsaces

is born from such a union to rule the Parthians! What can I consider unpermitted to one who permits himself to beget children by his mother? The noble daughter of Metellus will wait by the bed of the barbarian, one among a thousand wives. And yet, Magnus, the king's lust will be devoted to her more than to any other, for it will be heated by cruelty and by the fame of her husbands. For, to heighten the horrid pleasure of the Parthian, he will know that she was once the wife of Crassus also: as if long due to the doom of Carrhae, she will be carried off as a captive taken in the defeat of long ago. If the pitiful disaster which we suffered in the East rankles in your heart, you will blush, not only to beg help from the death-dealing king, but also to have made war on Romans before Parthians. What greater reproach will the world bring against you and Caesar than this — that, when you two meet in conflict, vengeance for the Crassi has been forgotten? All our leaders should have made haste to Bactra; and, that every sword might be engaged, they should have left the northern frontier of the empire exposed to the Dacians and the hordes of the Rhine, until treacherous ‘ Susa and Babylon were laid in ruins over the tombs of their monarchs. We pray to Fortune that peace with Assyria may end; and if the civil war was settled by Pharsalia, let it be the conqueror who goes to Parthia. They are the one nation on earth whom I could rejoice to see Caesar triumph over. As soon as you cross the cold Araxes, will not the ghost of that sorrowing old man, riddled with Scythian arrows, hurl this reproach upon you? ‘We unburied ghosts hoped that you would come after our death to avenge our ashes: do you come to make a treaty and a peace?’ Next, memorials of the defeat will crowd upon your sight — the walls, round which the headless bodies of our generals were dragged; the place where the Euphrates closed over such famous men, and the Tigris carried the Roman dead underground and then restored them to sight again. If you can pass through these scenes, Magnus, you can also sue to Caesar enthroned on the field of Pharsalia. Why not turn your eyes to the Roman world? If you fear faithless Juba and his realm that stretches far to the South, then Pharos and the land of Lagus is our goal. On the West Egypt is protected by the Libyan Syrtes; and on the North the rapid river with its seven channels drives back the sea; rich in its native wealth, the land has no need of

foreign wares or of Heaven's rain, so great is her reliance upon the Nile alone. The sceptre which the boy Ptolemy holds, he owes to you, Magnus; it was entrusted to your guardianship. Who would dread a mere empty name? His is the age of innocence; look not for friendship or loyalty or fear of God in a court where the king has long reigned; use robs kings of all shame; the subjects' yoke is lightest where their king is new." Lentulus said no more, but he turned all minds to his view. How free are desperate men to speak their minds! The policy of Magnus was outvoted.

tum Cilicum liquere solum Cyproque citatas
inmisere rates, nullas cui praetulit aras
undae diua memor Paphiae, si numina nasci
credimus aut quemquam fas est coepisse deorum.
haec ubi deseruit Pompeius litora, totos 460
emensus Cypri scopulos quibus exit in Austrum
inde maris uasti transuerso uertitur aestu;
nec tenuit gratum nocturno lumine montem,
infimaeque Aegypti pugnaci litora uelo
uix tetigit, qua diuidui pars maxima Nili 465
in uada decurrit Pelusia septimus amnis.
tempus erat quo Libra pares examinat horas,
non uno plus aequa die, noctique rependit
lux minor hibernae uerni solacia damni.
conperit ut regem Casio se monte tenere, 470
flectit iter; nec Phoebus adhuc nec carbasa languent.

Then they left Cilician soil and steered their vessels in haste for Cyprus — Cyprus which the goddess, mindful of the Paphian waves, prefers to any of her shrines (if we believe that deities have birth, or if it is lawful to hold that any of the gods had a beginning). When Pompey had left that shore, having sailed past the long line of cliffs with which Cyprus projects to the South, from there he sailed a fresh course along the cross-current of the open sea. Unable to make the tower whose light the seaman blesses in darkness, with difficulty he reached the furthest shore of Egypt with battling sail, where the largest branch of the divided Nile, one of seven rivers, runs out to the

shoals of Pelusium. It was the season when Libra balances the hours of day and night in equal scales, and stays level for one day only; for the shortening day makes compensation to the winter nights for their loss in spring. When he learnt that the king was encamped on Mount Casius, Pompey bent his course thither; the sun was not yet setting, nor the sails flagging.

iam rapido speculator eques per litora cursu
hospitis aduentu pauidam compleuerat aulam.
consilii uix tempus erat; tamen omnia monstra
Pellaeae coiere domus, quos inter Acoreus 475
iam placidus senio fractisque modestior annis
(hunc genuit custos Nili crescentis in arua
Memphis uana sacris; illo cultore deorum
lustra suae Phoebes non unus uixerat Apis)
consilii uox prima fuit, meritumque fidemque 480
sacraque defuncti iactauit pignora patris.
sed melior suadere malis et nosse tyrannos
ausus Pompeium leto damnare Pothinus
'ius et fas multos faciunt, Ptolemaee, nocentes;
dat poenas laudata fides, cum sustinet' inquit 485
'quos fortuna premit. fatis accede deisque,
et cole felices, miseros fuge. sidera terra
ut distant et flamma mari, sic utile recto.
sceptrorum uis tota perit, si pendere iusta
incipit, euertitque arces respectus honesti. 490
libertas scelerum est quae regna inuisa tuetur
sublatusque modus gladiis. facere omnia saeue
non inpune licet, nisi cum facis. exeat aula
qui uolt esse pius. uirtus et summa potestas
non coeunt; semper metuet quem saeua pudebunt. 495
non inpune tuos Magnus contempserit annos,
qui te nec uictos arcere a litore nostro
posse putat. neu nos sceptris priuauerit hospes
pignora sunt propiora tibi: Nilumque Pharonque,
si regnare piget, damnatae redde sorori. 500
Aegypton certe Latiis tueamur ab armis.

quidquid non fuerit Magni dum bella geruntur,
nec uictoris erit. toto iam pulsus ab orbe,
postquam nulla manet rerum fiducia, quaerit
cum qua gente cadat. rapitur ciuilibus umbris. 505
nec soceri tantum arma fugit: fugit ora senatus,
cuius Thessalicas saturat pars magna uolucres,
et metuit gentes quas uno in sanguine mixtas
deseruit, regesque timet quorum omnia mersit,
Thessaliaeque reus nulla tellure receptus 510
sollicitat nostrum, quem nondum perdidit, orbem.
iustior in Magnum nobis, Ptolemaee, querellae
causa data est. quid sepositam semperque quietam
crimine bellorum maculas Pharon, aruaque nostra
uictori suspecta facis? cur sola cadenti 515
haec placuit tellus, in quam Pharsalica fata
conferres poenasque tuas? iam crimen habemus
purgandum gladio. quod nobis scepra senatus
te suadente dedit, uotis tua fouimus arma.
hoc ferrum, quod fata iubent proferre, parauimus 520
non tibi, sed uicto; feriam tua uiscera, Magne,
malueram soceri: rapimur quo cuncta feruntur.
tene mihi dubitas an sit uiolare necesse,
cum liceat? quae te nostri fiducia regni
huc agit, infelix? populum non cernis inermem 525
aruaque uix refugo fodientem mollia Nilo?
metiri sua regna decet uiresque fateri.
tu, Ptolemaee, potes Magni fulcire ruinam,
sub qua Roma iacet? bustum cineresque mouere
Thessalicos audes bellumque in regna uocare? 530
ante aciem Emathiam nullis accessimus armis:
Pompei nunc castra placent, quae deserit orbis?
nunc uictoris opes et cognita fata lacesis?
aduersis non desse decet, sed laeta secutos:
nulla fides umquam miseros elegit amicos.’ 535

By now a mounted watchman, galloping along the shore, had filled with the news of his arrival the frightened court. There was scarce

time to deliberate; yet all the portentous figures of the Macedonian palace assembled. Among them was Acoreus, made mild by age and taught moderation by decrepitude. Idolatrous Memphis gave him birth — Memphis which measures the Nile when it rises to flood the fields; and during his priesthood more than one Apis had lived through the term assigned him by the Moon, his mistress. He spoke first at the council, dwelling on benefits received and loyalty and the sacred promises of the dead monarch's will. But there was one, more fit to counsel wicked kings and know their heart, and a Pothinus dared to sign the death-warrant of a Pompey. He said: "Ptolemy, the laws of God and man make many guilty: we praise loyalty, but it pays the price when it supports those whom Fortune crushes. Take the side of destiny and Heaven, and court the prosperous but shun the afflicted. Expediency is as far from the right as the stars from earth or fire from water. The power of kings is utterly destroyed, once they begin to weigh considerations of justice; and regard for virtue levels the strongholds of tyrants. It is boundless wickedness and unlimited slaughter that protect the unpopularity of a sovereign. If all your deeds are cruel, you will suffer for it the moment you cease from cruelty. If a man would be righteous, let him depart from a court. Virtue is incompatible with absolute power. He who is ashamed to commit cruelty must always fear it. Let Magnus suffer for having despised your youth; he thinks you cannot repel even a beaten man from our coast. And, that a stranger may not rob us of the throne, remember that you have others nearer of kin; and, if your crown is uneasy, restore the Nile and Pharos to the sister you have condemned. Let us in any case protect Egypt from the arms of Rome. Whatever did not belong to Pompey during the war will not belong to Caesar either. Driven from all the world, with no reliance left upon his fortunes, he seeks a people to share his fall. He is dragged down by the ghosts of those who fell in civil war. It is not merely Caesar's sword that he flies from: he flies also from the face of the senators, of whom so many are now glutting the vultures of Thessaly; he fears the foreign nations, whom he forsook and left weltering in blood together; he dreads the kings, whose all he destroyed; guilty of Pharsalia and rejected by every country, he troubles our realm which he has not yet destroyed. But we, Ptolemy, can complain more justly

of Pompey than he of us: why does he stain secluded and peace-loving Pharos with the guilt of war and bring down Caesar's displeasure on our land? Why when falling did he choose this country of all others to bring to it the curse of Pharsalia and the punishment which he alone should pay? Even now we have incurred guilt, which we cannot purge away except by using the sword. On his motion the Senate granted us the sovereignty of Egypt, and therefore we prayed for his victory. The sword, which destiny bids me bring forth, I did not intend for Pompey but for the loser, whichever he might be. I shall pierce your heart with it, Magnus; I had rather have slain Caesar; but we are borne by the current that carries the whole world away. Do you doubt whether I must do you violence? I must, because I may. What reliance upon our kingdom brings him hither, ill-fated man? Does he not see our unwarlike population, scarce able to till the fields softened by the falling Nile? We must take the measure of our kingdom and confess our weakness. Are you, Ptolemy, strong enough to prop the fall of Pompey — that fall beneath which Rome is crushed? Dare you disturb the pyre and ashes of Pharsalia, and summon war to your own realms? Before the battle of Pharsalia we took neither side: do we now adopt Pompey's cause when all the world is forsaking it? Do you now challenge the might and proved success of Caesar? To support the loser in adversity is right, but right only for those who have shared in his prosperity; no loyalty ever picked out the wretched as friends."

adsensere omnes sceleri. laetatur honore
rex puer insueto, quod iam sibi tanta iubere
permittant famuli. sceleri delectus Achilles,
perfida qua tellus Casiis excurrit harenis
et uada testantur iunctas Aegyptia Syrtes, 540
exiguam sociis monstri gladiisque carinam
instruit. o superi, Nilusne et barbara Memphis
et Pelusiaci tam mollis turba Canopi
hos animos? sic fata premunt ciuilia mundum?
sic Romana iacent? ullusne in cladibus istis 545
est locus Aegypto Phariusque admittitur ensis?
hanc certe seruate fidem, ciuilia bella:

cognatas praestate manus externaque monstra
pellite, si meruit tam claro nomine Magnus
Caesaris esse nefas. tanti, Ptolemaee, ruinam 550
nominis haut metuis, caeloque tonante profanas
inseruisse manus, impure ac semiuir, audes?
non domitor mundi nec ter Capitolia curru
inuectus regumque potens uindexque senatus
uictorisque gener, Phario satis esse tyranno 555
quod poterat, Romanus erat: quid uiscera nostra
scrutaris gladio? nescis, puer inprobe, nescis
quo tua sit fortuna loco: iam iure sine ullo
Nili sceptrata tenes; cecidit ciuilibus armis
qui tibi regna dedit. iam uento uela negarat 560
Magnus et auxilio remorum infanda petebat
litora; quem contra non longa uecta biremi
appulerat scelerata manus, Magnoque patere
fingens regna Phari celsae de puppe carinae
in paruam iubet ire ratem, litusque malignum 565
incusat bimaremque uadis frangentibus aestum,
qui uetet externas terris adpellere classes.
quod nisi fatorum leges intentaque iussu
ordinis aeterni miserae uicinia mortis
damnatum leto traherent ad litora Magnum, 570
non ulli comitum sceleris praesagia derant:
quippe, fides si pura foret, si regia Magno
sceptrorum auctori uera pietate pateret,
uenturum tota Pharium cum classe tyrannum.
sed cedit fati classemque relinquere iussus 575
obsequitur, letumque iuuat praeferre timori.
ibat in hostilem praeceps Cornelia puppem,
hoc magis inpatiens egresso desse marito
quod metuit clades. ‘remane, temeraria coniunx,
et tu, nate, precor, longeque a litore casus 580
expectate meos et in hac ceruice tyranni
explorate fidem’ dixit. sed surda uetanti
tendebat geminas amens Cornelia palmas.
‘quo sine me crudelis abis? iterumne relinquor,

Thessalicis summoti malis? numquam omine laeto 585
distrahimur miseri. poteras non flectere puppem,
cum fugeres alto, latebrisque relinquere Lesbi,
omnibus a terris si nos arcere parabas.
an tantum in fluctus placeo comes?' haec ubi frustra
effudit, prima pendet tamen anxia puppe, 590
attonitoque metu nec quoquam auertere uisus
nec Magnum spectare potest. stetit anxia classis
ad ducis euentum, metuens non arma nefasque
sed ne summissis precibus Pompeius adoret
sceptrum sua donata manu. transire parantem 595
Romanus Pharia miles de puppe salutat
Septimius, qui, pro superum pudor, arma satellites
regia gestabat posito deformia pilo,
inmanis uiolentus atrox nullaue ferarum
mitior in caedes. quis non, Fortuna, putasset 600
parcere te populis, quod bello haec dextra uacaret
Thessaliaque procul tam noxia tela fugasses?
disponis gladios, nequo non fiat in orbe,
heu, facinus ciuile tibi. uictoribus ipsis
dedecus et numquam superum caritura pudore 605
fabula, Romanus regi sic paruit ensis,
Pellaeusque puer gladio tibi colla recidit,
Magne, tuo. qua posteritas in saecula mittet
Septimium fama? scelus hoc quo nomine dicent
qui Bruti dixere nefas? iam uenerat horae 610
terminus extremae, Phariamque ablatus in alnum
perdiderat iam iura sui. tum stringere ferrum
regia monstra parant. ut uidit comminus ensis,
inuoluit uultus atque, indignatus apertum
fortunae praebere, caput; tum lumina pressit 615
continuitque animam, nequas effundere uoces
uellet et aeternam fletu corrumpere famam.
sed, postquam mucrone latus funestus Achillas
perfodit, nullo gemitu consensit ad ictum
respexitque nefas, seruatque immobile corpus, 620
seque probat moriens atque haec in pectore uoluit:

‘saecula Romanos numquam tacitura labores
attendunt, aeuumque sequens speculatur ab omni
orbe ratem Phariamque fidem: nunc consule famae.
fata tibi longae fluxerunt prospera uitae: 625
ignorant populi, si non in morte probaris,
an scieris aduersa pati. ne cede pudori
auctoremque dole fati: quacumque feriris,
crede manum soceri. spargant lacerentque licebit,
sum tamen, o superi, felix, nullique potestas 630
hoc auferre deo. mutantur prospera uita,
non fit morte miser. uidet hanc Cornelia caedem
Pompeiusque meus: tanto patientius, oro,
claude, dolor, gemitus: gnatus coniunxque peremptum,
si mirantur, amanti.’ talis custodia Magno 635
mentis erat, ius hoc animi morientis habebat.

All gave their voices for the crime. The boy-king was pleased by a deference seldom shown him, when his servants suffered him to give orders for such a tragedy. Achilles was chosen to execute the crime, and manned a small boat with armed accomplices for the horrid deed, where the land of traitors juts out into the sands of Mount Casius, and the Egyptian shoals tell of the neighbouring Syrtes. Ye gods! Do the Nile and barbarous Memphis, and the effeminate people of Egyptian Canopus, aspire so high as this? Does the curse of the civil war weigh thus on all the world, and has Rome fallen so low? What room is there for Egypt in our tragedy, and what part for the sword of Egypt? Thus far at least civil war should keep faith: it should provide Roman hands to fall by and keep foreign fiends far away. If the mighty name of Magnus entitled him to be Caesar's guilt, do you, Ptolemy, not dread the crash of that great name? do you, foul mockery of a man, dare to thrust in your sacrilegious hands when heaven is thundering? If Pompey were not a world-conqueror, not one who had thrice driven in triumph to the Capitol; if he were not the ruler of kings, the champion of the Senate, and the son-in-law of Caesar, — he would be at least a Roman, and that might have been enough for a king of Egypt; why do you probe a Roman heart with your sword, presumptuous boy? You do not realise your own

position: already you wear the crown of Egypt with no right to it, because he who gave it to you has been overthrown by civil warfare. — Now Magnus had robbed the wind of his sails and was using oars to bring him to the accursed coast, when the murderous band came alongside to meet him in a little two-oared boat. Pretending that he was welcome to the kingdom of Egypt, they invited him to step into their little craft from the stern of his tall vessel, blaming the scanty anchorage, and the surf of two seas that broke upon the shallows and hindered foreign ships from access to the land. But for the law of destiny, and but for the approach of a tragic end inflicted by decree of the eternal order, which were drawing Magnus to the shore under sentence of death — every one of his companions felt a presentiment of the murder; for, if there were genuine loyalty, if the palace were thrown open with true devotion to Magnus who conferred the royal power upon it, then the Egyptian monarch would have come with all his fleet. But Pompey yielded to destiny and obeyed when asked to leave his ships, and chose to die rather than betray fear. Cornelia hastened to enter the hostile craft, the less willing to be left behind by her husband when he disembarked because she feared disaster. But he said: “Stay behind, rash wife, and you, my son, I pray; watch from afar what befalls me on shore, and use my head to test the loyalty of the king.” But Cornelia, deaf to his refusal, wildly stretched out both her hands: “Whither are you departing and cruelly leaving me behind? am I deserted a second time, I who was kept away from the horrors of Pharsalia? Ill-omened ever are our partings. You might, when you fled across the sea, have sailed straight on and left me in my hiding-place at Lesbos, if you intended to exclude me from every shore. Is my company displeasing to you except at sea?” When she had poured forth this remonstrance in vain, yet in her agony she hung over the end of the ship, and panic fear prevented her either from turning her eyes away or from looking steadily at Magnus. The ships lay there at anchor, uneasy for the fortunes of their leader; they feared not murderous weapons, but that Pompey might bow with humble petitions before the sceptre his own hand had bestowed. As he prepared to step across, a Roman soldier hailed him from the Egyptian boat. This was Septimius, who — shame on the gods! — had laid down the pilum and carried the unworthy weapons of the

king whose minion he was: a savage, wild, and cruel man, and bloodthirsty as any wild beast. Who would not have thought that Fortune showed mercy to mankind when she banished a sword so guilty far from Pharsalia, and when his hand took no part in the battle? No: she scatters her assassins, that murder of Roman by Roman may be wrought in every part of earth to please her. Disgrace to Caesar himself, a tale that will always bring reproach on Heaven — a Roman sword obeyed such a behest of the king, and the head of Magnus was cut off with his own sword by the Macedonian boy. With what infamy will posterity hand the name of Septimius down to future ages? What name will those who called the deed of Brutus a sin apply to this crime? — Now the limit of his last hour had come; he was borne off in the Egyptian boat and had already lost the power of free action. Next, the king's assassins begin to bare the steel. When Pompey saw the blades come close, he covered his face and head, disdaining to expose them bare to the stroke of doom; then he closed tight his eyes and held his breath, that he might have no power of utterance and might not mar his immortal glory by tears. But when murderous Achilles had driven the point through his side, he did not acknowledge the blow by any cry or take heed of the horror, but remained motionless, and tested his strength in the hour of death; and these thoughts passed through his mind: "Future ages, that will never forget the tragedy of Rome, are watching now, and from every quarter of the world time coming gazes at this boat and the treachery of Egypt; think now of fame. Through a long life the tide of your success never slackened; men do not know, unless you prove it by your death, whether you were able to endure adversity. Sink not beneath the shame, nor resent the instrument of doom: whatever the hand that slays you, believe it to be the hand of your kinsman. Though men scatter and mutilate my limbs, nevertheless, ye gods, I am a fortunate man, and of this no god can deprive me. For life brings change to prosperity, but death can make no man wretched. Cornelia and my son see this murder done; therefore I call on my resentment to stifle its complaints all the more steadfastly; my wife and son love me dead the more, if my death win their admiration." Such control had Magnus over his thoughts, such mastery over his mind, when he was dying.

at non tam patiens Cornelia cernere saeuum,
quam perferre, nefas miserandis aethera conplet
uocibus. 'o coniunx, ego te scelerata peremi:
letiferae tibi causa morae fuit auia Lesbos, 640
et prior in Nili peruenit litora Caesar.
nam cui ius alii sceleris? sed, quisquis, in istud
a superis inmisit caput, uel Caesaris irae
uel tibi prospiciens, nescis, crudelis, ubi ipsa
uiscera sint Magni: properas atque ingeris ictus 645
qua uotum est uicto. poenas non morte minores
pendat et ante meum uideat caput. haud ego culpa
libera bellorum, quae matrum sola per undas
et per castra comes nullis absterrita fatis
uictum, quod reges etiam timuere, recepi. 650
hoc merui, coniunx, in tuta puppe relinqui?
perfide, parcebas? te fata extrema petente
uita digna fui? moriar, nec munere regis.
aut mihi praecipitem, nautae, permittite saltum,
aut laqueum collo tortosque aptare rudentes, 655
aut aliquis Magno dignus comes exigat ensem.
Pompeio praestare potest quod Caesaris armis
inputet. o saeui, properantem in fata tenetis?
uiuus adhuc, coniunx, et iam Cornelia non est
iuris, Magne, sui: prohibent accersere mortem; 660
seruor uictori.' sic fata interque suorum
lapsa manus rapitur trepida fugiente carina.

But Cornelia, less patient to behold that cruel outrage than to endure it herself, filled the air with pitiful cries: "Dear husband, I am guilty of your death: your fatal delay was caused by the remoteness of Lesbos, and Caesar has reached the shore of Egypt before you; none else could have power to command this crime. But whoever you are who have been sent by Heaven against that life, whether serving the anger of Caesar or your own, you know not, ruthless man, where the very heart of Magnus lies; in haste you shower your blows where he, in his defeat, welcomes them. Let him pay a penalty not less than death by seeing my head fall first. I am not blameless in respect of

the war; for I was the only matron who followed him on sea and in camp; I was deterred by no disasters, but harboured him in defeat, which even kings were afraid to do. And is this my reward from my husband, to be left behind in the safety of the ship? Would you spare me, faithless husband? Did I deserve to live when you went to your death? I shall die, nor owe it to King Ptolemy. Suffer me, ye sailors, either to leap headlong, or to fit a noose of twisted rope round my neck; or let some friend of Pompey prove worthy of Pompey by driving home his sword in my body. He may do it for Pompey's sake and yet claim it as a service to Caesar's cause. Cruel men, do you check my haste to die? Though you, my husband, are still alive, Cornelia has already ceased to be free: they forbid me to summon death, and I am kept alive for Caesar." Thus she spoke, and was carried away, swooning, in friendly arms, while the ship made haste to fly.

at, Magni cum terga sonent et pectora ferro,
permansisse decus sacrae uenerabile formae
irataque deis faciem, nil ultima mortis 665
ex habitu uultuque uiri mutasse fatentur
qui lacerum uidere caput. nam saeuus in ipso
Septimius sceleris maius scelus inuenit actu,
ac retexit sacros scisso uelamine uoltus
semianimis Magni spirantiaque occupat ora 670
collaque in obliquo ponit languentia transtro.
tunc neruos uenasque secat nodosaque frangit
ossa diu: nondum artis erat caput ense rotare.
at, postquam trunco ceruix abscisa recessit,
uindicat hoc Pharius, dextra gestare, satelles. 675
degener atque operae miles Romane secundae,
Pompei diro sacrum caput ense recidis,
ut non ipse feras? o summi fata pudoris!
inpius ut Magnum nosset puer, illa uerenda
regibus hirta coma et generosa fronte decora 680
caesaries comprehensa manu est, Pharioque ueruto,
dum uiuunt uoltus atque os in murmura pulsant
singultus animae, dum lumina nuda rigescent,

suffixum caput est, quo numquam bella iubente
pax fuit; hoc leges Campumque et rostra mouebat, 685
hac facie, Fortuna, tibi, Romana, placebas.
nec satis infando fuit hoc uidisse tyranno:
uolt sceleris superesse fidem. tunc arte nefanda
summota est capiti tabes, raptoque cerebro
adsiccata cutis, putrisque effluxit ab alto 690
umor, et infuso facies solidata ueneno est.

But those who saw the severed head of Magnus admit that, when the steel clashed on his back and breast, the majestic beauty of those sacred features, and the face that frowned at Heaven, suffered no change; and that the utmost death could do made no alteration in the bearing and countenance of the hero. The head was severed; for savage Septimius, in the very doing of his crime, devised a crime still worse. He slit the covering and unveiled the sacred features of the dying man; he seized the still breathing head and laid the drooping neck across a thwart. Next, he severed the muscles and veins and hacked long at the knotted bones: it was not yet a knack to send a head spinning with a sword-cut. But when the neck was severed and parted from the body, the Egyptian minion claims this privilege — to carry it in his right hand. A Roman soldier sinks so low as to take a second part: he cuts off the sacred head of Pompey with his cursed sword in order that another may carry it! What a depth of ignominy was his! That the sacrilegious boy might recognise Magnus, those manly locks that kings revered and the hair that graced his noble brow were gripped by the hand; and, while the features still showed life and the sobbing breath drove sound through the lips, and the stark eyes stiffened, the head was stuck on an Egyptian pike — that head, whose call to war ever banished peace; the head, which swayed the Senate, the Campus, and the Rostrum; that was the face which the Fortune of Rome was proud to wear. The sight of it was not enough for the infamous king: he wished proof of his guilt to remain. Thereupon, by their hideous art the blood was drained from the head, the brain torn out, and the skin dried; the corrupting moisture was drawn out from the inmost parts, and the features were hardened by the infusion of drugs.

ultima Lageae stirpis perituraque proles,
degener incestae sceptris cessare sorori,
cum tibi sacrato Macedon seruetur in antro
et regum cineres extracto monte quiescant, 695
cum Ptolemaeorum manes seriemque pudendam
pyramides claudant indignaque Mausolea,
litora Pompeium feriunt, truncusque uadosis
huc illuc iactatur aquis. adeone molesta
totum cura fuit socero seruare cadauer? 700
hac Fortuna fide Magni tam prospera fata
pertulit, hac illum summo de culmine rerum
morte petit cladesque omnis exegit in uno
saeua die quibus immunes tot praestitit annos,
Pompeiusque fuit qui numquam mixta uideret 705
laeta malis, felix nullo turbante deorum
et nullo parcente miser; semel inpulit illum
dilata Fortuna manu. pulsatur harenis,
carpitur in scopulis hausto per uolnera fluctu,
ludibrium pelagi, nullaue manente figura 710
una nota est Magno capitis iactura reuolsi.

Last scion of the line of Lagus, doomed and degenerate king, who must surrender your crown to your incestuous sister, though you preserve the Macedonian in consecrated vault and the ashes of the Pharaohs rest beneath a mountain of masonry, though the dead Ptolemies and their unworthy dynasty are covered by pyramids and mausoleums too good for them, Pompey is battered on the shore, and his headless body is tossed hither and thither in the shallows. Was it so troublesome a task to keep the whole body for his kinsman to see? So true to her bargain, did Fortune continue to the end the prosperity of Magnus; so true to her bargain, she summoned him at his death from his pinnacle of glory, and ruthlessly made him pay in a single day for all the disasters from which she protected him for many years; and Pompey was the only man who never experienced good and evil together: his prosperity no god disturbed, and on his misery no god had mercy. Fortune held her hand for long and then overthrew him with one blow. He is tossed on the sands and mangled

on the rocks, while his wounds drink in the wave; he is the plaything of Ocean, and, when all shape is lost, the one mark to identify Magnus is the absence of the severed head.

ante tamen Pharias uictor quam tangat harenas
Pompeio raptim tumulum fortuna parauit,
ne iaceat nullo uel ne meliore sepulchro.
e latebris pauidus decurrit ad aequora Cordus. 715
quaestor ab Icario Cinyreae litore Cyprī
infaustus Magni fuerat comes. ille per umbras
ausus ferre gradum uictum pietate timorem
conpulit ut mediis quaesitum corpus in undis
duceret ad terram traheretque in litora Magnum. 720
lucis maesta parum per densas Cynthia nubes
praebebat, cano sed discolor aequore truncus
conspicitur. tenet ille ducem complexibus artis
eripiente mari; tunc uictus pondere tanto
expectat fluctus pelagoque iuuante cadauer 725
inpellit. postquam sicco iam litore sedit,
incubuit Magno lacrimasque effudit in omne
uolnus, et ad superos obscuraque sidera fatur
‘non pretiosa petit cumulato ture sepulchra
Pompeius, Fortuna, tuus, non pinguis ad astra 730
ut ferat e membris Eoos fumus odores,
ut Romana suum gestent pia colla parentem,
praeferat ut ueteres feralis pompa triumphos,
ut resonent tristi cantu fora, totus ut ignes
proiectis maerens exercitus ambiat armis. 735
da uilem Magno plebei funeris arcam
quae lacerum corpus siccis effundat in ignes;
robora non desint misero nec sordidus ustor.
sit satis, o superi, quod non Cornelia fuso
crine iacet subicique facem complexa maritum 740
imperat, extremo sed abest a munere busti
infelix coniunx nec adhuc a litore longe est.’
sic fatus paruos iuuenis procul aspicit ignes
corpus uile suis nullo custode cremantis.

inde rapit flammās semustaque robora membris 745
subducit. 'quaecumque es,' ait 'neclecta nec ulli
cara tuo sed Pompeio felicior umbra,
quod iam conpositum uiolat manus hospita bustum,
da ueniam: siquid sensus post fata relictumst,
cedis et ipsa rogo paterisque haec damna sepulchri, 750
teque pudet sparsis Pompei manibus uri.'
sic fatus plenusque sinus ardente fauilla
peruolat ad truncum, qui fluctu paene relatus
litore pendebat. summas dimouit harenas
et collecta procul lacerae fragmenta carinae 755
exigua trepidus posuit scrobe. nobile corpus
robora nulla premunt, nulla strue membra recumbunt:
admotus Magnum, non subditus, accipit ignis.
ille sedens iuxta flammās 'o maxime' dixit
'ductor et Hesperii maiestas nominis una, 760
si tibi iactatu pelagi, si funere nullo
tristior iste rogos, manes animamque potentem
officiis auerte meis: iniuria fati
hoc fas esse iubet; ne ponti belua quicquam,
ne fera, ne uolucres, ne saeui Caesaris ira 765
audeat, exiguam, quantum potes, accipe flammam
Romana succense manu. fortuna recursus
si det in Hesperiam, non hac in sede quiescent
tam sacri cineres, sed te Cornelia, Magne,
accipiet nostraque manu transfundet in urnam. 770
interea paruo signemus litora saxo,
ut nota sit busti; siquis placare peremptum
forte uolet plenos et reddere mortis honores,
inueniat trunci cineres et norit harenas
ad quas, Magne, tuum referat caput.' haec ubi fatus, 775
excitat inualidas admoto fomite flammās.
carpitur et lentum Magnus destillat in ignem
tabe fouens bustum. sed iam percusserat astra
aurorae praemissa dies: ille ordine rupto
funeris attonitus latebras in litore quaerit. 780
quam metuis, demens, isto pro crimine poenam

quo te fama loquax omnis accepit in annos?
condita laudabit Magni socer inpius ossa:
i modo securus ueniae fassusque sepulchrum
posce caput. cogit pietas inponere finem 785
officio. semusta rapit resolutaque nondum
ossa satis neruis et inustis plena medullis
aequorea restinguit aqua congestaque in unum
parua clausit humo. tunc, ne leuis aura relectos
auferret cineres, saxo compressit harenam, 790
nautaque ne bustum religato fune moueret
inscripsit sacrum semusto stipite nomen:
'hic situs est Magnus'. placet hoc, Fortuna, sepulchrum
dicere Pompei, quo condi maluit illum
quam terra caruisse socer? temeraria dextra, 795
cur obicis Magno tumulum manesque uagantis
includis? situs est qua terra extrema refuso
pendet in Oceano; Romanum nomen et omne
imperium Magno tumuli est modus: obrue saxa
crimine plena deum. si tota est Herculis Oete 800
et iuga tota uacant Bromio Nyseia, quare
unus in Aegypto Magni lapis? omnia Lagi
arua tenere potest, si nullo caespite nomen
haeserit. erremus populi cinerumque tuorum,
Magne, metu nullas Nili calcemus harenas. 805
quod si tam sacro dignaris nomine saxum
adde actus tantos monimentaue maxuma rerum,
adde trucidis Lepidi motus Alpinaue bella
armaue Sertori reuocato consule uicta
et currus quos egit eques, commercia tuta 810
gentibus et pavidos Cilicas maris, adde subactam
barbariem gentesque uagas et quidquid in Euro
regnum Boreaue iacet. dic semper ab armis
ciuilem repetisse togam, ter curribus actis
contentum multos patriae donasse triumphos. 815
quis capit haec tumulus? surgit miserabile bustum
non ullis plenum titulis, non ordine tanto
fastorum; solitumque legi super alta deorum

culmina et extractos spoliis hostilibus arcus
haud procul est ima Pompei nomen harena 820
depressum tumulo, quod non legat aduena rectus,
quod nisi monstratum Romanus transeat hospes.

But before Caesar could reach the sands of Egypt, Fortune devised a hasty burial for Pompey, that he might not lack a tomb, or that he might not have a better. In fear and haste Cordus came down from his hiding-place to the sea; as quaestor he had made the ill-starred voyage with Magnus from the Icarian shore of Cyprus, where Cinyras once reigned. Under cover of darkness he dared to come, and forced his fear, mastered by duty, to seek the body amid the waves, and draw it to land and drag Magnus to the shore. A sad moon shed but scanty light through thick clouds; but the headless body was visible by its different colour in the foaming waves. He grasped his leader tight against the snatching of the sea; then, unequal to that mighty burden, he waited for a wave and then pushed on the body with the sea to help him. When it came to rest above the water-line, he cast himself upon Magnus, pouring tears into every wound; and thus he addressed Heaven and the dim stars: "No costly pyre with heaped-up incense does your favourite, Pompey, ask of you, Fortune; he does not ask that the rich smoke should carry to the stars Eastern perfumes from his limbs; that devoted Romans should bear on their shoulders the dear father of his country; that the funeral procession should display his former trophies; that the Forum should be filled with mournful music; or that a whole army, with dropped arms, should march mourning round the burning pile. But grant to Magnus the paltry bier of a pauper's burial, to let down the mutilated body on the unfed fires; let not the hapless corpse lack wood or a mean hand to kindle it. Be content with this, ye gods, that Cornelia does not lie prostrate with dishevelled hair — does not embrace her husband and bid the torch be applied; that his unhappy wife, though still not far distant from the shore, is not here to pay her last tribute to the dead." When the youth had spoken thus, he saw at a distance a feeble fire that was burning a corpse uncared for and unguarded. Thence he took fire in haste and drew the charred logs from beneath the body. "Whoever you are," he said, "uncared for and unloved by any of

your kin, but yet more fortunate after death than Pompey, pardon the stranger hand that robs your pyre once laid. If aught of feeling survives death, you willingly resign your pyre and permit this robbery of your grave; and you are ashamed, when the body of Pompey is divided, to find cremation yourself." Thus he spoke, and having filled his lap with the burning embers he flew back to the body, which, as it hung upon the shore, had nearly been carried back by a wave. He scraped away the surface of the sand, and hastily laid in a narrow trench the pieces of a broken boat which he had gathered at a distance. No wood supports that famous corpse, on no pile are the limbs laid; the fire that receives Magnus is not laid beneath him but beside him. Sitting near the fire, Cordus said: "Mighty captain and unequalled glory of the Roman people, if this pyre is more distressful to you than to be tossed by the sea, or than no burial at all, then turn away your spirit and your mighty ghost from the service I render; the wrong of Fate makes this right; that no sea monster or beast or bird or wrath of cruel Caesar may make bold, accept all that is possible for you — this scanty flame; a Roman hand has kindled your corpse. If Fortune grant us a return to Italy, not here will these sacred ashes rest; but Cornelia will recover you, Magnus, and will transfer them from my hand to an urn. Meanwhile, let me mark the place on the shore with a small stone to be a token of your grave; if any man haply desires to make atonement to your spirit and give you your due of funeral honours, let him find the ashes of the body, and recognise the strand to which he must restore your head." Having spoken thus, he brightens the feeble flame with a fresh supply of fuel. Slowly the body of Magnus is consumed and melts into the fire, feeding the flame with the dissolving flesh. But by now the daylight which precedes the dawn had smitten the stars; and he broke off the rites and sought in terror his hiding-place upon the shore. What punishment do you dread, poor fool, for your crime, because of which the voice of Fame has made you welcome for all time to come? His unnatural kinsman will approve the burial of Pompey's bones. Nay go, secure of pardon, confess that you buried him, and demand the head. — Duty compels him to complete his service. He snatched the charred bones not yet entirely parted from the muscles, and quenched them, full of the scorched marrow, with sea water;

then he piled them together and hid them beneath a handful of earth. Next, lest a light breeze should bare and scatter the ashes, he planted a stone in the sand; and that no sailor might disturb the tomb by mooring his bark there, he used a charred stick to write the sacred name upon it: "Here Magnus lies." Is it the will of Fortune to call this the grave of Pompey — this grave which Caesar preferred for his son-in-law to no burial at all? Rash hand, why do you thrust a tomb on Magnus, and imprison the spirit that roams free? His burial-place extends as far as the most distant land that floats on the circling stream of Ocean; the Roman name and all the Roman empire are the limit of Pompey's grave. Away with that stone, eloquent in reproach of Heaven! If all Oeta belongs to Hercules, and the hills of Nysa own no lord but Bacchus alone, why is there but a single stone in Egypt for Magnus? He can fill all the kingdom of Lagus, if his name were fixed upon no grave. Then mankind would be in doubt, and, from fear to tread on the ashes of Magnus, we should avoid altogether the sands of Nile. But, if you think the stone worthy of that sacred name, then add his great achievements and the records of his mighty deeds; add the rising of fierce Lepidus and the Alpine war; the victory over Sertorius, when the consul was recalled, and the triumph which he celebrated while yet a knight; write of commerce made safe for all nations, and of the Cilicians scared from the sea. Tell how he subdued the barbarian world, and nomad peoples, and all the rulers of East and North. Say that ever after war he donned again the citizen's gown, and that, content with three triumphal pageants, he excused his country many triumphs. What tomb has room for all this? There rises a pitiful gravestone, rich with no records or long roll of offices; and the name of Pompey, which men were wont to read upon lofty temples of the gods and upon arches reared with spoils of our foes, — that name is little raised above the lowly sand, and set so low upon the grave that a stranger must stoop to read it, and a visitor from Rome would pass it by if it were not pointed out.

noxia ciuili tellus Aegyptia fato,
haud equidem inmerito Cumanae carmine uatis
cautum, ne Nili Pelusia tangeret ora 825
Hesperius miles ripasque aestate tumentis.

quid tibi, saeua, precer pro tanto crimine, tellus?
uertat aquas Nilus quo nascitur orbe retentus,
et steriles egeant hibernis imbris agri,
totaque in Aethiopum putres soluaris harenas. 830
nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isim
semideosque canes et sistra iubentia luctus
et quem tu plangens hominem testaris Osirim;
tu nostros, Aegypte, tenes in puluere manes.
tu quoque, cum saeuo dederis iam templa tyranno, 835
nondum Pompei cineres, o Roma, petisti;
exul adhuc iacet umbra ducis. si saecula prima
uictoris timuere minas, nunc excipe saltem
ossa tui Magni, si nondum subruta fluctu
inuisa tellure sedent. quis busta timebit? 840
quis sacris dignam mouisse uerebitur umbram?
imperet hoc nobis utinam scelus et uelit uti
nostro Roma sinu: satis o nimiumque beatus,
si mihi contingat manes transferre reuolsos
Ausoniam, si tale ducis uiolare sepulchrum. 845
forsitan, aut sulco sterili cum poscere finem
a superis aut Roma uolet feralibus Austris
ignibus aut nimiis aut terrae tecta mouenti,
consilio iussuque deum transibis in urbem,
Magne, tuam, summusque feret tua busta sacerdos. 850
nam quis ad exustam Cancro torrente Syenen
ibit et imbrifera siccas sub Pliade Thebas
spectator Nili, quis rubri stagna profundi
aut Arabum portus mercis mutator Eoae,
Magne, petet, quem non tumuli uenerabile saxum 855
et cinis in summis forsant turbatus harenis
auertat manesque tuos placare iubebit
et Casio praeferre Ioui? nil ista nocebunt
famae busta tuae: templis auroque sepultus
uilius umbra fores. nunc est pro numine summo 860
hoc tumulto Fortuna iacens; augustius aris
uictoris Libyco pulsatur in aequore saxum.
Tarpeis qui saepe deis sua tura negarunt

inclusum Tusco uenerantur caespite fulmen.
proderit hoc olim, quod non mansura futuris 865
ardua marmoreo surrexit pondere moles.
pulueris exigui sparget non longa uetustas
congeriem, bustumque cadet, mortisque peribunt
argumenta tuae. ueniet felicior aetas
qua sit nulla fides saxum monstrantibus illud; 870
atque erit Aegyptus populis fortasse nepotum
tam mendax Magni tumulo quam Creta Tonantis.

O land of Egypt, guilty of the destinies of civil war, with good reason did the Sibyl of Cumae warn us in her verse, that no Roman soldier should visit the mouths of the Nile in Egypt, and those banks which the summer floods. What curse can I invoke upon that ruthless land in reward for so great a crime? May Nile reverse his waters and be stayed in the region where he rises; may the barren fields crave winter rains; and may all the soil break up into the crumbling sands of Ethiopia. Though we have admitted to Roman temples your Isis and your dogs half divine, the rattle which bids the worshipper wail, and the Osiris whom you prove to be mortal by mourning for him, yet you, Egypt, keep our dead a prisoner in your dust. Rome too, though she has already given a temple to the cruel tyrant, has not yet claimed the ashes of Pompey, and his ghost still lies in exile. If the first generation dreaded Caesar's threats, now at least let her welcome the bones of her beloved Magnus, if they still remain in that hated land and are not yet washed away by the sea. Who will fear to trouble the tomb, and dread to remove the dead so worthy of worship? Oh, that Rome would bid me do this wrong, and deign to make use of my arms! Happy, too happy, should I be, if it were mine to unearth the remains and convey them to Italy, and to violate a tomb so unworthy of them. Perhaps, when Rome shall pray from Heaven a cure for barren fields or pestilential winds or excessive heats or earthquake, then, at the advice and bidding of the gods, you will pass, Magnus, to your loved city, and the chief Pontiff will bear your ashes. Even now, if any man travels to Syene, parched by flaming Cancer, and to Thebes, unwetted even under the rain-bearing Pleiads, in order to behold the Nile; if any man seeks the quiet waters

of the Red Sea or the ports of Arabia to traffic in Eastern wares — that gravestone, and those ashes, perhaps disturbed and lying on the surface of the sand, will call him aside to worship, and bid him appease the spirit of Magnus, and give it the preference over Casian Jupiter. That grave will never mar his fame; the dead would be less precious if buried in temples and gold. Fortune, lying in this tomb, is now at last a supreme deity; prouder than all Caesar's altars is the sea-beaten stone on the shore of Africa. Many, who deny to the deities of the Capitol the incense which is their due, worship the thunderbolt fenced in by the augur's turf. One day it will prove a gain that no lofty pile of massive marble was raised here to last for ever. For a short space of time will scatter the little heap of dust; the grave will fall in; and all proof of Pompey's death will be lost. A happier age will come, when those who point out that stone will be disbelieved, and perhaps our descendants will consider Egypt as false in her tale of Pompey's tomb as Crete when she claims the tomb of Jupiter.

LIBER NONVS — BOOK IX

At non in Pharia manes iacuere fauilla
nec cinis exiguus tantam conpescuit umbram;
prosiluit busto semustaque membra relinquens
degeneremque rogum sequitur conuexa Tonantis.
qua niger astriferis conectitur axibus aer 5
quodque patet terras inter lunaeque meatus,
semidei manes habitant, quos ignea uirtus
innocuos uita patientes aetheris imi
fecit et aeternos animam collegit in orbes:
non illuc auro positi nec ture sepulti 10
perueniunt. illic postquam se lumine uero
inpleuit, stellasque uagas miratus et astra
fixa polis, uidit quanta sub nocte iaceret
nostra dies risitque sui ludibria trunci.
hinc super Emathiae campos et signa cruenti 15
Caesaris ac sparsas uolitauit in aequore classes,
et scelerum uindex in sancto pectore Bruti
sedit et inuicti posuit se mente Catonis.

BUT the spirit of Pompey did not linger down in Egypt among the embers, nor did that handful of ashes prison his mighty ghost. Soaring up from the burning-place, it left the charred limbs and unworthy pyre behind, and sought the dome of the Thunderer. Where our dark atmosphere — the intervening space between earth and the moon's orbit — joins on to the starry spheres, there after death dwell heroes, whose fiery quality has fitted them, after guiltless lives, to endure the lower limit of ether, and has brought their souls from all parts to the eternal spheres: to those who are confined in gold and buried with incense that realm is barred. When he had steeped himself in the true light of that region, and gazed at the planets and the fixed stars of heaven, he saw the thick darkness that veils our day, and smiled at the mockery done to his headless body. Then his spirit flew above the field of Pharsalia, the standards of bloodthirsty Caesar, and the ships scattered over the sea, till it settled, as the

avenger of guilt, in the righteous breast of Brutus, and took up its abode in the heart of unconquerable Cato.

ille, ubi pendebant casus dubiumque manebat
quem dominum mundi facerent ciuilia bella, 20
oderat et Magnum, quamuis comes isset in arma
auspiciis raptus patriae ductuque senatus;
at post Thessalicas clades iam pectore toto
Pompeianus erat. patriam tutore carentem
excepit, populi trepidantia membra refouit, 25
ignauis manibus proiectos reddidit enses,
nec regnum cupiens gessit ciuilia bella
nec seruire timens. nil causa fecit in armis
ille sua: totae post Magni funera partes
libertatis erant. quas ne per litora fusas 30
colligeret rapido uictoria Caesaris actu,
Corcyrae secreta petit ac mille carinis
abstulit Emathiae secum fragmenta ruinae.
quis ratibus tantis fugientia crederet ire
agmina, quis pelagus uictas artasse carinas? 35

While the issue remained uncertain, and none could tell whom the civil war would make master of the world, Cato hated Magnus as well as Caesar, though he had been swept away by his country's cause to follow the Senate to Pompey's camp; but now, after the defeat of Pharsalia, he favoured Pompey with his whole heart. When his country had no guardian, he took her in charge; he revived the trembling limbs of the nation, and replaced the swords that coward hands had thrown down; and he carried on the civil war, without either seeking to be a tyrant or fearing to be a slave. He did naught in arms to serve his own ends; after the death of Magnus the whole party was the party of freedom. But they were scattered round the coasts; and, that victorious Caesar might not pick them all up in his rapid progress, Cato sought the retirement of Coreyra and carried away with him in a thousand ships the wreck of the disaster at Pharsalia. Who would have believed that an army, conveyed on so many vessels, was in flight, or that the sea had proved too narrow for

a vanquished fleet?

Dorida tum Malean et apertam Taenaron umbris,
inde Cythera petit, Boreaque urgente carinas
Graia fugit, Dictaea legit cedentibus undis
litora. tunc ausum classi praecludere portus
inpulit ac saeuas meritum Phycunta rapinas 40
sparsit, et hinc placidis alto delabitur auris
in litus, Palinure, tuum (neque enim aequore tantum
Ausonio monimenta tenes, portusque quietos
testatur Libye Phrygio placuisse magistro),
cum procul ex alto tendentes uela carinae 45
ancipites tenuere animos, sociosne malorum
an ueherent hostes: praeceps facit omne timendum
uictor, et in nulla non creditur esse carina.
ast illae puppes luctus planctusque ferebant
et mala uel duri lacrimas motura Catonis. 50

Next he went to Malea of the Dorians and Taenarus where the dead may rise, and thence to Cythera. As the North wind sped on his keels, he shunned the shore of Greece and sailed along the coast of Crete, and the waves gave way before them. Then, when Phycus dared to close its harbour against the fleet, he overthrew it and laid in ruins a town which deserved to be sacked without mercy. Gentle breezes wafted him along the sea from here to the coast of Palinurus (for his memory is preserved not only in Italian waters, and Africa bears witness that her peaceful harbour found favour with the Trojan steersman). Then the sight of ships sailing far out at sea kept them in suspense: were those crews partners in misfortune or enemies? The speed of Caesar makes everything dreadful, and they are convinced of his presence on every ship. No, these vessels were freighted with mourning and lamentation, and with a sorrow that might draw tears even from stern Cato.

nam, postquam frustra precibus Cornelia nautas
priuignique fugam tenuit, ne forte repulsus
litoribus Phariis remearet in aequora truncus,

ostenditque rogum non iusti flamma sepulchri,
'ergo indigna fui,' dixit 'Fortuna, marito 55
accendisse rogum gelidosque effusa per artus
incubuisse uiro, laceros exurere crines
membraque dispersi pelago componere Magni,
uolneribus cunctis largos infundere fletus,
ossibus et tepida uestes implere fauilla, 60
quidquid ab extincto licuisset tollere busto
in templis sparsura deum. sine funeris ullo
ardet honore rogi; manus hoc Aegyptia forsan
obtulit officium graue manibus. o bene nudi
Crassorum cineres: Pompeio contigit ignis 65
inuidia maiore deum. similisne malorum
sors mihi semper erit? numquam dare iusta licebit
coniugibus? numquam plenas plangemus ad urnas?
quid porro tumulis opus est aut ulla requiris
instrumenta, dolor? non toto in pectore portas, 70
in pia, Pompeium? non imis haeret imago
uisceribus? quaerat cineres uictura superstes.
nunc tamen, hinc longe qui fulget luce maligna,
ignis adhuc aliquid Phario de litore surgens
ostendit mihi, Magne, tui. iam flamma resedit, 75
Pompeiumque ferens uanescit solis ad ortus
fumus, et inuisi tendunt mihi carbasa uenti.
linquere, siqua fides, Pelusia litora nolo. 83
non mihi nunc tellus Pompeio siqua triumphos 78
uicta dedit, non alta terens Capitolia currus
gratior; elapsus felix de pectore Magnus:
hunc uolumus quem Nilus habet, terraeque nocenti
non haerere queror; crimen commendat harenas.
tu pete bellorum casus et signa per orbem, 84
Sexte, paterna moue; namque haec mandata reliquit
Pompeius uobis in nostra condita cura:
"me cum fatalis leto damnauerit hora,
excipite, o nati, bellum ciuile, nec umquam,
dum terris aliquis nostra de stirpe manebit,
Caesaribus regnare uacet. uel sceptrum uel urbes 90

libertate sua ualidas inpellite fama
nominis: has uobis partes, haec arma relinquo.
inueniet classes quisquis Pompeius in undas
uenerit, et noster nullis non gentibus heres
bella dabit: tantum indomitos memoresque paterni 95
iuris habete animos. uni parere decebit,
si faciet partes pro libertate, Catoni.”
exsolui tibi, Magne, fidem, mandata peregi;
insidiae ualuere tuae, deceptaque uixi
ne mihi commissas auferrem perfida uoces. 100
iam nunc te per inane chaos, per Tartara, coniunx,
si sunt ulla, sequar, quam longo tradita leto
incertum est: poenas animae uiuacis ab ipsa
ante feram. potuit cernens tua funera, Magne,
non fugere in mortem: planctu contusa peribit, 105
effluet in lacrimas: numquam ueniemus ad enses
aut laqueos aut praecipites per inania iactus:
turpe mori post te solo non posse dolore.’
sic ubi fata, caput ferali obduxit amictu
decreuitque pati tenebras puppisque cauernis 110
delituit, saeuumque arte complexa dolorem
perfruitur lacrimis et amat pro coniuge luctum.
illam non fluctus stridensque rudentibus Eurus
mouit et exurgens ad summa pericula clamor,
uotaque sollicitis faciens contraria nautis 115
conposita in mortem iacuit fauitque procellis.

For after Cornelia’s prayers had fruitlessly stayed the flight of the sailors and her stepson, lest haply the corpse might be driven out to sea from the Egyptian shore, and when the flame revealed the pyre of those maimed rites, then she reproached Fortune: “Unworthy then was I to kindle my husband’s pyre, to bend over the cold limbs, and throw myself upon the body; unworthy to burn my torn tresses, to gather the limbs of Magnus scattered in the sea, to pour a flood of tears into every wound, and to fill my bosom with the bones and warm ashes, with the purpose of sprinkling in the temples of the gods whatever I might gather from the extinguished flame. The pyre burns

on with no funeral honours; perhaps some Egyptian hand proffered this service which the dead resents. Well is it that the remains of the Crassi lie unburied; the fire that was granted to Pompey show's greater spite on the part of Heaven. Shall my sad lot ever repeat itself? Shall I never be allowed to give due burial to a husband? Shall I never mourn over an urn that contains ashes? But what need is there of a grave, or why does grief require any trappings? Do I not, undutiful wife, carry Pompey in my whole breast? Does not his image cling to my inmost heart? Let a wife who intends to survive her husband seek his ashes. But now this fire, which shines far away with scanty light, as it rises from the Egyptian shore, still shows me some part of you, Magnus. The flame has now died down, and the smoke that carries Pompey away fades at sunrise, and the hated winds are stretching the sails of my ship. With sorrow (if my words may be believed) I leave the coast of Egypt. More welcome is it to me than any conquered country which provided Pompey with triumphs, more welcome than the car which rolled over the pavement of the lofty Capitol. The Magnus of prosperous days has passed from my memory; the Magnus I require is he whom the Nile possesses; and I complain that I may not cling to the guilty land; its very guilt endears the strand to me. I bid you, Sextus, face the hazards of war and carry on your father's warfare over all the world. For Pompey left this message for his sons, and it is treasured up in my memory: 'When the destined hour shall have condemned me to death, I bid you, my sons, take over civil war; and never, while any scion of my stock remains on earth, let the Caesars reign in peace. Rouse up by the glory of our name either kings or States that are strong in their own freedom; I leave you this part to play and these resources. A Pompey who takes to the sea will always find fleets, and my successor shall rouse all nations to war; only let your hearts be ever tameless and mindful of your father's power. Cato, and Cato alone, you may fitly obey, if he shall rally a party in defence of freedom.' I have fulfilled my promise to Magnus and done his bidding; his device has been successful, and thus deceived I lived on, that I might not break faith and carry to the grave the words of his message. But now I will follow my husband through empty chaos and through Tartarus, if such a place there be. How distant the death to which I

am doomed, I know not; ere it comes, I shall punish my life for lasting too long. It had the heart to see Magnus murdered and not to take refuge in death: it shall end, bruised by blows from my hands; it shall melt away in tears; never shall I resort to the sword or noose or a headlong fall through the air; shame to me if I — cannot die of grief alone, when he is dead.” When she had spoken thus, she covered her head with a mourning veil; determined to endure darkness, she hid in the hold of the ship, and, clasping closely her cruel sorrow, she makes tears her joy and loves her grief in place of her husband. Heedless of the waves, of the East wind that howled in the rigging, and of the shouting that rose higher as the danger grew, she lay in the attitude of death; what the frightened sailors prayed to escape, she prayed to suffer; and she took the side of the storms.

prima ratem Cypros spumantibus accipit undis;
inde tenens pelagus, sed iam moderatior, Eurus
in Libycas egit sedes et castra Catonis.
tristis, ut in multo mens est praesaga timore, 120
aspexit patrios comites a litore Magnus
et fratrem; medias praeceps tunc fertur in undas.
‘dic ubi sit, germane, parens; stat summa caputque
orbis, an occidimus Romanaque Magnus ad umbras
abstulit?’ haec fatur; quem contra talia frater: 125
‘o felix, quem sors alias dispersit in oras
quique nefas audis: oculos, germane, nocentis
spectato genitore fero. non Caesaris armis
occubuit dignoque perit auctore ruinae:
rege sub inpuro Nilotica rura tenente, 130
hospitii fretus superis et munere tanto
in proauos, cecidit donati uictima regni.
uidi ego magnanimi lacerantes pectora patris,
nec credens Pharium tantum potuisse tyrannum
litore Niliaco socerum iam stare putavi. 135
sed me nec sanguis nec tantum uolnera nostri
adfecere senis, quantum gestata per urbem
ora ducis, quae transfixo sublimia pilo
uidimus: haec fama est oculis uictoris iniqui

seruari, scelerisque fidem quaesisse tyrannum. 140
nam corpus Phariaene canes auidaeque uolucres
distulerint, an furtiuus, quem uidimus, ignis
soluerit, ignoro. quaecumque iniuria fati
abstulit hos artus, superis haec crimina dono:
seruata de parte queror.' cum talia Magnus 145
audisset, non in gemitus lacrimasque dolorem
effudit, iustaque furens pietate profatur
'praecipitate rates e sicco litore, nautae;
classis in aduersos erumpat remige uentos.
ite, duces, mecum (nusquam ciuilibus armis 150
tanta fuit merces) inhumatos condere manes,
sanguine semiuiri Magnum satiare tyranni.
non ego Pellaeas arces adytisque resectum
corpus Alexandri pigra Mareotide mergam?
non mihi pyramidum tumulis euolsus Amasis 155
atque alii reges Nilo torrente natabunt?
omnia dent poenas nudo tibi, Magne, sepulchra.
euoluam busto iam numen gentibus Isim
et tectum lino spargam per uolgus Osirim
[et sacer in Magni cineres mactabitur Apis] 160
suppositisque deis uram caput. has mihi poenas
terra dabit: linquam uacuos cultoribus agros,
nec, Nilus cui crescat, erit; solusque tenebis
Aegypton, genitor, populis superisque fugatis.'
dixerat, et classem saeuus rapiebat in undas; 165
sed Cato laudatam iuuenis conpescuit iram.

Cyprus with its foaming waves first received their ship; and then the East wind, still ruling the sea but with less fury, drove them to the land of Libya and Cato's camp. From the shore young Magnus looked in sorrow, for the mind that fears intensely forebodes evil, at his brother and the companions of his father; then he rushed headlong right into the waves. "Brother, say where is our father. Is the head and crown of the world still standing, or are we destroyed, and has Magnus taken with him to the shades all that was Rome?" Thus Gnaeus spoke; and his brother answered him: "Happy are you,

whom destiny drove to other lands, and who only hear the horror: my eyes are guilty, brother, because they looked on at my father's death. He did not fall by Caesar's arms, and no worthy hand laid him low. In the power of the foul monarch who rules the land of Nile, relying on the gods of hospitality and on the great boon he had conferred upon the dynasty, he fell, to atone for having given to them the crown. These eyes saw them hacking at the breast of our noble father; and, not believing that the king of Egypt had possessed such power as that, I supposed that Caesar already stood on the shore of the Nile. But the blood and wounds of our aged sire moved me less than the carrying of his head through the city: I saw it borne aloft on a pike driven through it; men said that it was being kept for the cruel conqueror to view, and that the king desired proof of his crime. As to the body, I know not whether the dogs and greedy vultures of Egypt tore it to pieces, or whether it was destroyed by the surreptitious fire that we saw. Whatever outrage of destiny made away with those limbs, I pardon Heaven for that crime; but I complain of the part that was preserved." When young Magnus heard such a tale, he did not pour forth his grief in groans or tears; but, maddened by rightful love for a father, he cried: "Hurry down your ships, ye sailors, from the dry land; driven by the rowers, let the fleet burst out in the teeth of the wind: and go forth with me, ye leaders — nowhere was so great a prize offered to the fighters in civil war — to inter the unburied body of Magnus and appease his anger with the blood of the effeminate king. Shall I not drag forth the body of Alexander from its shrine and sink it, together with the Macedonian city, beneath the sluggish waters of Lake Mareotis? Shall I not hale out Amasis and the other kings from their tombs in the Pyramids, and send them swimming down the current of the Nile? Let all their tombs make atonement to Magnus who has none at all. I shall rifle the grave of Isis, now worshipped over the world; the limbs of Osiris, swathed in linen, I shall scatter in the public streets; I shall lay the gods as fuel whereon to burn my father's head. And the land I shall punish too; I shall leave their fields with none to till them; the Nile shall rise, and there shall be none to use it; men and gods shall be expelled from Egypt, and you, my father, alone shall possess the land." Thus he spoke, and sought in his rage to launch the ships with speed; but Cato, while

praising the youth, restrained his fury.

interea totis audito funere Magni
litoribus sonuit percussus planctibus aether,
exemploque carens et nulli cognitus aevo
luctus erat, mortem populos deflere potentis. 170
sed magis, ut uisa est lacrimis exhausta, solutas
in uoltus effusa comas, Cornelia puppe
egrediens, rursus geminato uerbere plangunt.
ut primum in sociae peruenit litora terrae,
collegit uestes miserieque insignia Magni 175
armaque et inpressas auro, quas gesserat olim.
exuuias pictasque togas, uelamina summo
ter conspecta Ioui, funestoque intulit igni.
ille fuit miserae Magni cinis. accipit omnis
exemplum pietas, et toto litore busta 180
surgunt Thessalicis reddentia manibus ignem.
sic, ubi depastis summittere gramina campis
et renouare parans hibernas Apulus herbas
igne fouet terras, simul et Garganus et arua
Vulturis et calidi lucent buceta Matini. 185
non tamen ad Magni peruenit gratius umbras
omne quod in superos audet conuicia uolgens
Pompeiumque deis obicit, quam pauca Catonis
uerba sed a pleno uenientia pectore ueri.
'ciuis obit' inquit 'multum maioribus inpar 190
nosse modum iuris, sed in hoc tamen utilis aevo,
cui non ulla fuit iusti reuerentia; salua
libertate potens, et solus plebe parata
priuatus seruire sibi, rectorque senatus,
sed regnantis, erat. nil belli iure poposcit, 195
quaeque dari uoluit uoluit sibi posse negari.
inmodicas possedit opes, sed plura retentis
intulit. inuasit ferrum, sed ponere norat.
praetulit arma togae, sed pacem armatus amauit.
iuuit sumpta ducem, iuuit dimissa potestas. 200
casta domus luxuque carens corruptaque numquam

fortuna domini. clarum et uenerabile nomen
gentibus et multum nostrae quod proderat urbi.
olim uera fides Sulla Marioque receptis
libertatis obit: Pompeio rebus adempto 205
nunc et ficta perit. non iam regnare pudebit,
nec color imperii nec frons erit ulla senatus.
o felix, cui summa dies fuit obuia uicto
et cui quaerendos Pharium scelus obtulit enses.
forsitan in soceri potuisses uiuere regno. 210
scire mori sors prima uiris, set proxima cogi.
et mihi, si fatis aliena in iura uenimus,
fac talem, Fortuna, Iubam; non deprecor hosti
seruari, dum me seruet ceruice recisa.’

Meanwhile, when the death of Pompey was reported, all along the shore the sound of beaten breasts was heard, till the sky rang with it; unexampled was that mourning, and unknown to any age — that the common people should lament the death of a great man. But when Cornelia was seen disembarking, having wept till she could weep no more, and with her loosened hair falling down over her face, still more the people renewed their lamentation with redoubled blows. As soon as she reached the shore of a friendly land, she gathered together the garments and badges of her hapless husband, his weapons, and the robes, embroidered with gold, which he once had worn, and the toga of many colours — the dress which supreme Jupiter had thrice beheld — and placed them all upon a funeral fire. They were the ashes of her husband to her sad heart. Her example was followed by all loving hearts; and pyres were raised all along the shore, and gave their due of fire to the men who died at Pharsalia. So, when the Apulian burns the soil, in order to make grass grow on the close-cropped plains and get fresh herbage for winter, then Mount Garganus and the fields of Vultur and the pastures of warm Matinus send forth light together. Though all alike dared to revile Heaven, and blamed the gods for Pompey’s death, yet a tribute as welcome to the shade of Magnus came in the words of Cato: few they were, but they came from a heart fraught with truth. He said: “The citizen who has fallen, though far inferior to our ancestors in recognising the

limits of what is lawful, was yet valuable in our generation, which has shown no respect for justice. He was powerful without destroying freedom; he alone, when the people were willing to be his slaves, remained in private station; he ruled the Senate, but it was a Senate of kings. He based no claims upon the right of armed force; what he wished to receive, he wished that others should have the power to refuse him. He acquired enormous wealth; but he paid into the treasury more than he kept back. He snatched the sword; but he knew how to lay it down. He preferred war to peace; but he was a lover of peace even when he wielded the weapons of war. It pleased him to accept office, and it pleased him also to resign it. His household was pure and free from extravagance, and never spoilt by the greatness of its master. His name is illustrious and revered among all nations, and did much service to our own State. Sincere belief in Rome's freedom died long ago, when Sulla and Marius were admitted within the walls; but now, when Pompey has been removed from the world, even the sham belief is dead. No tyrant need blush in future: there will be no pretence of military command, and the Senate will never again be used as a screen. Fortunate was he, because his last day followed close on defeat, and because the Egyptian butchers forced upon him the death he should have courted. He might perhaps have stooped to go on living under the tyranny of his kinsman. Happiest of all men are those who know when to die; and next come those upon whom death is forced. For myself, if destiny bring us into the power of others, I — pray that Fortune will make Juba play the part of Ptolemy: I am willing enough that he should keep me for Caesar, on condition that he keeps me with my head cut off."

uocibus his maior, quam si Romana sonarent 215
rostra ducis laudes, generosam uenit ad umbram
mortis honos. fremit interea discordia uolgi,
castrorum bellicue piget post funera Magni;
cum Tarcondimotus linquendi signa Catonis
sustulit. hunc rapta fugientem classe secutus 220
litus in extremum tali Cato uoce notauit:
'o numquam pacate Cilix, iterumne rapinas
uadis in aequoreas? Magnum fortuna remouit,

iam pelago pirata redis.' tum respicit omnis
in coetu motuque uiros; quorum unus aperta 225
mente fugae tali conpellat uoce regentem:
'nos, Cato, da ueniam, Pompei duxit in arma,
non belli ciuilis amor, partesque fauore
fecimus. ille iacet quem paci praetulit orbis,
causaque nostra perit: patrios permitte penates 230
desertamque domum dulcesque reuisere natos.
nam quis erit finis si nec Pharsalia pugnae
nec Pompeius erit? perierunt tempora uitae,
mors eat in tutum; iustas sibi nostra senectus
prospiciat flammis: bellum ciuile sepulchra 235
uix ducibus praestare potest. non barbara uictos
regna manent, non Armenium mihi saeua minatur
aut Scythicum fortuna iugum: sub iura togati
ciuis eo. quisquis Magno uiuente secundus,
hic mihi primus erit. sacris praestabitur umbris 240
summus honor; dominum, quam clades cogit, habebo,
nullum, Magne, ducem: te solum in bella secutus
post te fata sequar; nec enim sperare secunda
fas mihi nec liceat. fortuna cuncta tenentur
Caesaris, Emathium sparsit uictoria ferrum; 245
clausa fides miseris, et toto solus in orbe est
qui uelit ac possit uictis praestare salutem.
Pompeio scelus est bellum ciuile preëmpto,
quo fuerat uiuente fides. si publica iura,
si semper sequeris patriam, Cato, signa petamus 250
Romanus quae consul habet.' sic ille profatus
insiluit puppi iuuenum comitante tumultu.

By these words greater honour in death was rendered to the noble shade than if the Rostrum at Rome had sounded his praise. Meanwhile the soldiery were loud in mutiny; they were weary of the camp and warfare now that Pompey was dead; and then Tarcondimotus raised the signal for deserting Cato. He snatched his ships for flight, but Cato followed him to the edge of the shore, and thus rebuked him: "Do you go forth again to practise robbery on the

seas, you Cilician who have never accepted peace? Fortune has taken Magnus away, and at once you return to the sea as a pirate.” Then he looked at them all, as they crowded together in haste; and one of them, whose intention to fly was clear, thus addressed the general: “Pardon us, Cato. It was love of Pompey, not of civil war, that roused us to arms, and we took sides out of favour for him. But he lies low, whom the world preferred to peace, and our cause has ceased to exist; suffer us to return to our native homes, our deserted households and the children of our love. For what end will there ever be of fighting, if neither Pharsalia nor the death of Pompey ends it? Our lifetime has been wasted; let our last days find a refuge; let our old age look forward to due funeral rites; civil war can hardly provide graves even for leaders. We are defeated, but no foreign rule awaits us; cruel Fortune does not threaten me with oppression from Armenian or Scythian; I pass into the power of Roman citizens. Whoever was second to Magnus while Magnus lived, shall now rank first with me. But high honour shall I pay to the sacred dead: though I shall acknowledge the master whom defeat forces upon me, I shall acknowledge no leader but Magnus. Him alone I followed to war; now he is dead, I shall follow destiny; for I may not hope for good fortune, nor would it be permitted. All things are hemmed in by Caesar’s greatness; his victory has scattered the army of Pharsalia; the hopes of the unfortunate have shrunk to little compass, and he alone in the world has the will and the power to grant their lives to the vanquished. Civil war, which was loyalty while Pompey lived, is criminal now that he is slain. If you, Cato, are always a faithful follower of national law and your country’s cause, then let us seek the standards which the Roman consul bears.” With these words he sprang on board, and his soldiers in disorder went with him.

actum Romanis fuerat de rebus, et omnis
indiga seruitii feruebat litore plebes:
erupere ducis sacro de pectore uoces. 255
‘ergo pari uoto gessisti bella, iuuentus,
tu quoque pro dominis, et Pompeiana fuisti
non Romana manus? quod non in regna laboras,
quod tibi, non ducibus, uiuis morerisque, quod orbem

adquiris nulli, quod iam tibi uincere tutum est, 260
bella fugis quaerisque iugum ceruice uacanti
et nescis sine rege pati. nunc causa pericli
digna uiris. potuit uestro Pompeius abuti
sanguine: nunc patriae iugulos ensesque negatis,
cum prope libertas? unum fortuna reliquit 265
iam tribus e dominis. pudeat: plus regia Nili
contulit in leges et Parthi militis arcus.
ite, o degeneres, Ptolemaei munus et arma
spernite. quis uestras ulla putet esse nocentes
caede manus? credet faciles sibi terga dedisse, 270
credet ab Emathiis primos fugisse Philippis.
uadite securi; meruistis iudice uitam
Caesare non armis, non obsidione subacti.
o famuli turpes, domini post fata prioris
itis ad heredem. cur non maiora mereri 275
quam uitam ueniamque libet? rapiatur in undas
infelix coniunx Magni prolesque Metelli,
ducite Pompeios, Ptolemaei uincite munus.
nostra quoque inuiso quisquis feret ora tyranno
non parua mercede dabit: sciat ista iuuentus 280
ceruicis pretio bene se mea signa secutam.
quin agite et magna meritum cum caede parate:
ignauum scelus est tantum fuga.' dixit, et omnes
haud aliter medio reuocauit ab aequore puppes
quam, simul effetas linquunt examina ceras 285
atque oblita faui non miscent nexibus alas
sed sibi quaeque uolat nec iam degustat amarum
desidiosa thymum, Phrygii sonus increpat aeris,
attonitae posuere fugam studiumque laboris
floriferi repetunt et sparsi mellis amorem: 290
gaudet in Hyblaeo securus gramine pastor
diuitias seruasse casae. sic uoce Catonis
inculcata uiris iusti patientia Martis.

The cause of Rome was as good as lost, and all the rabble, at a loss for want of a master, swarmed upon the shore. But utterance came

with a rush from the sacred breast of Cato: "It seems then, soldiers, that you too fought with the same desire as others, in defence of tyranny — that you were the troops of Pompey, and not of Rome. You no longer suffer in order to set up a tyrant; your life and death belong to yourselves, not to your leaders; there is no one for whom you gain the whole world, and now you may safely conquer for yourselves alone. Yet now you desert the ranks; you miss the yoke when your neck is relieved, and you cannot endure existence without a tyrant. But you have now a quarrel worthy of brave men. Pompey was suffered to make full use of your life-blood: now, when freedom is in sight, do you refuse to fight and die for your country? Out of three masters Fortune has spared but one. Shame on you! The court of Egypt and the bow of the Parthian soldier have done more for the cause of lawful government. Depart, degenerate men, neglectful alike of Ptolemy's gift and your own weapons. Who would suppose that your hands were ever stained with bloodshed? Caesar will take your word for it that you were quick to turn your backs to him, and first in the flight from Philippi in Thessaly. Go and fear not: if Caesar be your judge, you, who were not subdued by battle or siege, have deserved to have your lives spared. Base slaves! your former master is dead, and you welcome his heir. Why do you not seek to earn a greater reward than mere life and pardon? Seize the hapless wife of Magnus and daughter of Metellus, and carry her over the sea; lead captive the sons of Pompey; and so outdo the gift of Ptolemy. Also, whoever bears my head to the hated tyrant will receive no small reward for his gift. By the price of my head your troops will learn that they did well to follow my standard. Rouse up therefore, commit a mighty crime, and gain your reward. Mere flight is the crime of cowards." By this speech he recalled all the ships from mid-sea. Even so, when the swarm deserts the cells that have hatched their young, they forget the comb; their wings are no longer intertwined, but each bee flies independently and plays truant, ceasing to suck the bitter thyme; but, if the sound of Phrygian brass rebukes them, at once in alarm they stop their flight and go back to their task of bearing pollen, and renew their love of scattered honey; the shepherd on the meadow of Hybla is relieved, and rejoices that the wealth of his cottage is safe. Thus by Cato's words the resolution to endure

lawful warfare was impressed upon his men.

iamque actu belli non doctas ferre quietem
constituit mentes serieque agitare laborum. 295
primum litoreis miles lassatur harenis.
proximus in muros et moenia Cyrenarum
est labor: exclusus nulla se uindicat ira,
poenaeque de uictis sola est uicisse Catoni.
inde peti placuit Libyci contermina Mauris 300
regna Iubae, sed iter mediis natura uetabat
Syrtybus: hanc audax sperat sibi cedere uirtus.

And now by works of war and continuous tasks he resolved to keep busy men who knew not how to remain inactive. First the soldiers toiled till they were weary, digging the sand upon the shore; their next task was against the walls and fortifications of Cyrene; when shut out from there, Cato took no harsh revenge — the only penalty he exacted from the conquered was to have conquered them. Next it was resolved to seek the realm of Libyan Juba that borders on the Moors; and, though Nature barred their way by placing the Syrtes between, daring valour hoped to defeat Nature.

Syrtes uel, primam mundo natura figuram
cum daret, in dubio pelagi terraeque reliquit
(nam neque subsedit penitus, quo stagna profundum 305
acciperet, nec se defendit ab aequore tellus,
ambigua sed lege loci iacet inuisa sedes,
aequora fracta uadis abruptaque terra profundo,
et post multa sonant proiecti litora fluctus:
sic male deseruit nullosque exegit in usus 310
hanc partem natura sui); uel plenior alto
olim Syrtis erat pelago penitusque natabat,
sed rapidus Titan ponto sua lumina pascens
aequora subduxit zonae uicina perustae;
et nunc pontus adhuc Phoebæ siccante repugnat, 315
mox, ubi damnosum radios admouerit aeuum,
tellus Syrtis erit; nam iam brevis unda superne

innatat et late periturum deficit aequor.

When Nature first gave shape to the world, either she left the Syrtes to be disputed by sea and land alike; for the land did not sink down deep, so as to admit the water of the ocean, nor yet defend itself against the sea, but the region lies untravelled, owing to the uncertain conditions that prevail there — sea broken by shoals, and dry land severed by sea — and the waves strike beach after beach before they collapse with a roar. So unkindly has Nature deserted this part of herself, and demands no service of it. Or else, the Syrtis was once more richly supplied with deep sea, and lay far below the surface; but the parching sun, feeding his light with ocean, sucked up the water, which is near the torrid zone; and thus, though now the sea still resists the drying action of the sun, ere long, when injurious time brings his heat close, the Syrtis will become dry land; for already the waves that cover it are shallow, and the water, soon to disappear, is everywhere scantily supplied.

ut primum remis actum mare propulit omne
classis onus, densis fremuit niger imbris Auster. 320
in sua regna furens temptatum classibus aequor
turbine defendit longeque a Syrtibus undas
egit et inlato confregit litore pontum.
tum, quarum recto deprendit carbasa malo,
eripuit nautis, frustraue rudentibus ausis 325
uela negare Noto spatium uicere carinae,
atque ultra proram tumuit sinus. omnia siquis
prouidus antennae suffixit lintea summae,
uincitur et nudis auertitur armamentis.
sors melior classi quae fluctibus incidit altis 330
et certo iactata mari. quaecumque leuatae
arboribus caesis flatum effudere prementem,
abstulit has liber uentis contraria uoluens
aestus et obnixum uictor detrusit in Austrum.
has uada destituunt, atque interrupta profundo 335
terra ferit puppes, dubioque obnoxia fato
pars sedet una ratis, pars altera pendet in undis.

tum magis inpactis breuius mare terraque saepe
obuia consurgens: quamuis elisus ab Austro,
saepe tamen cumulos fluctus non uincit harenae. 340
eminet in tergo pelagi procul omnibus aruis
inuolutus aqua sicci iam pulueris agger;
stant miseri nautae, terraeque haerente carina
litora nulla uident. sic partem intercipit aequor,
pars ratium maior regimen clauumque secuta est 345
tuta fuga, nautasque loci sortita peritos
torpentem Tritonos adit inlaesa paludem.

As soon as the sea, driven by the oars, bore onward all the heavy fleet, a black South wind roared with incessant rain. Raging against its own domain, it protected by a hurricane the waters on which the ships had ventured, driving the waves far from the Syrtes and breaking up the sea with intervals of land. Next, if it caught the sails of any ship with mast erect, it tore them from the sailors' grasp; in vain the cordage strove to rescue the sails from the wind, and the canvas stretched out beyond the ship, its folds flapping out further than the prow. If any prudent mariner had brailed up all his sails to the top of the yard, he was defeated and driven out of his course with bare poles. Those ships fared better which rode upon deep water and were tossed upon a sea that was sea indeed. But if any were lightened by cutting away the masts, and thus allowed the driving blast to pass over them, then the tide, free from control, swept them in the opposite direction to the gale, and carried them away, conquering them and driving them against the opposing South wind. These were left stranded by the shallows, where land, broken by sea, wrecks them; exposed to a double danger, half the vessel is aground, while half floats on the waves. Then, as the ships were driven further, the sea contracted and the dry land constantly emerged and struck them: the waves, though tossed by the South wind, often fail to rise above the sandbanks. Far from all the fields, a rampart of dry sand rises up on the surface of the sea and defies the water; the hapless sailors stick fast: though their keel is aground, no shore is visible. Thus the sea destroyed some of the ships, but the larger part, following the guidance of the helm, were saved by flight; and finding pilots

familiar with the shore, they reached unharmed the sluggish lake of Triton.

hanc, ut fama, deus quem toto litore pontus
audit uentosa perflantem marmora concha,
hanc et Pallas amat, patrio quae uertice nata 350
terrarum primam Libyen (nam proxima caelo est,
ut probat ipse calor) tetigit, stagnique quieta
uoltus uidit aqua posuitque in margine plantas
et se dilecta Tritonida dixit ab unda.
quam iuxta Lethon tacitus praelabitur amnis, 355
infernus, ut fama, trahens obliuia uenis,
atque, insopiti quondam tutela draconis,
Hesperidum pauper spoliatis frondibus hortus.
inuidus, annoso qui famam derogat aevo,
qui uates ad uera uocat. fuit aurea silua 360
diuitiisque graues et fuluo germine rami
uirgineusque chorus, nitidi custodia luci,
et numquam somno damnatus lumina serpens
robora complexus rutilo curuata metallo.
abstulit arboribus pretium nemorique laborem 365
Alcides, passusque inopes sine pondere ramos
rettulit Argolico fulgentia poma tyranno.

This lake, as legend tells, is dear to the god, who is heard by all the sea-shore as he fills the waters with the music of his windy shell; and dear to Pallas too. When she was born from her father's head, she alighted on Libya before any other land; for Libya, as its heat alone proves, is nearest the sky; and there she saw her face in the still water of the pool, and stood by its brink, and called herself Tritonis after the lake she loved. Near it silently steals past the river of Lethon, which, as legend tells, carries forgetfulness from its source in the lower world; and here is the Garden of the Hesperides, once the charge of the sleepless dragon but now impoverished by the rifling of its branches. Churlish is he who robs hoary antiquity of its fame and demands the truth from poets. There was once a golden grove, whose trees bowed beneath their riches and the tawny fruit of their

branches; and a band of maidens guarded that glittering grove; and a serpent, whose eyes were never doomed to close in sleep, coiled round the trees that bent beneath the ruddy metal. But Alcides robbed the trees of their prize and eased the grove of its task, when he left the branches without their weight of wealth and carried back the shining apples to the king of Argos.

his igitur depulsa locis eiectaque classis
Syrtribus haut ultra Garamantidas attigit undas,
sed duce Pompeio Libyae melioris in oris 370
mansit. at inpatiens uirtus haerere Catonis
audet in ignotas agmen committere gentes
armorum fidens et terra cingere Syrtim.
hoc eadem suadebat hiemps quae clauserat aequor;
et spes imber erat nimios metuentibus ignes, 375
ut neque sole uiam nec duro frigore saeuam
inde polo Libyes, hinc bruma temperet annus.
atque ingressurus steriles sic fatur harenas:

Thus the ships, driven from their course and cast forth from the Syrtes, remained in this region, on the shore of the better part of Libya, with Pompeius as commander; nor did they sail further on the Garamantian waters. But brave Cato was unwilling to stand still: emboldened by his armed strength, he dared to trust his soldiers to lands unknown and to march round the Syrtis on foot. Winter also, by closing the sea against them, prompted this course, and rains were welcome to men who feared excessive heat: the season might save them from suffering from either sun or freezing cold, and temper their march by the climate of Africa on the one hand and by winter on the other. And before he set foot upon the barren desert, Cato made them this speech:

‘o quibus una salus placuit mea castra secutis
indomita ceruice mori, componite mentes 380
ad magnum uirtutis opus summosque labores.
uadimus in campos steriles exustaque mundi,
qua nimius Titan et rarae in fontibus undae,

siccaeque letiferis squalent serpentibus arua.
durum iter ad leges patriaeque ruentis amorem. 385
per mediam Libyen ueniant atque inuia temptent,
siquibus in nullo positum est euadere uoto,
siquibus ire sat est. neque enim mihi fallere quemquam
est animus tectoque metu perducere uolgus.
hi mihi sint comites, quos ipsa pericula ducent, 390
qui me teste pati uel quae tristissima pulchrum
Romanumque putant. at, qui sponsore salutis
miles eget capiturque animae dulcedine, uadat
ad dominum meliore uia. dum primus harenas
ingrediar primusque gradus in puluere ponam, 395
me aetherius feriat, mihi plena ueneno
occurrat serpens, fatoque pericula uestra
praetemptate meo. sitiatur quicumque bibentem
uiderit, aut umbras nemorum quicumque petentem
aestuet, aut equitem peditum praecedere turmas 400
deficiat: siquo fuerit discrimine notum
dux an miles eam. serpens, sitis, ardor harenae
dulcia uirtuti; gaudet patientia duris;
laetius est, quotiens magno sibi constat, honestum.
sola potest Libye turba praestare malorum 405
ut deceat fugisse uiros.’ sic ille pauentis
incendit uirtute animos et amore laborum,
inreducemque uiam deserto limite carpit;
et sacrum paruo nomen clausura sepulchro
inuasit Libye securi fata Catonis. 410

“Men who have chosen this one path of safety — to follow my standard to the death with spirits unsubdued, prepare your minds for a high feat of valour and for utmost hardships. We march towards barren plains and the furnace of the world, where the sun’s heat is excessive and water is seldom found in the springs, and where the parched fields are foul with venomous serpents. Hard is the path to freedom, and hard to win the love of our country in her fall. Let those march through the heart of Africa, seeking a path where there is none, who do not regard escape as a thing to be at all desired, and are

content merely to march on. For I do not intend to deceive any man, nor to draw the army on by concealing the danger. I seek as my companions men who are attracted by the risks themselves, men who think it glorious and worthy of a Roman to endure even the worst, with me to watch them. But if any man craves a guarantee of safety and is tempted by the sweetness of life, let him take an easier path and go to a master. Foremost I shall tread the desert, and foremost set foot upon the sand; let the heat of the sky then beat upon me and the poisonous serpent stand in my path; and test your perils beforehand by what befalls me. If any man see me drinking, or seeking the shade of trees, or riding in front of the marching troops, then let him feel thirst and heat and weariness — if there is any distinction to mark whether I am the general or a soldier in the ranks. Serpents, thirst, burning sand — all are welcomed by the brave; endurance finds pleasure in hardship; virtue rejoices when it pays dear for its existence. Africa alone, with all her plagues, can bring it about, that to have fled is no disgrace to the brave.” Thus he fired their frightened hearts with courage and love of hardship, and began, by a track through the desert, that march from which there was no returning. For Africa, that was to hide his sacred name in a humble grave, laid hold upon the last days of Cato, but Cato cared not.

tertia pars rerum Libye, si credere famae
cuncta uelis; at, si uentos caelumque sequaris,
pars erit Europae. nec enim plus litora Nili
quam Scythicus Tanais primis a Gadibus absunt,
unde Europa fugit Libyen et litora flexu 415
Oceano fecere locum; sed maior in unam
orbis abit Asiam. nam, cum communiter istae
effundant Zephyrum, Boreae latus illa sinistrum
contingens dextrumque Noti discedit in ortus
Eurum sola tenens. Libycae quod fertile terraest 420
uergit in occasus; sed et haec non fontibus ullis
soluitur: Arctos raris Aquilonibus imbres
accipit et nostris reficit sua rura serenis.
in nullas uitatur opes; non aere nec auro
excoquitur, nullo glaebarum crimine pura 425

et penitus terra est. tantum Maurusia genti
robora diuitiae, quarum non nouerat usum,
sed citri contenta comis uiuebat et umbra.
in nemus ignotum nostrae uenere secures,
extremoque epulas mensasque petimus ab orbe. 430
at, quaecumque uagam Syrtim conplectitur ora
sub nimio proiecta die, uicina perusti
aetheris, exurit messes et puluere Bacchum
enecat et nulla putris radice tenetur.
temperies uitalis abest, et nulla sub illa 435
cura Iouis terra est; natura deside torpet
orbis et inmotis annum non sentit harenis.
hoc tam segne solum raras tamen exerit herbas,
quas Nasamon, gens dura, legit, qui proxima ponto
nudus rura tenet; quem mundi barbara damnis 440
Syrtis alit. nam litoreis populator harenis
inminet et nulla portus tangente carina
nouit opes: sic cum toto commercia mundo
naufragiis Nasamones habent. hac ire Catonem
dura iubet uirtus. illic secuta iuuentus 445
uentorum nullasque timens tellure procellas
aequoreos est passa metus. nam litore sicco,
quam pelago, Syrtis uiolentius excipit Austrum,
et terrae magis ille nocens. non montibus ortum
aduersis frangit Libye scopulisque repulsum 450
dissipat et liquidas e turbine soluit in auras,
nec ruit in siluas annosaeque robora torquens
lassatur: patet omne solum, liberque meatu
Aeoliam rabiem totis exercet harenis,
et non imbriferam contorto puluere nubem 455
in flexum uiolentus agit: pars plurima terrae
tollitur et numquam resoluta uertice pendet.
regna uidet pauper Nasamon errantia uento
discussasque domos, uolitantque a culmine raptae
detecto Garamante casae. non altius ignis 460
rapta uehit; quantumque licet consurgere fumo
et uiolare diem, tantus tenet aera puluis.

tum quoque Romanum solito uiolentior agmen
adgreditur, nullisque potest consistere miles
instabilis, raptis etiam quas calcat, harenis. 465
concuteret terras orbemque a sede moueret,
si solida Libye conpage et pondere duro
clauderet exesis Austrum scopulosa cauernis;
sed, quia mobilibus facilis turbatur harenis,
nusquam luctando stabilis manet, imaque tellus 470
stat, quia summa fugit. galeas et scuta uiro-
rum
pilaque contorsit uiolento spiritus actu
intentusque tulit magni per inania caeli.
illud in extrema forsan longeque remota
prodigium tellure fuit, delapsaque caelo 475
arma timent gentes hominumque erepta lacertis
a superis demissa putant. sic illa profecto
sacrifico cecidere Numae, quae lecta iuuentus
patricia ceruice mouet: spoliauerat Auster
aut Boreas populos ancilia nostra ferentes. 480
sic orbem torquente Noto Romana iuuentus
procubuit timuitque rapi; constrinxit amictus
inseruitque manus terrae nec pondere solo
sed nisu iacuit, uix sic immobilis Austro;
qui super ingentis cumulos inuoluit harenae 485
atque operit tellure uiros. uix tollere miles
membra ualet multo congestu pulueris haerens.
alligat et stantis adfusae magnus harenae
agger, et inmoti terra surgente tenentur.
saxa tulit penitus discussis proruta muris 490
effuditque procul miranda sorte malorum:
qui nullas uidere domos uidere ruinas.
iamque iter omne latet nec sunt discrimina terrae:
[ulla nisi aetheriae medio uelut aequore flammae]
sideribus nouere uiam; nec sidera tota 495
ostendit Libycae finitor circulus orae,
multaque deuexo terrarum margine celat.
utque calor soluit quem torserat aera uentus,
incensusque dies, manant sudoribus artus,

arent ora siti. conspecta est parua maligna 500
unda procul uena, quam uix e puluere miles
corripiens patulum galeae confudit in orbem
porrexitque duci. squalebant puluere fauces
cunctorum, minimumque tenens dux ipse liquoris
inuidiosus erat. 'mene' inquit 'degener unum 505
miles in hac turba uacuum uirtute putasti?
usque adeo mollis primisque caloribus inpar
sum uisus? quanto poena tu dignior ista es,
qui populo sitiente bibas!' sic concitus ira
excussit galeam, suffecitque omnibus unda. 510

Libya is the third continent of the world, if one is willing in all things to trust report; but, if you judge by the winds and the sky, you will find it to be part of Europe. For the banks of the Nile are not further than the northern Tanais from Gades in the far West, at which point Europe diverges from Libya and the curvature of the shores has made room for the sea. But a larger part of the world has gone to form Asia alone. For, whereas Europe and Africa in partnership send forth the West wind, Asia, while touching the left side of the North and the right side of the South, stretches away to the East and has a monopoly of the East wind. The fertile part of Africa lies towards the West, but even this has no streams to break it up; occasionally, when the North winds blow, it gets the northern rains and refreshes its fields by our fair weather. The soil is not violated to secure wealth of any kind; it is not smelted for the sake of copper or gold; its clods are innocent, and its earth is merely earth, even far below the surface. The land is rich in nothing but the timber of Mauretania; and, ignorant how to make use of this wealth, the people lived content with the leafy shade of the citrus-tree. But our axes have invaded the unknown forest, and we have sought tables as well as dainties from the end of the earth. But all that coast which surrounds the shifting Syrtis, as it lies flat under the scorching sun and near the parched sky, burns up corn-crops and smothers the vine with dust; and the powdery soil is bound together by no roots of plants. The temperate air that life needs is not found there, and Jupiter pays no heed to the land; Nature is inactive; the lifeless expanse, with sands that are

never ploughed, is unconscious of the seasons. Yet this barren soil here and there sends forth grass which is gathered by the Nasamonians, a rude and naked race who dwell close by the sea; and the savage Syrtis feeds them by the plunder of the world. For the wrecker lies in wait on the sandy shore, and he is familiar with wealth, though no ship reaches harbour there; thus, by means of shipwrecks, the Nasamonians trade with all nations. Through this land Cato is bidden march by his stern valour. There the soldiers, reckoning on no gales and dreading no storms on land, endured the fears that belong to the sea. For the South wind falls more fiercely upon the dry shore of the Syrtis than upon the deep, and does more damage to the land. Libya has no mountains to oppose the rising wind and break its force, no cliffs to drive it back and scatter it, or to turn its hurricane to clear breezes; it does not fall upon forests and wear itself out by bending ancient oaks: all the land is level, and the wind travels freely and wreaks the fury of Aeolia all over the desert. There is no rain in the cloud of whirling dust which it drives furiously in circles; most of the land is lifted up by it and is suspended in the air, as the eddying motion is continuous. The needy Nasamonian sees his possessions flying in the wind and his dwelling blown to pieces; the Garamantian is laid bare, and his hut, beginning with the roof, is snatched away and flies aloft. Fire does not carry what it seizes to a greater height: as high as smoke may rise up and mar the face of day, so great is the dust that fills the air. And now, even fiercer than its wont, the wind attacked the Homan column; and the staggering men can find no footing on the sand, when even the spot they tread on is carried away. If Africa had a solid framework, so that the heavy weight of its cliffs might confine the South wind within hollow caverns, the wind would upset the whole world and wrench it from its foundations; but because the soil is easily driven about with its drifting sands, it remains stable by offering resistance at no point, and the lower stratum stands fast because the upper is dispersed. Driving furiously, the blast snatched up the men's helmets and shields and javelins, and rushed on, carrying them through the mighty void of heaven. Perhaps they were a portent in some remote and distant country, and men there fear the armour that fell down from heaven, supposing that what was torn from the arms of men has

been sent down by the gods. In this way the shields, which chosen patricians carry on their shoulders, surely fell before Numa as he performed sacrifice: the South wind or the North had robbed the bearers of those shields which now are ours. When the wind tormented the region thus, the Roman soldiers prostrated themselves, fearing to be carried away; buckling their garments tight, they clutched the ground; effort as well as mere weight kept them where they lay; and even so they could scarce resist the storm, which rolled huge heaps of sand over them and covered their bodies with the soil. Held fast by great piles of dust, the men were hardly able to rise from the ground. Where they stood, a great rampart of sand by their sides kept them prisoners; and they were prevented from moving by the rising surface. The wind broke walls to pieces, dislodged the stones and carried them far away, and dropped them at a distance — a strange mishap, when those who saw no houses saw the fragments of them falling. And now their path was utterly hidden and all landmarks were lost; they found their way by the stars; and the horizon which bounds the African continent does not display the constellations entire, but many are concealed by the curvature of the earth's rim. Then, when heat expanded the air which had been contracted by the gale, and the day grew burning hot, sweat poured from their limbs and their mouths were parched with thirst. A rivulet with scanty flow was sighted at a distance; and a soldier, snatching the water with difficulty from the dust, poured it into the hollow of his helmet and offered it to the general. Every throat was furred with sand, and the general himself, holding in his hands a mere drop of water, was an object of envy. "Degenerate soldier," said he; "did you consider me the one man without fortitude in this army? Did I seem so effeminate, so unable to endure the first onset of heat? How much more you yourself deserve this punishment — that you should drink while all around thirst!" So in wrath he emptied out the helmet, and there was water enough for all.

uentum erat ad templum Libycis quod gentibus unum
inculti Garamantes habent. stat sortiger illic
Iuppiter, ut memorant, sed non aut fulmina uibrans
aut similis nostro, sed tortis cornibus Hammon.

non illic Libycae posuerunt ditia gentes 515
templa, nec Eois splendent donaria gemmis:
quamuis Aethiopum populis Arabumque beatis
gentibus atque Indis unus sit Iuppiter Hammon,
pauper adhuc deus est, nullis uiolata per aeuum
diuitiis delubra tenens, morumque priorum 520
numen Romano templum defendit ab auro.
esse locis superos testatur silua per omnem
sola uirens Libyen. nam quidquid puluere sicco
separat ardentem tepida Berenicida Lepti
ignorat frondes: solus nemus abstulit Hammon. 525
siluarum fons causa loco, qui putria terrae
alligat et domitas unda conectit harenas.
hic quoque nil obstat Phoebo, cum cardine summo
stat librata dies; truncum uix protegit arbor,
tam breuis in medium radiis conpellitur umbra. 530
deprensus est hunc esse locum qua circulus alti
solstitii medium signorum percutit orbem.
at tibi, quaecumque es Libyco gens igne dirempta, 538
in Noton umbra cadit, quae nobis exit in Arcton.
te segnis Cynosura subit, tu sicca profundo
mergi Plaustra putas, nullumque in uertice semper
sidus habes immune mari; procul axis uterque est,
et fuga signorum medio rapit omnia caelo.
non obliqua meant, nec Tauro Scorpios exit 533
rectior aut Aries donat sua tempora Librae
aut Astraea iubet lentos descendere Pisces.
par Geminis Chiron, et idem, quod Carcinus ardens,
umidus Aegoceros nec plus Leo tollitur Vrna.

They came to the temple in the land of the savage Garamantians — the only temple which the nations of Africa possess. Men say that Jupiter has an oracular seat there; but Ammon does not wield the thunderbolt, nor is he like our Jupiter, but has curving horns. The African nations have built no rich temple there; nor are there treasure-chambers glittering with Eastern gems. Though the Ethiopians and Indians and wealthy Arabians have no god but Jupiter

Ammon, yet the god is still poor, and his dwelling-place has remained for ages unblemished by wealth; and the deity, true to the good old fashion, defends his shrine against Roman gold. But the presence of gods is attested by trees — the only green trees that exist in the whole of Libya. For all the expanse of dry sand that divides burning Berenice from the lesser heat of Leptis knows nothing of leaves; for Ammon has taken all the trees for himself. These trees owe their origin to a local spring, which binds the powdery soil together, mastering and cementing the sand by its waters. But even here the sun finds no hindrance, when the orb of day stands poised in the zenith: the trees can scarce shelter their own trunks — so small is the compass of the shadow thrown by his rays. It has been ascertained that this is the spot where the circle of the upper solstice strikes the Zodiac, equidistant from the poles. But the shadow of people (if such there be) who are separated from us by the heats of Libya falls to the South, whereas ours falls northwards. The slow-moving Little Bear rises up into their view; and they suppose that the unwetted Wain sinks in the sea, and they have no star overhead which never touches ocean; either pole is equally distant from them; and the flying Zodiac sweeps on all its constellations through the centre of the sky. These do not move obliquely: Scorpius, when emerging from the horizon, is no nearer the perpendicular than Taurus; nor does Aries make over any of his rising-time to Libra; nor does Virgo cause Pisces to set slowly. Sagittarius mounts as high as Gemini, and rainy Capricorn as high as burning Cancer; and Leo mounts no higher than Aquarius.

stabant ante fores populi quos miserat Eos 544
cornigerique Iouis monitu noua fata petebant;
sed Latio cessere duci, comitesque Catonem
orant exploret Libycum memorata per orbem
numina, de fama tam longi iudicet aevi.
maximus hortator scrutandi uoce deorum
euentus Labienus erat. 'sors obtulit' inquit 550
'et fortuna uiae tam magni numinis ora
consiliumque dei: tanto duce possumus uti
per Syrtes, bellisque datos cognoscere casus.

nam cui crediderim superos arcana daturus
dicturosque magis, quam sancto, uera, Catoni? 555
certe uita tibi semper directa supernas
ad leges, sequerisque deum. datur, ecce, loquendi
cum Ioue libertas: inquire in fata nefandi
Caesaris et patriae uenturos excute mores.
iure suo populis uti legumque licebit, 560
an bellum ciuile perit? tua pectora sacra
uoce reple; durae saltem uirtutis amator
quaere quid est uirtus et posce exemplar honesti.'

Before the doors of the temple stood messengers from the East, seeking to learn the future by the warning of horned Jupiter. But these gave place to the Roman general; and his officers begged Cato to test the deity so famous through all the land of Libya, and to pass sentence on a reputation of such long standing. Labienus especially urged him to use the voice divine in order to pry into the future. "Chance," said he, "and the hazard of our march have put in our way the word of this mighty god and his divine wisdom; his powerful guidance we can enjoy through the Syrtes, and from him discover the issues appointed for the war. I cannot believe that Heaven would reveal mysteries and proclaim truth to any man more than to the pure and holy Cato. Assuredly you have ever ruled your life in accordance with divine law, and you are a follower after God. And now behold! power is given you to speak with Jupiter; ask then concerning the end of Caesar the abhorred, and search into the future condition of our country: will the people be allowed to enjoy their laws and liberties, or has the civil war been fought in vain? Fill your breast with the god's utterance; a lover of austere virtue, you should at least ask now what Virtue is and demand to see Goodness in her visible shape."

ille deo plenus tacita quem mente gerebat
effudit dignas adytis e pectore uoces. 565
'quid quaeri, Labiene, iubes? an liber in armis
occubuisse uelim potius quam regna uidere?
an sit uita nihil sed longa an differat aetas?

an noceat uis nulla bono fortunaque perdat
opposita uirtute minas, laudandaque uelle 570
sit satis et numquam successu crescat honestum?
scimus, et hoc nobis non altius inseret Hammon.
haeremus cuncti superis, temploque tacente
nil facimus non sponte dei; nec uocibus ullis
numen eget, dixitque semel nascentibus auctor 575
quidquid scire licet. sterilesne elegit harenas
ut caneret paucis, mersitque hoc puluere uerum,
estque dei sedes nisi terra et pontus et aer
et caelum et uirtus? superos quid quaerimus ultra?
Iuppiter est quodcumque uides, quodcumque moueris. 580
sortilegis egeant dubii semperque futuris
casibus ancipites: me non oracula certum
sed mors certa facit. pauido fortique cadendum est:
hoc satis est dixisse Iouem.' sic ille profatus
seruataque fide templi discedit ab aris 585
non exploratum populis Hammona relinquens.

Cato, inspired by the god whom he bore hidden in his heart, poured forth from his breast an answer worthy of the oracle itself: "What question do you bid me ask, Labienus? Whether I would rather fall in battle, a free man, than witness a tyranny? Whether it makes no difference if life be long or short? Whether violence can ever hurt the good, or Fortune threatens in vain when Virtue is her antagonist? Whether the noble purpose is enough, and virtue becomes no more virtuous by success? I can answer these questions, and the oracle will never fix the truth deeper in my heart. We men are all inseparable from the gods, and, even if the oracle be dumb, all our actions are predetermined by Heaven. The gods have no need to speak; for the Creator told us once for all at our birth whatever we are permitted to know. Did he choose these barren sands, that a few might hear his voice? did he bury truth in this desert? Has he any dwelling-place save earth and sea, the air of heaven and virtuous hearts? Why seek we further for deities? All that we see is God; every motion we make is God also. Men who doubt and are ever uncertain of future events — let *them* cry out for prophets: I draw my assurance from no oracle

but from the sureness of death. The timid and the brave must fall alike; the god has said this, and it is enough.” With these words he departed from the altar, preserving the credit of the temple, and left Ammon, untested by him, for the nations to worship.

ipse manu sua pila gerit, praecedit anhelis
militis ora pedes, monstrat tolerare labores,
non iubet, et nulla uehitur ceruice supinus
carpentoque sedens; somni parcissimus ipse est; 590
ultimus haustor aquae quam, tandem fonte reperto,
indiga cogatur laticis <s>pectare iuuentus,
stat dum lixa bibat. si ueris magna paratur
fama bonis et si successu nuda remoto
inspicitur uirtus, quidquid laudamus in ullo 595
maiorum, fortuna fuit. quis Marte secundo,
quis tantum meruit populorum sanguine nomen?
hunc ego per Syrtes Libyaeque extrema triumphum
ducere maluerim, quam ter Capitolia curru
scandere Pompei, quam frangere colla Iugurthae. 600
ecce parens uerus patriae, dignissimus aris,
Roma, tuis, per quem numquam iurare pudebit
et quem, si steteris umquam ceruice soluta,
nunc, olim, factura deum es. iam spissior ignis,
et plaga, quam nullam superi mortalibus ultra 605
a medio fecere die, calcatur, et unda
rarior. inuentus mediis fons unus harenis
largus aquae, sed quem serpentum turba tenebat
uix capiente loco; stabant in margine siccae
aspides, in mediis sitiiebant dipsades undis. 610
ductor, ut aspexit perituros fonte relicto,
adloquitur. ‘uana specie conterriti leti,
ne dubita, miles, tutos haurire liquores.
noxia serpentum est admixto sanguine pestis;
morsu uirus habent et fatum dente minantur, 615
pocula morte carent.’ dixit, dubiumque uenenum
hausit; et in tota Libyae fons unus harena
ille fuit de quo primus sibi posceret undam.

Carrying his javelin in his own hand, he marched on foot in front of his gasping soldiers; issuing no order, he taught them by his example to endure hardship; he was never borne at ease on the shoulders of men or seated in a carriage; of sleep he was more sparing than any. When at last a spring was discovered, and the thirsty men must be forced to look on at it, he was the last to drink and stood still till the camp-followers drank. — If great renown is won by true merit, and if virtue is considered in itself and apart from success, then all that we praise in any of our ancestors was Fortune's gift. Who ever gained so great a name by winning battles and shedding the blood of nations? I would choose to lead this triumphant march through the Syrtes and the remotest parts of Libya rather than ascend the Capitol thrice over in Pompey's car, or break Jugurtha's neck. Behold the true father of his country, a man most worthy to be worshipped by Romans; to swear by his name will never make men blush; and if they ever, now or later, free their necks from the yoke and stand upright, they will make a god of Cato. — Now the heat grew more intense; they trod that region that forms the southern limit ordained for man's habitation, and water grew scarcer. Right in the desert a single spring was discovered, and its waters were copious, but a host of serpents beset it, almost more than the ground could contain: parched asps had their station on its brink, and thirsty *dipsades* filled the pool itself. When Cato saw that the men would die if they shunned the spring, he thus spoke to them: "Soldiers, the appearance of death that terrifies you is delusive; do not hesitate to swallow the harmless water. The poison of snakes is only deadly when mixed with the blood; their venom is in their bite, and they threaten death with their fangs. There is no death in the cup." He spoke and drank down the dreaded poison; and in all the Libyan desert this was the only spring where he asked to taste the water first.

cur Libycus tantis exundet pestibus aer
fertilis in mortes, aut quid secreta nocenti 620
miscuerit natura solo, non cura laborque
noster scire ualet, nisi quod uolgata per orbem
fabula pro uera decepit saecula causa.
finibus extremis Libyes, ubi feruida tellus

accipit Oceanum demisso sole calentem, 625
squalebant late Phorcynidos arua Medusae,
non nemorum protecta coma, non mollia sulco,
sed dominae uoltu conspectis aspera saxis.
hoc primum natura nocens in corpore saeuas
eduxit pestes; illis e faucibus angues 630
stridula fuderunt uibratis sibila linguis.
ipsa flagellabant gaudentis colla Medusae, 633
femineae cui more comae per terga solutae 632
surgunt aduersa subrectae fronte colubrae 634
uipereumque fluit depexo crine uenenum.
hoc habet infelix, cunctis inpune, Medusa,
quod spectare licet. nam rictus oraque monstri
quis timuit? quem, qui recto se lumine uidit,
passa Medusa mori est? rapuit dubitantia fata
praeuenitque metus; anima periire retenta 640
membra, nec emissae riguere sub ossibus umbrae.
Eumenidum crines solos mouere furores,
Cerberos Orpheo leniuit sibila cantu,
Amphitryoniades uidit, cum uinceret, hydram:
hoc monstrum timuit genitor numenque secundum 645
Phorcys aquis Cetoque parens ipsaeque sorores
Gorgones; hoc potuit caelo pelagoque minari
torporem insolitum mundoque obducere terram.
e caelo uolucres subito cum pondere lapsae,
in scopulis haesere ferae, uicina colentes 650
Aethiopum totae riguerunt marmore gentes.
nullum animal uisus patiens, ipsique retrorsum
effusi faciem uitabant Gorgonos angues.
illa sub Hesperiiis stantem Titana columnis
in cautes Atlanta dedit; caeloque timente 655
olim Phlegraeo stantis serpente gigantas
erexit montes, bellumque inmane deorum
Pallados e medio confecit pectore Gorgon.
quo postquam partu Danaes et diuite nimbo
ortum Parrhasiae uexerunt Persea pinnae 660
Arcados auctoris citharae liquidaeque palaestrae,

et subitus praepes Cyllenida sustulit harpen,
harpen alterius monstri iam caede rubentem
a Ioue dilectae fuso custode iuuencae,
auxilium uolucris Pallas tulit innuba fratri 665
pacta caput monstri, terraeque in fine Libyssae
Persea Phoebeos conuerti iussit ad ortus
Gorgonos auerso sulcantem regna uolatu,
et clipeum laeuae fuluo dedit aere nitentem
in quo saxificam iussit spectare Medusam. 670
quam sopor aeternam tracturus morte quietem
obruit haud totam: uigilat pars magna comarum
defenduntque caput protenti crinibus hydri,
pars iacet in medios uoltus oculisque tenebras
<offundit clausis et somni duplicat umbras.> 674a
ipsa regit trepidum Pallas, dextraque trementem
Perseos auersi Cyllenida derigit harpen
lata colubriferi rumpens confinia colli.
quos habuit uoltus hamati uolnere ferri
caesa caput Gorgon! quanto spirare ueneno
ora rear quantumque oculos effundere mortis! 680
nec Pallas spectare potest, uoltusque gelassent
Perseos auersi, si non Tritonia densos
sparsisset crines texissetque ora colubris.
aliger in caelum sic rapta Gorgone fugit.
ille quidem pensabat iter propiusque secabat 685
aera, si medias Europae scinderet urbes:
Pallas frugiferas iussit non laedere terras
et parci populis. quis enim non praepete tanto
aethera respiceret? Zephyro conuertitur ales
itque super Libyen, quae nullo consita cultu 690
sideribus Phoeboque uacat: premit orbita solis
exuritque solum; nec terra celsior ulla
nox cadit in caelum lunaeque meatibus obstat,
si flexus oblita uagi per recta cucurrit
signa nec in Borean aut in Noton effugit umbram. 695
illa tamen sterilis tellus fecundaque nulli
arua bono uirus stillantis tabe Medusae

conciunt dirosque fero de sanguine rores,
quos calor adiuuit putrique incoxit harenae.

Why the clime of Libya abounds in such plagues and teems with death, or what bane mysterious Nature has mingled with her soil — this no study and pains of ours avail to discover; but a worldwide legend has taken the place of the true cause and deceived mankind. In the furthest parts of Libya, where the hot earth admits the Ocean heated by the sun when he sets, lay the broad untilled realm of Medusa, daughter of Phorcys — a realm not shaded by the foliage of trees nor softened by the plough, but rugged with stones which the eyes of their mistress had beheld. In her body malignant Nature first bred these cruel plagues; from her throat were born the snakes that poured forth shrill hissings with their forked tongues. It pleased Medusa, when snakes dangled close against her neck; in the way that women dress their hair, the vipers hang loose over her back but rear erect over her brow in front; and their poison wells out when the tresses are combed. These snakes are the only part of ill-fated Medusa that all men may look upon and live. For who ever felt fear of the monster's face and open mouth? Who that looked her straight in the face was suffered by Medusa to die? She hurried on the hesitating stroke of doom and anticipated all fear; the limbs were destroyed while the breath remained; and the spirit, before it went forth, grew stiff beneath the bones. The tresses of the Eumenides raised madness only, Cerberus lowered his hissing when Orpheus played, and Amphitryon's son looked on the hydra when he was conquering it; but this monster was dreaded by Phorcys, her own father and second ruler of the sea, by her mother, Ceto, and even by her sister Gorgons; she had power to threaten sky and sea with strange paralysis, and clothe the world with stone. Birds grew heavy suddenly and fell down from the sky; beasts remained motionless on their rocks; and whole tribes of the neighbouring Ethiopians were turned to statues. No living creature could endure to look on her, and even her serpents bent backward to escape her face. She turned to stone Atlas, the Titan who supports the Pillars of the West; and when the gods in time past dreaded the serpent-legged Giants at Phlegra, she changed the rebels into high mountains, till that awful battle of

the gods was won by the Gorgon on the centre of the breast of Pallas. To this land came Perseus, sprung of Danae's womb and the shower of gold; he was borne aloft on the Parrhasian wings of that Arcadian god who invented the lyre and the wrestler's oil. And when, as he flew, he suddenly lifted the scimitar of the Cyllenian — a scimitar red with the blood of another monster; for he had already laid low the guardian of the heifer loved by Jupiter — the maiden Pallas brought aid to her winged brother. She bargained to have the monster's head, and then bade Perseus when he reached the border of the Libyan land, to turn towards the rising sun and fly backwards through the Gorgon's realm; and she put in his left hand a glittering shield of tawny bronze, in which she told him to view Medusa that turned all things to stone. Medusa slept; but the slumber that was to bring upon her the unending rest of death did not overcome her wholly: much of her hair kept watch, and the snakes leaned forward from the tresses to protect the head, while the rest of the hair fell right over the face, covering the closed eyes with darkness and doubling the veil of sleep. Pallas herself directed Perseus in his haste; her right hand guided the shaking scimitar of the Cyllenian which he held with his face averted; and thus she clove the place where the great snaky neck joined the body. How looked the Gorgon then, when her head was severed by the stroke of the curving blade! What fell poison must I suppose was breathed forth by her mouth, and how deadly the discharge from her eyes! Even Pallas could not look upon her; and the eyes would have frozen the face of Perseus, though his back was turned, had not Tritonia ruffled the thick hair and used the snakes to veil the face. Thus he seized the Gorgon's head and flew upwards in safety. He thought to shorten his way and lessen his flight through the air by flying directly above the cities of Europe; but Pallas bade him spare the nations and do no hurt to the corn-bearing lands. For who would not look up into the sky, when so mighty a thing flew past? The hero turned his flight with the West wind and passed above Libya, a land entirely uncultivated and fully exposed to sky and sun; the sun's path is directly above it and burns up the soil; in no land does the shadow of the earth rise higher in the sky and obstruct the moon's course, if the moon, forgetting her slanting orbit, has moved straight along the Zodiac, without passing to north or south of the

shadow. Though that land is barren and those fields give increase to no good seed, yet they drank in poison from the gore of the dripping Medusa head — drank in from that savage blood a ghastly dew, which was made more potent by the heat and burnt into the crumbling sand.

hic quae prima caput mouit de puluere tabes 700
aspida somniferam tumida ceruice leuauit.
plenior huc sanguis et crassi gutta ueneni
decidit; in nulla plus est serpente coactum.
ipsa caloris egens gelidum non transit in orbem
sponte sua, Niloque tenuis metitur harenas; 705
sed (quis erit nobis lucri pudor?) inde petuntur
huc Libycae mortes et fecimus aspida mercem.
at non stare suum miseris passura cruorem
squamiferos ingens haemorrhoids explicat orbem,
natus et ambiguae coleret qui Syrtidos arua 710
chersydros, tractique uia fumante chelydri,
et semper recto lapsurus limite cenchris:
pluribus ille notis uariatam tinguatur aluum
quam paruis pictus maculis Thebanus ophites.
concolor exustis atque indiscretus harenis 715
hammodytes, spinaque uagi torquente cerastae,
et scytale sparsis etiamnunc sola pruinis
exuuias positura suas, et torrida dipsas,
et grauis in geminum uergens caput amphisbaena,
et natrix uiolator aquae, iaculique uolucres, 720
et contentus iter cauda sulcare parias,
oraeque distendens auidus fumantia prester,
ossaque dissoluens cum corpore tabificus seps;
sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia pestes,
ante uenena nocens, late sibi summouet omne 725
uolgus et in uacua regnat basiliscus harena.
uos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
serpitis, aurato nitidi fulgore dracones,
letiferos ardens facit Africa: ducitis altum
aera cum pinnis, armentaque tota secuti 730

rumpitis ingentes amplexi uerbere tauros;
nec tutus spatio est elephans: datis omnia leto,
nec uobis opus est ad noxia fata ueneno.

In this land the blood, when it first stirred a head above the sand, sent up the asp whose swollen neck puts men to sleep; in no snake is more poison condensed; for more blood and a drop of clotted venom fell down here. Needing heat, the asp never of its own accord passes into cold regions, but traverses the desert as far as the Nile and no further. But we — shall we never be ashamed of gain? — import the bane of Africa to Italy and have made the asp an article of commerce. And there the huge *haemorrhoids*, which will not suffer the blood of its victim to stay in the veins, opens out its scaly coils; there is the *chersydros*, created to inhabit the Syrtis, half land and half sea; the *chelydrus*, whose track smokes as it glides along; the *cenchris*, which moves ever in a straight line — its belly is more thickly chequered and spotted than the Theban serpentine with its minute patterns; the *ammodytes*, of the same colour as the scorched sand and indistinguishable from it; the *cerastes*, which wanders about as its spine makes it turn; the *scytale*, which alone can shed its skin while the rime is still scattered over the ground; the dried-up *dipsas*; the fell *amphisbaena*, that moves towards each of its two heads; the *natrrix*, which pollutes waters, and the *iaculus*, that can fly; the *panas*, that is content to plough a track with its tail; the greedy *prester*, that opens wide its foaming mouth; the deadly *seps*, that destroys the bones with the body; and there the basilisk terrifies all the other snakes by the hissing it sends forth, and kills before it bites; it compels all the inferior serpents to keep their distance, and lords it over the empty desert. Dragons also, glittering with the sheen of gold, though worshipped in all other countries as harmless and divine, are made deadly by the heat of Africa: they draw in the air of heaven, birds and all; pursuing whole herds, they coil round mighty bulls and slay them with blows from their tail; nor is the elephant saved by his bulk — all things they consign to destruction, and need no poison to inflict death.

has inter pestes duro Cato milite siccum

emetitur iter, tot tristia fata suorum 735
insolitasque uidens paruo cum uolnere mortes.
signiferum iuuenem Tyrrheni sanguinis Aulum
torta caput retro dipsas calcata momordit.
uix dolor aut sensus dentis fuit, ipsaque leti
frons caret inuidia nec quicquam plaga minatur. 740
ecce, subit uirus tacitum, carpitque medullas
ignis edax calidaque incendit uiscera tabe.
ebibit umorem circum uitalia fusum
pestis et in sicco linguam torrere palato
coepit; defessos iret qui sudor in artus 745
non fuit, atque oculos lacrimarum uena refugit.
non decus imperii, non maesti iura Catonis
ardentem tenuere uirum, ne spargere signa
auderet totisque furens exquireret aruis
quas poscebat aquas sitiens in corde uenenum. 750
ille uel in Tanain missus Rhodanumque Padumque
arderet Nilumque bibens per rura uagantem.
accessit morti Libye, fatigue minorem
famam dipsas habet terris adiuta perustis.
scrutatur uenas penitus squalentis harenae, 755
nunc redit ad Syrtes et fluctus accipit ore,
aequoreusque placet, sed non et sufficit, umor.
nec sentit fatigue genus mortemque ueneni,
sed putat esse sitim; ferroque aperire tumentis
sustinuit uenas atque os implere cruore. 760

Amidst these plagues Cato travels on his waterless way with his hardy soldiers, witnessing the cruel fate of man after man, and strange forms of death accompanied by a trifling wound. So Aulus, a standard-bearer of Etruscan blood, trod on a *dipsas*, and it drew back its head and bit him. He had hardly any pain or feeling of the bite; the mere appearance of the deadly wound was innocent, nor did the injury threaten any consequences. But lo! the hidden venom rises; devouring flame catches hold of the marrow and kindles the inmost parts with destroying fire. The poison dried up the moisture that surrounds the vital organs, and began to consume the tongue in the

parched mouth; no sweat was left to run down over the suffering limbs, and the flow of tears deserted the eyes. The man was on fire; and neither national pride nor the authority of grief-stricken Cato could stop him: boldly he threw down the standard and searched everywhere in his frenzy for the water which the thirsty poison at his heart demanded. If he were plunged into the Tanais, the Rhone, or the Po, he would go on burning, or if he drank of the Nile when it floods the fields. But Libya made death more deadly; and the *dipsas*, when aided by the heat of that country, deserves less fame for its powers of destruction. Aulus searches for water deep down in the barren sand, and then returns to the Syrtes, and swallows the brine; the sea-water gives him pleasure, but there is not enough of it. The nature of his suffering and his death by poison were unperceived by him: he thought it was merely thirst, and ventured to open his swollen veins with his sword, and fill his mouth with the blood.

iussit signa rapi propere Cato: discere nulli
permissum est hoc posse sitim. sed tristior illo
mors erat ante oculos, miserique in crure Sabelli
seps stetit exiguus; quem flexo dente tenacem
auolsitque manu piloque adfixit harenis. 765
parua modo serpens, sed qua non ulla cruentae
tantum mortis habet. nam plagae proxima circum
fugit rupta cutis pallentiaque ossa retexit;
iamque sinu laxo nudum sine corpore uolnus.
membra natant sanie, surae fluxere, sine ullo 770
tegmine poples erat, femorum quoque musculus omnis
liquitur, et nigra destillant inguina tabe.
dissiluit stringens uterum membrana, fluuntque
uiscera; nec, quantus toto de corpore debet,
effluit in terras, saeuum sed membra uenenum 775
decoquit, in minimum mors contrahit omnia uirus.
quidquid homo est, aperit pestis natura profana: 779
uincula neruorum et laterum textura cauumque 777
pectus et abstrusum fibris uitalibus omne
morte patet. manant umeri fortesque lacerti, 780
colla caputque fluunt: calido non ocius Austro

nix resoluta cadit nec solem cera sequetur.
parua loquor, corpus sanie stillasse perustum:
hoc et flamma potest; sed quis rogus abstulit ossa?
haec quoque discedunt, putrisque secuta medullas 785
nulla manere sinunt rapidi uestigia fati.
Cinyphias inter pestes tibi palma nocendi est:
eripiunt omnes animam, tu sola cadauer.

Cato ordered the army to march away in haste: none was allowed to learn that thirst could go so far. But a death more dreadful than that of Aulus was full in their view. When a tiny *seps* stuck in the leg of hapless Sabellus and clung there with barbed fang, he tore it off and pinned it to the sand with his javelin. Though this reptile is small in size, no other possesses such deadly powers. For the skin nearest the wound broke and shrank all round, revealing the white bone, until, as the opening widened, there was one gaping wound and no body. The limbs are soaked with corrupted blood; the calves of the legs melted away, the knees were stripped of covering, all the muscles of the thighs rotted, and a black discharge issued from the groin. The membrane that confines the belly snapped asunder, and the bowels gushed out. The man trickles into the ground, but there is less of him than an entire body should supply; for the fell poison boils down the limbs, and the manner of death reduces the whole man to a little pool of corruption. The whole human frame is revealed by the horrible nature of the mischief: the ligaments of the sinews, the structure of the lungs, the cavity of the chest, and all that the vital organs conceal, — every part is laid bare by death. The shoulders and strong arms turn to water; the neck and head are liquefied; snow does not melt and vanish more quickly before the warm South wind, nor will wax be affected faster by the sun. It is little to say that the flesh was consumed and dripped away in the form of matter: fire also can do this, but no pyre ever made the bones disappear. They also vanish: following the corrupted marrow, they suffer no traces of the quick death to survive. Among the plagues of Africa the *seps* bears off the palm for destruction: all the rest take life, but it alone carries off the dead body.

ecce, subit facies leto diuersa fluenti.

Nasidium Marsi cultorem torridus agri 790
percussit prester. illi rubor igneus ora
succendit, tenditque cutem pereunte figura
miscens cuncta tumor; toto iam corpore maior
humanumque egressa modum super omnia membra
efflatur sanies late pollente ueneno; 795
ipse latet penitus congesto corpore mersus,
nec lorica tenet distenti pectoris auctum.
spumeus accenso non sic exundat aeno
undarum cumulus, nec tantos carbasa Coro
curuauere sinus. tumidos iam non capit artus 800
informis globus et confuso pondere truncus.
intactum uolucrum rostris epulasque daturum
haud inpune feris non ausi tradere busto
nondum stante modo crescens fugere cadauer.

But lo! a form of death is seen, the opposite to death by liquefaction. Nasidius, once a tiller of Marsian soil, was smitten by a burning *prester*. His face grew fiery red, and swelling distended the skin till all shape was lost and all features were confounded; then, as the strong poison spread, the hurt, larger than the whole body or than any human body, was blown out over all the limbs; the man himself was buried deep within his bloated frame, nor could his breast-plate contain the growth of his swollen chest. The foaming cloud of steam pours forth less strongly from a heated caldron; and smaller are the curves of bellying sails in a tempest. The distended limbs can no longer be contained by the body — a round and featureless mass with no distinct parts. The body remained untouched by the beaks of birds, and menaced death to wild beasts that feasted on it; the soldiers dared not consign it to a pyre, but fled from it, leaving it still swelling, with a growth not yet arrested.

sed maiora parant Libycae spectacula pestes. 805
inpressit dentes haemorrhoids aspera Tullo,
magnanimo iuueni miratorique Catonis.
utque solet pariter totis se fundere signis

Corycii pressura croci, sic omnia membra
emisere simul rutilum pro sanguine uirus. 810
sanguis erant lacrimae; quaecumque foramina nouit
umor, ab his largus manat cruor; ora redundant
et patulae nares; sudor rubet; omnia plenis
membra fluunt uenis; totum est pro uolnere corpus.

But even greater marvels were shown by the serpents of Africa. Tullus, a courageous youth who worshipped Cato, was bitten by a fierce *haemorrhoids*. And as Corycian saffron, when turned on, is wont to spout from every part of a statue at once, so all his limbs discharged red poison together instead of blood. His tears were blood; blood flowed abundantly from all the openings that the body's moisture uses; his mouth and open nostrils were filled with it; he sweated blood; all his limbs streamed with the contents of his veins; his whole body was one wound.

at tibi, Laeue miser, fixus praecordia pressit 815
Niliaca serpente cruor, nulloque dolore
testatus morsus subita caligine mortem
accipis et socias somno descendis ad umbras.
non tam ueloci corrumpunt pocula leto
stipite quae diro uirgas mentita Sabaeas 820
toxica fatilegi carpunt matura Saitae.

Next, a serpent of the Nile froze the blood of hapless Laevus and stopped his heart. By no pain did he confess the wound, but suffered death by sudden unconsciousness, and went down by the way of sleep to join the ghosts of his comrades. The ripened poisons plucked by the wizards of Sais — poisons whose deadly stalks resemble the twigs of Arabia — do not infect the cup with so swift a death.

ecce, procul saeuos sterili se robore trunci
torsit et inmisit (iaculum uocat Africa) serpens
perque caput Pauli transactaque tempora fugit.
nil ibi uirus agit: rapuit cum uolnere fatum. 825
deprensus est, quae funda rotat quam lenta uolarent,

quam segnis Scythicae strideret harundinis aer.

Behold! a fierce serpent, called by Africa *iaculus*, aimed and hurled itself at Paulus from a barren tree far off; piercing the head and passing through the temples, it escaped. Poison played no part there: death simultaneous with the wound snatched him away. Men discovered then how slow was the flight of the bullet from the sling, and how sluggish the whizz of the Scythian arrow through the air.

quid prodest miseri basiliscus cuspidē Murri
transactus? uelox currit per tela uenenum
inuaditque manum; quam protinus ille resecto 830
ense ferit totoque semel demittit ab armo,
exemplarque sui spectans miserabile leti
stat tutus pereunte manu. quis fata putarit
scorpion aut uires maturae mortis habere?
ille minax nodis et recto uerbere saeuos 835
teste tulit caelo uicti decus Orionis.
quis calcare tuas metuat, salpuga, latebras?
et tibi dant Stygiae ius in sua fila sorores.

Ill-starred Murrus drove his spear through a basilisk, but that availed him nothing: the poison sped swiftly along the weapon and fastened on his hand. At once he bared his sword and cut it off with one stroke, right from the shoulder; and there he stood safe while his hand was destroyed, watching the semblance of the pitiful death that would have been his own. Who could suppose that the scorpion was fatal, or large enough to inflict speedy death? Yet heaven bears witness that the scorpion, threatening with its knotted tail and fierce with its sting erect, won the glory of defeating Orion. Who would fear to tread on the lair of the *salpuga*? Yet even to it the Stygian sisters gave power over their spinning.

sic nec clara dies nec nox dabat atra quietem
suspecta miseris in qua tellure iacebant. 840
nam neque congestae struxere cubilia frondes
nec culmis creuere tori, sed corpora fatis

expositi uoluuntur humo, calidoque uapore
adliciunt gelidas nocturno frigore pestes,
innocuosque diu rictus torpente ueneno 845
inter membra fouent. nec, quae mensura uiarum
quisue modus, norunt caelo duce: saepe querentes
‘reddite, di,’ clamant ‘miseris quae fugimus arma,
reddite Thessaliam. patimur cur segnia fata
in gladios iurata manus? pro Caesare pugnant 850
dipsades et peragunt ciuilia bella cerastae.
ire libet qua zona rubens atque axis inustus
solis equis; iuuat aetheriis ascribere causis
quod peream, caeloque mori. nil, Africa, de te
nec de te, natura, queror: tot monstra ferentem 855
gentibus ablatum dederas serpentibus orbem,
inpatiensque solum Cereris cultore negato
damnasti atque homines uoluisti desse uenenis.
in loca serpentum nos uenimus: accipe poenas
tu, quisquis superum commercia nostra perosus 860
hinc torrente plaga, dubiis hinc Syrtibus orbem
abrumpens medio posuisti limite mortes.
per secreta tui bellum ciuile recessus
uadit, et arcani miles tibi conscius orbis
claustra ferit mundi. forsan maiora supersunt 865
ingressis: coeunt ignes stridentibus undis
et premitur natura poli; set longius istac
nulla iacet tellus, quam fama cognita nobis
tristia regna Iubae. quaeremus forsitan istas
serpentum terras: habet hoc solacia caelum: 870
uiuuit adhuc aliquid. patriae non arua requiro
Europamque alios soles Asiamque uidentem:
qua te parte poli, qua te tellure reliqui,
Africa? Cyrenis etiamnunc bruma rigebat:
exiguane uia legem conuertimus anni? 875
imus in aduersos axes, euoluimur orbe,
terga damus ferienda Noto; nunc forsitan ipsa est
sub pedibus iam Roma meis. solacia fati
haec petimus: ueniant hostes, Caesarque sequatur

qua fugimus.' sic dura suos patientia questus 880
exonerat. cogit tantos tolerare labores
summa ducis uirtus, qui nuda fusus harena
excubat atque omni fortunam prouocat hora.
omnibus unus adest fati; quocumque uocatus
aduolat atque ingens meritum maiusque salute 885
contulit, in letum uires; puduitque gementem
illo teste mori. quod ius habuisset in ipsum
ulla lues? casus alieno in pectore uincit
spectatorque docet magnos nil posse dolores.

So — neither bright day nor black night brought rest to the wretched men: they could not trust the ground they lay on. For no piled-up leaves reared up beds for them, nor was straw heaped beneath them: leaving their bodies exposed to death, they lie down upon the ground, and their warmth attracts the snakes that suffer from the cold at night; and for long they warm with their limbs the open mouths that are harmless while the poison is numbed. With only the stars to guide them, they know not in what direction they have marched, or how far; and often they cry aloud this complaint: "Ye gods, restore to us wretches the battle from which we fled: give us back Pharsalia. We swore to use the sword: why then do we suffer a coward's death? The vipers fight in Caesar's place, and the adders win the civil war. Pain would we go to the torrid zone, where the ecliptic is burnt by the sun's steeds; we had rather impute our death to the sky's agency and be killed by heaven. I do not blame Africa, nor Nature: Nature had taken from men and assigned to serpents a region so fertile of monsters: the soil would bear no corn, and she condemned it to lie untilled; she intended that the poisonous fangs should find no men to bite. We are trespassers in a land of serpents: let us pay the penalty to that unknown Power which loathes the traffic of nations, and therefore fenced off a region with a scorching zone on one hand and the shifting Syrtes on the other, and set death in the strip between the two. Through his secret retreat civil war marches on; and the soldiers, sharing his knowledge of this mysterious region, beat on the gates that shut in the West. Worse things perhaps await us when we enter there: fire and hissing water meet, and the sky sinks lower

down; but, on our present course, there lies no land more remote than the gloomy kingdom of Juba, known to us by report alone. Perhaps we shall yet regret this land of serpents: this clime has one consolation — that life is still found here. I do not ask for my native fields, nor for Europe and Asia that see another sun; but where is Africa? In what quarter of the sky or region of the earth did I come out of it? But lately there was winter's frost at Cyrene; has a short march had power to invert the order of the year? We are marching towards the opposite pole, evicted from the world, and turning our backs for the South wind to strike; perhaps Rome itself is now beneath my feet. To comfort us in our doom, we ask that our foes may come here, and that Caesar may follow the line of our flight." Thus stubborn endurance throws off the burden of its complaints. They are constrained to bear such hardships by the heroism of their leader, who keeps guard lying on the bare sand and challenges destiny every hour. Though but one, he is present at every death-struggle; wherever they call him, he hastens and confers a mighty benefit, greater even than life, by giving them courage to die; and the soldier was ashamed, when watched by Cato, to die with a groan upon his lips. Against himself no plague could have any power. He conquered calamities in the hearts of others, and proved by his mere presence that sore pain was powerless.

uix miseris serum tanto lassata periclo 890
auxilium Fortuna dedit. gens unica terras
incolit a saeuo serpentum innoxia morsu,
Marmaridae Psylli. par lingua potentibus herbis,
ipse cruor tutus nullumque admittere uirus
uel cantu cessante potens. natura locorum 895
iussit ut immunes mixtis serpentibus essent.
profuit in mediis sedem posuisse uenenis.
pax illis cum morte data est. fiducia tanta est
sanguinis, in terras paruus cum decidit infans,
nequa sit externae Veneris mixtura timentes 900
letifica dubios explorant aspide partus.
utque Iouis uolucer, calido cum protulit ouo
inplumis natos, solis conuertit ad ortus:

qui potuere pati radios et lumine recto
sustinuere diem, caeli seruantur in usus, 905
qui Phoebo cessere, iacent: sic pignora gentis
Psyllus habet, siquis tactos non horruit angues,
siquis donatis lusit serpentibus infans.
nec solum gens illa sua contenta salute
excubat hospitibus, contraque nocentia monstra 910
Psyllus adest populis. qui tum Romana secutus
signa, simul iussit statui tentoria ductor,
primum, quas ualli spatium comprehendit, harenas
expurgat cantu uerbisque fugantibus angues.
ultima castrorum medicatus circumit ignis. 915
hic ebulum stridet peregrinaque galbana sudant,
et tamarix non laeta comas Eoaque costos
et panacea potens et Thessala centaurea
peucedanonque sonant flammis Erycinaque thapsos,
et larices fumoque grauem serpentibus urunt 920
habrotonum et longe nascentis cornua cerui.
sic nox tuta uiris. at, siquis peste diurna
fata trahit, tunc sunt magicae miracula gentis
Psyllorumque ingens et rapti pugna ueneni.
nam primum tacta designat membra saliuia, 925
quae cohibet uirus retinetque in uolnere pestem;
plurima tunc uoluit spumanti carmina lingua
murmure continuo, nec dat suspiria cursus
uolneris aut minimum patiuntur fata tacere.
saepe quidem pestis nigris inserta medullis 930
excantata fugit; sed, siquod tardius audit
uirus et elicium iussumque exire repugnat,
tum super incumbens pallentia uolnera lambit
ore uenena trahens et siccat dentibus artus,
extractamque potens gelido de corpore mortem 935
expuit; et cuius morsus superauerit anguis
iam promptum Psyllis uel gustu nosse ueneni.

Reluctantly and late did Fortune, wearied of inflicting such dangers,
give aid to their wretched plight. Of the races that inhabit the earth

there is but one, the Psylli of Marmarica, who are unhurt by the fell bite of serpents. Their voice has the efficacy of powerful drugs; their very blood is protected and can keep out all poison, even without the use of charms. The nature of their land has bidden them live unharmed in the midst of serpents. By making their abode where poison surrounds them, they have gained this advantage, that death has granted them a safe-conduct. Great is their reliance upon their blood: whenever a new-born babe falls to earth, fearing some contamination of foreign breed, they test the suspected infant by means of a venomous asp. As the bird of Jove turns his un feathered eaglets, when hatched from the warm egg, to face the rising sun — those who prove able to endure the beams, and can gaze without flinching straight at the light, are kept alive for the service of the god; but those whom the sun has mastered are neglected — so the Psylli are convinced that the breed is true, if the babe shrinks not to touch snakes and makes a plaything of the serpent given him. And that race, not satisfied with safety for themselves, keep guard for strangers and aid mankind against deadly monsters. They followed the Roman army now; and, as soon as the leader ordered the tents to be pitched, they began by purifying the sand within the circuit of the rampart with spells and charms to banish the snakes. The limits of the camp were surrounded by a fire of fumigation, in which elderwood crackled and foreign galbanum bubbled; the tamarisk of scanty leaf, Eastern *coslos*, powerful all-heal, Thessalian centaury, fennel, and Sicilian *thapsos* made a noise in the flame; and the natives also burned larchwood, and southernwood whose smoke snakes loathe, and horns of deer — deer whose birthplace is far from Africa. Thus the soldiers were protected at night. But if any man was smitten by day and near death, then the wondrous powers of the people were displayed, and there was a mighty battle between the Psylli and the poison absorbed. The native begins by marking the part with the touch of his spittle; this arrests the venom and confines it to the wound; and then his foaming lips rehearse full many a spell with unbroken muttering; for the speed of the ailment suffers him not to draw breath, nor does death permit a moment's silence. Often indeed the bane, after it has lodged in the blackened marrow, is expelled by incantation; but, whenever the poison is slow to obey, and resists

when it is summoned forth and commanded to come out, then the healer leans over and licks the bloodless place, sucking up the venom and draining the limbs with his teeth, until victorious he drags out the death from the cold body, and spits it out of his mouth. And it is a simple thing for the Psylli to tell by the taste of the poison what kind of snake it was whose bite the healer has mastered.

hoc igitur tandem leuior Romana iuuentus
auxilio late squalentibus errat in aruis.
bis positis Phoebe flammis, bis luce recepta 940
uidit harenuagum surgens fugiensque Catonem.
iamque illi magis atque magis durescere puluis
coepit et in terram Libye spissata redire,
iamque procul rarae nemorum se tollere frondes,
surgere congesto non culta mapalia culmo. 945
quanta dedit miseris melioris gaudia terrae
cum primum saeuos contra uidere leones!
proxima Leptis erat, cuius statione quieta
exegere hiemem nimbis flammisque carentem.

So, relieved at last by their aid, the Roman soldiers wandered far and wide over the barren plains. Twice had the moon lost her light and twice regained it, while her rising and setting witnessed Cato lost in the desert. But now he felt the sand grow ever firmer under his feet, and the soil of Africa became solid ground again; and now the leaves of trees began here and there to rise in the distance, and rude huts raised with piles of straw. How the sufferers rejoiced to have reached a better country, when first they saw facing them fierce lions only! Leptis was the nearest city; and in those peaceful quarters they spent all winter, unvexed by storms or heat.

Caesar, ut Emathia satiatuſ clade recessit, 950
cetera curarum proiecit pondera ſoli
intentuſ genero; cuiuſ uestigia fruſtra
terriſ ſparſa legentiuſ fama duce tendit in undaſ,
Threiciuſque legit fauceſ et amore notatuſ
aequor et Heroaſ lacrimoſo litore turreſ, 955

qua pelago nomen Nepheleias abstulit Helle.
non Asiam breuioris aquae disternat usquam
fluctus ab Europa, quamuis Byzantion arto
Pontus et ostriferam dirimat Calchedona cursu,
Euxinumque ferens paruo ruat ore Propontis. 960
Sigeasque petit famae mirator harenas
et Simoentis aquas et Graio nobile busto
Rhoetion et multum debentis uatibus umbras.
circumit exustae nomen memorabile Troiae
magnaue Phoebei quaerit uestigia muri. 965
iam siluae steriles et putres robore trunci
Assaraci pressere domos et templa deorum
iam lassa radice tenent, ac tota teguntur
Pergama dumetis: etiam periery ruinae.
aspicit Hesiones scopulos siluaeque latentis 970
Anchisae thalamos; quo iudex sederit antro,
unde puer raptus caelo, quo uertice Nais
luxerit Oenone: nullum est sine nomine saxum.
inscius in sicco serpentem puluere riuum
transierat, qui Xanthus erat. securus in alto 975
gramine ponebat gressus: Phryx incola manes
Hectoreos calcare uetat. discussa iacebant
saxa nec ullius faciem seruantia sacri:
'Herceas' monstrator ait 'non respicis aras?'

When Caesar had taken his fill of the slaughter and left Pharsalia, he cast off the burden of all other cares and turned his attention wholly to his son-in-law. In vain he followed Pompey's scattered traces over the land, and then report guided him to the sea. He sailed along the Thracian straits and the waters made famous by the lovers, and past Hero's turrets on the melancholy shore where Helle, daughter of Nephele, robbed a sea of its name. Nowhere does a smaller stretch of water sever Asia from Europe, although the channel is narrow by which the Euxine divides Byzantium from the oyster-beds of Calchedon, and the opening is small by which the Propontis carries in its course the waters of the Euxine. Emulous of ancient glory, Caesar visited the sands of Sigeum and the stream of Simois,

Rhoeteum famous for the Grecian's grave, and the dead who owe so much to the poet's verse. He walked round the burnt city of Troy, now only a famous name, and searched for the mighty remains of the wall that Apollo raised. Now barren woods and rotting tree-trunks grow over the palace of Assaracus, and their worn-out roots clutch the temples of the gods, and Pergama is covered over with thorn-brakes: the very ruins have been destroyed. He sees Hesione's rock and the secret marriage-chamber of Anchises in the wood; the cave in which Paris sat as umpire, and the spot from which the boy was carried off to the sky; he sees the peak on which the Naiad Oenone lamented. A legend clings to every stone. The stream trickling ' through the dry dust, which he crossed without knowing it, was the Xanthus. When he stepped carelessly over the rank grass, the native bade him not to walk over the body of Hector. When scattered stones, preserving no appearance of sanctity, lay before them, the guide asked: "Do you mean to pass over the altar of Zeus Herceos?"

o sacer et magnus uatum labor! omnia fato 980
eripis et populis donas mortalibus aeuum.
inuidia sacrae, Caesar, ne tangere famae;
nam, siquid Latiis fas est promittere Musis,
quantum Zmyrnaei durabunt uatis honores,
uenturi me teque legent; Pharsalia nostra 985
uiuet, et a nullo tenebris damnabimur aeuo.

How mighty, how sacred is the poet's task! He snatches all things from destruction and gives to mortal men immortality. Be not jealous, Caesar, of those whom fame has consecrated; for, if it is permissible for the Latin Muses to promise aught, then, as long as the fame of Smyrna's bard endures, posterity shall read my verse and your deeds; our Pharsalia shall live on, and no age will ever doom us to oblivion.

ut ducis inpleuit uisus ueneranda uetustas,
erexit subitas congestu caespitis aras
uotaque turicremos non inrita fudit in ignes.
'di cinerum, Phrygias colitis quicumque ruinas, 990

Aeneaeque mei, quos nunc Lauinia sedes
seruat et Alba, lares, et quorum lucet in aris
ignis adhuc Phrygius, nullique aspecta uirorum
Pallas, in abstruso pignus memorabile templo,
gentis Iuleae uestris clarissimus aris 995
dat pia tura nepos et uos in sede priore
rite uocat. date felices in cetera cursus,
restituam populos; grata uice moenia reddent
Ausonidae Phrygibus, Romanaque Pergama surgent.’
sic fatus repetit classes et tota secundis 1000
uela dedit Coris, audusque urgente procella
Iliacas pensare moras Asiamque potentem
praeuehitur pelagoque Rhodon spumante relinquit.
septima nox Zephyro numquam laxante rudentes
ostendit Phariis Aegyptia litora flammis. 1005
sed prius orta dies nocturnam lampada textit
quam tutas intraret aquas. ibi plena tumultu
litora et incerto turbatas murmure uoces
accipit, ac dubiis ueritus se credere regnis
abstinuit tellure rates. sed dira satellites 1010
regis dona ferens medium prouectus in aequor
colla gerit Magni Phario uelamine tecta
ac prius infanda commendat crimina uoce.
‘terrarum domitor, Romanae maxime gentis,
et, quod adhuc nescis, genero secure perempto, 1015
rex tibi Pellaeus belli pelagique labores
donat et Emathiis quod solum defuit armis
exhibet. absenti bellum ciuile peractum est:
Thessalicas quaerens Magnus reparare ruinas
ense iacet nostro. tanto te pignore, Caesar, 1020
emimus; hoc tecum percussum est sanguine foedus.
accipe regna Phari nullo quaesita cruore,
accipe Niliaci ius gurgitis, accipe quidquid
pro Magni ceruice dares; dignumque clientem
castris crede tuis cui tantum fata licere 1025
in generum uoluere tuum. nec uile putaris
hoc meritum, facili nobis quod caede peractum est.

hospes auitus erat, depulso sceptrā parenti
reddiderat. quid plura feram? tu nomina tanto
inuenies operi, uel famam consule mundi. 1030
si scelus est, plus te nobis debere fateris,
quod scelus hoc non ipse facis.' sic fatus opertum
detexit tenuitque caput. iam languida morte
effigies habitum noti mutauerat oris.
non primo Caesar damnauit munera uisu 1035
auertitque oculos; uoltus, dum crederet, haesit;
utque fidem uidit sceleris tutumque putauit
iam bonus esse socer, lacrimas non sponte cadentis
effudit gemitusque expressit pectore laeto,
non aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis 1040
gaudia quam lacrimis, meritumque inmane tyranni
destruit et generi mauolt lugere reuolsum
quam debere caput. qui duro membra senatus
calcarat uoltu, qui sicco lumine campos
uiderat Emathios, uni tibi, Magne, negare 1045
non audet gemitus. o sors durissima fati!
huncine tu, Caesar, scelerato Marte petisti
qui tibi flendus erat? nunc mixti foedera tangunt
te generis? nunc gnata iubet maerere neposque?
credis apud populos Pompei nomen amantis 1050
hoc castris prodesse tuis? fortasse tyranni
tangeris inuidia, captique in uiscera Magni
hoc alii licuisse doles, quererisque perisse
uindictam belli raptumque e iure superbi
uictoris generum. quisquis te flere coegit 1055
impetus, a uera longe pietate recessit.
scilicet hoc animo terras atque aequora lustras,
necubi suppressus pereat gener. o bene rapta
arbitrio mors ista tuo! quam magna remisit
crimina Romano tristis fortuna pudori, 1060
quod te non passa est misereri, perfide, Magni
uiuentis! nec non his fallere uocibus audet
adquirique fidem simulati fronte doloris:

When Caesar had satisfied his eyes with venerable antiquity, he reared in haste an altar of piled-up sods, and uttered prayers and vows over the incense-burning flame; and both were fulfilled. "All ye spirits of the dead, who inhabit the ruins of Troy; and ye household gods of my ancestor Aeneas, who now dwell safe in Lavinium and Alba, and upon their altar still shines fire from Troy; and thou, Pallas, famous pledge of security, whom no male eye may behold in thy secret shrine — lo! I, most renowned descendant of the race of Iulus, here place incense due upon your altars, and solemnly invoke you in your ancient abode. Grant me prosperity to the end, and I will restore your people: with grateful return the Italians shall rebuild the walls of the Phrygians, and a Roman Troy shall rise." When he had spoken thus, Caesar went back to his ships and spread full sails to favouring winds. The gale drove him on, and he was eager to make up for his delay at Troy, so that he sailed past wealthy Asia and left Rhodes unvisited in its foaming sea. The West wind never slackened the cordage of the ships until the seventh night revealed the coast of Egypt by the flame of Pharos. But day dawned and veiled that beacon of night before he sailed into the quiet waters. There he found the shore filled with disturbance, and heard voices that muttered in uncertainty and confusion. Therefore he kept his ships away from land, fearing to trust himself to a treacherous kingdom. But a minion of the king, bearing his master's ghastly gift, put out into midstream; he carried the head of Magnus wrapped in linen of Egypt, and first he tried with infamous speech to put a fair face on foul deeds: "Conqueror of the world and mightiest of the Roman race, you are made safe, though you are ignorant of it as yet, by the slaying of your son-in-law. The Macedonian king spares you the toil of war by land and sea, and presents you with the one thing lacking to the victory of Pharsalia. The civil war has been won for you without your presence; when Magnus sought to rebuild the fortunes ruined at Pharsalia, he was laid low by our sword. By so dear a pledge have we bought you, Caesar; by this blood our treaty with you was concluded. We give you the kingdom, to be yours without bloodshed; we give you power over the Nile's waters; we give all that you yourself would have given for Pompey's head; reckon us then as adherents worthy of your army, because Fortune willed that we should have such power

against your kinsman. Nor must you undervalue our service, because we conferred it by an execution that cost us nothing. Pompey was our friend of old; he had restored the throne to our king's banished father. Need I say more? You must find a name for this great deed; or else ask what the world says of it. If crime it be, then you admit a greater debt to us, because your own hand is not guilty of the crime." With these words he took off the covering from the head, and held it in his hands. By now the features, relaxed by death, had changed the aspect of that familiar face. When Caesar first saw it, he did not condemn the gift nor turn away: his eyes were fixed upon the face till he could be sure. Then, when he saw the proof of the crime, and thought it safe at last to be the loving kinsman, he shed crocodile tears and forced out groans while his heart rejoiced. By tears alone was he able to hide his obvious delight; and thus he belittles the king's horrid service, preferring to mourn the severed head of his kinsman rather than owe obligation for it. Though he had trampled on corpses of senators with face unmoved, and had beheld dry-eyed the field of Pharsalia, to Magnus alone he dares not deny the tribute of tears. Oh, harsh decree of Fortune! Did you, Caesar, pursue with impious arms this man, for whom you had yet to weep? Does the bond of kinship appeal to you at last? Do your daughter and her child at last bid you grieve? Do you believe that this grief will serve your cause among the nations who love the name of Pompey? Perhaps you are jealous of Ptolemy, resenting that another had such power against the person of Magnus, his prisoner; and you complain that war's vengeance has been lost, and that your kinsman has been snatched from the disposal of his haughty conqueror. Whatever the impulse that forced you to weep, it was far removed from sincere affection. Is this forsooth the purpose that hurries you over land and sea — that your kinsman may not be slain in some secret comer? Well is it that the power to pass sentence on him was taken from you. How deep the stain cruel Fortune spared the honour of Rome when she would not suffer a traitor like you to have mercy on Magnus while he yet lived. — Yet Caesar ventured to speak deceitful words, and sought to gain belief for the sorrow feigned by his brow.

‘aufer ab aspectu nostro funesta, satellites,

regis dona tui. peius de Caesare uestrum 1065
quam de Pompeio meruit scelus; unica belli
praemia ciuilis, uictis donare salutem,
perdidimus. quod si Phario germana tyranno
non inuisa foret, potuissem reddere regi
quod meruit, fratrique tuum pro munere tali 1070
misissem, Cleopatra, caput. secreta quid arma
mouit et inseruit nostro sua tela labori?
ergo in Thessalicis Pellaeo fecimus aruis
ius gladio? uestris quaesita licentia regnis?
non tuleram Magnum mecum Romana regentem: 1075
te, Ptolemaee, feram? frustra ciuilibus armis
miscuimus gentes, siqua est hoc orbe potestas
altera quam Caesar, si tellus ulla duorum est.
uertissem Latias a uestro litore proras:
famae cura uetat, ne non damnasse cruentam 1080
sed uidear timuisse Pharon. nec fallere uosmet
credite uictorem: nobis quoque tale paratum
litoris hospitium; ne sic mea colla gerantur
Thessaliae fortuna facit. maiore profecto
quam metui poterat discrimine gessimus arma: 1085
exilium generique minas Romamque timebam:
poena fugae Ptolemaeus erat. sed parcimus annis
donamusque nefas. sciat hac pro caede tyrannus
nil uenia plus posse dari. uos condite busto
tanti colla ducis, sed non ut crimina solum 1090
uestra tegat tellus: iusto date tura sepulchro
et placate caput cineresque in litore fusos
colligite atque unam sparsis date manibus urnam.
sentiat aduentum soceri uocesque querentis
audiat umbra pias. dum nobis omnia praefert, 1095
dum uitam Phario mauolt debere clienti,
laeta dies rapta est populis, concordia mundo
nostra perit. caruere deis mea uota secundis,
ut te complexus positus felicibus armis
adfectus a te ueteres uitamque rogarem, 1100
Magne, tuam dignaque satis mercede laborum

contentus par esse tibi. tunc pace fideli
fecissem ut uictus posses ignoscere diuis,
fecisses ut Roma mihi.' nec talia fatus
inuenit fletus comitem nec turba querenti 1105
credidit: abscondunt gemitus et pectora laeta
fronte tegunt, hilaresque nefas spectare cruentum,
o bona libertas, cum Caesar lugeat, audent.

“Take from my sight the ghastly gift of the king you serve. Your crime has done more disservice to Caesar than to Pompey: you have taken from me the one privilege of civil war — the power of granting life to the defeated. If the king of Egypt did not hate his sister, I might have made a fitting return for such a gift by sending him the head of Cleopatra. Why did he draw the sword independently and thrust his weapon into the conflict of Romans? Did I then on the field of Pharsalia grant licence to the Macedonian steel? Was it my object that your rulers should do what they liked? Shall I, who could not suffer Pompey to rule Rome together with me, suffer Ptolemy as a partner? In vain have I convulsed the world with civil war, if there is any authority on earth save mine, if any land owns more than one lord. I might have steered the Roman prows away from your coast; but care for my reputation prevented me: it might seem that I did not condemn bloodstained Egypt, but rather feared her. Do not fancy that you deceive the conqueror: the same reception on the shore was prepared for me too, and I may thank Pharsalia that my head is not carried like his. The risk we ran in warfare was really greater than could be apprehended: I feared only exile, and the threats of my kinsman, and Rome; but the penalty of defeat was — Ptolemy. Yet I spare his youth and pardon his crime. Let your master learn that pardon is the highest reward this shedding of blood can earn. You must lay in the grave the head of the great general, and not in such a way that the earth merely hides your guilt: give incense to fitting sepulture, ask pardon of the head, collect the ashes strewn on the shore, and let the scattered remains meet in a single urn. Let the dead man be aware that his kinsman is here; let him hear the voice of my love and sorrow. Because he preferred all things to me and would rather owe his life to his Egyptian client, therefore the nations have

been deprived of a joyful day, and the world has lost our reconciliation. My prayer found no favour with Heaven — my prayer that I might lay down successful arms and then embrace Pompey; that I might beg of him to love me as of old, and to go on living; that I might ask for myself to be his equal; and I should have been content with this, as a sufficient reward for my hardships. Then, with peace and confidence between us, I should have enabled him to pardon Heaven for his defeat, and he would have enabled Rome to pardon me.” Thus he spoke, but found none to share his weeping; nor did the hearers believe his complaint; they hid their sorrow and veiled their feelings with a mask of rejoicing; though Caesar mourns, they dare — how gracious the privilege! — to look with cheerful faces at that sight of blood and crime.

LIBER DECIMVS — BOOK X

Vt primum terras Pompei colla secutus
attigit et diras calcauit Caesar harenas,
pugnauit fortuna ducis fatumque nocentis
Aegypti, regnum Lagi Romana sub arma
iret, an eriperet mundo Memphiticus ensis 5
uictoris uictique caput. tua profuit umbra,
Magne, tui socerum rapuere a sanguine manes,
ne populus post te Nilum Romanus amaret.
inde Paraetoniam fertur securus in urbem
pignore tam saeui sceleris sua signa secutam. 10
sed fremitu uolgi fasces et iura querentis
inferri Romana suis discordia sensit
pectora et ancipites animos, Magnumque perisse
non sibi. tum uoltu semper celante pauorem
intrepidus superum sedes et templa uetusti 15
numinis antiquas Macetum testantia uires
circumit, et nulla captus dulcedine rerum,
non auro cultuque deum, non moenibus urbis,
effossum tumulis cupide descendit in antrum.

As soon as Caesar, following Pompey's head, reached land and trod those fatal sands, his fortune and the destiny of guilty Egypt contended whether the realm of Lagus should be conquered by Roman arms, or the Memphian sword should rid the world of the victor's head as well as of the loser's. The shade of Magnus did service; his ghost snatched his kinsman from the sword, that the Roman people might not, even after the death of Pompey, love the Nile. Thence free from care Caesar moved to the Egyptian capital, which was bound to his cause by the pledge of such a ruthless crime. But from the rage of the populace, who bore it ill that Roman rods and laws should invade their own, he learned that feeling was divided and allegiance wavering, and that not for his gain had Magnus fallen. Then undaunted, with looks that ever masked his fears, he visited the temples of the gods, and the ancient shrines of

divinity which attest the former might of Macedonia. No thing of beauty attracted him, neither the gold and ornaments of the gods, nor the city walls; but in eager haste he went down into the vault hewn out for a tomb.

illic Pellaei proles uaesana Philippi, 20
felix praedo, iacet, terrarum uindice fato
raptus: sacratis totum spargenda per orbem
membra uiri posuere adytis; fortuna pepercit
manibus, et regni durauit ad ultima fatum.
nam sibi libertas umquam si redderet orbem 25
ludibrio seruatus erat, non utile mundo
editus exemplum, terras tot posse sub uno
esse uiro. Macetum fines latebrasque suorum
deseruit uictasque patri despexit Athenas,
perque Asiae populos fatis urgentibus actus 30
humana cum strage ruit gladiumque per omnis
exegit gentes, ignotos miscuit amnes
Persarum Euphraten, Indorum sanguine Gangen,
terrarum fatale malum fulmenque quod omnis
percuteret pariter populos et sidus iniquum 35
gentibus. Oceano classes inferre parabat
exteriore mari. non illi flamma nec undae
nec sterilis Libye nec Syrticus obstitit Hammon.

There lies the mad son of Macedonian Philip, that fortunate freebooter, cut off by a death that avenged the world. The limbs that should have been scattered over the whole earth they laid in a hallowed shrine; Fortune spared his dead body, and the destiny of his reign endured to the last. For if Freedom had ever made men their own masters again, his body would have been preserved for mockery — a man who was born to teach this bad lesson to the world, that so many lands may obey one lord. He left his own obscure realm of Macedonia; he spurned Athens which his father had conquered; driven by the impulse of destiny, he rushed through the peoples of Asia, mowing down mankind; he drove his sword home in the breast of every nation; he defiled distant rivers, the Euphrates and the

Ganges, with Persian and Indian blood; he was a pestilence to earth, a thunderbolt that struck all peoples alike, a comet of disaster to mankind. He was preparing to launch his fleets on the Ocean by way of the outer sea. No obstacle to him was heat, or sea, or barren Libya, or the Syrtes, or the desert.

isset in occasus mundi deuexa secutus
ambissetque polos Nilumque a fonte bibisset: 40
occurrit suprema dies, naturaque solum
hunc potuit finem uaesano ponere regi;
qui secum inuidia, quo totum ceperat orbem,
abstulit imperium, nulloque herede relicto
totius fati lacerandas praebuit urbes. 45
sed cecidit Babylone sua Parthoque uerendus.
pro pudor, Eoi propius timuere sarisas
quam nunc pila timent populi. licet usque sub Arcton
regnemus Zephyrique domos terrasque premamus
flagrantis post terga Noti, cedemus in ortus 50
Arsacidum domino. non felix Parthia Crassis
exiguae secura fuit prouincia Pellae.

Following the curve of the earth, he would have marched round to the West, and gone beyond both the poles, and drunk of the Nile at its source. But Death stood in his way, and Nature alone was able to bring his mad reign to this end: the power, by which he had seized the whole world, he carried away with him in his jealousy, and left no successor to inherit all his greatness, but exposed the nations to be torn asunder. He died, however, in Babylon he had conquered; and the Parthian feared him. Shame is it that the peoples of the East shrank more from contact with the phalanx than they shrink now from contact with the legion. Though Roman rule extends to the North and the home of the West wind, though we oppress the lands that lie behind the burning South wind, yet in the East we shall yield precedence to the lord of the Parthians. Parthia, that brought doom on the Crassi, was a mere peaceful province of little Pella.

iam Pelusiaco ueniens a gurgite Nili

rex puer inbellis populi sedauerat iras,
obside quo pacis Pellaea tutus in aula 55
Caesar erat, cum se parua Cleopatra biremi
corrupto custode Phari laxare catenas
intulit Emathiis ignaro Caesare tectis,
dedecus Aegypti, Latii feralis Erinys,
Romano non casta malo. quantum inpulit Argos 60
Iliacasque domos facie Spartana nocenti,
Hesperios auxit tantum Cleopatra furores.
terrui illa suo, si fas, Capitolia sistro
et Romana petit inbelli signa Canopo
Caesare captiuo Pharios ductura triumphos; 65
Leucadioque fuit dubius sub gurgite casus,
an mundum ne nostra quidem matrona teneret.
hoc animi nox illa dedit quae prima cubili
miscuit incestam ducibus Ptolemaida nostris.
quis tibi uaesani ueniam non donet amoris, 70
Antoni, durum cum Caesaris hauserit ignis
pectus? et in media rabie medioque furore
et Pompeianis habitata manibus aula
sanguine Thessalicae cladis perfusus adulter
admisit Venerem curis, et miscuit armis 75
inlicitosque toros et non ex coniuge partus.
pro pudor, oblitus Magni tibi, Iulia, fratres
obscaena de matre dedit, partesque fugatas
passus in extremis Libyae coalescere regnis
tempora Niliaco turpis dependit amor, 80
dum donare Pharon, dum non sibi uincere mauolt.
quem formae confisa suae Cleopatra sine ullis
tristis adit lacrimis, simulatum compta dolorem
qua decuit, ueluti laceros dispersa capillos,
et sic orsa loqui: 'siqua est, o maxime Caesar, 85
nobilitas, Pharii proles clarissima Lagi,
exul in aeternum sceptris depulsa paternis,
ni tua restituit ueteri me dextera fato,
conplector regina pedes. tu gentibus aequum
sidus ades nostris. non urbes prima tenebo 90

femina Niliacas: nullo discrimine sexus
reginam scit ferre Pharos. lege summa perempti
uerba patris, qui iura mihi communia regni
et thalamos cum fratre dedit. puer ipse sororem,
sit modo liber, amat; sed habet sub iure Pothini 95
adfectus ensesque suos. nil ipsa paterni
iuris inire peto: culpa tantoque pudore
solue domum, remoue funesta satellitis arma
et regem regnare iube. quantosne tumores
mente gerit famulus! Magni ceruice reuolsa 100
iam tibi, sed procul hoc auertant fata, minatur.
sat fuit indignum, Caesar, mundoque tibi que
Pompeium facinus meritumque fuisse Pothini.'

And now the boy-king came from the Pelusian mouth of the Nile, and allayed the discontent of his unwarlike people; and, with him as a hostage for peace, Caesar was safe in the Macedonian court. But then Cleopatra, having bribed the guards to undo the chain across the harbour of Pharos, sailed in a small two-banked ship and entered the Macedonian palace without Caesar's knowledge — Cleopatra, the shame of Egypt, the fatal Fury of Latium, whose unchastity cost Rome dear. As the dangerous beauty of the Spartan queen overthrew Argos and Troy town, in like measure Cleopatra fanned the frenzy of Italy. Her rattle terrified the Capitol — can such things be? — she hurled unwarlike Canopus against Roman warriors, hoping to head an Egyptian triumph and lead a Caesar captive; and by the waters of Leucas it was a question whether the world should be ruled by a woman who was not even a Roman. Her insolence was due to that night which first brought the wanton daughter of the Ptolemies to the arms of a Roman general. Who can refuse pardon to the infatuation of Antony, when even the stubborn heart of Caesar took fire? Even in the midst of his rage and fury, in that palace haunted by Pompey's ghost, while yet drenched with the blood of Pharsalia, he suffered adulterous love to mingle with his anxieties, and combined with war unlawful wedlock and spurious offspring. Shame on him! Forgetting Pompey, he gave Julia brothers by an abominable mother; he suffered the defeated party to rally in the remote realms of Libya; and

he spent his time upon a shameful intrigue in Egypt, because he would rather give the country to another than conquer it for himself. Trusting in her beauty, Cleopatra approached him, in sorrow but not in tears: she had decked out her feigned grief, and her hair, as far as became her, was disordered, as if she had torn it; and thus she began: "Mighty Caesar, if birth counts for aught, I am the noble daughter of Lagos, king of Egypt; but I have been driven from my father's throne and shall be an exile for ever, unless your right hand restores me to my former destiny; and therefore I, a queen, embrace your feet. Appear as a benign star and assist our nation. I shall not be the first woman to rule the cities of the Nile: Egypt is accustomed to put up with a queen and make no distinction of sex. Read the last words of my dead father: he gave me an equal share of the royal power with my brother, and married me to him. The boy himself loves his sister, if only he were free; but his feelings and his soldiers are alike controlled by Pothinus. I do not myself ask to be admitted to any share of my father's power; I beg you only to free our house from such guilt and shame; destroy the dangerous strength of the favourite, and bid the king be a king indeed. What pride the menial cherishes in his heart! Having severed the head of Magnus, he now threatens you; but may fate turn this danger far from you! It was indignity enough for you, Caesar, and for mankind, that a Pothinus gained credit for the murder of a Pompey."

nequiquam duras temptasset Caesaris aures:
uoltus adest precibus faciesque incesta perorat. 105
exigit infandam corrupto iudice noctem.
pax ubi parta ducis donisque ingentibus empta est,
excepere epulae tantarum gaudia rerum,
explicuitque suos magno Cleopatra tumultu
nondum translatis Romana in saecula luxus. 110
ipse locus templi, quod uix corruptior aetas
extruat, instar erat, laqueataque tecta ferebant
diuitias crassumque trabes absconderat aurum.
nec summis crustata domus sectisque nitebat
marmoribus, stabatque sibi non segnis achates 115
purpureusque lapis, totaque effusus in aula

calcabatur onyx; hebenus Mareotica uastos
non operit postes sed stat pro robore uili,
auxilium non forma domus. ebur atria uestit,
et suffecta manu foribus testudinis Indae 120
terga sedent, crebro maculas distincta zmaragdo.
fulget gemma toris, et iaspide fulua supellex
<stat mensas onerans, uariaque triclinia ueste> 122a
strata micant, Tyrio cuius pars maxima fuco
cocta diu uirus non uno duxit aeno,
pars auro plumata nitet, pars ignea cocco, 125
ut mos est Phariis miscendi licia telis.
tum famulae numerus turbae populusque minister.
discolor hos sanguis, alios distinxerat aetas;
haec Libycos, pars tam flauos gerit altera crines
ut nullis Caesar Rheni se dicat in aruis 130
tam rutilas uidisse comas; pars sanguinis usti
torta caput refugosque gerens a fronte capillos;
nec non infelix ferro mollita iuuentus
atque exsecta uirum: stat contra fortior aetas
uix ulla fuscante tamen lanugine malas. 135

Vain would have been her appeal to the stern ear of Caesar; but her face supported her petition, and her wicked beauty gained her suit. Her judge was bribed, and she spent the whole night in infamy. When Caesar's favour was gained and bought by mighty gifts, so joyful an event was followed by a feast; great was the bustle, as Cleopatra displayed her magnificence — magnificence which Roman society had not yet adopted. The place itself was the size of a temple, such a temple as a corrupt age would hardly rear; the panels of the ceiling displayed wealth, and the rafters were hidden beneath a thick coating of gold. The walls shone with marble; nor were they merely overlaid with a thin surface of it; and agate stood there on its own account, no useless ornament, and porphyry. Alabaster *was* laid all over the hall to tread on; and the ebony of Meroe, no mere covering for the great doors, took the place of common wood — a support and no mere decoration of the dwelling. Ivory clothed the entrance-hall; and Indian tortoise-shell, artificially coloured, was inlaid upon the

doors, and its spots were adorned with many an emerald. Jewels glittered on the couches; the cups, tawny with jasper, loaded the tables, and the sofas were bright with coverlets of divers colours — most had long been steeped in Tyrian dye and took their hue from repeated soakings, while others were embroidered with bright gold, and others blazed with scarlet, as the Egyptian manner is of mingling leashes in the web. There was also a swarm of attendants, and a multitude to serve the banqueters, differing from one another in race or age. Some had the hair of Africa, and others were so fair-headed that Caesar said he had never seen hair so red in the Rhine country; some had dark skins and woolly heads, with hair receding from the forehead. There too were hapless boys who had lost their manhood by the knife; and opposite them stood youths, whose cheeks, in spite of their age, were scarce darkened by any down.

discubuere illic reges maiorque potestas
Caesar; et inmodice formam fucata nocentem,
nec sceptris contenta suis nec fratre marito,
plena maris rubri spoliis, colloque comisque
diuitias Cleopatra gerit cultuque laborat. 140
candida Sidonio perlucet pectora filo,
quod Nilotis acus compressum pectine Serum
soluit et extenso laxauit stamina uelo.
dentibus hic niueis sectos Atlantide silua
inposuere orbes, quales ad Caesaris ora 145
nec capto uenere Iuba. pro caecus et amens
ambitione furor, ciuilia bella gerenti
diuitias aperire suas, incendere mentem
hospitis armati. non sit licet ille nefando
Marte paratus opes mundi quaesisse ruina; 150
pone duces priscos et nomina pauperis aeu
Fabricios Curiosque graues, hic ille recubat
sordidus Etruscis abductus consul aratris:
optabit patriae talem duxisse triumphum.

There the sovereigns sat down, and with them Caesar, greater than they. Cleopatra, not content with a crown of her own and her brother

for husband, was there, with her baleful beauty painted up beyond all measure: covered with the spoils of the Red Sea, she carried a fortune round her neck and in her hair, and was weighed down by her ornaments. Her white breasts were revealed by the fabric of Sidon, which, close-woven by the shuttle of the Seres, the Egyptian needle-worker pulls out, and loosens the thread by stretching the stuff. Then they placed upon snowy tusks round tables cut in Moorish forests, such tables as Caesar did not see even after he conquered Juba. What blindness, what madness for display, to reveal their wealth to the general in a civil war, and to kindle the avarice of a guest in arms! Even if it were not Caesar, in his impious warfare greedy to get wealth by the havoc of a world — place here the ancient leaders whose names adorn an age of poverty, a Fabricius and stern Curius; or let the consul, summoned unwashed from his plough in Etruria, take his place at this table, and he will pray to celebrate for his country a triumph as splendid.

infudere epulas auro, quod terra, quod aer, 155
quod pelagus Nilusque dedit, quod luxus inani
ambitione furens toto quaesiuit in orbe
non mandante fame; multas uolucresque ferasque
Aegypti posuere deos, manibusque ministrat
Niliacas crystallos aquas, gemmaeque capaces 160
excepere merum, sed non Mareotidos uuae,
nobile sed paucis senium cui contulit annis
indomitum Meroe cogens spumare Falernum.
accipiunt sertas nardo florente coronas
et numquam fugiente rosa, multumque madenti 165
infudere comae quod nondum euanuit aura
cinnamon externa nec perdidit aera terrae,
aduectumque recens uicinae messis amomon.
discit opes Caesar spoliati perdere mundi
et gessisse pudet genero cum paupere bellum 170
et causas Martis Phariis cum gentibus optat.

They served on gold a banquet of every dainty that earth or air, the sea or the Nile affords, all that extravagance, unpurred by hunger

and maddened by idle love of display, has sought out over all the earth. Many birds and beasts were served that are divine in Egypt; crystal ewers supplied Nile water for their hands; the wine was poured into great jewelled goblets — no wine of Egyptian grapes, but generous Falernian, to which Meroe brings ripeness in a few years, forcing its stubborn nature to ferment. They put on wreaths, twined of blooming nard and ever-flowering roses; they drenched their hair with cinnamon, which had not yet grown faint from foreign air nor lost the scent it had at home, and with cardamom, plucked not far away and freshly imported. Caesar learns to squander the wealth of a plundered world; he is ashamed to have made war against one so poor as Pompey, and desires a pretext for war with the Egyptians.

postquam epulis Bacchoque modum lassata uoluptas
inposuit, longis Caesar producere noctem
inchoat adloquiis, summaque in sede iacentem
linigerum placidis conpellat Acorea dictis. 175
‘o sacris deuote senex, quodque arguit aetas
non neclecte deis, Phariae primordia gentis
terrarumque situs uolgique edissere mores
et ritus formasque deum; quodcumque uetustis
insculptum est adytis profer, noscique uolentes 180
prode deos. si Cecropium sua sacra Platona
maiores docuere tui, quis dignior umquam
hoc fuit auditu mundique capacior hospes?
fama quidem generi Pharias me duxit ad urbes,
sed tamen et uestri; media inter proelia semper 185
stellarum caelique plagis superisque uacauī,
nec meus Eudoxi uincetur fastibus annus.
sed, cum tanta meo uiuat sub pectore uirtus,
tantus amor ueri, nihil est quod noscere malim
quam fluuii causas per saecula tanta latentis 190
ignotumque caput: spes sit mihi certa uidendi
Niliacos fontes, bellum ciuile relinquam.’
finierat, contraque sacer sic orsus Acoreus:

When sated enjoyment set a limit to feasting and wine, Caesar began

to prolong the night with discourse long drawn out; and thus he accosted in friendly speech aged Acoreus, who lay, dressed in his linen robe, upon the highest seat. "Sir, devoted as you are to the service of heaven, and, as your age proves, not unprotected by the gods, expound to me the origins of the Egyptian nation, the features of the land, the manners of the common people, your forms of worship, and the shapes of your gods; reveal all that is engraved upon your ancient shrines, and disclose your gods who are willing that they should be known. If your ancestors taught their religion to Plato the Athenian, was ever guest of yours more worthy than I to hear these things, was ever a mind more able to contain the world's secrets? It is true that the report concerning my kinsman brought me to your cities; but your fame attracted me too: in the midst of war I ever found time to study the world above us and the starry and celestial zones; and the Julian year shall not be outdone by the calendar of Eudoxus. But, though such intellectual vigour and love of truth flourish in my breast, yet there is nothing I would rather learn than the causes, concealed through such long ages, that account for the Nile, and the secret of its source. Give me an assured hope to set eyes on the springs of the river, and I will abandon civil war." He ended his speech, and thus the holy priest, Acoreus, began his reply:

‘fas mihi magnorum, Caesar, secreta parentum
edere ad hoc aevi populis ignota profanis. 195
sit pietas aliis miracula tanta silere;
ast ego caelicolis gratum reor ire per omnis
hoc opus et sacras populis notescere leges.
sideribus, quae sola fugam moderantur Olympi
occurruntque polo, diuersa potentia prima 200
mundi lege data est. sol tempora diuidit aevi,
mutat nocte diem, radiisque potentibus astra
ire uetat cursusque uagos statione moratur;
luna suis uicibus Tethyn terrenaque miscet;
frigida Saturno glacies et zona niualis 205
cessit; habet uentos incertaque fulmina Mauors;
sub Ioue temperies et numquam turbidus aer;
at fecunda Venus cunctarum semina rerum

possidet; inmensae Cyllenius arbiter undaest.
hunc ubi pars caeli tenuit, qua mixta Leonis 210
sidera sunt Cancro, rapidos qua Sirius ignes
exerit et uarii mutator circulus anni
Aegoceron Cancrumque tenet, cui subdita Nili
ora latent, quae cum dominus percussit aquarum
igne superiecto, tunc Nilus fonte soluto, 215
exit ut Oceanus lunaribus incrementis,
iussus adest, auctusque suos non ante coartat
quam nox aestiuas a sole receperit horas.

“To me, Caesar, it is permitted to disclose the secrets of our great ancestors — secrets hitherto unknown to the herd. Let others think it pious to conceal such great marvels; but I believe it the will of heaven that this fabric of theirs should be published abroad and that all mankind should learn their sacred laws. The primal ordinance of the universe assigned different powers to those stars which alone rule the rapid movement of the sky, and move in opposition to the heavens. The sun divides time into periods, and changes day for night; and the power of his rays forbids the planets to go forward, and delays their wanderings with stationary periods. The changes of the moon bring sea and land in contact. To Saturn has been assigned freezing ice in the snowy zone; Mars is lord of the winds and of thunder that has no fixed season; under the rule of Jupiter is temperate climate and air that is always bright; fruitful Venus is mistress of the seeds of all things that exist; and Mercury controls the vast element of water. When Mercury has reached that part of the sky where Leo and Cancer are in contact, where Sirius blazes forth and where lies the circle which changes the year and contains Capricorn and Cancer, whereunder are the hidden founts of the Nile; and when the ruler of the element of water has shone down vertically on these — then the source of the river is opened, and, as the Ocean is lifted up by the waxing moon, so the Nile answers the bidding, and does not narrow his flood again until night has got back from day the hours it lost in summer.

uana fides ueterum, Nilo, quod crescat in arua,

Aethiopum prodesse niues. non Arctos in illis 220
montibus aut Boreas. testis tibi sole perusti
ipse color populi calidique uaporibus Austri.
adde quod omne caput fluuii, quodcumque soluta
praecipitat glacies, ingresso uere tumescit
prima tabe niuis: Nilus neque suscitatur undas 225
ante Canis radios nec ripis alligatur amnem
ante parem nocti Libra sub iudice Phoebum.
inde etiam leges aliarum nescit aquarum,
nec tumet hibernus, cum longe sole remoto
officiis caret unda suis: dare iussus iniquo 230
temperiem caelo mediis aestatibus exit
sub torrente plaga, neu terras dissipet ignis
Nilus adest mundo contraque incensa Leonis
ora tumet Cancroque suam torrente Syenen
inploratus adest, nec campos liberat undis 235
donec in autumnum declinet Phoebus et umbras
extendat Meroe. quis causas reddere possit?
sic iussit natura parens discurrere Nilum,
sic opus est mundo. Zephyros quoque uana uetustas
his ascripsit aquis, quorum stata tempora flatus 240
continuique dies et in aera longa potestas,
uel quod ab occiduo depellunt nubila caelo
trans Noton et fluuio cogunt incumbere nimbos,
uel quod aquas totiens rumpentis litora Nili
adsiduo feriunt coguntque resistere fluctu: 245
ille mora cursus aduersique obice ponti
aestuatur in campos. sunt qui spiramina terris
esse putent magnosque cauae conpagis hiatus.
commeat hac penitus tacitis discursibus unda
frigore ab Arctoo medium reuocata sub axem, 250
cum Phoebus pressit Meroen tellusque perusta
illuc duxit aquas; trahitur Gangesque Padusque
per tacitum mundi: tunc omnia flumina Nilus
uno fonte uomens non uno gurgite perfert.
rumor ab Oceano, qui terras alligat omnes, 255
exundante procul uiolentum erumpere Nilum

aequoreosque sales longo mitescere tractu.
nec non Oceano pasci Phoebumque polosque
credimus: hunc, calidi tetigit cum bracchia Cancri,
sol rapit, atque undae plus quam quod digerat aer 260
tollitur; hoc noctes referunt Niloque profundunt.
ast ego, si tantam ius est mihi soluere litem,
quasdam, Caesar, aquas post mundi sera peracti
saecula concussis terrarum erumpere uenis
non id agente deo, quasdam conpage sub ipsa 265
cum toto coepisse reor, quas ille creator
atque ipifex rerum certo sub iure coercet.

“The ancients erred when they believed that the Nile is helped to overflow the fields by the snows in Ethiopia. For there is no North star nor North wind in those mountains. The mere colour of the Ethiopians, who are blackened by the sun, and their hot scorching winds, may convince you of this. Moreover, every river-head which is set running by the melting of ice begins to rise at the coming of spring, when the snow first thaws; but the Nile does not arouse its water before the shining of the Dog-star, nor confine its stream within the banks until the day becomes equal to the night, with Libra as arbitress. Hence also the Nile knows not the laws that govern other rivers: it does not rise in winter, when the sun is far away and the waters have no function to discharge; but, having orders to mitigate an oppressive climate, he issues forth in the torrid zone at midsummer; and, in order that fire may not dissolve the earth, Nile comes to help the world, rising against the burning mouth of Leo, and answering the prayer of Syene, when its lord, Cancer, is consuming it; nor does he free the plains from his waters, until the sun slopes down towards autumn and Meroe casts a shadow. Who can explain the reasons? Mother Nature ordained that the Nile should overflow thus, and the world requires that so it should be. — The ancients were wrong again, when they accounted for this inundation by West winds which blow day after day at a fixed season, and whose empire over the air lasts long. These winds were supposed to work in one of two ways: either they drive the clouds down from the western sky across the South and force the rain to descend on the

Nile; or else, when the river breaks the shore with so many mouths, they strike it and bring it to a halt by the steady pressure of the sea; and thus the stream overflows the fields, because its course is hindered and a barrier interposed by the sea. Some think that there are air-passages in the earth, and great fissures in its hollow frame. In these, far below the surface, water travels and moves to and fro invisibly, and is summoned from the cold North to the Equator, whenever the sun is directly above Meroe and the parched earth attracts water thither; the Ganges and the Po are thus conveyed through a hidden region of the world; and then the Nile, discharging all rivers from a single source, carries them by many mouths to the sea. There is a tale that the Nile bursts forth from the distant flood of Ocean which bounds every land, and that the brine grows fresh owing to the long distance it travels. Further, we believe that the sun and sky are fed by the Ocean; the sun, when he has reached the claws of fiery Cancer, sucks up the Ocean, and more water is raised than the air can digest; and this overplus the nights repay and pour down upon the Nile. But I myself, if I have the right to decide so great a dispute, hold this opinion, Caesar: certain waters, long after the world was created, burst forth in consequence of earthquakes, with no special purpose on the part of the deity; but certain others, at the very formation of the world, had their beginning along with the universe; and the latter the creator and artificer of all things restrains under a law of their own.

quae tibi noscendi Nilum, Romane, cupido est,
et Phariis Persisque fuit Macetumque tyrannis,
nullaque non aetas uoluit conferre futuris 270
notitiam; sed uincit adhuc natura latendi.
summus Alexander regum, quem Memphis adorat,
inuidit Nilo, misitque per ultima terrae
Aethiopum lectos: illos rubicunda perusti
zona poli tenuit; Nilum uidere calentem. 275
uenit ad occasus mundique extrema Sesostris
et Pharios currus regum ceruicibus egit;
ante tamen uestros amnes, Rhodanumque Padumque,
quam Nilum de fonte bibit. uaesanus in ortus

CambySES longi populos peruenit ad aeui, 280
defectusque epulis et pastus caede suorum
ignoto te, Nile, redit. non fabula mendax
ausa loqui de fonte tuo est. ubicumque uideris
quaerERis, et nulli contingit gloria genti
ut Nilo sit laeta suo. tua flumina prodam, 285
qua deus undarum celator, Nile, tuarum
te mihi nosse dedit. medio consurgis ab axe;
ausus in ardentem ripas attollere Cancrum
in Borean is rectus aquis mediumque Booten
(cursus in occasus flexu torquetur et ortus, 290
nunc Arabum populis, Libycis nunc aequus harenis),
teque uident primi, quaerunt tamen hi quoque, Seres,
Aethiopumque feris alieno gurgite campos,
et te terrarum nescit cui debeat orbis.
arcanum natura caput non prodidit ulli, 295
nec licuit populis paruum te, Nile, uidere,
amouitque sinus et gentes maluit ortus
mirari quam nosse tuos. consurgere in ipsis
ius tibi solstitiis, aliena crescere bruma
atque hiemes adferre tuas, solique uagari 300
concessum per utrosque polos. hic quaeritur ortus,
illic finis aquae. late tibi gurgite rupto
ambitur nigris Meroe fecunda colonis,
laeta comis hebeni, quae quamuis arbore multa
frondeat aestatem nulla sibi mitigat umbra, 305
linea tam rectum mundi ferit illa Leonem.
inde plagas Phoebi damnum non passus aquarum
praeueheris sterilesque diu metiris harenas,
nunc omnes unum uires collectus in amnem,
nunc uagus et spargens facilem tibi cedere ripam. 310
rursus multifidas reuocat piger alueus undas,
qua dirimunt Arabum populis Aegyptia rura
regni claustra Philae. mox te deserta secantem,
qua iungunt nostrum rubro commercia ponto,
mollis lapsus agit. quis te tam lene fluentem 315
moturum totas uiolenti gurgitis iras,

Nile, putet? sed, cum lapsus abrupta uiarum
excepere tuos et praecipites cataractae
ac nusquam uetitis ullas obsistere cautes
indignaris aquis, spuma tunc astra lacescis, 320
cuncta fremunt undis, ac multo murmure montis
spumeus inuitis canescit fluctibus amnis.
hinc, Abaton quam nostra uocat ueneranda uetustas,
terra potens primos sentit percussa tumultus
et scopuli, placuit fluuii quos dicere uenas, 325
quod manifesta noui primum dant signa tumoris.
hinc montes natura uagis circumdedit undis,
qui Libyae te, Nile, negent; quos inter in alta
it conualle tacens iam moribus unda receptis.
prima tibi campos permittit apertaue Memphis 330
rura modumque uetat crescendi ponere ripas.’

“Your desire, Roman, to explore the Nile was felt by the kings of Egypt and Persia and Macedon; and every generation has wished to enrich posterity with this knowledge, but has been defeated up till now by its native power of concealment. Alexander, greatest of kings, was jealous of the Nile which Memphis worships, and he sent chosen explorers through the utmost parts of Ethiopia; but they were stopped by the blazing zone of parched sky; they but saw the Nile steaming with heat. Sesostris made his way to the West and to the limits of the world, and drove his Egyptian chariot with kings under the yoke; but he drank of your rivers, the Rhone and the Po, before he drank from the sources of the Nile. The madman Cambyses penetrated the East as far as the land of the long-lived people; food ran short, and he had to feed on his own men; but he returned with no knowledge of the Nile. Even lying legend has not ventured to tell of its sources. Wherever the river is seen, it is a puzzle to men; and no nation can boast that it takes pride in the Nile as its own possession. But I will expound its course, in so far as the deity who conceals its stream has granted me knowledge of it. — The Nile rises at the Equator, boldly raising his channel in the face of burning Cancer; and his waters proceed due North towards the centre of Bootes; yet his current bends and twists towards West and East, at one time

favouring the peoples of Arabia, at another the sands of Libya. The first nation to behold him are the Seres, but they also have no certain knowledge of him; with foreign waters he strikes the plains of the Ethiopians, and the globe knows not to whom it is indebted for him. Nature has revealed to none his hidden source, nor has it been permitted to mankind to see the stripling Nile; she has concealed his hiding-places, preferring that the nations should marvel at them rather than know them. He is privileged to rise at midsummer, to be flooded by a winter out of season, and to bring with him a rainy season of his own; and he alone is permitted to stray through both hemispheres. In one hemisphere his source is unknown, in the other his final goal. His waters part widely to surround Meroe — Meroe fertile for the black race that till her soil, and rich in the foliage of the ebony-tree; but, though she has leaves on many a tree, she has no shade to temper the summer heat, because a line drawn from that spot to the sky strikes Leo vertically. Next he moves past the realm of Phoebus with no loss of volume, and long traverses barren sands, at one time with all his wealth of water gathered into a single stream, at another straying from his course and scattering the bank that readily gives way to his pressure. Then once more his many separate streams are recalled by the sluggish channel where Philae, the gate of the Egyptian kingdom, divides the fields of Egypt from the peoples of Arabia. Later, as he cleaves the desert where commerce unites our sea with the Red Sea, a gentle flow leads him on. Who could believe that the river which here runs so smoothly could ever rouse the whole fury of his turbulent stream? Yet, when his flow comes to a broken channel and headlong cataracts, and when he resents that any cliffs should bar the stream that found free passage everywhere, then he challenges the stars with his spray, the region roars with his waves, the cliff rumbles loudly, and the river whitens with foam under the constraint of his flood. Next comes the island which our hallowed tradition calls Abatos; it is smitten first and first feels the uproar. Here too are the rocks which are commonly called the springs of the river, because they give the first clear indication when the water begins to rise. From this point Nature has surrounded the wandering stream with mountains, which rob Libya of the Nile; and between the mountains the river flows, tamed now and silent,

through a deep valley. Memphis first offers plains and open country for it to spread over, and forbids the channel to set a limit to its expansion.”

sic uelut in tuta securi pace trahebant
noctis iter mediae. sed non uaesana Pothini
mens inbuta semel sacra iam caede uacabat
a scelerum motu: Magno nihil ille perempto 335
iam putat esse nefas; habitant sub pectore manes
ultricesque deae dant in noua monstra furorem.
dignatur uiles isto quoque sanguine dextras
quo Fortuna parat uictos perfundere patres,
poenaeque ciuilis belli, uindicta senatus 340
paene data est famulo. procul hoc auertite, fata,
crimen, ut haec Bruto ceruix absente secetur.
in scelus it Pharium Romani poena tyranni,
exemplumque perit. struit audax inrita fatis
nec parat occulta caedem committere fraudi 345
inuictumque ducem detecto Marte lacessit.
tantum animi delicta dabant, ut colla ferire
Caesaris et socerum iungi tibi, Magne, iuberet;
atque haec dicta monet famulos perferre fideles
ad Pompeianae socium sibi caedis Achillam, 350
quem puer inbellis cunctis praefecerat armis
et dederat ferrum, nullo sibi iure retento,
in cunctos in seque simul. ‘tu mollibus’ inquit
‘nunc incumbere toris et pinguis exige somnos:
inuasit Cleopatra domum, nec prodita tantum est 355
sed donata Pharos. cessas accurrere solus
ad dominae thalamos? nubit soror in pia fratri,
nam Latio iam nupta duci est, interque maritos
discurrens Aegypton habet Romamque meretur.
expugnare senem potuit Cleopatra uenenis: 360
crede, miser, puero, quem nox si iunxerit una
et semel amplexus incesto pectore passus
hauserit obscaenum titulo pietatis amorem,
meque tuumque caput per singula forsitan illi

oscula donabit. crucibus flammisque luemus 365
si fuerit formonsa soror. nil undique restat
auxilii: rex hinc coniunx, hinc Caesar adulter.
et sumus, ut fatear, tam saeua iudice sontes:
quem non e nobis credit Cleopatra nocentem
a quo casta fuit? per te quod fecimus una 370
perdidimusque nefas, perque ictum sanguine Magni
foedus, ades; subito bellum molire tumultu,
inrue; nocturnas rumpamus funere taedas
crudelemque toris dominam mactemus in ipsis
cum quocumque uiro. nec nos deterreat ausis 375
Hesperii fortuna ducis, quae sustulit illum
inposuitque orbi: communis gloria nobis,
nos quoque sublimes Magnus facit. aspice litus,
spem nostri sceleris; pollutos consule fluctus
quid liceat nobis, tumultumque e puluere paruo 380
aspice Pompei non omnia membra tegentem.
quem metuis, par huius erat. non sanguine clari
(quid refert?) nec opes populorum et regna mouemus:
ad scelus ingentis fati sumus. attrahit illos
in nostras fortuna manus: en, altera uenit 385
uictima nobilior. placemus caede secunda
Hesperias gentes: iugulus mihi Caesaris haustus
hoc praestare potest, Pompei caede nocentis
ut populus Romanus amet. quid nomina tanta
horremus uiresque ducis, quibus ille relictis 390
miles erit? nox haec peraget ciuilia bella
inferiasque dabit populis et mittet ad umbras
quod debetur adhuc mundo caput. ite feroces
Caesaris in iugulum; praestet Lagea iuuentus
hoc regi, Romana sibi. tu parce morari. 395
plenum epulis madidumque mero Venerique paratum
inuenies: aude, superi tot uota Catonum
Brutorumque tibi tribuent.' non lentus Achillas
suadenti parere nefas haud clara mouendis,
ut mos, signa dedit castris nec prodidit arma 400
ullius clangore tubae: temere omnia saeui

instrumenta rapit belli. pars maxima turbae
plebis erat Latiae, sed tanta obliuio mentis
cepit in externos corrupto milite mores
ut duce sub famulo iussuque satellitis irent 405
quos erat indignum Phario parere tyranno.
nulla fides pietasque uiris qui castra secuntur,
uenalesque manus; ibi fas ubi proxima merces:
aere merent paruo, iugulumque in Caesaris ire
non sibi dant. pro fas! ubi non ciuilia bella 410
inuenit imperii fatum miserabile nostri?
Thessaliae subducta acies in litore Nili
more furit patrio. quid plus te, Magne, recepto
ausa foret Lagea domus? dat scilicet omnis
dextera quod debet superis, nullique uacare 415
fas est Romano. Latium sic scindere corpus
dis placitum: non in soceri generique fauorem
discedunt populi; ciuilia bella satelles
mouit, et in partem Romani uenit Achilles;
et nisi fata manus a sanguine Caesaris arcent 420
hae uincent partes. aderat maturus uterque,
et districta epulis ad cunctas aula patebat
insidias, poteratque cruor per regia fundi
pocula Caesareus mensaeque incumbere ceruix.
sed metuunt belli trepidos in nocte tumultus, 425
ne caedes confusa manu permissaque fatis
te, Ptolemaee, trahat. tanta est fiducia ferri,
non rapuere nefas; summi contempta facultas
est operis; uisum famulis reparabile damnum
illam mactandi dimittere Caesaris horam. 430
seruatur poenas in aperta luce daturus;
donata est nox una duci, uixitque Pothini
munere Phoebeos Caesar dilatus in ortus.

Thus midnight went by, and they spent the time without fear, as if in peace and safety. But the frenzied bosom of Pothinus, once stained with sacrilegious murder, was never again free from guilty excitement: after the slaughter of Magnus he no longer counts any

deed a crime; his breast is haunted by the ghost of his victim, and the avenging goddesses madden him to commit fresh horrors. Once again he aspires to shed blood by base-born hands — that blood with which Fortune intended to drench the defeated Senators; and the vengeance of the Senate, that penalty for civil war, was almost permitted to a menial hand. Ye destinies, banish far this wrong, that Caesar's head should fall and Brutus not be there! Thus the punishment of the Roman tyrant goes to swell the guilt of Egypt, and the warning is lost. With boldness Pothinus lays a plot doomed to failure: not trying to entrust the murder to secret guile, he attacks the unconquered leader with open war. His evil deeds emboldened him to decree that Caesar's head should be struck off, and that the fate of Magnus should be shared by his father-in-law; and he bade his faithful henchmen carry this message to Achillas, his partner in Pompey's murder. The unwarlike boy-king, reserving no authority for himself, had set Achillas over all his forces, and given him the sword to use against all, the king himself included. "Is this the time," said Pothinus, "to lie soft upon your bed and sleep sound and long, when Cleopatra has seized the palace, and Egypt has been not merely betrayed but given away? Do you alone hang back, when all others hasten to the bed of the princess? The wicked sister is marrying her brother — the Roman general she has married already; hastening from one husband to another, she possesses Egypt and is playing the harlot for Rome. She was able to conquer the older man's heart by drugs; if you put your trust in the boy, I pity you. If a single night brings them together, if he once submits to her embraces with incestuous heart and drinks in unlawful passion on pretence of natural affection, then he will grant her your head and mine, each perhaps in return for a kiss. We shall pay the penalty on the gallows or at the stake, if she prove beautiful in her brother's sight. No refuge remains for us in any quarter: the royal husband threatens us on one side, and the paramour Caesar on the other. And indeed, to confess the truth, guilty we are at the bar of so cruel a judge; Cleopatra considers every man of us guilty, if he has not defiled her. By the crime which we committed together and committed in vain, by our alliance sealed with the blood of Magnus, I charge you to come forward; stir up war with sudden uproar, attack with speed. While it

is night, let us break off marriage by death and slay our cruel mistress in her very bed, be her bedfellow who he may. Nor should we be frightened from the attempt by the lucky star which has lifted up the Roman general and set him over the world: we share his distinction, and the death of Magnus exalts us also. Look at yonder shore, which gives us confidence for evil; ask the bloodstained sea what power we have; look at Pompey's grave, made out of a handful of dust and not covering all his body, The man you dread was Pompey's peer. Our blood is not noble — what matters that? — and we do not control kingdoms or the power of nations; but for crime fate has given us immense capacity. Fortune draws these great men within our grasp; see! another and a nobler victim is here. By a second murder let us make our peace with the Western nation: to take Caesar's life can do me this service — the Roman people will love those who are guilty of Pompey's murder. Why dread we the great name of Caesar, and his army? Now that he has left it behind, we shall find him only a soldier like other soldiers. This night shall end the civil war; it shall make funeral offerings for mankind, and send down to the shades that head which the world still claims as its due. Go forth, all of you, bravely against Caesar's life; let the Egyptian soldiers thus serve their king, and let the Romans serve themselves. Lose no time, Achilles. You will find him sated with feasting, drunken with wine, and ripe for amorous dalliance; be bold, and Heaven will vouchsafe to you what a Cato and a Brutus have so often prayed for." Achilles was not slow to obey the call to crime. He gave the order, but without the customary noise, for the soldiers to march, and no blare of the trumpet betrayed the movement; in haste he assembled all the equipment of cruel war. Most of the men belonged to the populace of Rome; but they were degenerate and denationalised, and such forgetfulness had mastered their minds, that those who should have scouted the command of an Egyptian king served under his slave and at the bidding of a henchman. Men who follow the camp have no loyalty, no sense of duty: their swords are for sale; the cause that offers immediate reward is the good cause; serving for scanty pay, they attack Caesar's life to gratify others. Oh, law divine! Where does the hapless destiny of our empire fail to find civil war? Kept away from Pharsalia, the soldiers are distracted on the banks of the

Nile with the frenzy of their nation. What more could the house of Lagus have dared, if it had harboured Magnus? The truth is that every hand pays its debt to the gods, and no Roman is permitted by them to stand idle. It has pleased the gods to split up thus the body of Rome: the great nations are not divided in favour of Caesar or his son-in-law; but a mere henchman has stirred up civil war, and Achilles has usurped the part of a Roman; and, unless fate averts their hands from Caesar's blood, their side will win. Each of the pair was quickly on the spot; the palace, busied with the banquet, was open to every treachery; and it was possible that the blood of Caesar might be shed over the king's drinking-cups, and his head fall upon the table. But the conspirators feared the haste and confusion of war by night; bloodshed, carried on with disorder and left to chance, might take off Ptolemy as well. Such was their reliance on their swords, that they did not hurry on the crime; they despised the easiness of their great design; to let slip that chance of slaying Caesar seemed to these slaves a loss they could soon make good. So he was spared, to suffer in the light of day; a single night was granted him; and Caesar, thanks to Pothinus, gained a respite from death till sunrise.

Lucifer a Casia prospexit rupe diemque
misit in Aegypton primo quoque sole calentem, 435
cum procul a muris acies non sparsa manipulis
nec uaga conspicitur, sed iustos qualis ad hostes
recta fronte uenit: passuri comminus arma
laturique ruunt. at Caesar moenibus urbis
diffusus foribus clausae se protegit aulae 440
degeneres passus latebras. nec tota uacabat
regia compresso: minima collegerat arma
parte domus. tangunt animos iraeque metusque,
et timet incursus indignaturque timere.
sic fremit in paruis fera nobilis abdita claustris 445
et frangit rabidos praemorso carcere dentes,
nec secus in Siculis fureret tua flamma cauernis,
obstrueret summam siquis tibi, Mulciber, Aetnam.
audax Thessalici nuper qui rupe sub Haemi

Hesperiae cunctos procures aciemque senatus 450
Pompeiumque ducem causa sperare uetante
non timuit fatumque sibi promisit iniquum,
expauit seruile nefas, intraque penates
obruitur telis. quem non uiolasset Alanus,
non Scythia, non fixo qui ludit in hospite Maurus, 455
hic, cui Romani spatium non sufficit orbis,
paruaque regna putet Tyriis cum Gadibus Indos,
ceu puer inbellis uel captis femina muris,
quaerit tuta domus; spem uitae in limine clauso
ponit, et incerto lustrat uagus atria cursu, 460
non sine rege tamen, quem ducit in omnia secum
sumpturus poenas et grata piacula morti
missurusque tuum, si non sint tela nec ignes,
in famulos, Ptolemaee, caput. sic barbara Colchis
creditur ultorem metuens regnique fugaeque 465
ense suo fratrisque simul ceruice parata
expectasse patrem. cogunt tamen ultima rerum
spem pacis temptare ducem, missusque satellites
regius, ut saeuos absentis uoce tyranni
corriperet famulos, quo bellum auctore mouerent. 470
sed neque ius mundi ualuit nec foedera sancta
gentibus, orator regis pacisque sequester
<quin caderet ferro. quamquam quis talia facta> 472a
aestimat in numero scelerum ponenda tuorum,
tot monstris Aegypte nocens? non Thessala tellus
uastaque regna Iubae, non Pontus et inopia signa 475
Pharnacis et gelido circumfluus orbis Hiberno
tantum ausus scelerum, non Syrtis barbara, quantum
deliciae fecere tuae. premit undique bellum,
inque domum iam tela cadunt quassantque penates.
non aries uno moturus limina pulsu 480
fracturusque domum, non ulla est machina belli,
nec flammis mandatur opus; sed caeca iuuentus
consilii uastos ambit diuisa penates,
et nusquam totis incursat uiribus agmen.
fata uetant, murique uicem Fortuna tuetur. 485

The morning-star looked forth from Mount Casius and sent the daylight over Egypt, where even sunrise is hot; and then, at a distance from the walls, an army was seen — not stragglers with disorderly ranks, but such a force as marches with level front against a foe worthy of their steel: on they charge, ready to endure and to wage close combat. Caesar, on his part, distrusted the city walls and defended himself by closing the gates of the palace, thus submitting to an unworthy hiding-place. Hemmed in as he was, the whole palace was not at his disposal: he had gathered his forces in one corner of it. His pride was touched by rage and fear — fear of attack, and wrath at his own fear. Thus some noble beast, penned in a narrow cage, roars and bites the bars till he breaks his furious teeth; and even so, if any hand were to seal up the summit of Etna, the fire of Vulcan would rage in the craters of Sicily. Not long ago, beneath the height of Mount Haemus in Thessaly, Caesar had boldly defied all the magnates of Rome, and the Senate in battle array under the leadership of Pompey; and, though the badness of his cause was adverse to his hopes, yet he was sanguine of undeserved success. But now he dreaded the wickedness of slaves, and crouched within walls while missiles rained upon him. Alanians, or Scythians, or Moors who mock the stranger by fixing him as a target for their arrows would have done Caesar no harm; yet he, for whom the whole Roman world is too small, who would not be satisfied to rule at once India and Phœnician Gades, seeks safety within a house, like a defenceless child or a woman when her city is taken; he relies for his life upon a closed door; he hastes from room to room, wandering in uncertainty. Yet he has the king for companion and takes him everywhere with him: he means to get satisfaction from Ptolemy and consolation, if he himself must die; and, if missiles and firebrands are lacking, he will hurl against the slaves the head of their king. So, we are told, the foreign woman from Colchis, fearing vengeance for her treason and her flight, waited her father's coming with her sword in one hand and her brother's head in the other. Yet Caesar was forced by his desperate plight to explore the possibility of peace; and a courtier was sent, to rebuke the warlike slaves in a message from their absent king, and to ask who gave them leave to fight. But the law of nations was of no avail, nor could the rights respected by all

peoples preserve the king's ambassador, the mediator of peace, from falling by the sword. Yet who considers such a deed worthy to find a place in the list of Egypt's crimes, that land guilty of so many atrocities? Neither the land of Thessaly, nor the barren realm of Juba, nor Pontus with the unnatural warfare of Pharnaces, nor the region round which cold Hiberus flows, nor the savage Syrtis — no country has ventured on such crimes as Egypt, with all her luxury, has committed. War besets Caesar on every side; already missiles are falling upon the palace and battering the dwelling. The besiegers have no ram to shatter the gates and break open the building with one blow, and no engines of war; nor do they trust fire to do their work; but with no plan they split up into parties and surround the vast circuit of the walls; and at no point does the host attack in full strength. Fate is against them, and Fortune performs the office of a wall.

nec non et ratibus temptatur regia, qua se
protulit in medios audaci margine fluctus
luxuriosa domus. sed adest defensor ubique
Caesar et hos aditus gladiis, hos ignibus arcet,
obsessusque gerit, tanta est constantia mentis, 490
expugnantis opus. piceo iubet unguine tinctas
lampadas inmitti iunctis in uela carinis;
nec piger ignis erat per stuppea uincula perque
manantis cera tabulas, et tempore eodem
transtraque nautarum summique arsere ceruchi. 495
iam prope semustae merguntur in aequora classes,
iamque hostes et tela natant. nec puppibus ignis
incubuit solis; sed quae uicina fuere
tectis mari longis rapuere uaporibus ignem,
et cladem fouere Noti, percussaque flamma 500
turbine non alio motu per tecta cucurrit
quam solet aethereo lampas decurrere sulco
materiaque carens atque ardens aere solo.
illa lues paulum clausa reuocauit ab aula
urbis in auxilium populos. nec tempora cladis 505
perdidit in somnos, sed caeca nocte carinis

insiluit Caesar semper feliciter usus
praecipiti cursu bellorum, et tempore raptō
nunc claustrum pelagi cepit Pharon. insula quondam
in medio stetit illa mari sub tempore uatis 510
Proteos, at nunc est Pellaeis proxima muris.
illa duci geminos bellorum praestitit usus.
abstulit excursus et fauces aequoris hosti
Caesar et auxiliis ut uidit libera ponti
ostia, non fatum meriti poenasque Pothini 515
distulit ulterius. sed non, qua debuit, ira,
non cruce, non flammis rapuit, non dente ferarum:
[heu facinus, gladio ceruix male caesa pependit]
Magni morte perit. nec non subrepta paratis
a famulo Ganymede dolis peruenit ad hostis 520
Caesaris Arsinoe; quae castra carentia rege
ut proles Lagea tenet, famulumque tyranni
terribilem iusto transegit Achillea ferro.
altera, Magne, tuis iam uictima mittitur umbris;
nec satis hoc Fortuna putat. procul absit ut ista 525
uindictae sit summa tuae. non ipse tyrannus
sufficit in poenas, non omnis regia Lagi:
dum patrii ueniant in uiscera Caesaris enses
Magnus inultus erit. sed non auctore furoris
sublato cecidit rabies; nam rursus in arma 530
auspiciis Ganymedis eunt ac multa secundo
proelia Marte gerunt. potuit discrimine summo
Caesaris una dies in famam et saecula mitti.

They assailed the palace also by means of ships, at the point where the splendid pile projected with bold frontage right over the water. But Caesar was present everywhere in defence, driving back some attacks with the sword and others with fire; and such was his courage, that while besieged he did the work of a besieger. He ordered brands steeped in resin to be hurled at the sails of the crowded ships; and the fire coursed swiftly along the ropes of tow and the decks running with wax, till the rowers' benches and the towering yards blazed up together. Soon the ships, almost half-

consumed, sank beneath the surface, and soon the assailants and their weapons were swamped. Nor did the fire fall upon the vessels only: the houses near the sea caught fire from the spreading heat, and the winds fanned the conflagration, till the flames, smitten by the eddying gale, rushed over the roofs as fast as the meteors that often trace a furrow through the sky, though they have nothing solid to feed on and burn by means of air alone. This calamity for a time called off the crowd from the close-barred palace to rescue the city. Caesar did not waste in slumber the time granted by the fire, but sprang on board ship in the darkness of night. He had ever made successful use of haste in warfare, and now with all speed he seized Pharos, which gives access to the sea. Once, in the time of the seer Proteus, it was an island out at sea, but now it stands close to the walls of Alexandria. To Caesar it was doubly useful in his warfare. For, when he had prevented the enemy from sailing out to sea by the narrow passage and saw the harbour open for reinforcements, he postponed no longer the punishment of death which Pothinus had so richly earned. But Caesar's wrath did not destroy him by fitting means — the gallows, or the stake, or the teeth of wild beasts: he died the death of Magnus. Moreover, Arsinoe was carried off secretly by a trick of Ganymede, her chamberlain, and conveyed to Caesar's enemies. There, as a daughter of Lagus, she ruled the army in the absence of the king and pierced with righteous sword Achilles, the dreadful instrument of Ptolemy. Thus a second victim was offered to the shade of Magnus; but Fortune is not content with this. Perish the thought that his vengeance should end here! Ptolemy himself and all the house of Lagus are not enough to quit the score: until the swords of his own countrymen pierce the heart of Caesar, Magnus will remain unavenged. But the madness did not cease with the death of its originator: again, led by Ganymede, the people rush to arms and are often victorious in battle. Because of Caesar's utmost danger, a single day might have become for ever famous.

molis in exiguae spatio stipantibus armis
dum parat in uacuas Martem transferre carinas, 535
dux Latius tota subitus formidine belli
cingitur: hinc densae praetexunt litora classes,

hinc tergo insultant pedites. uia nulla salutis,
non fuga, non uirtus; uix spes quoque mortis honestae.
non acie fusa nec magnae stragis aceruis 540
uincendus tum Caesar erat sed sanguine nullo.
captus sorte loci pendet; dubiusque timeret
optaretne mori respexit in agmine denso
Scaeuam perpetuae meritum iam nomina famae
ad campos, Epidamne, tuos, ubi solus apertis 545
obsedit muris calcantem moenia Magnum.

Round him stood his soldiers in the narrow space of the mole; and he was preparing to embark his men on the empty ships, when he was suddenly surrounded by all the fearfulness of war: on one side the shore was lined with close-packed ships; on the other, the infantry assaulted his rear. There was no path of safety either in flight or in valour; he could scarcely hope even for an honourable death. To conquer Caesar then, no rout of an army and no heaps of dead were needed, nor any bloodshed at all. Made helpless by the nature of his position, he stood perplexed; and, even as he doubted whether to fear death or pray for it, he saw Scaeva in the serried ranks, that Scaeva who had already won immortal glory on the plains of Epidamnus; for there, when the walls were breached and Magnus trod the ramparts underfoot, Scaeva single-handed beleaguered Magnus.

The Biography



Inside Nero's Domus Aurea (Golden House). A feud began between Nero and Lucan, with some scholars believing Nero was jealous of Lucan's poetic ability and others that Lucan had composed insulting poems about the Emperor. Lucan later joined the 65 AD conspiracy of Gaius Calpurnius Piso against Nero. When Nero discovered Lucan's treason, he was forced, at the age of 25, to commit suicide by opening a vein, but not before incriminating his mother, among others, in hope of a pardon.



Bust of Lucan in a square in Córdoba, the poet's birthplace. According to Tacitus, as Lucan bled to death, he 'recalled some poetry he had composed in which he had told the story of a wounded soldier dying a similar kind of death and he recited the very lines.'

INTRODUCTION TO LUCAN by J. D. Duff



1. *Lucan's Life*

The few facts that are known of Lucan's personal history are derived chiefly from two ancient Lives prefixed to some of his manuscripts. One of these, which is mutilated, is attributed to Suetonius, and the other to Vacca, a grammarian probably of the sixth century. The circumstances that led to his death, and his death itself, are related at length by Tacitus in his *Annals* (xv cc. 48-70).

Marcus Annaeus Lucanus was born at Corduba (now Cordova) in Spain on November 3, a d. 39, was taken to Rome when he was seven months old, and died at Rome on April 30, a d. 65. He was therefore in his twenty-sixth year at the time of his death. Hardly any other event of his life can be assigned to a fixed date.

Though his family was of provincial origin and not noble in the Roman sense of the word, because no member of it had held the magistracies at Rome, yet Lucan enjoyed every advantage that wealth and connexion could give. His father, M. Annaeus Mela, was never a senator; but his uncle, Lucius Annaeus Seneca, became the most famous man of his time. First governor and then minister of the Emperor Nero, he held the office of consul a d. 56; he was the most powerful and the richest subject of the empire; and he was also the most prolific and popular writer of his day. There is no doubt that Lucan was reared under the eye of his uncle, whose only son died in childhood.

The boy received from the most eminent teachers the education then given to youths of the governing class at Rome. This education was directed to a single object — the acquisition of rhetorical skill; it began with the study of literature and was completed in the school of the *rhetor* or professor of rhetoric. We are told that Lucan from the first showed astonishing ability and proved himself superior to all his

fellow-students and not inferior to his instructors themselves. He was taught the Stoic philosophy by Cornutus, who had among his pupils at the same time another poet, the satirist Persius. There are frequent echoes of Stoic dogma in Lucan's work, and the whole of it is pervaded — one might almost say, poisoned — by the rhetoric of the schools. He began to write very early and published works both in prose and poetry. He married at a date unknown Polla Argentaria, who combined every possible attraction — youth and beauty, wealth, virtue, and intellect.

For a time he was in high favour with Nero. The young emperor, who was two years older than Lucan, took an interest in literature and sought fame, not only as a musician but also as a poet. At the *Neronia*, a festival held in Nero's honour, Lucan delivered a speech in praise of the emperor. We are told that he was recalled from Athens, where he was probably residing for the purpose of study, and received two marks of imperial favour: he was appointed quaestor, though he had not reached the legal age for holding that office; and he was also nominated a member of the college of augurs.

But these friendly relations did not last long. It appears that Nero became jealous of Lucan's growing reputation: the young and ambitious poet was forbidden to publish his writings or even to recite them to his friends. Stung by resentment, Lucan took an active and leading part in a conspiracy which was formed for the purpose of dethroning Nero and putting him to death. The conspiracy was discovered and the conspirators were arrested. Lucan's courage failed him in the hour of peril, and he tried to save his life by incriminating others, among whom was his own mother, Acilia. But this baseness availed him nothing: he was forced to die, but permitted to choose the manner of his death. He chose a method of suicide which was common at the time: he had his veins opened in a warm bath and, as he was dying, repeated some verses of his own which described the death of a soldier from loss of blood.

His family was involved in his ruin: his father and his uncles, Seneca and Gallio, were forced to end their own lives. His widow, Polla Argentaria, survived her husband many years and continued to celebrate each anniversary of his birth. It is evident that he left no child to bear his name.

2. *Lucan's Poem*

Though Lucan wrote much during his short life, only one work has survived, but this was held to be his masterpiece. It is an epic poem in ten books, describing the contest between Caesar and the Senate. The work was still unfinished when the author died. For the narrative breaks off abruptly, and it is also significant that the last book is much shorter than any of the others. It is tolerably clear that Lucan meant to end the story with Caesar's murder in March " b c.; but it now ends in the middle of Caesar's military operations at Alexandria in the winter of 48-47. We are told that Lucan revised only the first three books and that the last seven were published after his death; but this could not have been inferred from the evidence of the books themselves.

The poem used to be called "The Pharsalia," and the title is convenient. But it is not appropriate, because it applies only to the events of one book, the seventh. Nur has it ancient authority: the title given in the manuscripts is *De Bello Civili*, "Concerning the Civil War." The mistake probably arose from the words *Pharsalia nostra* (ix. 985), which were wrongly interpreted as "my poem, the Pharsalia."

No reasonable judgment can rank Lucan among the world's great epic poets. He does not tell his story well: the successive episodes are neither skilfully connected nor well proportioned. His frequent digressions are often irrelevant and much too long. His geographical descriptions are obscure and wearisome. His account of military operations is hard to follow: he is concise where detail is needed and dwells at length on trivial or irrelevant matters. To him the narrative is of secondary importance: his interest lies elsewhere; the words said matter more in his view than the things done. His power and force are undeniable; but he lacks the chief gifts that a great epic poet must possess.

He ventured on one innovation which seemed bold to his contemporaries. He discarded all that supernatural machinery which Virgil had taken over from Homer. The gods play no part in the

action; Venus never comes down from Olympus to protect Caesar, her descendant. The later epic poets did not follow Lucan's example in this matter; but there is no doubt that he was right. He was dealing with Roman history and with fairly recent events; and the introduction of the gods as actors must have been grotesque.

Quintilian in his short notice of Lucan sums up his merits adequately: "Lucan's poem is full of fire and energy and famous for epigram; and, to speak my mind, he is a safer model for the orator than for the poet." The truth is, that Lucan is not a poet in the sense in which Lucretius and Virgil are poets; he is read, not for any poetical quality but for his rhetorical invective and his pungent epigrams. His diction and rhythm are monotonous: he makes no attempt to imitate the elaborate harmonies of Virgil. It appears that his purpose is less to charm his readers than to startle them and make their flesh creep; and with this object he has constant recourse to extravagant exaggeration or repulsive detail. Whether he would have written better if he had lived longer we cannot tell; but, for all his faults, he won a high reputation among his own countrymen; and Statius and Martial, writing long after his death, do not scruple to name him as the writer of Latin epic poetry who comes nearest to Virgil.

In modern times also great writers have admired Lucan's poem. Shelley actually preferred Lucan to Virgil and immortalised his name in the *Adonais*. Macaulay read the poem through repeatedly, and recorded his opinion as follows at the end of the volume on August 30, 1835.

"When Lucan's age is considered, it is impossible not to allow that the poem is a very extraordinary one, more extraordinary, perhaps, than if it had been of a higher kind; for it is more common for the imagination to be in full vigour at an early time of life than for a young man to obtain a complete mastery of political and philosophical rhetoric. I know no declamation in the world, not even Cicero's best, which equals some passages in the *Pharsalia*. As to what were meant for bold poetical flights — the sea-fight at Marseilles, the centurion who is covered with wounds, the snakes in the Libyan desert — it is all as detestable as Cibber's Birthday Odes. The furious partiality of Lucan takes away much of the pleasure

which his talents would otherwise afford. A poet who is, as has often been said, less a poet than a historian, should to a certain degree conform to the laws of history. The manner in which he represents the two parties is not to be reconciled with the laws even of fiction. The senators are demigods; Pompey, a pure lover of his country; Cato, the abstract idea of virtue; while Caesar, the finest gentleman, the most humane conqueror, and the most popular politician that Rome ever produced, is a bloodthirsty ogre. If Lucan had lived, he would probably have improved greatly.”

THE LIFE OF LUCAN by Suetonius



Translated by Alexander Thomson

M. ANNAEUS LUCANUS, a native of Corduba , first tried the powers of his genius in an encomium on Nero, at the Quinquennial games. He afterwards recited his poem on the Civil War carried on between Pompey and Caesar. His vanity was so immense, and he gave such liberty to his tongue, that in some preface, comparing his age and his first efforts with those of Virgil, he had the assurance to say: “And what now remains for me is to deal with a gnat.” In his early youth, after being long informed of the sort of life his father led in the country, in consequence of an unhappy marriage , he was recalled from Athens by Nero, who admitted him into the circle of his friends, and even gave him the honour of the quaestorship; but he did not long remain in favour. Smarting at this, and having publicly stated that Nero had withdrawn, all of a sudden, without communicating with the senate, and without any other motive than his own recreation, after this he did not cease to assail the emperor both with foul words and with acts which are still notorious. So that on one occasion, when easing his bowels in the common privy, there being a louder explosion than usual, he gave vent to the nemistych of Nero: “One would suppose it was thundering under ground,” in the hearing of those who were sitting there for the same purpose, and who took to their heels in much consternation . In a poem also, which was in every one’s hands, he severely lashed both the emperor and his most powerful adherents.

At length, he became nearly the most active leader in Piso’s conspiracy ; and while he dwelt without reserve in many quarters on the glory of those who dipped their hands in the (545) blood of tyrants, he launched out into open threats of violence, and carried them so far as to boast that he would cast the emperor’s head at the

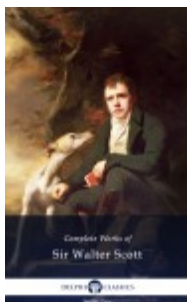
feet of his neighbours. When, however, the plot was discovered, he did not exhibit any firmness of mind. A confession was wrung from him without much difficulty; and, humbling himself to the most abject entreaties, he even named his innocent mother as one of the conspirators ; hoping that his want of natural affection would give him favour in the eyes of a parricidal prince. Having obtained permission to choose his mode of death , he wrote notes to his father, containing corrections of some of his verses, and, having made a full meal, allowed a physician to open the veins in his arm . I have also heard it said that his poems were offered for sale, and commented upon, not only with care and diligence, but also in a trifling way.

The Delphi Classics Catalogue



We are proud to present a listing of our complete catalogue of English titles, with [new titles](#) being added every month. Buying direct from our [website](#) means you can make great savings and take advantage of our instant Updates service. You can even purchase an entire series ([Super Set](#)) at a special discounted price.

Only from our website can readers purchase the special *Parts Edition* of our Complete Works titles. When you buy a Parts Edition, you will receive a folder of your chosen author's works, with each novel, play, poetry collection, non-fiction book and more divided into its own special volume. This allows you to read individual novels etc. and to know precisely where you are in an eBook. For more information, please visit our *Parts Edition* [page](#).



Series One

Anton Chekhov
Charles Dickens
D.H. Lawrence
Dickensiana Volume I
Edgar Allan Poe
Elizabeth Gaskell
Fyodor Dostoyevsky
George Eliot
H. G. Wells
Henry James
Ivan Turgenev
Jack London
James Joyce
Jane Austen
Joseph Conrad

Leo Tolstoy
Louisa May Alcott
Mark Twain
Oscar Wilde
Robert Louis Stevenson
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Sir Walter Scott
The Brontës
Thomas Hardy
Virginia Woolf
Wilkie Collins
William Makepeace Thackeray



Series Two

Alexander Pushkin
Alexandre Dumas (English)
Andrew Lang
Anthony Trollope
Bram Stoker
Christopher Marlowe
Daniel Defoe
Edith Wharton
F. Scott Fitzgerald
G. K. Chesterton
Gustave Flaubert (English)
H. Rider Haggard
Herman Melville
Honoré de Balzac (English)
J. W. von Goethe (English)
Jules Verne
L. Frank Baum
Lewis Carroll
Marcel Proust (English)

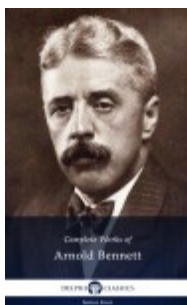
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Nikolai Gogol
O. Henry
Rudyard Kipling
Tobias Smollett
Victor Hugo
William Shakespeare



Series Three

Ambrose Bierce
Ann Radcliffe
Ben Jonson
Charles Lever
Émile Zola
Ford Madox Ford
Geoffrey Chaucer
George Gissing
George Orwell
Guy de Maupassant
H. P. Lovecraft
Henrik Ibsen
Henry David Thoreau
Henry Fielding
J. M. Barrie
James Fenimore Cooper
John Buchan
John Galsworthy
Jonathan Swift
Kate Chopin
Katherine Mansfield
L. M. Montgomery
Laurence Sterne
Mary Shelley

Sheridan Le Fanu
Washington Irving



Series Four

Arnold Bennett
Arthur Machen
Beatrix Potter
Bret Harte
Captain Frederick Marryat
Charles Kingsley
Charles Reade
G. A. Henty
Edgar Rice Burroughs
Edgar Wallace
E. M. Forster
E. Nesbit
George Meredith
Harriet Beecher Stowe
Jerome K. Jerome
John Ruskin
Maria Edgeworth
M. E. Braddon
Miguel de Cervantes
M. R. James
R. M. Ballantyne
Robert E. Howard
Samuel Johnson
Stendhal
Stephen Crane
Zane Grey



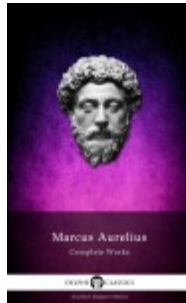
Series Five

Algernon Blackwood
Anatole France
Baumont and Fletcher
Charles Darwin
Edward Bulwer-Lytton
Edward Gibbon
E. F. Benson
Frances Hodgson Burnett
Friedrich Nietzsche
George Bernard Shaw
George MacDonald
Hilaire Belloc
John Bunyan
John Webster
Margaret Oliphant
Maxim Gorky
Oliver Goldsmith
Radclyffe Hall
Robert W. Chambers
Samuel Butler
Samuel Richardson
Sir Thomas Malory
Thomas Carlyle
William Harrison Ainsworth
William Dean Howells
William Morris



Series Six

Anthony Hope
Aphra Behn
Arthur Morrison
Baroness Emma Orczy
Captain Mayne Reid
Charlotte M. Yonge
Charlotte Perkins Gilman
E. W. Hornung
Ellen Wood
Frances Burney
Frank Norris
Frank R. Stockton
Hall Caine
Horace Walpole
One Thousand and One Nights
R. Austin Freeman
Rafael Sabatini
Saki
Samuel Pepys
Sir Issac Newton
Stanley J. Weyman
Thomas De Quincey
Thomas Middleton
Voltaire
William Hazlitt
William Hope Hodgson



Ancient Classics

Aeschylus
Ammianus Marcellinus
Apollodorus
Apuleius
Apollonius of Rhodes
Aristophanes
Aristotle
Arrian
Bede
Cassius Dio
Catullus
Cicero
Demosthenes
Diodorus Siculus
Diogenes Laërtius
Euripides
Frontius
Herodotus
Hesiod
Hippocrates
Homer
Horace
Josephus
Julius Caesar
Juvenal
Livy
Longus
Lucan
Lucian
Lucretius
Marcus Aurelius
Martial

Nonnus
Ovid
Pausanias
Petronius
Pindar
Plato
Pliny the Elder
Pliny the Younger
Plotinus
Plutarch
Polybius
Propertius
Quintus Smyrnaeus
Sallust
Sappho
Seneca the Younger
Sophocles
Statius
Strabo
Suetonius
Tacitus
Terence
Theocritus
Thucydides
Tibullus
Virgil
Xenophon



Delphi Poets Series

A. E. Housman
Alexander Pope
Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Algernon Charles Swinburne

Andrew Marvell
Beowulf
Charlotte Smith
Christina Rossetti
D. H Lawrence (poetry)
Dante Alighieri (English)
Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Delphi Poetry Anthology
Edgar Allan Poe (poetry)
Edmund Spenser
Edward Lear
Edward Thomas
Edwin Arlington Robinson
Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Emily Dickinson
Ezra Pound
Friedrich Schiller (English)
George Herbert
Gerard Manley Hopkins
Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Isaac Rosenberg
Johan Ludvig Runeberg
John Clare
John Donne
John Dryden
John Keats
John Milton
John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester
Lord Byron
Ludovico Ariosto
Luís de Camões
Matthew Arnold
Michael Drayton
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Robert Browning
Robert Burns
Robert Frost
Robert Southey
Rumi
Rupert Brooke
Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Sir Philip Sidney

Sir Thomas Wyatt
Sir Walter Raleigh
Thomas Chatterton
Thomas Gray
Thomas Hardy (poetry)
Thomas Hood
T. S. Eliot
W. B. Yeats
Walt Whitman
Wilfred Owen
William Blake
William Cowper
William Wordsworth



Masters of Art

Caravaggio
Claude Monet
Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Diego Velázquez
Eugène Delacroix
Gustav Klimt
J. M. W. Turner
Johannes Vermeer
John Constable
Leonardo da Vinci
Michelangelo
Paul Cézanne
Paul Klee
Peter Paul Rubens
Pierre-Auguste Renoir
Sandro Botticelli
Raphael
Rembrandt van Rijn

Titian
Vincent van Gogh
Wassily Kandinsky

www.delphiclassics.com

Is there an author or artist you would like to see in a series? Contact us at sales@delphiclassics.com (or via the social network links below) and let us know!

Be the first to learn of new releases and special offers:

Like us on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/delphiebooks>

Follow our Tweets: <https://twitter.com/delphiclassics>

Explore our exciting boards at Pinterest: <https://www.pinterest.com/delphiclassics/>



Rome, the location of Lucan's death